

# Tyr,

"Hvrt skal t ría, Ólavur mn  
lofti hongur brynja tn  
T fer ekki at veia ta hind  
men t fer til tna leikalind  
Hvit er skjrtan, vl er hon tvigin  
blói verur hon av tr drigin"  
Ólavur snist sni mór fr  
"Gud gevi ekki ganga sum mr er spad"  
Ungir kallar, ktir kallar, gangi upp gólv  
dansi lystilig

Ólavur rur eftir bjrgunum fram  
-kol og smiur vi  
fann hann upp eitt lvarann  
t kom eitt ta lvafljó  
fltta hr herar dró  
"Ver vlkomin Ólavur Riddararós  
t gakk dans og kv fyri oss"  
"T tarvt ekki fltta ttt hr fyri meg  
eg eri ekki komin at bija teg  
Eg kann ekki meira hj lvum vera  
morgin lati eg mtt brdleyþ gera"  
"Hvat heldur vilt t sjeý vetur liggja str  
ella vilt t morgin til moldar g"  
Hon skonti honum drykkjuhorn  
har fór ta eiturkorn  
Ólavur studdist vi sailboga  
-kol og smiur vi  
hann kysti t moy av ltlum huga  
Ungir kallar, ktir kallar, gangi upp gólv  
dansi lystilig

[Translation:]

Olaf Knightrose

"Where are you going, Olaf  
your armour hangs in the attic  
You are not going to hunt for deer  
you are going to your mistress  
White is your shirt, well has it been washed  
It will be taken of you in blood"  
Olav turned away from his mother  
"God grant that it does not go as it has been  
foretold"  
Young lads, happy lads, step up on the floor  
dance merrily  
Olaf rides along the mountains  
-with coal and smith  
He came upon an elven house  
Out came an elven maiden  
Plaided hair on shoulders lay  
"Be welcome Olaf Knightrose  
come to the dance and sing for us"  
"You need not plaid your hair for me  
I have not come to ask for you  
I can no longer stay with the elves  
for tomorrow I will wed"  
"What would you rather, lie ill for seven winters  
or be buried tomorrow"  
She filled him a drinkinghorn  
in it went a grain of poison  
Olaf leaned on the saddlebow  
-with coal and smith  
as he reluctantly kissed the maiden  
Young lads, happy lads, step up on the floor  
dance merrily