

Song for Odin

Words and music by Karl Donaldsson

I sing of the tales of The Wanderer
The rider of Yggdrasill
He gave up an eye into Mimir's Well
Where deeply, he drank his fill.

For nine long nights, Old Hárr, hung he
In search of the spoken spell;
The Runes that he found drew sounds for man
And down, from The Tree, he fell.

A snake, he slid through Gunnloð's court;
The Mead of Poetry sought;
Three sips, and he fled as eagle's wing;
By Suttung, was never caught.

Two sticks on a beach Hárbarð had found;
His brothers heard his call;
He gave his own breath and his blood to the wood
And told them of his hall:

"Valhalla holds the Einherjar
"Who'll fight on Vigrið plain."
As Fenrir sinks his fangs to the bone
The life of Odin will wane.

Fear not, my kin, of the Ragnarók,
For Fimbultýr truly has won;
He saw his own death at the end of time
And whispered this to his son.