

## Nation

Týr

All that I had  
In which I took delight  
Out of sight  
All that of which I dreamt  
All that I was longing for  
Now lost somewhere in time  
Hidden in a heathen rhyme

Dreams that hold a nation

Time comes to turn  
Misfortunes back around  
Gaining ground  
Time will return for dreams  
Time for what we're longing for  
By law we built this land  
Would that it forever stand

Dreams that hold a nation

Allt, sem þjóðin átti og naut  
Allt, sem hana dreymir  
Allt, sem hún þráði og aldrei hlaut  
Alþýðustakan geymir