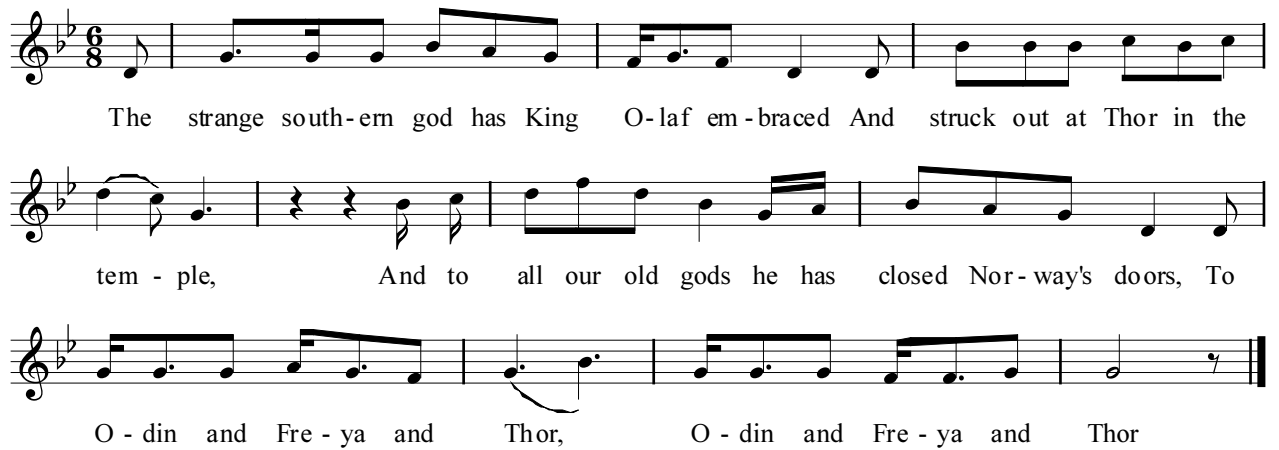


Olaf's Legacy

Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood



The strange south-ern god has King O-laf em-braced And struck out at Thor in the
tem - ple, And to all our old gods he has closed Nor-way's doors, To
O - din and Fre - ya and Thor, O - din and Fre - ya and Thor

The strange southern god has King Olaf embraced
And struck out at Thor in the temple,
And to all our old gods he has closed Norway's doors,
To Odin and Freya and Thor,
Odin and Freya and Thor

The foul Saxon priests, they wander our land
Their conquest great as any war,
With a book in their left, and our King at right hand
I'll pray to great One-eye no more,
Pray to great One-eye no more.

Now I've a stout ship and a full crew of men
But I'll to deep sea go no more,
No, I'll not raise a sail, and I'll not ship an oar
Without Odin and Freya and Thor,
Odin and Freya and Thor.

The new Christian god with our words we obey
But our minds are the same as before,
And deep in our hearts the old temples remain
For Odin and Freya and Thor,
Odin and Freya and Thor.