

Poem to Odin for Yule.

**Odin's Night:**

Off in the distance you hear such a sound,  
Call of the horn and the bay of the hound.  
With the caw of the crow,  
And the fall of the snow,  
Clearly it's Odin who's coming through town.

Nanna has said to look out for their flight,  
Wild runs the boar that they hunt on this night.  
With his men giving chase,  
And the hounds setting pace,  
Ducking your head you avoid their firm bite.

Tuck and you cover they fly overhead,  
Watch for their eyes or you'll live with the dead.  
So you hide from their sight,  
You should cower this night,  
Odin hunts boar but would take you instead.

Sit in the house and you watch it go by,  
Clang of the shields are in ample supply.  
With the roar of the horse,  
And the boom of the force,  
After they pass see that nothing's awry.