

Misted Shores

Thrawsunblat

Who crossed the Great Atlantic
to beach their ships on misted shores,
who rode the eastern stormwinds
and heaved on the heathen oar.

From the land of ice
and the land of fire.
Past the glacier isle,
past the wooded sandy shore.

Drink from her flowing waters!
Taste of her cascade streams!
Hunt from her brimming forest!
Vinland

Drink from her flowing waters!
Taste of her cascade streams!
Hunt from her brimming forest!

But Eastern winds found you,
and carried Skaldic songs from home.
And so your spirits dragged you,
back to the Allfather's shores.

To the land of ice,
and the land of fire.
Past the wooded land,
past the isle of ice and stone.

Sail, Northlanders, ye masters of the Western Sea!
Heave Away! Rape the waves with rabid oars!
Sail, Northlanders, ye masters of the Western Sea!
Tell the saga of this new found land of fjords.

Our shores are strewn with iron,
our fields are sown with runes,
along the coast where the ancient winds still blow.

In the air we still can hear
the skalds sing their haunting tunes.
They are calling back the wayward spirits.
They are calling us home.