

Symbel

"Saecsen Drynking Song"

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In drinking spirits, the ancestors sing many songs, of which this is one...

This is a story of what we often call warriors
Where I've gone now I have died
Is a Hall in the sky
That lies
Across a shimmering rainbow bridge
I see my brothers here
Drinking in the hall
I see my mother's tears
Lakes of glass before
I see my people living
Back through the before
They know that I am here
Toasting (death) them
At the gates Waelhall

Men and women the folk
Live your lives with honour
Keep the fires alight on the hills
Remember the only thing you really
Have to do
Is cross that rainbow bridge

Some folk have heaven that is their path
Some folk have nothing
That is their loss
Let each man or woman
Have his or her own fate
But I'll...
I'll take the shimmering rainbow bridge.

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