

# Harald Harfager

## Rebellion

My father died when I was ten years old  
Many kings looked at my lands  
Thriving to get a hold  
But I was old enough to hold a sword  
And strong enough to fight  
King Gandalf lost his life.  
Eystein's sons in cold earth they lie

Now I am a mighty king  
Broad lands I own  
Time has come to find a wife  
So lonely in my throne  
Gyda of Hardanger greater beauty eyes  
Will never see  
My men you go and bade her greetings  
Ask her to marry me

Go and tell king Harald  
I will not marry him  
Until he has subdued the whole of Norway  
For only than can he be called a great king

I make the solemn vow that never shall I clip or comb my hair  
Until I have subdued the whole of Norway  
Or if not have died in the attempt

In Orkedalen king Gryting was beat  
On his knees he prayed to be my man

Eight battles I fought with the host  
I lead  
But now Drontheim is in my hand

Arnvid and Audbjorn I met them on the waves  
Of their dragons there were many around  
But I was mad with anger  
My bloodlust ablaze  
And so I sent their ships  
To the ground

I'm standing proud and tall  
Harald Halfager on your knees you fall  
United in my hand  
The king of Norway my fatherland

Bow to the king of Norway's throne  
United the crown in his alone  
Now I will comb my hair  
A firm hand to lead the country on  
United to hold on hold and strong  
A king so young and fair

I am the king and my word is the law  
Bow your head or you'll repent  
Eric the Red your freedom's no more  
Lay down your sword or leave my land

Good men leave or good man die  
But the king stands proud and tall  
Grayskin you'll rule, son of mine  
Cause I can hear the Valkyrs call

I'm standing proud and tall  
Harald Harfager on your knees you fall

Bow to the king of Norway's throne  
United the crown in his alone  
Now I will comb my hair  
A firm hand to lead the country on  
United to hold on hold and strong  
A king so young and fair

Fresh from the battle field came in  
Dripping with blood the Norsemen's king  
With battered shield and blood smeared sword  
Slits one beside the shores of Stord  
With armour crushed and gashed sits he  
A grim and gastly sight to see  
And round about in sorrow stand  
The warriors of this gallant band

In Odin's hall an empty place  
Stands for a king of Yngves race  
Go my Valkyries Odin said  
Go forth my angels of the dead  
Gondul and Skogul to the plain  
Drenched with the battles bloody rain  
And to the dying Harald tell  
Here in Valhal he shall dwell