

Moonsorrow "Warrior's Tale"

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"Cattle die,
kinsmen die,
likewise you will die;
but the name
will never die,
of one who has done well.

Cattle die,
kinsmen die,
likewise you will die;
one I know
that never dies:
the fame of each one dead."
(Hǎivamǎil)

And so the last chapter is at hand,
who faced his death now rests on his place.
His brothers raise a chalice of mead
and drink it empty in the name of the late.

A craft so beautiful now may carry a peaceful man,
on the shore it awaits release into what lies beyond.
Weapons, jewels, riches the traveller is armed with,

underneath a vast pyre his grave will soon be sailing.
(And behold! Can there be another sight so grand
than of silent flames reaching out for the stars.)

Towards death we all are lead;
the gods have chosen those to live.
Our brother we lay on the lap of the waves;
fare ye well, you stay in our hearts.

Honour no sword can tame;
the gods have recited the heroic names.
Our brother we yield to the father of the dead;
fare ye well - until we meet again.

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