

Nation

Týr

All that I had
In which I took delight
Out of sight
All that of which I dreamt
All that I was longing for
Now lost somewhere in time
Hidden in a heathen rhyme

Dreams that hold a nation

Time comes to turn
Misfortunes back around
Gaining ground
Time will return for dreams
Time for what we're longing for
By law we built this land
Would that it forever stand

Dreams that hold a nation

Allt, sem þjóðin átti og naut
Allt, sem hana dreymir
Allt, sem hún þráði og aldrei hlaut
Alþýðustakan geymir