

Departure in the Night

Thrudvangar

At a stormy night,
where roughly voices and darkly tunes ring out.
He rides fast by forests and meadows.
Lead of a magic power it does not know a grace and no rest.

His will is strongly - never less strength shrinks,
too strong for it, the strength of the wind.

The way is far,
that the target makes courage, pride and honour
for the companions of the fame.

It defies all dangers, he's skillful with his sword and shield.
All weapons sharpened the elbows strained.
He is decided to the triumph each fight.

The way is far,
that the target makes courage, pride and honour
for the companions of the fame

The target is achieved, in the heathen village reported this people.
Of his journeys and his acts,
A large celebration in honours of the king,
a feast so sumptuously with drink and meals.

The storm put, the night goes to end,
luck and joy a beautiful time.

The way is far,
that the target makes courage, pride and honour
for the companions of the fame