

The Ballad of Rorik the Viking and Susklahava the Elf

Come gather around and lend me your ears
This story of heart-ache shall bring you to tears
Two lovers, the likes of which no one did see
Divided by evil, this love could not be

Alas, this love - This love could not be

...

See, I travel the world along many a trail
Forever in search of a song and a tale
Into Gimle forest the gods did me bring
I found there good people and many a king

Good people, good people - And many a king

...

I met there a man and we played us a game
He called me his friend, proudly I do the same
Then after a long day of battle and strife
Young Rorik, my friend, told me he met his wife

He told me, he told me - With light in his eyes

...

Though trained as a fighter, so vicious and wild
He looked upon me with the eyes of a child
He lowered his voice as he did me invite:
"We marry in secret. The forest, tonight."

A secret, a secret - In dark of the night

...

See, Rorik the Viking had stood on his knees
Proposed to a beautiful girl of the trees
But Vikings and Elves will forever be foe
(I told you this tale is of heart-ache and woe)

Heart-ache and tears - Yes, heart-ache and woe

...

The forest was dark, but I put out my torch
Wandering hidden from robber and orch
The path in the darkness did twist and did bend
But not before long, I found my good friend

My friend and his bride - Yes, the bride of my friend

...

On top of a mountain was a small gathering
A fire was lit, and Nanna did sing
Still higher we climbed to the top of a tower
The Viking to wed with a fair elven flower

To wed in the tower - A fair elven flower

...

Blessings were given and both made a vow
Of true love this day, and forever, and now
They smiled and they kissed in the light of the moon
“I love you”, said bride. “I love you”, said groom

True love, true love - In the light of the moon

...

And just in that moment the world was a dream
So perfect and pure in the silvery beam
Of moonlight, of moonlight this moment in time
They said, “I am yours”, they said, “You are mine”

You're mine, I am yours - I'm yours, you are mine

...

Remember, dear friends what I told you before
This tale is of sorrow, of heart-ache, and woe
There's nothing so tender as love pure and true
Their love was in peril, this I say to you

So tender, so tender - A love pure and true

...

*First broke the silence the hoot of an owl
Then from all directions, a terrible howl
Up on the mountain climbed dozens of beasts
With bloodied fangs they were ready to feast*

A hunger, an anger - Like that of a beast

...

*"We're men of the Wolf", they all said with a grin
"Your lives are forfeit, you've committed a sin!"
"You'll pay with your life as a blood sacrifice"
"Now, traitor, take one last good look at your wife!"*

Your love is a sin - You're a shame to your kin!

...

*I begged and I pleaded, "Do you not have a heart?"
"They've just been united, don't tear them apart!"
"A love such as this is so precious and rare"
"Of beauty and love, don't you care? Don't you care?"*

So precious and rare - Don't you care, don't you care?

...

*I know not what happened, 'twas probably luck
But somehow a sort of a bargain was struck
"Your lives for a crown, then me might let you go"
They claimed that the elves took it not long ago*

A crown for a life - Let them go, let them go!

...

*So we searched in the night for the Wolf-Viking's crown
But no, it was not anywhere to be found
The hour was late and the light of the moon
Was fading away in the shadow of doom*

The moonlight gave way - To the shadow of doom

...

*In desperate times one would grasp at a straw
And suddenly someone remembered the law
For even the Vikings from law cannot hide
“Let’s go to the Jarl, let Halvdan decide”*

The Jarl is the law - Let Halvdan decide

...

*Morning, it came and it turned into day
The lovers still waiting for Halvdan to say
If Rorik to death must be put for his sin
Or if just for once, a true love may win*

May true love, may true love - Finally win

...

*Their lives in the balance, a glimmer of hope
So this song must end, but I ask you, take note
A love between foes is a beautiful thing
So let there be joy, let broken hearts sing*

*For joy, for love - Let broken hearts sing
For joy, for love - Let broken hearts sing*

...

*For true love, for true love
a case has been made
For Rorik the Viking
and the Elven bride*

Susklaðava!

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