

(both men stricken in years) died soon after, Beorn in 1238 in Norway, Magnus was drowned Sept. 20, 1240. They were the last popular elected men in Iceland. The year 1238 sounded the death-knell of the old Icelandic commonwealth. The Flatey-book entering *sub anno* gives pithy utterance to this: 'The All-moot deserted, which was thought portentous,' i.e. there was *no* Allthing held—an event unheard of since the establishment of the commonwealth. The quarter-of-a-century that remained was a time of anarchy.

Now Godmund the priest and his companions go forth from Swine-fell to East-frith, and come to Staf-fell at Bartholomew-mass [Aug. 24]. There he got tidings at matins—the death of bishop Brand. And he was as dazed by these tidings as if he had been stunned by a stone. Then he had a dumb mass<sup>1</sup> sung at once for his soul, and the day after all the offices for the soul and a dirge, with all care and love.

Afterwards they went forth until they came east into Fleets-dale-hundred to Wal-theow's-stead to John Sigmund's son at Giles-mass [Sept. 1]. It was the church-day there, and they were welcomed. And when John brought Godmund the priest to church in the evening, Godmund the priest asked him what tidings there were, but John says, 'Both great and good. The men of the Hundred of Shaw-frith are to hold a meeting to-morrow to choose a bishop, and thou shalt be chosen, for God willeth it.' And from that time forward there was such great terror in his breast that he could by no means comfortably enjoy sleep or meat for the awe and dread of these words. There was then in Fleets-dale-hundred Rand-weg, a woman that had been in a trance, and she came to see Godmund the priest, and told him of her vision with great terror and awe. In the evening before Cross-mass [Sept. 13], Godmund the priest came to the place that is called Lithe in Fleets-dale-hundred. There Godmund the priest dreamed that night that he thought he came into the church at Wallds in Swarfad-dale, and he thought the altar fell into his arms, and he thought he was vested in the fairest vestments. And that proved true, for in the evening they go north over the heath to Weapon-frith, and came in the evening to Cross-wick. And when they were come to table, there came messengers of Colban, Tume's son [the ruling chief in the north], Einar Fork [at their head], and they walked in and up to Godmund the priest and greeted him well, and he took their greeting well. Then he asked them for tidings. Says Einar, 'We tell thee good tidings; thou art chosen bishop by Colban and all the men of the hundred and the abbots, and I bring thee now their letter and message, that thou shouldst come hence to the north as quickly as may be.' But he was so dumbfounded at these tidings that he could not speak for a long while. And when he began to speak he prayed God to keep him, and let that fall out which should be best for all. The day after Godmund the priest goes forth to Temple to Tait Odd's son. There was then on a visit with him Hall-dor the priest. Then Godmund the priest takes counsel with Hall-dor the priest whether there was any hope that he would release him from this charge and take it up himself, but he refused, saying that he was old and not fit for it withal, and he said he could see that it would be no use for him to refuse, and he said that it was God's will and men

<sup>1</sup> um tolo, A; corrupted, we think, from 'án (ón) tolo;' om. a.

‘that thou be bishop,’ says Hall-dor, ‘but I will convoy thee with my prayers and in all that I can to help thee.’

Godmund the priest and his companions go forth thence northward to Ax-frith over Madder-dale-heath. There came upon them a storm and blinding snow, and their company was driven asunder until Godmund the priest got his reckoning, and found that they were not on the right path, and he and his three deacons—Sturla Bard’s son, and Lamcar Thor-gils’ son<sup>1</sup>, and Thor-lac Thor-stan’s son—were the first to get to a house. Then long after came Snorre Bard’s son, and Grim Sholto’s son, and Grim Gale, and last came John Ale’s [Onela’s] son, and their baggage-man. Now they went on till they came to Greniad-stead, where there dwelt Eyjolf Hall’s son the priest. Then Godmund the priest called upon Eyjolf Hall’s son the priest, to tell him whether he would consent to be bishop. But priest Eyjolf told him this, that he knew for certain that there was no use talking of that [for he said that the men of Shaw-frith and Ey-frith would have none but Godmund for bishop]<sup>2</sup>.

