

In Praise of the Vanadis

Gudrun of Mimirsbrunnr

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Be - hind the Door of Gold lies the dark-ness of the Gap, The

knock-er is a sun - beam and on the door I tap, it

o - pens to the Stone of Power where my La - dy has her way, Where

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fields of dark - ness yield to light as sun - rise paints the day. The

Maid - en of the Spring who brings the start of ev - ery year Has

bought my soul's shy maid - en - head with ten - der - ness and tears, The

Lov - er of the Sum - mer who comes in fi - nest gold Has

bought my soul's green mai - den-head with tru - er sto - ries told. The

war - rior of the au - tumn, 'midst souls like fal - len leaves, Has

bought my soul's bright mai - den - head with cou - rage like sweet

mead. But the Witch of Win - ter's Fi - re, shi - ning

gol - den on the hearth Has ta - ken me be - neath her veil to

learn her dark - est arts. Be - hind the Door of Gold lies the

mys - tery of the Road, And I would tra - vel down to pluck the

seeds that she has sowed, I weave and wear the

wo - man's arts as the Van - a - dis fore - told And her

song rings through my bo - - dy as her

gold burns in my soul.