Donar's Oak

Falkenbach

Branches as high as a vigilant eye could see,
magic runes, once scratched into this tree.
An old man sat down at this mighty oak,
every morning, day by day...
And he closed his eyes
while a gasp blew through its leaves...
and he began to speak...Land er heilact, er ec liggia s
som oc lfom nr;
enn rheimi scal rr vera,
unz um rifaz regin.Ydalir heita, ar er Ullr hefir
sr um gorva sali;
lfheim Frey gfo rdaga
tvar at tannf.Roots as deep as the very depths of heart,
source for those who know what's still to come...
Man of wisdom and knowledge great,
with hair as white as snow...
The young amongst them in a circle sat
and listened to his voice.
...while he began to speak...Land er heilact, er ec liggia s
som oc lfom nr;
enn rheimi scal rr vera,
unz um rifaz regin.Ydalir heita, ar er Ullr hefir
sr um gorva sali;
lfheim Frey gfo rdaga
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