

## **Blodravn**

# **"Words Of The High One"**

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A kind word need not cost much,  
The price of praise can be cheap:  
With half a loaf and an empty cup  
I found myself a friend,

Of his knowledge a man should never boast,  
Rather be sparing of his speech  
When to his house a wiser comes:  
Silent ones seldom make mistakes

Havamal  
The words you read  
Are of the days long past  
Havamal  
These words you hear  
Wuotan's decrees must last

Blessed is he who in his own lifetime  
Is awarded praise and wit,  
For I'll counsel is often given  
From other mortal men

The coward believes he will live forever  
If he holds back in the battle,  
But in old age he shall have no peace  
Though spears have spared his limbs

Havamal  
The words you read  
Are of the days long past  
Havamal  
These words you hear  
Wuotan's decrees must last

To ask well, to answer rightly,  
Are the marks of a wise man:  
Men must speak of men's deeds,  
What happens may not be hidden.

Wise is he not who is never silent,  
Mouthing meaningless words:  
A glib tongue that goes on chattering

Sings to it's own harm.

Havamal

The words you read  
Are of the days long past

Havamal

These words you hear  
Wuotan's decrees must last

Havamal

These words he spake  
Help guide thee through the day

Havamal

These words of right  
Shall light thee on thy way

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