

# Immigrant Song

Axel Rudi Pell

Ah-ah, ah!  
Ah-ah, ah!

We come from the land of the ice and snow  
From the midnight sun where the hot springs flow

The hammer of the gods  
Will drive our ships to new lands  
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, ah!  
Ah-ah, ah!

We come from the land of the ice and snow  
From the midnight sun where the hot springs flow

How soft your fields so green  
Can whisper tales of gore  
Of how we calmed the tides of war  
We are your 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 you're losing

Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah  
Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah  
Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah (Whoa)  
Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah

We come from the land of the ice and snow  
From the midnight sun where the hot springs flow  
The hammer of the gods  
We come from the land of the ice and snow  
From the midnight sun where the hot springs flow  
The hammer of the gods

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

Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah  
Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah  
Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah (Whoa)  
Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah