

Einherjer, Home

Across the brigde of colours born
Of fire water and air
Dressed in crimson armours
In hand are bloodwet spears
Reach the entrance heavens gate
Honoured by the brave
See the hall with golden roof
The home allfather gave

Welcome to the hall of death
Great Odin we hail him
Come in, enjoy the glorious afterlife, my friend
Here we fill the ranks of Tyr
Battle is our way
Every morning day and night till the winter fiercest come

Cattle die
All men are mortal
But word-fame never dies
Nor a noble name
Kinsmen die
All men are mortal
But one thing never dies
The glory of the great dead

Enough of tears, enough of wail!
Not to lament in was Valhalla made
The wind as fresh as the air is clear
The greatest of men are here
All einherjer in Odin's court
Fare to fight each day
Select the slain, then leave the battle
Sit after at peace in the hall.

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