Now they go from the north and come to Halse at Michaelmas [Sept. 29] to Ogmund Thor-ward’s son [Godmund’s first cousin]. Ogmund asks whether it were true that he refused to be bishop, and he said that it was true. ‘What means this?’ said Ogmund; and Godmund the priest says, ‘Because it seems to me that there is great jeopardy therein to have to deal with many men, both obstinate, and full of envy, and mighty; and wouldst thou, my kinsman, be obedient to us if we were to rebuke thy way of life?’ But Ogmund says, ‘Whose troubles shouldst thou rather take upon thee than mine? and though I were disobedient to thee, yet I would be more disobedient to any one else, and no one else will dare to rebuke me, and it will not avail thee to refuse; and it will go with thee as with bishop Ambrose<sup>3</sup>, thy foster-father; the play of childhood foretold for thee as for him, that thou should be a bishop. Now it was no use for him to refuse, and so it will be with thee; and we will have no bishop but thee.’

Now Godmund the priest goes forth until he comes hence to Withe-mire at the Winter-nights [c. Oct. 15]. All men were glad to see him—Colban and Thor-ward [Godmund’s uncle], and Gyrith [Godmund’s cousin and Colban’s wife], and all the others. The Saturday after Thor-ward Thor-gar’s son fell to speech with Godmund the priest, they two alone. He asked him whether it were true that he had made up his mind to this, to refuse to be bishop, and not to listen to his judgment or that of other wise men, friends and kinsmen and relations. And he said that it was true. [Says Thor-ward], ‘I think I have a right to judge for thee and to be thy guardian, and I will have my way.’ Then answers Godmund the priest, ‘Why should that be, that I should not have my way in my own matter?’ Thor-ward answers, ‘Know thou this, kinsman, that I have always been a chief over our kindred, and my father before me. And thy father and also all my kinsmen were therefore wont to listen to

<sup>1</sup> Whom we suppose to be the writer of this narrative, later abbot of Hitardale.

<sup>2</sup> [ ] add. *a*.

<sup>3</sup> Godmund and Ogmund used to play together and many other children with them. But their games and play always ended the same way, however they began. Godmund got the mitre and staff and chalice, church and altar, and was the bishop in their play, and Ogmund got axe and shield and weapon, and was the warrior. And this seemed to men to be a great omen of what was to come, when there happened to each of them what was fated.—The *Saga* in an earlier part.



my advice, and I give thee this counsel, for thou shalt be the chief after me.' Then says Godmund the priest, 'Thou didst not offer me my father's heritage, and little honour hast thou sought for me hitherto, save to beat me to my book; and so now also meseems thou wilt put me into jeopardy, and not into honour, and I will not consent to this.' Says Thor-ward, 'What! Have I heard such a thing indeed? Thou putting away thine own honour and ours; but it shall not avail thee, for thou shalt be bishop as I have dreamed thou would.' 'What hast thou dreamed?' saith Godmund the priest, and Thor-ward says, 'I dreamed this, that I went into a house so great and high, that I had never seen one so great and high, and there were big doors there too, that were of no less measurement. But when my head came to the door it caught my shoulders, so that I could not get further. Now I have read this dream thus: that thy honour<sup>1</sup> must be so big that all Christendom *or* the Church could not compare a greater, and this house must be liken the Church. And dreams are in common between us. Then I dreamed another dream. Methought I came north to Thrond-ham, and into the hall of king Olaf. Methought he was sitting in his high-seat, and the hall was all decked. Methought he stood up to meet me, and stretched out his arms and greeted me. "A hale and blessed welcome to thee, Thor-ward, thou shalt be blessed over all the lands of the North." Now I know thou hast part in this dream, and thou shalt go abroad, and become bishop, and thou shalt be hallowed in Olaf's church at Thrond-ham. Now it shall not avail thee to speak against this, for it shall come about whether thou wilt or not.' Then they broke off the talk, and Thor-ward told Colban all their talk on both sides.

After that Colban goes to meet Godmund the priest, and he tells him that they had held a meeting at Wallds at Giles-mass. 'And there were at the meeting the abbots of Thing-eyre and of Thwart-water. There were Gizor Hall's son, and Godmund Deer, and many men of the Hundred, and there were put up for election thou and Magnus Gizor's son. And Gizor pleaded the case of his son Magnus, and said that there was more support for him, and that he was more tried in the management of an estate than thou. But I made as if I liked whichever should be chosen; and then answered Healm As-beorn's son and Hafer [yeomen both] and many others, that they did not care so much for men out of the Quarter as to have a man chosen out of the other Quarters, and they all were of one mind on this, so that there was no one to speak against it, and so they all agreed, and now thou art firmly chosen both by God and man. And we trust that thou wilt do both God's will and ours.' Then Godmund the priest answers, 'I will first hear whether the other men of the Hundred are of the same mind as thee, for methinks much lies upon it, and a great charge it is, and I am therefore slow to undertake it.'

