

Tyr,

"Hvrt skal t ría, Ólavur mn
lofti hongur brynja tn
T fer ekki at veia ta hind
men t fer til tna leikalind
Hvit er skjrtan, vl er hon tvigin
blói verur hon av tr drigin"
Ólavur snist sni mórur fr
"Gud gevi ekki ganga sum mr er spad"
Ungir kallar, ktir kallar, gangi upp gólv
dansi lystilig

Ólavur rur eftir bjrgunum fram
-kol og smiur vi
fann hann upp eitt lvarann
t kom eitt ta lvafljó
fltta hr herar dró
"Ver vlkomin Ólavur Riddararós
t gakk dans og kv fyrri oss"
"T tarvt ekki fltta ttt hr fyrri meg
eg eri ekki komin at bija teg
Eg kann ekki meira hj lvum vera
morgin lati eg mtt brdleyþ gera"
"Hvat heldur vilt t sjev vetur liggja str
ella vilt t morgin til moldar g"
Hon skonti honum drykkjuhörn
har fór ta eiturkörn
Ólavur studdist vi sailboga
-kol og smiur vi
hann kysti t moy av ltlum huga
Ungir kallar, ktir kallar, gangi upp gólv
dansi lystilig

[Translation:]

Olaf Knightrose

"Where are you going, Olaf
your armour hangs in the attic
You are not going to hunt for deer
you are going to your mistress
White is your shirt, well has it been washed
It will be taken of you in blood"
Olav turned away from his mother
"God grant that it does not go as it has been
foretold"
Young lads, happy lads, step up on the floor
dance merrily
Olaf rides along the mountains
-with coal and smith
He came upon an elven house
Out came an elven maiden
Plaided hair on shoulders lay
"Be welcome Olaf Knightrose
come to the dance and sing for us"
"You need not plaid your hair for me
I have not come to ask for you
I can no longer stay with the elves
for tomorrow I will wed"
"What would you rather, lie ill for seven winters
or be buried tomorrow"
She filled him a drinkinghorn
in it went a grain of poison
Olaf leaned on the saddlebow
-with coal and smith
as he reluctantly kissed the maiden
Young lads, happy lads, step up on the floor
dance merrily