

# Ulver, Hymne VIII - Wolf And The Night

Hafvde Kirlighed Inkelagt  
Dend utmmede Mackt?

Han glemmer det han legger ddt  
Ingen Minder stiiger fra Graven brat  
Ingen Anger gliider giennem Silens Nat

Med Ydmyghedens Taarer smigrede hun  
Dend Guddom som hun hadete medens hun frycktede

Hendes Vsen, lig et Lam  
Gik ham ey forbi  
For hun hafde rrt ved ham  
fved sin Magi

Uagtet disse Sile tvende  
Een hafvde at ende

Nye Smerte klinger frem aff gammel Klage  
Tragoedie aff uaffbrudne Dage

Ukuelig, dend Trst  
Hinsidigt, det Begir

Nu drev han yr & gal  
I sorthirtet Kval

Vintrens kulde  
Snart tilfulde  
- oc hans Lngsel -  
Mod een Vinternat  
Ulven vandrer eene

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Had Love fetter'd this force of free?

What he leaves dead, he forgets  
No memories arise from the grave,  
No anger glides through the night of Soules

With humble tears she flatter'd  
The Divinitie shes hated and fear'd

Her lamb-like nature  
Left him not untouch'd  
By Magick she was bound  
To the Beast within him

These Soules twain  
Enforced one's end

Payne anew from woe of olde  
A Tragedie of endless dayes

Insatiable, the thirst  
Inconceivable, the lust

Wild & mad he hunts  
In anguish black at heart

The winter's colde  
Soone fulfill'd  
- And his yearning

Towards a winter's night

Wandering alone,  
The Wolf