

Immigrant Song

The Sword

Ah, ah,
We come from the land of the ice and snow,
From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow.
Hammer of the gods will drive our ships to new land,
To fight the horde, sing and cry: Valhalla, I am coming!

On we sweep with threshing oar, Our only goal will be the
western shore.

Ah, ah,
We come from the land of the ice and snow,
From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow.
How soft your fields so green, can whisper tales of gore,
Of how we calmed the tides of war. We are young
overlords.

On we sweep with threshing oar, Our only goal will be the
western shore.

So now you'd better stop and rebuild all your ruins,
For peace and trust can win the day despite of all your
losing.