

Looking out forward over the prow of our long ship,  
Pulling our oars and listening to the foam;  
Helmets and sheepskins salt-damp in the sea-mist:  
We're going home.

Aslak of Langadale, Einar Thorgeirsson,  
Olaf the White and Sigurd the Powerful...

Looking for constellations above the horizon,  
West wind cutting sharper than our blades;  
Smiling forever into an endless sunrise,  
We're flying on the waves.

Thorfin Karlsefny, Aud the Deep-Minded,  
Snorri Thorbrandsson, Thorstein the Black...

Out of dark Vinland, with grey waves racing before us -  
We want no rest.  
Back to the homeland, Iceland, sleeping in winter -  
Back from the West.  
Five years we roam;  
Now we're going home.