Folkearth, The Death Of Beowulf

Where now is the hero
Where is thy singing sword
That spelled the bane of dragons
And sent the Ogress to Hell?

Beowulf, these lands will miss you
Never again to Denmark shall you return
Beowulf, the Valkyries doth kiss you

The fire has left his eyes
Then rain afterwards came
To gently wash the blood away
His noble features so pale to lay

Beowulf, these lands will miss you
Never again to Denmark shall you return
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In the end he overcame
Victory for the brave

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Beowulf (x 8)

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Glory, majesty, glory
Glory, majesty - eternal hail

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