

Hardrada's Last Stand

Words and Music: Jóhann Steinarsson

A land now in chaos, a crown that was pledged, Or so Harold Godwinson fiercely alleged-
With King Edward dead, he now walks the knife edge And proclaims England's rule as his own!
But Harald Hardrada stands not for this claim, The crown, by a treaty, belongs to his name,
So now we have gathered, our hearts all aflame, We Norse come to claim England's throne!
Chorus
A way, a way, from our homes to the fray, We battled for King Edward's land,
And all that I pray is remember this day, The day of Harald's last stand.

A land now in chaos, a crown that was pledged,
Or so Harold Godwinson fiercely alleged-
With King Edward dead, he now walks the knife edge
And proclaims England's rule as his own!

But Harald Hardrada stands not for this claim,
The crown, by a treaty, belongs to his name,
So now we have gathered, our hearts all aflame,
We Norse come to claim England's throne!

Chorus:

*Away, away, from our homes to the fray,
We battled for King Edward's land,
And all that I pray is remember this day,
The day of Harald's last stand.*

At Fulford Hardrada did smash through their lines,
The Saxons all killed within narrow confines,
And those that remained all did swear to align
With fierce Harald, and praise him as Lord...

Yet trust not the Saxons, their words were but lies!
They lured forth Hardrada towards actions unwise,
For at bridge of Stamford, we claim not our prize,
But our fate at the end of their swords!

Chorus:

Full two-thirds the army remains in the West,
Our byrnies cast off, only shields at best,
And now Godwinson puts our strength to the test
With his Huscarls prepared to engage!

But one of our ranks plants his feet firm and strong,
Defending the bridge 'gainst the mad Saxon throng,
His great sacrifice will be passed down in song,
As we now enter fierce battle's rage!

Chorus:

Now all that remains is a sea of bright red,
Our King, slain by arrow, our blood all quite shed.
Earl Tostig and great Eystein Orri lie dead,
We make for Valhalla this night...

But mourn not our passing, and shed not a tear,
For Norsemen in battle, they never know fear,
So pass on the tales of our deeds through the years,
And remember Hardrada's last fight...

Chorus:

*Yes, all that I pray is remember this day...
The day of Harald's last stand.*