Then a meeting was called on the Lord's-day at Withe-mire, and thither came the men of the Hundred and took the matter into consideration anew, and it came to the same conclusion that they were all again agreed. These men sent to the church after Godmund the priest, and he came in, and Colban told him that they prayed him for his consent and agreement to undertake this charge that they asked him to take and be bishop. But when Godmund the priest saw how the matter stood with Colban, that he would have nothing but that, and that he thought it would be better for himself, then Godmund the priest said,

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<sup>1</sup> vegr, A and a (?).

‘I will rather trust myself with God’s grace to consent to this charge, than take the risk on me of no one being chosen.’ Then Colban answered, ‘Thou speakest most blessedly,’ says he; and they all thanked him anew, and now for the second time the election was confirmed, and men went home that night.

But that evening there was a high-seat prepared for him, and Colban himself bore in the meat before him, and spread a cloth on the table before him. But as there was little time for it, the cloth was rent, and Colban spoke about it. ‘Thou canst see now that we treat thee rather with familiarity than according to thy deserts, since there is such a shabby cloth under thy plate.’ But he answered smiling, ‘No matter for the cloth, but it will go so with my bishopric; it shall be rent like this cloth.’ But Colban held his peace and answered not.

In the morning after they made ready to go to Holar with the bishop-elect, Colban and Thor-ward and his own clerks. Colban gave him a full-grown ox in the morning before they went forth, saying that this should be the first of gifts between them. They went forth late that day, and came out to Holar the even before the mass of the Maids of Cologne [Oct. 21], and there was made a procession to meet him. And when they were come there Colban took upon him the whole governance of the stewardship and possessions of the homestead, and asked no leave of the bishop-elect. Cygre-Beorn was at Holar before; and before they came to Holar, Lamcar the deacon of the bishop-elect did all Colban’s writing-work as long as he was at home, but as soon as they came to Holar, Lamcar was kept out of all letter-writing and Cygre-Beorn was taken for letter-writing in his place. And Colban began at once to take Beorn into his friendship more than any other man, and Beorn at once began to take a hatred for the bishop-elect out of envy, because he thought he was held in too little account by him. And this was a sign of what was to come of Beorn, for his envy grew greater and more manifold, and he was filled with the devilish seed of the enemy of all mankind without ceasing, and it grew greater the longer it dwelt in him.

Now it is told so, that as the winter went over Colban alone had governance of all there, and the bishop-elect was so overborne that he could not bring it about that his brother’s sons should be there, but he made them a homestead at Calf-stead out of the money that had been given him in the summer; but Colban made so free as to establish himself at the bishop’s stead with six men beside. Moreover the bishop-elect wished that the poor should be given a meal thrice a day, but Colban drove them into the guest-house and had them given one meal. But when Yule was passed away, Thorarin the Dispenser came on the eve of the Epiphany to talk with the bishop-elect, and spake to him, ‘Thou art not curious as to the state of the household which we have in hand.’ The bishop-elect answers, ‘Methinks it is the worst thing to meddle without having might.’ ‘Nevertheless I wish to tell thee,’ says Thorarin, ‘how matters stand. I fixed so much food to last for the Yule-feast this winter, as hath long been used to be found, and every week what hath been cooked hath run short at the end of Yule, but now it hath lasted a week longer, and yet there hath never been such a multitude here at Yule as now.’ Then answered the bishop-elect, ‘It must be, my son, that Mary loveth hospitality more than Colban doth.’ Colban sat by and held his peace, and answered not. Then the dispenser went away, and the neatherd came up at once in the same hour and told him the same story about the fodder for the cattle which he



had in his hands, that it had never lasted as long before as it had now. And the bishop-elect answered the same, 'Who knoweth, but Mary loveth hospitality better than Colban doth?'

