

The cock crew in the morning,
I arose and went to the fields
Holding but a handful of seeds;
First I did sow then I did plough-
I prayed for rain to come down:
I prayed to Thor to burden the clouds
I looked up with hopes of a sky
Heavy, impregnated by a storm,
That would bring to life once more
My last handful of seeds;
I dreamt of the barely rich on the fields,
Would that I had a scythe
To reap all day long and then some more,
So as I could keep my storehouse filled
And put bread and ale upon my table...
Pray the Gods hear me,
Pray the wind bears my plea afar-
To the fields on high
Where immortals turn the soil
And blessings ripen like fruit
On the trees that guards vigilant
The fragrant orchards of Freyja...