OLAF'S HOUSE
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

Red Orm and Sigmund and Ivar and me
We were over at Olaf's as drunk as could be.
We were laughing and singing while downing our mead
When Olaf fell over face down in his feed.
"Oh, let's play a joke on old Olaf," Orm said.
And we all started laughing and nodding our heads.
"Now we just have to think of a joke that is grand,
One that does honor our slumbering friend.
For he ever is asking us over to dine
So the joke that we play must be funny and fine."
"I have it!" said Ivar, "let's drag him outdoors,
Set fire to his haystack and wait till it roars,
Then holler and scream till he wakes with alarm
And tell him some reavers are burning his farm."
Oh, we laughed till the tears rolled out of our eyes
Then we grabbed sleeping Olaf and drug him outside.
With torches we staggered to the great mound of hay
Then I thought of a funnier joke we could play.
"Let's pile this great stack by his door so it seems
That his house is afire from the floor to the beams."
Oh, laughing we stumbled with arms full of hay
Anxious to hear what old Olaf would say.
But we were puffing and panting from six loads apiece
When Sigmund, he held up his hand so we'd cease.
And we listened with care as we set our loads down.
He said, "Let's burn Olaf's house down to the ground."
Then he puffed up his chest and continued with pride,
"And let's do it with Olaf still sleeping inside."
Oh, we rolled on the ground at the thought of that joke
We were laughing so hard that we started to choke.
Then we drug sleeping Olaf (still snoring) inside.
We tossed him in bed and made sure he was tied.
Then we picked up our gear and the horns and the mead
And then we began this most humorous deed.
We closed tight the door and jammed shut the latch,
We picked up the torches and fired up the thatch,
Then we ran to the hill for a view of the sight
Of old Olaf's house all aglow in the night.
That hall was a malestrom that burned ever higher,
Then we shouted, "Hey Olaf! Your house is on fire."
And we heard him to bellow out curses, but then,
I think he did laugh when the timbers caved in.
Then we knew that no matter how hard we would seek
'Twas the best joke we've played on old Olaf all week.

SIGMUND THE WINGFOOTED
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

Let the river flow from the bison's spear.
Hear the blood staffs beat on the wall of shields.
For to the land of Ansteorra fair
Rides Sigmund standing on a golden shield

High the shield of the mighty king is borne.
Sworn eagle brother of the dark plume spoke,
"Our kinsmen follow him from out the east
To feast upon the deep wound dew he leaves."

The spear footed falcon with fierce far eyes
And knees that only bend before the brave
Soared unto the king upon the high throne,
"By your leave, your glove I'd perch upon."

The king has returned in shining glory.
All who know him resound his victories.
A high seat will greet him in the gold hall
And the Raven God will smile when he sings.

The Fimbrol winter shall splinter the land
And the day of the wolf shall fall at last
Before a greater King and Queen shall stand
Upon the northern land of Midgard's realm.

I LOANED MY SWORD TO ORI
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

I loaned my sword to Ori, he brought it back today,
in four and twenty pieces, and here's what he had to say:

"Those Irishmen, they're drinkers," But that was no surprise.
"And they brew this mighty whiskey that brings tears unto the eyes.
Well, we struggled through the evening, three Irishmen and me,
and walking back I missed the track and stumbled in the scree.
I must have landed on the flat or it would have been my bane
for when I awoke I saw your sword was neatly cleft in twain.
I then sailed on to England where I met this Saxon knight
and he laughed out loud when he saw your sword so we just had to fight.
Well, when my wounds were healed I saw your sword and it was a sorry sight;
the hilt was broke, the pommel too, and the handgrip wasn't right.
In Normandy I saw a herd of cattle on a hill
and I thought to take my pick of them when I heard this voice so shrill.
A farmer's wife laid on me with this fork for pitching hay.
Oh, I wasn't hurt, but oh your sword, had seen a better day.
So now I bring it back to you a little worse for wear
but from my tale a fool could see I treated it with care.
But when next I come a-seeking for the borrow of a blade
kindly loan me one that is a little better made."

Have a care when someone seeks to borrow what he lacks
but it won't be good old Ori, for I killed him with my axe.