But after Yule the bishop-elect sent Thord Wermund's son east to Eyre to summon Raven to meet him at Mid-frith at Sexagesima, for he wished to ask him to go abroad with him. But when it came to the time that was fixed, the bishop-elect made ready to depart from home. And when he was come to his horse *or* cart Colban went up to him and spake to him: 'Now I wish that we should lay down our differences that have been between us this winter, for there hath been no cause for it, and let us make no account of it either of us.' The bishop-elect answered, 'I do not think that I have been at fault, and it would be well if thou hadst done no ill, but thou hast taken the risk if thou have done otherwise.' Colban answers, 'We may both have had something to do in it, as is mostly the case, but it is likely that I have had most to do with it, and I wish to ask thy forgiveness, and I wish to forgive thee, if thou have in any way taken too much on thyself.' The bishop-elect answered, 'Good words are good, and every man is blind in his own case, but I protest that I have not taken too much upon me this winter, because I have never had the choice given me.'

Then he went west into the country and took guest-quarters at Thing-eyre. There was a good nun there. She was an anchoress, and a woman of good understanding. Her name was Wolfrun. She was the mother of priest Simon the Tall. She kept so straitly to her solitude that she would not have her son come to her, or see him when he came to see her. She told the bishop-elect that Mary had shown her in a vision that God and She wished him to be bishop. 'And thou shalt not refuse, if thou wilt follow God's will: as thou wilt surely do, for it is so laid down for thee.' This account he thought markworthy, and he put faith in it.

Now the bishop-elect went forth thence till he came to Stead-bank in Mid-frith at the day named. That same evening Raven Swainbeorn's son came thither from the west out of the Friths as was appointed. Then the bishop-elect spake a long and markworthy discourse on the Lord's-day, and declared that if any man were come there, or were aware of any man that would be willing to take up the charge that was put upon him, or would challenge him therefore, he said that he would gladly give it up if he might do so by common consent. But no man that was come there dared to be the challenger. And at that meeting the going abroad of Raven Swainbeorn's son with the bishop-elect was settled. From this meeting Raven Swainbeorn's son went home westward to Eyre, and the bishop-elect north to Holar with his company.

That winter the bishop-elect had sent men with a letter east to Swine-fell to Sigurd Orm's son and Thurid, which said thus: 'God's greeting and his sendeth Godmund, that is now called bishop-elect, to Sigurd and Thurid. God hath shown great tokens [of His bounty] upon us, so that we are able to fulfil our promise, as we are in duty bound toward you, to give you an establishment. Now I am in need of your help since I have taken upon me a greater charge than I am able to bear. Now I offer you both to be stewards to me and look after my property. And do ye come as soon as ye may, for that will be to the gain of the bishopstead and of me and of us all. *Valete.*'

Now when the word of the bishop-elect came to Sigurd he made ready and went forth from the east after Yule, and met the bishop-elect as he was going home north, and Sigurd went north to Holar before

him. But when the bishop-elect came home it was taken into consideration what choice Sigurd should have, for he said that he would not take it up unless the stewardship and the property of the see were handselled to him, but the bishop-elect was slow to handsel him the place. These wise men, Colban Tume's son, Hafr Brand's son, and many others, prayed the bishop-elect rather to handsel Sigurd the place than to reject such a man as Sigurd, and they all thought that he could not do better for the stewardship than to give it into the hands of Sigurd and Thurid, and the end of their counsel was that he handselled Sigurd the whole stewardship for him. Then Sigurd went home east with a letter of the bishop-elect to bishop Paul in Scalholt, saying thus: 'God's greeting and his sendeth Godmund that is now called bishop-elect. We have consented to take up a greater burden than we are able to bear, and have not got your leave, as is meet. Now we wish to ask you to look into this matter on God's behalf, as ye are well able to do, and say what course ye choose. If ye will choose another man to this office and charge which we have unworthily taken up, then I will gladly give it up and depart, inasmuch as I am aware of some men that they think they have gone too far in the matter. But I have appointed Sigurd Orm's son as my steward, because men misdoubt my stewardship. Now do ye quickly choose one way or another, as God shall teach you, and send me a letter as soon as may be, whether ye choose me or not.'

But when Sigurd came to Scalholt and gave bishop Paul the letter of the bishop-elect, then bishop Paul sent a letter east to Odd to Sæmund. 'God's greeting and his sendeth bishop Paul to Sæmund his brother.—A letter of Godmund the bishop-elect is come to me that I should choose another man to bishop if I will, and he says he is ready to give up the election. He hath also appointed Sigurd Orm's son steward for him, because men rather dreaded that his own management of the estate would not be prudent. I think also I can perceive this in his letter, that he must mean to go abroad in the summer, if he be elected, because he prayeth me to do one thing or the other quickly, elect him or no. Now I will that thou tell me what I shall say to him.'

