

## Valhalla



The torches smokely burning in the feasting hall  
Cast a wan light across the laden benches.  
Tonight we eat our fill and quench our thirsts  
For in the springtide morning,  
At the rising of the sun,  
We steer our dragon prowed ships questing across  
The Emerald seas,  
Riding on the towering waves.

Ever with a glance across our shoulders  
Backward to our hearths in the east,  
We sail westwards in search of fame and glory,  
New lands to conquer, to the clash of sword and shield.  
Riches to plunder to fill our ships,  
And offer gifts to the Gods.  
Comrades to care for after blood-red battle,  
Lying wounded and dying.  
Victories to celebrate and sometimes to fly  
From overwhelming numbers.

And at the years waning,  
To sail homewards with the onset of winter.  
Braving the battering seas,  
Returning to our loved ones  
To sit again in the hall and see  
The empty seats of comrades fallen to the foe.  
And raise our horns and mead cups in salute.  
And cry to the Gods 'Our thanks!'  
That after Winter's cold and darkness  
There is a promise of another Summer to come.

Now join with me in the cry  
That guides the spirits of our fallen heroes  
Winging across the Rainbow Bridge  
To the doors at the Hall of the Slain.  
And shakes the seat of Odin's throne  
And the very foundations of Asgard,  
The kingdom of the Gods:

VALHALLA!! VALHALLA!!

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