

HEATHEN SONGBOOK



GEROLSTEIN GERMANY

COLOPHON

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Heathen Canon

melody: Frère Jacques

Hail to Frigga, hail to Fulla
Hail to Sif, hail to Gna.
Hail Idun and Bragi
Hail to Ran and Ægir
Raise a horn, to hail them all!

Hail to Odin, hail to Loki
Hail to Thor, hail to Tyr
Hail to Frey and Freya
Hail to Njord and Nerthus
Raise a horn, to hail them all!

Hail to Holda, Hail to Hella
Hail to Sol, Hail to Syn
Hail to Jord and Folde.
Hail Skadi and Saga
Raise a horn, to hail them all!

Hail to Delling, hail to Seaxnot
Hail to Ull, hail to Steve
Hail Modi and Magni
Hail Nana and Balder
Raise a horn, to hail them all!

Heidense KettingZang

melodie: Vader Jacob

Heil aan Frigga, heil aan Fulla
Heil aan Sif, heil aan Gna.
Heil Idun and Bragi
Heil aan Ran and Ægir
Hef een hoorn, tot heil aan hen!

Heil aan Wodan, heil aan Loki,
Heil aan Thor, heil aan Tyr
Heil aan Frey en Freya
Heil aan Njord en Nerthus
Hef een hoorn, tot heil aan hen!

Heil aan Holda, heil aan Hella
Heil aan Sol, heil aan Syn
Heil aan Jord en Folde.
Heil Skadi en Saga
Hef een hoorn, tot heil aan hen!

Heil aan Delling,
 heil aan Seaxnot
Heil aan Ull, heil aan Steve
Heil Modi en Magni
Heil Nana en Balder
Hef een hoorn, tot heil aan hen!

Heidnische Kanon

Melodie: Bruder Jacob

Heil dir Frigga, heil dir Fulla
Heil dir Sif, heil dir Gna
Heil Idun und Bragi
Heil euch Ran und Aegir
Hebet das Horn zum Heil für alle!

Heil dir Wodan, heil dir Loki,
Heil dir Thor, Heil dir Tyr
Heil euch Frey und Freya
Heil euch Njord und Nerthus
Hebet das Horn zum Heil für alle!

Heil dir Holda, heil dir Hella
Heil dir Sol, heil dir Syn
Heil euch Jord und Folde
Heil Saga und Skadi
Hebet das Horn zum Heil für alle!

Heil dir Delling, heil dir Seaxnot
Heil dir Ull, heil dir Steve
Heil Modi und Magni
Heil Nana und Balder
Hebet das Horn zum Heil für alle!

Hail our heroes

Lyrics & music: Frigga Asraaf

Chorus:

Hold high a horn
to honour them.

Hold high a horn
to hail!

Folks are feasting,
dancing, drinking,
sound of singing,
gracious gifts.

Hail our heroes
still among us.
Hear the echos
of the past.

Recall the deeds
of days gone by.
For friends of old
a horn is filled.

By our side still
walk with us,
our clan and kin
from long ago.

Hebet das horn!

Text und Melodie: Frigga Asraaf

Übersetzung: Tabby

Refrain:

Hebet das Horn
Ihnen zur Ehre.
Hebet das Horn
zum Heil.

Seht das Volk,
wie's tanzt und singt
und Gaben
für die Feier bringt.

Heil den Helden
alter Zeit,
hört den Hall,
er klingt noch weit.

Ruhm der Taten
lang vorbei
das Horn für euch
gefüllt nun sei.

Ihr seid bei uns
immerdar
so wie es
schon immer war.

Hef hoog de hoorn

Tekst en muziek: Frigga Asraaf

Refrein:

Hef hoog de hoorn
tot heil aan hen,
Hef hoog de hoorn
tot heil!

Zij aan zij staan met ons,
van weleer de zielen.

Vol van vreugde vier vandaag,
mede vloeit in deze hal.

Roem de daden, dans de tijd,
door tot op het heden.

Gulle gaven, deel de spijzen,
spoor der eeuwen speel het spel.

Heathen Web

Lyrics: Amanda Henriques

Music: Frigga Asraaf

The thread we are spinning grows longer and longer.
The web we are weaving gets stronger and stronger.