Sæmund sent a letter in answer to bishop Paul which speaketh so: 'To bishop Paul God's greeting and his own sendeth Sæmund his brother.—Know thou, brother, that Godmund bishop-elect hath been no great friend in our dealings with Sigurd, but yet he is much praised by many men, and it is likely since the choice hath fallen on him that it must be God's will. I also hear that he must be very well fit therefore in many ways, both by reason of his charity and good conversation and purity of life, which is of most account. But if there be anything else therein, do thou take no burden off the North-land-men, but let them answer for their choice themselves. This is my counsel, that thou choose him rather than not; for it is not certain who will be better pleasing to God than he, and it is best to risk it. It is uncertain that he shall be found whom none can find fault with. The North-land-men were self-willed in their choice, and now let them bear the risk whatever it be.'

Now when the letter came to Scalholt the bishop sent word to Thorwald Gizor's son, and to Magnus his brother, and to Sigurd, and they appointed a meeting, and the bishop declared to them that the election was put to him, that he made up his mind to choose Godmund to bishop and was counselled before. They all bind themselves together with a covenant, and bishop Paul and Sigurd, and those with him, send Ingimund Grim's son with a letter to the bishop-elect. The letter



spake thus: 'Bishop Paul sendeth God's greeting and his to Godmund bishop-elect.—God hath chosen thee to bishop by God's laws and men's, as may most fully be done in our land. Now as God and good men have laid this charge upon thee, there is need that we should see thee as soon as may be, for we perceive this in thy letter, that thou art minded to go abroad in the summer, if it go so as thou art minded. Now I will come and meet thee wherever thou wilt, but I will give thee thanks and gratitude if thou wilt come to see me at home, though I do not oblige thee to this, for I have many needful errands to the archbishop, wherefore I would have thee come and see me before thou go abroad.'

Now the winter passes away, and after Whit-days [c. June 6, 1202] the bishop-elect went south to Scalholt to meet bishop Paul. Godmund the bishop-elect took with him the letters that he had sent to the archbishop. Then he went home to Holar. Then Sigurd also came from the east with Thurid to Holar for good, and he put it to the bishop that their property should be invested there, and they set the amount at ten hundred hundreds that was in all kinds of property, both money and kind, and he was obliged to consent thereto. Afterwards he was made ready to go abroad by means of the tithe. Godmund bishop-elect was one winter old of the fifth teen [age 41] when he went abroad to be hallowed bishop. . . .

But when the bishop-elect came abroad, Raven Swainbeorn's son came abroad from the west, and he was then ready to go with him as they had appointed. They settled to take with them fifteen Icelandish men. These were Raven Swainbeorn's son, Thomas Thorarin's son, and Iwar John's son, Grim the Monk the son of Healte, Erlend the priest, Berg Gundstan's son, and Eyjolf Snorre's son, and Thorstan Cambe's son, Godmund Thormod's son the priest, Brand Dalc's son, Peter Bard's son, and Snorre his brother, Thord Wermund's son, and Hosculd Are's son, Colswain Bearn's son. They put out the Lord's-day [July 14, 1202] before the *Divisio Apostolorum*. The bishop-elect had sent from the ship north up the frith Colswain to get water-casks, and he came from the north down to the frith when the ship was sailing out, and became a strand-gaper. Just at the moment there came men rowing in their shirts. It was Narve of Brink, and they were come with their catch of fish from the east out of Flatey. Now Colswain tells them his trouble, and calls on them for help. 'Thou art in a bad plight,' says Narve, 'but since it is both a need of thine and the bishop-elect, I will certainly do thy will.' They cast their catch out of the boat at once and took in Colswain and his baggage, and rowed under sail down the frith. Then the wind began to blow, and the ship was getting away. When they saw that the two vessels were falling farther apart, Narve said, 'How far are we to follow after the merchantman before thou hold us free from reproach in the pursuit as far as depends upon us?' Colswain answers, 'Out in the chops of the frith, where the sea meets it.' 'All right,' says Narve, 'and so it shall be.' But when the merchantman came out as far as Hrisey, then the bishop-elect spoke: 'Now let fall the sail; I will not sail away from my man that is ashore. Moreover I will have mass to-day on the island.' The Eastmen [Norwegians] spoke against it, and it was against the will of them all to lose so fair a wind. But he said that it would be bad luck, 'and God will let a still greater delay fall on our journey.' But when they saw that he disliked it, the sail was let fall and the anchor let go, and the bishop-elect went ashore to sing mass. Now Narve and his men need not row any longer. Colswain got on board, and in the morning