BIG AXE
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

To the land of Ansteorra sailed a viking one fine day.
He rowed right up the river toward Bjornsborg, so they say.
No one dared to ask the reason why he came unto this land,
For the viking there among them had a Big Axe in his hand.
Big Axe in his hand.

It was halfway past September when he swaggered into town.
He came striding from the south side slowly looking all around.
"He's a viking out for plunder," came the whisper from each man,
"And he's here to do some mischief with that Big Axe in his hand."
Big Axe in his hand.

Now in this town there lived a Norman by the name of Jean Pierre.
He was foppish and a dandy and put perfume in his hair.
But was vicious and was deadly with the rapier at his side
And the many men that faced him were the many men that died.
Many men that died.

The Norman's fame at wenching was a scandal in the land.
A duchess or a milkmaid were like putty in his hand.
He would use them for his pleasure and then send them home in shame.
And their menfolk greatly trembled at the mention of his name.
Mention of his name.

Now the viking started talking, made it plain to folks around.
He'd come here to wreak his vengeance on the Norman in the town.
Jean Pierre had bed his sister and no bride price had been paid,
Then he sent her back to Norway only after she's been laid.
After she'd been laid.

The Norman merely chuckled when the story he did hear,
Then he sharpened up his rapier and threw down another beer.
Forty vengeance-seeking brothers he had slain unto the man,
Forty-one would be the viking with the Big Axe in his hand.
Big Axe in his hand.

Well, the morning passed so quickly, it was time for them to meet.
Wearing puffs and slashes, Jean Pierre stood in the street.
And the viking dressed in leather and with furs upon his frame
Was the object of the snobbish Norman's obvious disdain.
Obvious disdain.

"I remember now your sister," said the Norman with a smile.
"You have similar taste in fashion and no sense at all of style.
I would rather slay your tailor, but I'll kill you where you stand.
You won't even get a chance to use that Big Axe in your hand."
Big Axe in your hand.

"I came all the way from Norway," said the viking with a sneer,
"Not to enter fashion shows, for you would win, I fear.
I came here to slay a Norman dog whose blood I've vowed to spill
And it pleases me to see that you are dressed so fit to kill."
Dressed so fit to kill.

Jean Pierre glared at the viking with a face so scarlet red.
His honor would be only soothed when viking blood was shed.
Peasants watched them from their windows, everybody held their breath.
They knew this Norseman viking was a hand away from death.
Hand away from death.

Well, the Norman started forward with red murder in his hand,
And the minstrels sing the battle was the swiftest in the land.
The rapier barely cleared it's scabbard when the Axe came crashing down
And the Norman toppled over with a Big Axe in his crown.
Big Axe in his crown.

It was over in a moment and the folks had gathered round.
There before them lay the body of the Norman on the ground.
Well, he might have gone on living, never thought of lying dead...
But, it's kind of hard to think when there's a Big Axe in your head.
Big Axe in your head.

Big Axe, Big Axe...
And it's kind of hard to think when there's a Big Axe in your head,
Big Axe in your head.

SONG OF THE BORDERMEN
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

Rugged and rough is the kingdom's edge
Far from the high king's court.
The land is hard and the life is harsh
And oftentimes is short.
The outpost there at the kingdom's edge
Is first to taste the steel,
But the Bordermen will bear the brunt
And die before they yield.

(Chorus)
So our laughter is longer and louder than most
And the mead we drink faster than ever it's poured,
For the men of the Border have found that the dancing
Is sweetest when danced on the edge of the sword.

Our leather we dye with foemen blood
Our swords know naught of rust.
We ward the gates to the southern lands
And ever hold that trust.
If ever you see a warrior stride
With eyes so fierce and bold,
You'll know he's done a turn on the wall
In an outpost border hold.

(Chorus)

We take our pleasure as we can
By this be not dismayed,
For the fire that sheds the brightest light
Must sooner die and fade.
So sleep ye safe in your silks and furs
And in your great halls dine.
For they keep the wolf beyond the wall
Who keep the border line.

(Chorus)

DRINK TO THE SWORD
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

(Chorus)
Let's...drink to the sword that sings merry in battle.
And drink to the foemen who gallantly die.
Let's lift up our horns and drink deep till tomorrow.
Let's drink deep the mead till the barrel runs dry.

And what shall we do when tomorrow comes early?
And what shall we do when tomorrow comes nigh?
We'll take to the longships and set the sail smartly.
We'll take to the longships and set the sail high.

