

Ólavur Riddararós

Týr

“Hvørt skal tú riða, Ólavur mín
á lofti hongur brynja tín

Tú fer ikki at veiða tað hind
men tú fer til tína leikalind

Hvit er skjúrtan, vól er hon tvigin
í blóði verður hon av tór drigin”

Ólavur snúðist síni móður frá
“Gud gevi ikki ganga sum mér er spáad”

Ungir kallar, kátir kallar, gangið upp á gólv
dansið lystilig

Ólavur ríður eftir björgunum fram
-kol og smiður við
fann hann upp á eitt álvarann

Út kom eitt tað álvafljóð
flóttað hár á herðar dró

“Ver vólkomin Ólavur Riddararós
tú gakk í dans og kvæð fyri oss”

“Tú tarvt ikki flóttta títt hár fyri meg
eg eri ikki komin at biðja teg

Eg kann ikki meira hjá álvum vera
í morgin lati eg mítt brúdleyp gera”

“Hvat heldur vilt tú sjey vetur liggja á strá
ella vilt tú í morgin til moldar gá”

Hon skonti honum í drykkjuhorn
har fór í tað eiturkorn

Ólavur studdist við saðilboga
-kol og smiður við
hann kysti tá moy av lítlum huga

Ungir kallar, kátir kallar, gangið upp á gólv
dansið lystilig

[Translation:]

Olaf Knightrose

“Where are you going, Olaf
your armour hangs in the attic

You are not going to hunt for deer
you are going to your mistress

White is your shirt, well has it been washed
It will be taken of you in blood”

Olav turned away from his mother
"God grant that it does not go as it has been
foretold"

Young lads, happy lads, step up on the floor
dance merrily

Olaf rides along the mountains
-with coal and smith
He came upon an elven house

Out came an elven maiden
Plaided hair on shoulders lay

"Be welcome Olaf Knightrose
come to the dance and sing for us"

"You need not plaid your hair for me
I have not come to ask for you

I can no longer stay with the elves
for tomorrow I will wed"

"What would you rather, lie ill for seven winters
or be buried tomorrow"

She filled him a drinkinghorn
in it went a grain of poison

Olaf leaned on the saddlebow
-with coal and smith
as he reluctantly kissed the maiden

Young lads, happy lads, step up on the floor
dance merrily