

Farewell To The North

Folkearth

Farewell my son,
You best be on your way:
The longship is awaiting you,
A great journey lies ahead -
Bid the North farewell,
And then be on thy way!
You will wake in distant lands,
Over the sea, far away, in Greece...
Your only friend will be thy sword!
For you are off to be a Varang,
Join the emperor's fighting men,
Will you ever see our Gotland
When silver streaks your hair?
Or will you die forgotten in the East
On the scorching sands
Of some strange battlefield...

Be strong, be brave and bold -
Fear no pain, no enemy eyes
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So that Odin may honor you!
You will also see the City,
That they call the jewel of Romany,
Far more fair and bright
Than anything you thought
This Earth could ever hold...
So, say now farewell,
Farewell to the North!