And...(Chorus)

And what shall we do if the north wind is blowing?
And what shall we do if the north wind is tame?
By sail or by oar we will hasten to England
To pillage and plunder for fortune and fame.

And...(Chorus)

And what shall we do if a storm comes a-squalling
With thunder and lightning and rain on the sea?
We'll bail out the water and lift up our voices
And sign with the hammer so Odin will see.

And...(Chorus)

And what shall we do when we land there in England
Beside a tall fortress so strong and so bold?
We'll pound on our shields till the walls are a-crumbling
Then cut down the soldiers and take all the gold.

And...(Chorus)

And what shall we do if the soldiers are many
A thousand or more who will stand unafraid?
We'll sing 'em a song with great smiles on our faces
For we are but merchants who've come here to trade.

And...(Chorus)

SONG OF THE FREE COMPANY
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

We are the men the men of the Free Company.
We fight for a purse of gold and a horn of mead.
From Sarkland sands to the Irish coast
We fight for the side what pays the most
For we are the men the men of the Free Company.

Well I got no wife and I call no place my home,
But I got me a girl for the night and a sword I own.
But sunrise calls and the line forms up
And that's the drink of the soldier's cup.
I'll march with the men the men of the Free Company.

Now I don't mind the cold and I don't mind the rain and mud
For the battle's joined and the fire is in my blood.
Who cares if the devil is on your side,
I got my pay and I got my pride,
The pride of a man a man of the Free Company.

If I fall 'neath the ranks with an arrow in my side
And my blood flows out in a wave of battle's tide.
Where many a man has met his bane
Another steps up to fight again
And hold the line the line of the Free Company.

So let's drink to the men who've died and to them what live.
Let's drink to us what takes and to them what gives.
Let's drink to the mothers who born us free,
A soldier's life is the life for me.
A soldier marching on with the Free Company.

We are the men the men of the Free Company.
We fight for a purse of gold and a horn of mead.
From Sarkland sands to the Irish coast
We fight for the side what pays the most
For we are the men the men of the Free Company.

THE KING AT HIS WINDOW
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

At chamber window stood the king
The long and sleepless night was done
Soon Saint Michael's bells would ring
And cold of night may warm with dawn.
Eyes were red 'neath heavy brow
Burdened now with golden crown.
Once a young man, eyes aglow,
Now a king whose youth had flown.
Friends he had both old and young
Buried now beneath the clay
Pledged to fight till battles won,
Silent now till Judgement Day.
Yeoman bent behind the plow,
Peasant, beggar at the bowl;
He, their king, their servant now,
His crown a chain unto their hold.
A horse stands in the stable row,
Strong and young as he had been.
Slip the tether, watch him go
Seek the freedom of the wind.
Send you spirit after him,
Run and frolic on the sward,
Smell the land upon the wind,
Freedom won by blood and sword.
A velvet touch, a silken sound,
His queen is standing at his side.
Lips that make the blood still pound
Like a stallion in his youthful pride.
The darkness fades as the old eyes laugh.
Saint Michael's bells ring loud and long.
Old wounds he will always have
And a lady fair to keep him young.

WAR COUNSEL
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

Hear, O King, the council
carved in the sword tree's heart.
Heed not the cold cruel rede
that calls for brawling blood.
The Outland trolls lure loud
to lead men into their den.
Their corpse breath foul does fuel
the fires of red vengeance.

Revenge will foul our fame
and find us only scorn.
Hollow is wars winning
where valor does not fare.
Let noble daring deeds
be done to claim our fame.
And should to fate we fall
fame shall name us heros.

Around you shining shields
and shirts of iron rings sing
the strong storm song of war.
Staunch are warrior hearts.
Let our noble Star stride
the steep and shining climes.
So lead, O king, westward
where waits valor's glory.

THE OUTLAND WAR

by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

Thunder split the span of heaven,
Loudly Mjolnir crossed the cloud vault,
Banners of Bjornsborg marching,
Stalked the Bear into the westland,
There to strive with Outland spearmen;
Cleave the western ash tree forest.
Dread the weapons of the warriors,
Grimly did the Bear's teeth glisten.