when the wind was fair, and they wished to bring their anchor home, it was fast, and one after another went to the job, and tried everything that came into their mind. Then the bishop-elect was told of it, and he went up to it, and said, 'My Lord, do thou loose the anchor!' and took hold of the rope. With that the anchor came loose at once, and they betook them to their sail, and sailed to Grimsey. They lay there a week. Then there came up a fair wind, and they sailed north of Gnup. Then came a head-wind, and drove them quite west of Shaw-frith. Then they ceased drifting, and they ratched again a second time north of Lang-ness. Then came a land-wind and set them adrift, and drove them west into the deep. Then one night a woman on board had a dream. She thought she saw a big and a glorious man come aboard their ship to the bishop's berth, and walk down the ship until he came there where the bishop-elect was resting, and blessed him. She thought it was bishop John, and afterwards she awoke.

The morning after the bishop-elect said, 'It is my counsel to set sail and sail round the land west about, for the north-east winds keep blowing, and we cannot go round the land north about.' This counsel was taken to haul up the sail and sail round the land west about, and so by West-frith, and south of Snae-fells-ness, and east by Eyia-fell. Then the north-east winds kept blowing and drove them south right out to sea until they were ware of the Sudreys, and could make out that they were come to the islands that are called Hir-tir [S. Kilda]. Then they bore south on the main by Ireland. Then they sailed south of Ireland and had stormy weather, and could hear the roar of the surf on all sides about them. Then the bishop-elect gave counsel that all men aboard should go to shrift, and the clerks should all shave their tonsures, and men should make vows. It was done as he bade. They promised to give an ell out of every sack, and send a man to Rome and give half a mark of wax every man to churches. Then straightway the storm fell, and they got a fair wind to Norway, and the bishop-elect found king Hacon in Bergen, and he received him very well. The bishop-elect went north to Niths-oyce, and archbishop Eiric hallowed him to bishop.

*The Log according to Raven's Saga.*

[ANOTHER log-book of the voyage is given in Raven's Saga, which we subjoin. For the text, see Sturl. ii. p. 290. A comment on the two logs is given in a letter of the late Captain Thomas, of the Royal Survey, in Icelandic Sagas, Rolls' Series, vol. i. p. xxxvii.]

On this voyage there were with Raven Thomas Thorarin's son, and second Thord Wermund's son, and third Eyjolf Snorre's son. The bishop-elect was glad to see Raven and his mates. And when the ship was fitted out and the wind was fair they put to sea. They hardly got a fair wind through the summer, and were long at sea. They were driven south into the deep, so that they got [to sea] past off Ireland, and later they were borne towards Scotland, and they lay some nights off a place called Stair. Down from Scotland they got such a mighty wind from the south that the men that had been there said that they had never come into such a high sea as that they sailed in down from Wharf in Scotland. Grim Healte's son spoke this verse:—

The foaming wave wades along beneath us off Wharf [C. Wrath].

It blows keen out of the south, the strong billows grow great. This is no slight toil.

The keel springs, and the spray comes driven into men's berths.

Now the sea-mountains are swollen. She keeps on south most proudly.



They were come into a hard gale that drifted them. And in the night the men that kept watch and were awake heard a great crashing and an awful thundering sound. They espied so big a wave that they thought their death was certain if it came on the side of their ship. The shipmen, Bot-olf and the others, set sail, saying that that was the only chance of life if they could put her about first with the sail hoisted. Raven said the breaker was too near for them to bring it off. He bade them go to the bishop-elect and tell him what a plight they were in. The bishop-elect stood up at once and took the halidom and went out to the bulwark and blessed [the sea]. Then the ship turned head on to the breaker. And when they were in the break of the wave it broke everywhere as far as they could see save at their bows; nevertheless the water came in on both quarters and carried away the sun-board [upper bulwarks], and drove all the hammocks [skin bags] back into the bilge. The shipmen had all one saying in their mouth. 'It went better than was to be looked for,' they said. But the bishop-elect thanked God and said that it went as it was like to. Then they set sail, and had such a great gale that they sailed with one reef. And at nightfall one day they saw land, and were got so near [shore] that there were breakers on either quarter. They knew that they were come to the Sudreys, and there was no man that knew how to pilot them, and most men thought that the ship would be wrecked and those on board perish.

