

# Ancient Rites, North Sea

Once there sailed the North Sea  
The North Sea wide and cold  
A ship heavily loaded  
With the world's most precious gold

The enemy ship was floating  
To steal our precious gold  
Floating on the North Sea  
Our North Sea wide and cold  
Our youngest comrade, the bravest of us all  
Volunteered to sink the boat loaded with gold

He jumped into the North Sea  
Our North Sea, wide and cold

Our valiant friend, approached the ship's hold  
With his fairest knife he gouged out a hole  
Down! Down! And down! Down went the boat!!  
Our valiant friend, approached the ship's hold  
With his fairest knife he gouged out a hole  
Down! Down went the boat!!!

North Sea! Swallowed by the waves  
North Sea! They found their seaman's grave!  
North Sea! Swallowed by the waves  
North Sea! They found their seaman's grave!

But not before a hostile archer  
Had aimed at our youngest friend  
Who got hit in the chest and also down he went  
We pulled him onto deck  
And on our deck he died  
A seaman's grave became his part  
The message (delivered) to his bride

Our youngest comrade  
In his young pride  
Now he embraced the North Sea  
The North Sea as his bride!

North Sea! Our comrade young and brave  
North Sea! Down in a seaman's grave  
North Sea! Our comrade young and brave  
North Sea! Down in his seaman's grave