Loud the drums of war were beating
Outland hammers beat the war song.
Through the night the warriors waited
In the dark their spears they sharpened.
Ravens, rain soaked perched in tree tops,
In the branches lurked the feasters;
Patient waiting for the slaughter,
Hungry for the flesh of heroes

Gray the sky upon the morning
Dark the day was still at dawning.
Spears did rumble on their bucklers
Shield wall formed of clashing weapons
Champions strode before their war band
Mighty heroes in the forefront
Calling challenge cross the meadow
Where Bjornsborg stood like oaktrees.

Randall, chieftan of the warriors
Thane of valiant swordmen leading
Followed Mari's pointed spear arm
Straight the way she pointed clearly
Where the battle boils the loudest
Where the glory lasts forever
There shall wave Bjornsborg's banner
Rooted in the blood of foemen.

Patrick called his trusted leigemen
Bade them meet the champions boldly
Helms were hewn by Randall's wound blade
Shields were sundered by his hacking.
Thorgard set his axe to biting
Nesting redly in the heart meat.
Swift were slain the Outland champions
Quick their passing from the sagas.

War horns bellowed from the shield walls
Blowing gales of howling warriors
Deep the sea of Outland spearmen
Rolled their wave upon the breakers
Splitting from the roaring torrent
A tempest to engulf our forces
Cunning currents swirled and eddied
Toward the harbor of the Bear's Teeth.

Golden reefs upon the shoreline
Tempered stone to check the storm flood
Braved the Bear the coiling blood tide
Standing granite on the shoreline
Broke the rushing sea to red foam
Tore the mighty surge asunder.
Grim the jaws that shook their shield wall
Red the fangs that drank their marrow.

Through the heart the Outlands wounded
Coursing blood that tainted rivers
Took their stand on dripping timbers
On the red bridge held their heroes.
Twice their spear points never wavered
Steady stood the ash gray tree blades
Then our hungry axes feasted
Cleaving down the Outland forest.

SONG OF THE REAVERS
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

The fjord cracks through the ice and frost.
The mist burns off the lowland lea.
Planks are caulked with rope and peat,
And dragon wings beat toward the sea.

Guthrum rides the Bloody Mare.
The Dolphin swims at Rolf's command.
Thorkel flies the Raven's Wing.
The Dark Wolf prowls beneath my hand.

The coast is furrowed by our keels.
Thirsty spears drink deep and red.
Bows are bent with feathered death,
And axes growl until they're fed.

We take the road of foam and wake.
With sail we chain the rolling storm.
From out the north the sea we break,
To shake the world with battle horn.

Like hammer fire across the sky.
Like thunder borne upon the wind.
With hearts of iron and blades of steel,
We ride to hell and back again.

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DRAGON SHIP
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

Foaming furls of the dragon's track
Sweep toward the craggy shore,
There to break on rock and reef
And none can spare the widow's grief
When they hear the dragon roar.

Storm god's breath in billowed sail
Bring down the fire and blood.
And the wolves drink well
From the men that fell
Beneath the northern flood.

Then the dragon turns as the fires burn high
To drink the winter's mead
But a year will fly
And the time is nigh
For the Fenris wolf to feed.

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Mighty heroes in the forefront
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Shoulder shoulder of the warriors
Shoulder to valiant swordmen leading
Halvard Halvar's pointed spear arm
Straight the way she pointed clearly
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SKAGERAK
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

I saw her once upon the jut of rocky spur at Skagerak.
So fair she was, like snow-capped peaks
Above the height of Midgard's realm.
With hair as red as stormy skies of clouds
In morning's sunlit dawn.
I saw her once and then the gale
Had tossed the sea between our sight.
But I'll n'er forget that one keen glance
That pierced my heart with beauty's might,
That held our eyes in thunder light
Around the crag of Skagerak.

BATTLESKALD
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

He runs before the northern wind
To cleave the foam with narrow keel
With one hand on the dragon's prow
The other clenched 'round thirsty steel.
Eyes like fire in battle's heat
From axe and sword the song does ring.
Come to bathe the world in blood
The Raven spreads the ebon wing.
Like thunder borne upon the wind
The word goes forth in warning dread
The Battleskald has come again
The Fenris Wolf has raised his head.

