

## Vreid "Blücher"

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Battleships are leaving port,  
They are heading north,  
Squadrons of cruisers are coming forth,  
The cold Norwegian fjords await.

Trained in the Baltic sea,  
They head for a destiny,  
Less glorious than it was set out to be,  
Ice cold Norwegian fjords await,

The water shines so crystal bright  
Led by the moon this beautiful night,  
When the night time dawns and the mist comes  
The Iron Monster glides into the Northern Shores.

Lanterns are shut, but the ship is spotted,  
From Rauåy fort, the alarm goes off.  
A threat to our nation is in our waters,  
At 04:21 the first bomb of Oscarborg is shot.

Smoke fills the ship,  
As fuel and ammunition catches fire,  
51 shots on the starboard side,  
Torpedoing the Blücher entirely.

Soldiers are burned and choked by smoke,  
Thrown overboard in the fjord so cold,  
A thousand German soldiers die this April 9th.

The squadron is turning,  
As they see how their mothership is burning,  
They set full retreat,  
In this battle they suffer  
Defeat!

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