

Sword in the Storm

Rebellion

Come Skald sit thee with us
And tell us of the past
The deeds of viking warriors
In your songs they'll ever last

We long to hear of Hakon,
The Earl of Norway's shores
Or how he killed the Gravskin
And stood the Jomsburg force

He was born the son of Sigurd,
His father stabbed by royal hands
He escaped and turned a viking,
His frame spread across the lands

And on the day he faced the Gravskin,
Anger wished just like a burning flood
Hakon the maker of widows taking lives
As his blade drinks blood

The fish return now into the fjord,
The harvest rich Hakon we hail thy sword
Raising temples where a church did stand.
Odin smiles to praise the land

Sword in the storm, the rock in the battle
Hakon you stand and be Odin thy guide
Strong be thy arm, oh sword in the storm
Thor grant you strength to defend what is right

And when the viking of the Jomsburg
Set their sails against our shores
Strong in numbers famous heroes,
Hakon you fought them to the core

And in the middle of the bloodshed,
Standing strong I saw your hands reach for the sky
Calling for help in the turmoil,
Odin took your son as a sacrifice

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The harvest rich Hakon we hail thy sword
Raising temples where a church did stand.
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But in the end of people asked
For the reign of a Christian king
Betraying Hakon they soon forgot
The good his rule did bring
In his sleep, killed by a thrall
A hero's bitter end
Trygve's son was to succeed

To rule the Northern Land