

Symbel "Sittaen Aet Symbel"

Visit "[Sittaen Aet Symbel](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The hall is ready with ale, mead
And music, and the hearth is glowing
On the faces of those who attend.
Solemnly, a man speaks of his ancestor,
Connecting with him through the web of Wyrð.

'Sittaen Aet Symbel
A beot I read
Of my great-grand-father's deeds
Of the life he betrothed me
He cut through the flax
With his ready tongue
Sweet mead from his lips
Flowed in yellow paths'

'Sittaen aet symbel
Come brothers and maids'

'We drink!

To Woden, for victory,
To Njord and Freo
For the qualities of ice and gold.'

'We drink! '

'Sittaen Aet Symbel
Raise the horn to your lips
Taste the secrets behind the staves
Between measured sips
A toast to the dead
That see at the symbel
And a declaration
Of their intent in our flesh

Sittaen Aet Symbel
A gielp to the hall
Around this table of ash
That has known the nine worlds
Witness my wyrð
I will craft it to this end'.

One by one those attending shout their appreciation

'Hail! '

The Symbel is done,
The beots and gielps made.
A voice sings over the mead bench
And the crackling fire,
Whilst those present drink to the past,
Present and their future...

Visit [Symbel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.