

Where His Ravens Fly

Falkenbach

Geri and Freki does heerfather feed
The far-famed fighter of old
But on wine alone does the one-eyed god
Wuotan, forever live

O'er Midgard hugin and Munin both
Each day set forth to fly
For Hugin I fear lest he come not home
But for Munin my care is more

There Valgrind stands, the sacred gate
And behind're the holy doors
Old is the gate, but few there are
Who can tell it's tightly locked

Five hundred doors and forty there are
I ween, in Walhall's walls
Eight hundred fighters through one door fare
When to war with wolf they go

Five hundred rooms and forty there are
I ween, in Bilskirnir built
Of all the homes whose roofs I beheld
My son's the greatest meseemed

Oh Wuotan
Where your ravens fly

There is Gladsheim, and golden-bright
There stands Walhall stretching wide
There does Othin each day choose
All those who fell in fight

There is Folkvang, where Freyja decrees
Who shall have seats in the hall
Half of the dead each day does she choose
The other half does Othin have

Now am I Othin, Ygg was I once
Ere that did they call me Thund
Wodan and Oden, and all, methinks,
Are the names for none but me

Oh Wuotan
Where your ravens fly

Hail to thee, for hailed thou art
By the voice of Veratyr
Where Valgrind stands, the sacred gate
Ye will find nine golden doors

Hail to thee, for hailed thou art
By the voice of Veratyr
Old is the gate, but few there are
Who can tell how it's tightly locked