



Manannan cloaks the land with his blessed mist
To guard the ones he loves from loss, and longing.
So do Atlantia's adroit archers guard our host
And shield our shores from every armored foe.

Our King's Missiliers, bowstrings taught and straining,
With fletchings groomed and arrowheads bright keen,
Present a frightening site to the enemy arrayed
Who dare to challenge our armies, on any field.

Might on the battlefield serves our Kingdom well,
And all Atlantia prospers when our Shores are shielded.
Today, we shall call another to their ranks,
For his bolts so bolster the strength of our Pelagic force.

We call up Ronan of Ponte Alto, eagle-eyed archer,
And bid him join this powerful order today,
And grant him arms, and bid him use his arrows
To help the Sea-foam throne flourish evermore.

So say we, Afshin King and Yasmin Queen
At this Pennsic War, Anno Societatis LVIII