Clear was the sky : now storm clouds are forming the sun disc was high : the dusk came too soon sighted : a forest of masts and sails ride swift yee messenger : the word must get through

Carry the news to the villages westward
Asa Bay is under attack
light the signal fires along the shoreline
sound the bugle: upon us is the storm

Ride up the coast : sound the alarm the enemy fleet soon to land women and children to the hill : the enclosure to the shore every brave able hand

Sons of ours afar in foreign land their swords will be missed on this fateful day brother of Eigil: who set sail for Vinland with Torgeir the strong and Ashur the brave

Upon us the storm : the twilight was sudden the clear sunny day : now bitterly cold may the Gods be all with us : and fate by us stand let the livestock all run and bury your gold

The messenger riding swift through the forest crossing the wide open plains carrying the news of the storm : the fleet fast approaching to arms all : defend Asa Bay

Clear was the sky: now storm clouds are forming the sun disc was high: the dusk came too soon now restless the waves: unruly the sea red are the sails: may the message get through

Now dark is the sky : the storm clouds assembled the enemy fleet soon to land in the dark grey haze glimmering sharp steel is drawn the swelling sails nearer now : stand and fight every man

Ride through the forest : past mountains and creeks upon us is fire and doom carry me : run swift : my good able steed the news of the storm must get through