

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