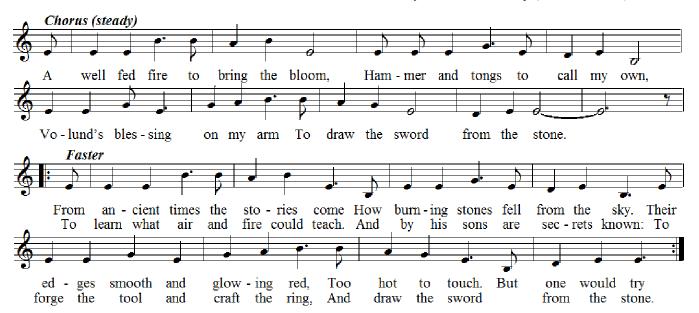
The Sword From The Stone

by Dorcas Whitecap (Jean Jacobson)



A well fed fire to bring the bloom, Hammer and tongs to call my own, Volund's blessing on my arm To draw the sword from the stone.

From ancient times the stories come How burning stones fell from the sky. Their edges smooth and glowing red, Too hot to touch. But one would try

To learn what air and fire could teach. And by his sons are secrets known: To forge the tool and craft the ring, And draw the sword from the stone.

A well fed fire to bring the bloom, Hammer and tongs to call my own, **Weyland's** blessing on my arm To draw the sword from the stone.

Treasures found beneath the Earth, Iron, copper, gold and tin, By hammer struck and water quenched Reveal the worth that lies within.

Upset, draw, twist and bend: All work is done by these alone. To forge the tool and craft the ring, And draw the sword from the stone. A well fed fire to bring the bloom, Hammer and tongs to call my own, **Old Clem's** blessing on my arm To draw the sword from the stone.

There is no grain without a plow. There is no meat without a blade. Without a shoe the horse is lost. Without a sword no knight is made.

And though the smith is monarch here He needs no crown, he needs no throne To forge the tool and craft the ring, And draw the sword from the stone.

A well fed fire to bring the bloom, Hammer and tongs to call my own, **Brigit's** blessing on my arm To draw the sword from the stone.

Volund's blessing on my arm To draw the sword from the stone.