

Across the brigde of colours born  
Of fire water and air  
Dressed in crimson armours  
In hand are bloodwet spears  
Reach the entrance heavens gate  
Honoured by the brave  
See the hall with golden roof  
The home allfather gave

Welcome to the hall of death  
Great Odin we hail him  
Come in, enjoy the glorious afterlife, my friend  
Here we fill the ranks of Tyr  
Battle is our way  
Every morning day and night till the winter fiercest come

Cattle die  
All men are mortal  
But word-fame never dies  
Nor a noble name  
Kinsmen die  
All men are mortal  
But one thing never dies  
The glory of the great dead

Enough of tears, enough of wail!  
Not to lament in was Valhalla made  
The wind as fresh as the air is clear  
The greatest of men are here  
All einherjer in Odin's court  
Fare to fight each day  
Select the slain, then leave the battle  
Sit after at peace in the hall.

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