Skirnir

Falkenbach

Long is one night, and long the second one;
how can I.... how can I wait through three?

Once a month.... a month seemed less to me
compared to this one night of waiting for her....

As dear to no man in days past
was maid as she is to me:
But no elf, no god, will grant my prayer
that I may lie with her....

Hail to thee, Veraldur !!!

Long is one night, and long the second one;
how can I.... how can I wait through three?

Once a month.... a month seemed less to me
compared to this one night of waiting for her....

Arise, Skirnir, now ride swiftly to Frey, my son,
and ask him this:
With whom is the Wise one so angry,
so sad at hearth?

hail to thee, Veraldur !!!

To stake life on the luck of the dice
is better than to be a coward:
The day of my death is by fate,
my time is fixed.

Night has fallen:
Now we must ride over the misty mountains,
the fells of the troll-folk;
We shall both arrive or both fall
....into the hands of Gymir.

Hail to thee, Veraldur

[inspired by the Skirnismal]

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