

Falconer

"Skula, Skorpa, Skalk"

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Years of famine and years of sigh
Reaps our land that fell from crest.
Creatures, serfs and men hanged high
Yet no remedy.

What will ever please our Gods?
Gather the chiefs and sages.
What will save the tomorrow
From these Dark Ages.

Slay and sacrifice our king,
Coat the statues with noble blood.
Intensify the holy smoke
With a royal lamb.

Now neither your braves, your wise nor gold
So far renowned
Will be of aid now as the doomsday call.
Now you must rise up to show the steel
Courage of your heart,
And soon you'll raise your horn in Valhalla's hall.

Skula, Skorpa, Skalk

En man han tj  nt herr lagers g  rd
I sommar, vinter   r f  r   r.
S  g mig, vem s  rjer nu f  r dig?

F  r slit och sl  p under himmel gr  
Han blott sitt br  d som l  ning f  r.
S  g mig, vem s  rjer nu f  r dig?

S   kommer hastigt budet in:
- V  r herre l  grar dotra din!
S  g mig, vem s  rjer nu f  r dig?
Och tr  llen nu genom d  rren steg,
Han l  mna plogen vid   rkerns teg.
S  g mig, vem s  rjer nu f  r dig?

- Herr lager h  r nu mina ord,
Min doter till din hora gjord.
S  g mig, vem s  rjer nu f  r dig?

Och lager sa i vredesmod:
- Du vÃ¤rnar ej om ditt trÃ¤lablod.
SÃ¤g mig, vem sÃ¶rjer nu fÃ¶r dig?

Varken Ã¶l eller vin dig Ã¤mnat,
Ej heller Ã¤gorÃ¤tt
Dock Skula, Skorpa, Skalk.

TrÃ¤l visste ej ett ord utav
FÃ¶rrns strupen hans var skuren av.
SÃ¤g mig, vem sÃ¶rjer nu fÃ¶r dig?

- Det hÃ¤r Ã¤r nog fÃ¶r bot idag
Och dotra tar jag vid behag.
SÃ¤g mig, vem sÃ¶rjer nu fÃ¶r dig?

- Kom jag ska visa dig min rÃ¤tt
Att trÃ¶sta dej pÃ¥ valfritt sÃ¤tt.
SÃ¤g mig, vem sÃ¶rjer nu fÃ¶r dig?

"O tack!" Han sa med grÃ¥tmild rÃ¶st
Och stÃ¶tte kniven uti hans brÃ¶st.
- SÃ¤g mig, vem sÃ¶rjer nu fÃ¶r dig?

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