THE SHINING CITY
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

Dragons driven cross the Baltic,
plough the seal road white and foamy.
Toward the city, shining city
to great Miklegard we come.
Furs we trade for slaves in Birka,
slaves to carry treasure heavy.
Amber too we buy for profit,
amber to increase our fortune.
Eastward sail unto Helsinki,
toward the sun the Finnish harbor.
Meet with Leidulf of the Finnland,
Leidulf strong and shrewd in dealing.
With his boats all heavy laden,
heavy are his furs and jewelry;
many men will storm the river,
ride the wild and risky water.
In the river run the rapids,
water that will break the boat wood.
Some will drown in muddy torrents,
pulled beneath the raging river.
Some will fall to Pechneg arrows,
die from feathered death in ambush.
Some we'll bury in the mud banks,
some the river keeps forever.
But with all the dangers lying,
on the Dniper wait the hazards;
We will see the shining city,
gain again the shining city,
There upon the silver crescent
ends the road to Miklegard.

THE BREAKERS AND THE SEA
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

Like men clashing in battle
Battles the foam sword of sea
Upon the breakers striking
The bloodless fight is endless.
The rocks they shed the sea spray
Uncaring as yesterday.
Father, son and grandson
Will many pass away
And the rock will yield a chip.
And the sea will shout a cheer.
Men will always fight and win.
Men will always fight and lose.
Standard on a foreign shore
Taken there and back again.
Father loses life and land.
Son will take it back again.
So men wage the living war.
Shore against the endless sea.
Foam sword breaking on the rock
Wins a pebble soon forgot.

Dragon's Gold

by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

Below the bones of Ymir, some men have called the keel,
lay the mighty house of Hrothgar of legendary weal.
I pounded on the gatepost and was led into the hall,
they sat me in an honored seat 'tween carven timbers tall.
Hrothgar bid me welcome as the thralls lay trestles down
and the hunger burned within me when his daughter's face I found.
I had heard the tale from suitors that had come to seek her hand,
how none could meet her bride-price in all this northern land.
Hrothgar's eyes were glowing across the longfire's light
as my horn was filled by his daughter's hand the wolves howled in the night.
"The season's ill for journey," Hrothgar said to me.
"And your clothes so rich and your manner high bespeak nobility.
What is it that brings you here so far from kith and kin?
Know that I might aid you that you might call me friend."
"My journey ended sudden when I saw your daughter fair,
for I have found what I have sought in maiden beauty rare.
But, sleep of late eludes me for her face is in my mind,
so ask the price you seek for her so peace at last I'll find."
"Oh! Many have sought my daughter's hand but none could meet the price
And all now gaze on the face of Hel in the land of fire and ice.
For half the price is in your purse, and half," he said to me,
"is a treasure hoard in the northern crags that you will fetch for me.
But, death is there and madness, for a dragon guards the gold.
But I will have his treasure if my daughter you would hold."
And his eyes burned in the firelight as greed sparked through his brain.
My purse I threw before his feet and laughed at his rede of bane.
Oh, you will have your dragon gold," I said, "And more besides.
I'll show to you the dragon's head and then I'll claim my bride."
In three days time I stood before the greedy Hrothgar's seat
and the dragon gold was spread about and shining at his feet.
"I will take your daughter now," I said, "Upon your word."
But he ran his fingers through the gold as if he had not heard.
"My daughter's beauty brings me wealth," Hrothgar told me then.
"And the flow of gold from a suitor's purse might likely never end."
And his henchmen then surrounded me at a signal from their lord.
"I fear that I must take your life and keep the dragon's hoard.
But if others come a-seeking you I'll tell them of your fame,
of how you slew the dragon e'er it brought you to your bane."
Then his daughter smiled upon me, then upon the dragon gold
and I found the girl was like her sire with a heart all frozen cold.
"I'd have settled for your daughter to end her suitor's quest.
Although I slew them one and all, they dared disturb my rest.
Now you would slay me out-of-hand for naught but mortal greed,
when you have broken faith with me and so the dragon freed."
Then the mist rolled back from off their sight and I stood in splendor dread.
With breath of fire and fangs of bronze and scales of crimson red.
"You'll have no need of a treasure hoard in the land of fire and cold."
Then I pulled the house of Hrothgar down and then took back my gold.