Donar

Music and lyrics: Frigga Asraaf

Donar, Donar, Midgards Holder, Hallower.
Thonger, Thonger, Freedom Fighter, Friend of Man.
Thunar, Thunar, Mjólnirs Master, God of Might.
Thunor, Thunor, Lord of Lighting, Thunderer.
Thor! Thor! Thor!

Donar, Donar, Midgards Bewahrer, Ruhmvoller.
Thonger, Thonger, Freiheitskämpfer, Freund des Menschen.
Thunar, Thunar, Mjólnirs Träger, Gott der Macht.
Thunor, Thunor, Herr der Blitze, Donnerer.
Thor! Thor! Thor!

Freya

Music and lyrics: Frigga Asraaf

Fehu, Wunjo, Jera



Freya, Vanadis

Frey

Music and Lyrics: Birka and Räv Skoksberg

Ing Frey, Frode, Fricco and Frö

Kom alla vättar

Music and lyrics: Henrik Hallgran

Kommt alle Wichte aus Wurzel und Stein,
kommt her mit all euren Kräften zu uns.

Refrain:

Wieder und wieder schenken wir das Lied,
dass die Erdenmutter es heilige. 2x

Kommt alle Holden aus dunkler Tiefe,
kommt her mit all euren Kräften zu uns.

Kom alle væsner fra rod og sten.
Kom fram og vis jeres kræfter for os.

Gang på gang vi giver jer vor sang,
så den høres af underjordens moder 2x

Kom alle væsner fra mørk og dyb.
Kom fram og vis jeres kræfter for os.

Come all you wights from dark and deep.
Come closer and show your might to us.

Time after time we will give you our song,
may it sound for our earthly mother. 2x

Come all you wights from root and stone.
Come closer and show all your might to us.

Kom alle wichten uit wortel en steen.
Kom nader en toon jullie krachten aan ons.

Keer op keer zingen wij onze zang.
Laat ons lied voor de aardemoeder klinken. 2x

Kom alle wichten uit duistere diepten.
Kom nader en toon jullie krachten aan ons.

Kom alle wichten uit water en woud.
Kom nader en toon jullie krachten aan ons.

Kom alla vättar ur mörker och djup.
Kom fram nu och visa era krafter för oss

Gång på gång, vi giver er vår sång,
låt den helgas av underjordens moder. 2x

Kom alla väsen bland rot och sten.
kom fram nu och visa era krafter för oss

Old Time Religion

Chorus:

Give me that old time religion.
Give me that old time religion.
Give me that old time religion.
It's good enough for me!

Fredrik 2015:

Let us all go to IASC
Drinking mead and haling Steve.
A lot of thingies we will see.
It's good enough for me!

I hear Valkyries a-comin
In the air their song is comin
They forgot the words!
 They're hummin!
But they're good enough for me!

One-eyed Odin we will follow
And in fighting we will wallow
Till we wind up in Valhallow
Which is good enough for me!

Shall we sing a verse for Thor,
Though he leaves
 the maidens sore?
They always come back for more,
So he's good enough for me!

Shall we sing in praise of Loki
Though he left
 poor Midgard smokey.
Oh, his sense of humor's hokey,
But he's good enough for me!

In the halls of Frey and Freyja
All the priestesses will lay ya
If you're good enough,
 they'll pay ya!
And that's good enough for me!

We will sing a verse for Loki
He's the god of fun and chaos
This verse don't rhyme,
 scan or nothin'
But it's good enough for me...

Counting song

Music and lyrics: Diana Paxson

One is for the World Tree,
standing straight and tall,
One is Earth our mother,
who gives food for all.

Five the clever fingers
upon the war-god's hand.
Five the trees of power
that grow upon the land.

Chorus:

Nine Worlds
upon the Tree abide,
Nine by nine
the Valkyries ride.

Six things in the fetter
by which the Wolf was bound.
Six rays of transformation
in Hagalaz are found.

Two's for Freyr and Freya,
when they together lie,
Two is for the goats who pull
Thor through the sky.

Seven shining gods
in splendor rule the days,
Seven rays of radiance
from Bifrost do blaze.

