

SONG OF THE DANE

For Hersker Danr Bjornsson on the occasion of his elevation to the Laurel, February 2005

Hail I from Hedeby home of the Northmen
Land of the Dane-law where longships roam free
I travel the swan-road to trade for my treasure
Then home to my woman who waits there for me

For the wild winds call to me As I stand at my helm, and steer by the sky
The wild winds call to me For the blood of a Viking ye cannot deny

I sail far to south for their fine silk and spices
I hunt in the Rus for their rich fur to bring
I come to the court to the hall of my comrades
Bring honor to Harald our noble High King

Then the wild winds call to me As I stand at my helm, and steer by the sky
The wild winds call to me For the blood of a Viking ye cannot deny

My lady wife weaves A wool cloak for my wearing
I carve for her combs for her soft golden hair
I bide at my hearth with my home-fires burning
Content is the man cloaked with honor and care

Yet the wild winds call to me As I stand at my helm, and steer by the sky
The wild winds call to me For the blood of a Viking ye cannot deny

I worship the Christ in the kirk on the meadow
And Heaven I hope for my eternity
But my fathers swore oath unto Odin and Freya
Valhalla is where they vowed ever to be.

For the wild winds call to me As I stand at my helm, and steer by the sky
The wild winds call to me For the blood of a Viking ye cannot deny
For the wild winds call.....to me.....