THE BEAR AND THE ROWAN TREE
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

Where the river winds in the forest glen, where the salmon jump in the morning sun,
When the breath of summer's on the wind, at the break of day the Bear will come,
And watch the leaping silver fin then slap the water three times three,
And breakfast there in the forest glen 'neath the spreading shade of the Rowan Tree.
And her singing leaves will whisper sweet to lull his great and shaggy head;
Weaving shade for the noonday heat with flowers white and berries red.
Straight and tall, she stands alone there where the rocky waters start
With roots that break the mountain stone yet tender twine the great Bear's heart.
And he will smile a wintry sigh and nuzzle soft against her skin
And feel the scar of years gone by when she had felt the hand of men.
And his eyes will fill with boiling blood and rumbles growl inside his form
As anger flows like a raging flood to think of those who wished her harm.
They came with steel and braying pride and wineskins draped from saddle bow
And spite was in their very stride and thunder clouds upon their brow.
They hunted horn frow the wild hart's head as handles for their knives so bright,
The flesh they left for maggot's bread with waste the nature of their spite.
They stopped to boast and drink their wine beside the rolling riverside
But of the Bear their was no sign that ever did he there abide.
Perhaps a bow or shaft of spear the men saw in the Rowan Tree
And though the tree was young in year the axe bit deep to cut it free.
Like thunder after lightning's stroke from out the forest came a roar
And from the woods the fury broke and down upon the men it bore.
The axe was torn from a shoulder bone and necks, like twigs, were cracked in twain
The fruit sprung from the seed they'd sown was nourished in the bloody rain.
But soon the hunters gained their steel, for these were men that knew of war
But from the death the Bear did deal the ravens numbered one and four.
With spears they ringed about the beast, determined men with cunning bold.
One or two he'd kill at least before he felt the blade so cold.
Then the clouds grew dark and the lightning woke and witchfires danced above the trees;
In the forest heart there stood an Oak all ringed about with fiery leaves.
A white Fox stood at the oak tree's side with a grinning Wolf as dark as night;
An Eagle on the wind did ride above the fiery forest light.
And the men drew back as the lightning spoke and from the circle tore the Bear
And when the spell at last was broke a score of men stood cursing there.
They tracked the beast unto his lair, with spears they charged into the dell
But from those woods not one did fare and like a shroud the silence fell.
So, if by chance you ride one day where the river winds in the forest glen
And under a Rowan Tree you lay when the breath of summer's on the wind;
If for a time you'd linger there then let your heart dispell despite
Or you may chance upon the Bear, for the woods have teeth as well as sight.
And her singing leaves still whisper sweet to lull his great and shaggy head;
Weaving shade for the noonday heat with flowers white and berries red.
Straight and tall, she stands alone there where the rocky waters start
With roots that break the mountain stone yet tender twine the great Bear's heart.

THE DEATH OF FALLOWMOON
by Ragnar Ulfgarsson

"What? Oh, I must have nodded off again to dream of another day
As I often do on wintry nights when the fog rolls down from the starry heights
And I think of those times and those glorious fights...
When my head was not so gray.

There were four of us but we stood as one 'neath a pale and fallow moon.
And we laughed at life and we laughed at death that often came too soon.
We tore at life like a haunch of meat and swallowed it whole and lean.
We took it first and held it last and we drank in the in-between.

But, the time drew nigh as we knew it must when the final deeds be done
And each we found the other's face and grinned at the fight to come.
We held that ground upon the strand with our backs against the sea.
Then Raimon fell 'neath the battle's din with a cut that was meant for me.

I cursed him sound and shook his head, "Nay! You will not depart."
"Drain a cup for me," he said, and died with a laugh in his heart.
We three fought on with blooded steel till the sun turned dark and red.
Then across the sands that drank their blood our foemen broke and fled.

Then Erland with a score of wounds stood bloody at my side.
"I think I'll sit me down to rest," he said before he died.
In the dark I raged about those dunes with a mist upon my sight.
But no foe I found to slake the thirst that burned me dry that night.

They say Athena wandered off with a song borne on the wind.
I found an oak where her footsteps stopped but she was never seen again.
Then I cursed the life and I cursed the death and I cursed the blood and bone;
And I cursed the gods that left me there, that left me there alone.

What? Oh, I must have wandered off again to dream of another day.
As I often do on wintry nights when the fog rolls down from the starry heights
And I think of those times and those glorious fights...
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