Three is for the High One,
the Next High and the Third.
Three are the holy Nornir,
who ward the well of Wyrð

Eight the airs of heaven
from which the winds do blow,
Eight legs has the stallion
on which Odin does go.

Four dwarves of the directions
Midgard do uphold,
Four the dwarves who
forged Brisingamen of old.

Nine days and nights Allfather
did hang upon the Tree.
Nine mothers had fair Heimdall
who lived upon the sea.

Das Herdfeuerlied

Text und Melodie:

Ingmar Lauer, Günter Stienecke, Isa Jauss

Gut ist die Zeit, da wir uns versammeln;
Woher auch immer die Wege uns führ'n.
Wir werden gerufen vom Land und dem Himmel
Um das Feuer von Neuem zu schür'n.

Du kamst und dachtest alleine zu stehen,
Hast voller Zweifel zurückgeschaut.
Doch in unsrer Mitte hast Du Dich gefunden,
Und fremde Gesichter war'n bald vertraut.

Refrain
Herdfeuer, wieder entfacht
Alte Götter, sind neu erwacht!
Herdfeuer, Licht in der Nacht,
Hat uns zusammengebracht!

Zu lange schon lag der alte Weg
Im Nebel der Vergessenheit.
Doch Götter und Ahnen weisen ihn neu;
Wir haben uns von den Lügen befreit.

Wir stehen im Kreise dicht bei der Flamme,
Der Ring ist geschmiedet, ehern und schön.
Die Feuer, sie werden niemals erlöschen
Solange wir zu einander stehn!

Refrain

Drum hebt eure Hörner voll Dichternet
Geschenk an die Alten für Segen und Kraft
Wir geben wieder, was uns ward gegeben
Und leeren den Trunk auf Asgards Macht!

Refrain



The Hearth Fire Song

Music: Günter Stienecke, Ingmar Lauer,

lyrics: Günter Stienecke, Ingmar Lauer, Isa Jauss

Translation: Günter Stienecke, Bil Linzie, last stanza Michaela Macha

The time is ripe as we gather together
from all directions, both distant and near.
We follow the call of the land and the sky
To rake up the fire which draws us all here.

You come along feeling lost and alone
Looking back with a doubtful eye;
Now you find yourself so close to faces
Which warmly befriend you 'fore night has passed by.

Chorus:

The hearth fire bursts forth again
Ancient gods are called by their names!
Hearth fire, a light for all kin
Tonight we rekindle the flames!

The heathen path has been shrouded too long
In murky mists of oblivion,
But gods and elders have burnt off the fog
Along with the lies which have lingered on.

As we all ring close round the fire
feeling life stir in the ring made of ore,
As flame lit by flame never shall tire
We hold the ground we've been looking for.

Chorus

So raise now the horns with poets' mead's fill
a gift to the ancestors, blessing so bright.
Give back what was given to us, we will,
and raise our horn to Asgard's might!

Chorus

Vem kan segla
traditional

Svensk:

Vem kan segla förutan vind?
Vem kan ro utan årar?
Vem kan skilja från vännen sin,
Utan att fälla tåror?

Jag kan segla förutan vind,
Jag kan ro utan årar,
Men ej skilja från vännen min,
Utan att fälla tåror.

Nederlands:

Wie kan zeilen zonder wind?
Roeien zonder spanen?
Afscheid nemen van een vriend,
Zonder een traan te laten?

Ik kan zeilen zonder wind,
Roeien zonder spanen,
Maar afscheid nemen van een vriend
Kan ik niet zonder tranen.

English:

Who can sail without the wind?
Who can row without oars?
Who can say farewell to his friend,
Without shedding tears?

I can sail without the wind,
I can row without oars,
But I can't say farewell to my friend,
Without shedding tears.

Deutsch:

Wer kann segeln ohne Wind?
Fährt ohne Ruder ein Boot?
Wer sagt einem Freund Lebewohl,
ohne daß er weint?

Ich kann segeln ohne Wind,
Ich kann fahrn ohne Ruder,
Doch ich sag keinem Freund Lebewohl,
ohne daß ich wein.