But when they were come into so great peril they got no counsel of the shipmen. Then the bishop-elect spake and bade Raven take the helm, saying that his good luck would be of great help to them and his good information. Raven answers, 'The master's word is law,' and bade the bishop-elect give him his blessing, and said he would take the thing in hand trusting in God and him. The shipmen called him a dare-devil to take such a charge in his hands, though he owned nothing of the ship if it should not turn out well. But Raven said that he would not take this charge on him if any other man would pilot them. 'But ye must see that it cannot go on as it is, and there is something to be done in every danger.' But none of them offered to take the charge. Then Raven took the piloting with the consent of all the shipmen. Godmund the poet notes this:—

They got into great peril, I ween, the sailors broke down in piloting,  
The worn-out crew had to take to the sail;  
It was black to see the breakers falling on every side about the quarters,  
Where the tarred sea-horse cleared the waves through the skerry-wall.

Now when they were come into so great peril Raven said that they should sail for the islands, and he said he would pilot them the best course he could. And so they did; they sailed through the night, and he piloted them with great skill and luck. Thomas Thorarin's son said that three times he could see nothing but land on their bows, and they could not tell whether there were any sound *or* passage or no. Godmund the poet notes this:—

The poet on the sea-horse took to piloting through the night to the morning watch.  
Raven proved, I ween, of great profit to men:  
He got both saved, ship and men.  
The sail swelled, and the cold wave plashed.

It happened that they got through the islands just as they could see the brow of day. Then Eyjolf the Old quoth this half verse:—

East from the heritage of the Irish furious ga'les chased the sea-horse,  
Until the Lord of the Heavens gave a votive wind to the sailors.

Then Grim began to recite:—

The clever Sudrey-lady is looking on our sailing, as the stars are sparkling:  
The thin seams are distressed now.

And next they came into a good haven off an island that is called Sandey, and there the chapman raised a harbour-mark.

So says Grim:—

Botolf has brought his swift ship to Sandey the brent;  
The wave was falling on the seams just now.  
He himself raised and did a useful work, a harbour-mark,  
The brisk comrade of lords, on behalf of the strong ship.

They lay off Sandey in an anchor-berth some nights. King Olaf was then ruling over the Sudreys. There came a bailiff of the king to them and collected the land-ounce from them, according as the laws of the Sudreys run, and they reckoned that they ought to pay twenty hundreds of wadmal, because there were twenty Icelandish men on board. They would not pay because they understood that they would have to pay as much again in Norway. After that Raven and the bishop-elect went ashore and many with them to church, because the bishop-elect wished to hold the services *or* hours. The king was come there, and he bade the bishop to table [with him]. But when the bishop-elect wished to go away, the king said that the bishop-elect must do him right [i.e. pay his dues] or he said he would keep him there. But the bishop-elect refused flatly. Raven said that it was to be looked for, but offered to give it as a gift to the king *or* to do the king honour. But he said that he would have what he ought. But when the shipmen were aware of this, that the bishop-elect and Raven were kept, then Botolf bade men take their weapons, saying he would not desert such brave fellows without knowing what was become of them. And when they were ready they leaped into the boat and rowed to land, and went ashore in a ranked company; but the Sudrey-men were sitting under a hillock, and the bishop-elect and Raven with them. Then men made peace between them, and this was the settlement in the end, that the bishop-elect and his men should pay six hundreds of wadmal. After that they brought the bishop-elect aboard again, and sailed with a fair wind and had a good passage, and made Norway in their ship south of Throntham at a place called Eid. There they learnt of the death of king Swerre. They lay there through the night. Thence they sailed north to Throntham, and brought their ship to Nith's-oyce. Then Grim quoth this verse:—

Here we come to the harbour-mark on board the vessel,  
With Godmund the bishop-elect.  
We learnt one night before off Eid of the fall of lord Swerre,  
The king's men will not be in a merry mood.

They were in Norway through the winter, and there were many meetings held. And the bishop-elect excused himself much, and declared that he was but little fit for this office. There are many tales to be told [that happened] ere Godmund was hallowed, but by the means of Raven and other good men he was hallowed bishop by archbishop Eiric on the mass-day of the holy virgin Euphemia [April 13, 1203]. Hacon Swerre's son was then king over Norway.

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