

Folkearth, Rhyming With Thunder

Great God of the storm
Ruler of the skies above
Mighty ever-warrior Thor
Thy name we call
Descend to Midgard
Great God of the gloom
We summon you

Rhyming with thunder, chant the holy Galder
Modi, Thruder, Magni - Thor
Master of the tempest, lord of wintry call
Modi, Thruder, Magni. He is Thor, one and all

Swing thy holy hammer
Warriors revel in the sight
With swords upraised
To hail the pouring rain
I greet thee chariot rider
Frost giants' bane

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Never fall, always uphold this battle hymn of old

Mortal kinsmen die
As crops wither and subside
Wealth is passing by
Yet eternal remains a glorious deed's name

A legacy of honor, legend for tomorrow
For what glory warriors await
Once their heyday goes under
Save a skald's praise, rhyming with thunder?

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