

Come Wælcyrige, take me from this place.
I long to feel your embrace.
And this body shall be my prison no longer.

Rain down upon me and wash away this life,
Which neither words nor deeds can redeem.

Take me to the gates of the shining citadel,
So that I may feast alone in silent halls
Beside the flowing mountain-stream.

Let me take upon myself this curse,
Let my bloodline die with me.
Let the great wind sing a lament to this land where nobility is
no more.