

Falkenbach, Skirnir

Long is one night, and long the second one;
How can I.... how can I wait through three?

Once a month.... a month seemed less to me
Compared to this one night of waiting for her....

As dear to no man in days past
Was maid as she is to me:
But no elf, no god, will grant my prayer
That I may lie with her....

Hail to thee, Veraldur!!!

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Arise, Skirnir, now ride swiftly to Frey, my son,
And ask him this:
With whom is the Wise one so angry,
So sad at hearth?

Hail to thee, Veraldur!!!

To stake life on the luck of the dice
Is better than to be a coward:
The day of my death is by fate,
My time is fixed.

Night has fallen:
Now we must ride over the misty mountains,
The fells of the troll-folk;
We shall both arrive or both fall
....into the hands of Gymir.

Hail to thee, Veraldur

(Inspired by the Skirnismál)