

Looking out forward over the prow of our long ship,
Pulling our oars and listening to the foam;
Helmets and sheepskins salt-damp in the sea-mist:
We're going home.

Aslak of Langadale, Einar Thorgeirsson,
Olaf the White and Sigurd the Powerful...

Looking for constellations above the horizon,
West wind cutting sharper than our blades;
Smiling forever into an endless sunrise,
We're flying on the waves.

Thorfin Karlsefny, Aud the Deep-Minded,
Snorri Thorbrandsson, Thorstein the Black...

Out of dark Vinland, with grey waves racing before us -
We want no rest.
Back to the homeland, Iceland, sleeping in winter -
Back from the West.
Five years we roam;
Now we're going home.