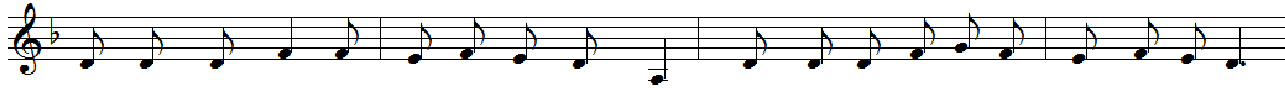


Men of the Northlands

Words and Music: Valdemar Ironfist



We are the men come down from the North-lands. Hard fight-ing hard drink-ing men of the sea.



We have come seek-ing not one but three things, Fierce bat-tle, glor-y and sweet vic-tor-y.



I've a fine ship her name is Wind-rid-er And I've a good crew, we are six-ty strong.



You'll nev-er find ship or crew bet-ter, In old-en tales, sa-gas or songs.

Chorus



So heave a-way haul a-way bite deep the oars. To-night we sleep on some dis-tant shore.



A he-roes' death, deep in the fray, Brings mead in Val-hal-la and fight-ing all day.

We are the men come down from the Northlands.
Hard fighting hard drinking men of the sea.
We have come seeking not one but three things,
Fierce battle, glory and sweet victory.
I've a fine ship her name is Windrider
And I've a good crew, we are sixty strong.
You'll never find ship or crew better,
In olden tales, sagas or songs.

*So heave away haul away bite deep the oars.
Tonight we sleep on some distant shore.
A heroes' death, deep in the fray,
Brings mead in Valhalla and fighting all day.*

See yon watch fires up on the headlands.
They've spied our sails they know we are here.
'Twill be no surprise. 'Twill be a set battle.
Winner and loser shall pay a price dear.
Tonight some are heroes. Tonight some are wounded.
Some now so alive shall lie dead on the sod.
So whether 'tis Thor, Freya or Odin
'Tis time to cast runes and pray to the Gods.

Chorus

Faces are grim with visage determined
Our foe's well arrayed and is well armed.
With a great shout both sides surge forward,
Spurred on by rage and the blasts of the horns.
Across the field I see I am challenged,
My answer my spear, he dodges the cast.
He sends his own, too fast for dodging.
My shield shakes with the shock of the crash.

Chorus

We draw our weapons and close for the finish,
He with an ax and I with my sword.
With blades a blur we slash at each other,
Ax sunders helm as by blade he is gored.
Who is the victor and who is the vanquished?
From many a wound, we both do bleed.
But of we two, I'm the one standing,
Tonight in his hall we'll be drinking his mead.

Chorus

Such valiant foes, we highly honor,
For men are known by their enemies.
When the skalds sing, of this great battle,
Our names shall ring through the centuries.

Chorus