

Svartahrid, Einmaanad

(Ymes blod vender hjem)

.....Baner seg
stier....fosser.....bekker.....
Blant ulmende knokler og spirende liv,
Som yudige Froyas besettende blikk.
.....Uhemmet lekende.....lokkende.....
Glitrende tarer.....av gildeste solver.
Hilser det Tvinnil med glede....pa
gjensyn.....
Denne veldige vuggen....dets hjem....
....Store Bla.....Atals myr....

Mane gloder.
Egger Yme...til hamskifte.
Som Froyas oyne-dansende, lekende.
Skal fjellheimens snekledte
vende tilbake....hjem.....
Lange bekker, ned fosser...mot kilden.
Veldige Atals myr....
Atter gjester Froy oss.
Faderlig rundhandet.
Sjenker oss atter....
.....Einmaanads grode.....
Ymes frosne konkler vakner
fra rensende sovn.
Under Vinterhvelvs vinge.

(English translation)

(Yme's blood returns home)

.....creating paths.....waterfalls.....brooks
Amongst smouldering knuckles and sprouting life
Like sweet Froya's bewitching look.
Unrestrained, playing....seducing....
Shimmering tears...of precious silver.
It greets Tvinnil with pleasure....
we'll meet again...
This vast cradle...its home
.....Big Blue.....Atal's marsh

The moon is glowing.
Urging Yme.....to shed his coat.
Like Froya's eyes - dancing, playful.
The mountain's snow-clothed one
Will return.....home.....
Along brooks, down waterfalls.....
towards the source.
Mighty Atal's marsh....
Again Froya is visiting.
Fatherly generous.
Again he bestows us with.....
.....One month of harvest.....
Yme's frozen knuckles awake
From purifying sleep.
Beneath the Winter Skies