

Immigrant Song

Page/Plant

Wood

Sing in whatever octave range is comfortable

Ah, - - - Ah, -

7 We come from the land of the ice and snow, from the

10 mid-nite sun where the hot springs blow, the ham-mer of the gods will drive our ships to

14 new lands to fight the horde, sing-ing and cry-ing: Val-hal-la, I am com-ing!

19 On we sweep with thresh-ing oar, our on-ly goal - will be the

24 west-ern shore. Ah, - - - Ah, -

30 We come from the land of the ice and snow, from the mid-nite sun where the hot springs blow,

33 How soft your fields so green, can wis-per tales of gore, of how we calmed the

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38
tides of war. we are your o-ver - lords. On we sweep

44
with thresh-ing oar, our on - ly goal - will be the west-ern shore.

48
So now you'd bet-ter stop and re - build all your ru - ins, for

51
peace and trust - can win the day de - spite - all your los-ing. ah - ah -

56
- ah - ah - ah - ah - ah - ah - ah -

61
ah - ah - ah ah - ah - ah ah - ah - ah