

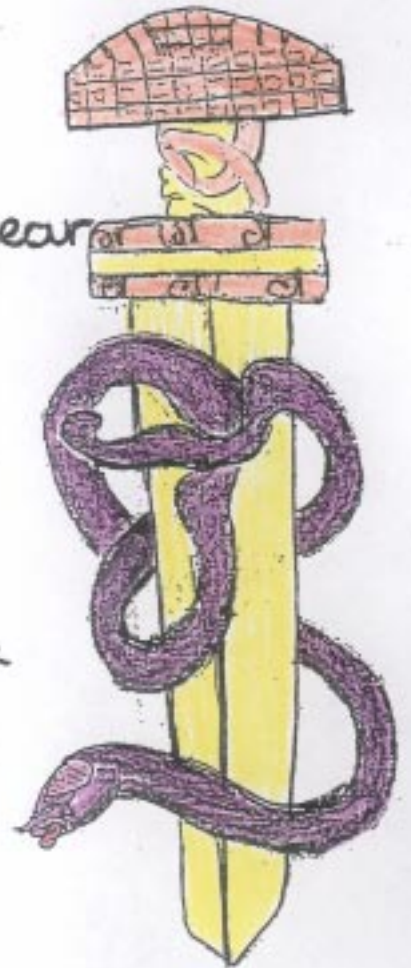
To Eirik.....

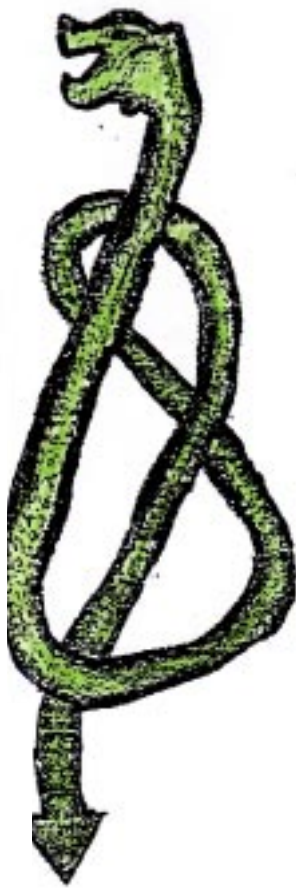
As Eirik stalked the battle field
The moaning cry,
The broken shield.
Many a soul hath asked him why
They now dead, their sorrows sigh.

As Valkyries swooped
And sword did smote.
As foes did fall unto the spear
Did Eirik Bloodaxe laugh.

The Yavik water ran red
As blood flew.
And in Odin's name to strike
The axe came unto neck:

As Eirik sat at home,
A battle won
Drinking mead, a bright red sun
Shone through glass
And stained the light to blood.





Eirik Bloodaxe strong as a bull
brave as a roaring lion
Thank you lord I praise you
You and your son in heaven

You and your raiding party are the best
You win most of the battles
and so I thank you for saving my head
Oh lord of all the lands

Your arrows fly like diving bird
You kill hundreds every time
Your kestrels fly

Eirik this poem describes you us
I'm sorry for my foes
I acted like a stork
Oh thank you Eirik Bloodaxe.





A perfect friend



Your open hand I did not doubt,
On battle field you exchange the glance,
An enchanting look of fate,
Let all points and blood red suns,
Protect your men till journey's end.



The name "Aringjorn" sounds the waves,
From shore to shore they know your name,
They know you of your wonderful wins,
They fear you in their frozen hearts.



The clash and clatter of swords and shields,
Odin looks upon those you have killed,
And knows overall the fate,
That your bows and arrows are the sharpest.



You are the most lavish man I've met,
This poem is for you my friend,
So let our friendship ring out through all lands,
The light of you is the strongest.



Dear Queen Gunnhild,



How may I thank you
Queen of all queens,
You so high,
The golden blaze
In the sky,
Is no match for you.

All your shimmering
jewels sparkle like
The ocean seas.
Your long dark
Hair sways with hymn
In the wild ice breeze.



You own the mountains
So high,
You own the valleys
So low,
In battles you shall win
With this magic gold bar.

Egils Poem



The battle field it dimmed
You have no foes
that ever came in.



You sat inside, drinking your mead,
All those foes that you once had
are those to whom Valkyries
speed.



All those clothes and jewels you have
Are dear to you and give you renown
You have so much of an
open hand,
That you will give your lavish crown.

Some of the men here ^{may} think you are
fated
But me oh queen I think you're born with the angels
I think you're the source of an unknown generation.