

# 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

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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  
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