Yggdrasil

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Lyrics: From Nvaml
I know that I hung
in the windcold tree
nine whole nights
with hurt point
To Oden given
self given to myself
In that thee
which nobody knows
>From which roots it ran
Not given bread
they brought no horns
Saw down from the tree
took up runes
took them with screams
and down from the tree I fell
Nine magic songs I got
from the famous son of
Boltorn, Besdas Father
and a drink I got
of precious mead
poured by Odrere
Then I became vigorous
and got wise
grew and felt well
of word sought word
the word again
of work sought work
the work again
Music: Ivar Bjrnson 1994

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