

Secret of the runes

11

Hangatyr, Your whisper told me the secret of the runes.

I follow you to be come immortal.

I take a ride on the worldtree, offer me to myself.

I hear the song

I carve the runes of the Irmin.

I pick the leaves of the worldtree, Yggdrasil my stallion

Eighteen I find (when I) sing the song of Odin.

I eat the fruits of the Futhark

Yggdrasil my stallion

I take a ride (and fly) with the wings of Odin

Seek it low you go to find them glow

By the well of Mimameid

Eighteen runes will come to you Take the hand of Hangatyr

You feel the serpent rise

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