

## Where His Ravens Fly

Falkenbach

Geru 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