

In a land where no road leads,
On shores where no wave breaks,
There is an inn, thatched with autumn leaves,
Wherein dwell all the minstrels of yore...

Wayfarer of life, come, take thy rest -
There's a crackling fire and there is ale...
We will sing of elder days and better times,
We will sing you what your heart desires!

From the four corners of the Earth
We have come bearing many a tune -
Stomp your feet - let the feast begin!
Drink up and sing along all night long!

We conjure on our magic strings
Tales of valor, love and bloody war -
See the heroes ride, see the maidens yearn,
Legends come to life when we play for you!

Everything is possible, all can be true,
Just listen to the song that echoes within you:
We strike up a melody of your wildest dreams,
As history collides with mythic songs of yore!

From the four corners of the Earth
We have come bearing many a tune -
Stomp your feet - let the feast begin!
Drink up and sing along all night long!

Recite a Nordic poem with voice clear and keen,
By the sword of my father, swear the sacred oath!
See the drakkars appear out of the silvering mist,
Your every step is guided by the father of victory!

Return once again to the Fatherland that bore you,
Know full well where you're coming from
And only then the compass of your soul
Will point to the path you are bound to follow!

From the four corners of the Earth
We have come bearing many a tune -
Stomp your feet - let the feast begin!
Drink up and sing along all night long!