

Ein drugal kar ifra garden dro
han fulgte furu og sus
opp gjennom asen, grastein og mark
staut hans gange var
Svopt i morgengry
under en helnorsk himmel
Hans fotter traurig vandret hen
mot sitt mal og pa hoyde

Ein vaerbitt hand griper sverdet fatt
og kloyver blamennenes skalle
Hans kjeft den vrir seg i ulmende hat
ufreden kommer at falle

Sa stod han der pa utkikkstopp
hans oyne ei fekk kvile
For han sokte reint et syn
Men det blei ein grusom pine
Der blant norges skog og mark

Hans grimme sinn skulle vise dem
at norsonn han har nok av tael

Norsonn tapte noregsgard for ein haer
Stolt han var da han kom igjen
for a kloyve dem med sitt sverd

English translate: Norway's Home

A strong guy from the farm went
he followed pine and breeze
up through the hills, greystone and wilderness
bold his steps was
Swathed in twilight
under a (completely) norwegian sky
his feet steadily wandered
towards their goal and upon heighs

A weatherbitten hand cluthes the sword
and cleaves the blumen's heads
His mouth twist in smoldering hate
Unpeace will fall

Then he stood there on the look-out top
his eyes couldn't rest
Because he sought a pure sight
but it became a cruel pain
There in the midst of norwegian forest and wilderness

His grim mind should show them
that a son of the north has lots of guts

The son of the north lost Norway's home to an army
Proud he was when he returned
to cleave them with his sword