

# Noregsgard

Storm

Ein drugal kar ifra garden dro  
han fulgte furu og sus  
opp gjennom asen, grastein og mark  
staut hans gange var  
Svopt i morgengry  
under en helnorsk himmel  
Hans fotter traurig vandret hen  
mot sitt mal og pa hoyde

Ein vaerbitt hand griper sverdet fatt  
og kloyver blamennenes skalle  
Hans kjeft den vrir seg i ulmende hat  
ufreden kommer at falle

Sa stod han der pa utkikkstopp  
hans oyne ei fekk kvile  
For han sokte reint et syn  
Men det blei ein grusom pine  
Der blant norges skog og mark

Hans grimme sinn skulle vise dem  
at norsonn han har nok av tael

Norsonn tapte noregsgard for ein haer  
Stolt han var da han kom igjen  
for a kloyve dem med sitt sverd

English translate: Norway's Home

A strong guy from the farm went  
he followed pine and breeze  
up through the hills, greystone and wilderness  
bold his steps was  
Swathed in twilight  
under a (completely) norwegian sky  
his feet steadily wandered  
towards their goal and upon heighs

A weatherbitten hand cluthes the sword  
and cleaves the blumen's heads  
His mouth twist in smoldering hate  
Unpeace will fall

Then he stood there on the look-out top  
his eyes couldn't rest  
Because he sought a pure sight  
but it became a cruel pain  
There in the midst of norwegian forest and wilderness

His grim mind should show them  
that a son of the north has lots of guts

The son of the north lost Norway's home to an army  
Proud he was when he returned  
to cleave them with his sword