The IASC Song

Tune: YMAC - The Village People

Heathens, there's no need to feel down.
I said, heathens, pick yourself off the ground.
I said, heathens, 'cause you're in a new town
There's no need to be unhappy.

Heathens, there's a place you can go.
I said, heathens, when you're short on your dough.
You can stay there, and I'm sure you will find
Many ways to have a good time.

It's fun to stay at the IASC.
It's fun to stay at the IASC

They have everything for heathens to enjoy,
You can hang out with all girls and boys ...

It's fun to stay at the IASC
It's fun to stay at the IASC

You can get yourself cleaned, you can have a good meal,
You can do whatever you feel ...

Heathen, I was once in your shoes.
I said, I was down and out with the blues.
I felt no man cared if I were alive.
I felt the whole world was so tight ...

That's when someone came up to me,
And said, heathen, take a walk up the street.
There's a place there called the IASC.
They can start you back on your way.

It's fun to stay at the IASC.
It's fun to stay at the IASC.

They have everything for heathens to enjoy,
You can hang out with all girls and boys ...

IASC ... you'll find it all at the IASC.

Heathens, heathens, there's no need to feel down.
Heathens, heathens, get yourself off the ground.

IASC ... just go to the IASC.

Heathens, heathens, are you listening to me?
Heathens, heathens, what do you wanna be?
We want you, we want you, we want you to be asatru!
We want you, we want you, we want you to be asatru!

What shall we do with a drunken heathen

Music: traditional

Lyrics: Frigga, Michaela, Michael, Michiel, Wilco and Rachel

What shall we do with a drunken heathen
What shall we do with a drunken heathen
What shall we do with a drunken heathen
Earlye in the mornin'

Chorus:

Way hay and up he rises
Way hay and up he rises
Way hay and up he rises
Earlye in the mornin'

Hang him in a tree until he's sober

Put him in a bog until he's over

Sent him to the thing at nine in the morning

Give him more beer and he will recover

Sent him to pillage in the village

Make him tell all stories from the Edda

Take away his horn and you will be sorry

Drinking song for Donar

Lyrics and music: Frigga Asraaf

Redbeard fills our hearts with cheer,
known as he is for his love of beer,
Many a horn he drains as
he drinks from dusk till dawn,

Roaming round with Loki the fool
and he thinks he's acting cool,
but the grey ferryman
is jolly jeering him.

Chorus:

Oh, he grabs another beer.
It is a battle we will loose.
We no longer can keep up
with him gulping lots of booze.

His looks so frank and free and fair
with his long, red beard and hair.
His looks so handsome as
a shy and blushing bride.

Once he tells his tales of wooing.
Giant lasses lust for his screwing
with a twinkle in their eye,
when they walk by.

Chorus:

Oh, he grabs another beer.

Oh, he grabs another pint.

It is a battle we will lose.

We no longer can keep up
with him gulping lots of booze.

His hammer hits a giant or two,
and incidental Loki to.

For the latter
the grey ferry jeers again.

Two giant sisters had some fun,
what they did was overdone:
one pissed him off and made
him swim against his will.

Chorus:

Oh, he grabs another beer.

Oh, he grabs another pint.

Oh, he grabs another ale.

It is a battle we will lose.

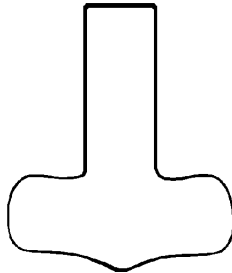
We no longer can keep up
with him gulping lots of booze.

So all ye lads and lasses fine,
share a horn for ald lang syn.
Feasting, dancing,
mery singing all night long.

Let us hum in happy chorus,
like our ancestors before us:
hail the one and only
Thundergod once more.

Chorus:

Oh, he grabs another beer.
Oh, he grabs another pint.
Oh, he grabs another ale.
Oh, he grabs another stout.
It is a battle we will lose.
We no longer can keep up
with him gulping lots of booze.



Auld lang syne

traditional Scottish

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and days of auld lang syne?

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere!
and gie's a hand o'thine,
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet,
for auld lang syne
for auld lang syne, my dear
for auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet,
for auld lang syne