

# Folkearth, Homus Paganus

The cock crew in the morning,  
I arose and went to the fields  
Holding but a handful of seeds;  
First I did sow then I did plough -  
I prayed for rain to come down:  
I prayed to Thor to burden the clouds  
I looked up with hopes of a sky  
Heavy, impregnated by a storm,  
That would bring to life once more  
My last handful of seeds;  
I dreamt of the barely rich on the fields,  
Would that I had a scythe  
To reap all day long and thens ome more,  
So as I could keep my storehouse filled  
And put bread and ale upon my table...  
Pray the Gods hear me,  
Pray the wind bears my plea afar -  
To the fields on high  
Where immortals turn the soil  
And blessings ripen like fruit  
On the trees that guards vigilant  
The fragrant orchards of Freyja...