

Regin Smidur

Týr

Regin Blacksmith

Will you now listen
whilst I will sing.
About the rich kings
that I will now speak of

Greyfell carried the gold from the heath
He swung his sword in wrath
Sigfried defeated the dragon
Greyfell carried the gold from the heath

Hundings sons at war
they did damage there
Poison was in the sword
they carried against me

Fafnir is the name of the dragon
that lies on the Glittering Heath
Regin is a good blacksmith
to few is he faithfull

He was on fields of play
rages amongst men
Tears up large oak trunks
he maims some to Hel

On the eastern side under the mound
where heroes grow in numbers
Dark is this sad day
down in the mould to go

A man stepped forward upon the field
Noone knew him
He had a wide hat on his head
and a Finnish bow in his hand

A man stepped forward upon the field
raging with his sword
He had one eye
and his trouser legs were buttoned

The dragon has slithered of the gold
it is rumoured widely
Sigfried seats himself on Greyfells back
he prepares himself to ride

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