



in.

We rode the (1)	of the Eastern trail	
Deep in the (2)	of the Rus'	
Following the wind in our sails		
And the rhythm of the oars		
No shelter in this hostile land		
Constantly on guard		
Ready to fight and defend		
Our ship (3)	the bitter end	
We came under attack		
I received a deadly wound		
A spear was forced into my back		
Still I fought on		
When I am dead		
Lay me in a mound		
Raise a stone for all to see		
Runes carved to my memor	ry	
Here I lay on the river bank		
A long, long way (4)	home	
Life is pouring out of me		
Soon I will be gone		

And (5)	of those	back home
I see the river (		
Like (7)		
Here I lie on we	et sand	
l (8)	not make it ho	ome
I clinch my swo	rd in my hand	
Say farewell to	(9)	_ I love
When I am dea	d	
Lay me in a mo	und	
Place my weap	ons by my side	Э
For the journey	to Hall up high	า
When I am dea	d	
Lay me in a mo	und	
Raise a stone for	or all to see	
Runes carved to	o my memory	
To my memory		
To my memory		



- 1. rivers
- 2. land
- 3. 'til
- 4. from
- 5. think
- 6. rushing
- 7. blood
- 8. will
- 9. those

## Fill in the gaps