

Defying the Storm

Folkearth

Defying the storm, the lash of the waves,
Our Drakkars are advancing
Fearless upon the raging seas we sail!
Our Dragon prow is emerging
From the mist of a winter's morning
Or the dying gleam of day:
Upon the fury of the ocean we ride
With the wind caressing our hair
And the brine biting into our eyes,
The frost that invades
The warmth of a heart...

Defying the storm, the lash of the waves,
Our Drakkars are advancing
Fearless upon the raging seas we sail!
The standard of the hammer
Atop the mast we hoisted high
A talisman of Mjolner
Around our neck we hung:
To invoke all Fates benign
And offer sacrifice -
To Njord, the sea-faring God,
A mariner across the stars
That through the night
Us mortals guide...