

Folkearth, What Glory Remains

Oft I have seen
Many a brilliant star to fade
And night came creeping in
To usurp that once shining place...

Long ago I was a mariner,
A Viking conqueror...
I sailed far with Erik the Red
And a hundred brave men!

What glory remains
Of these ancient days?
What songs will be sung
In the days to come?

Under hostile skies I have slept
On the heardrest of the sword
And dreamt of past glories long
Now gone forevermore...

I saw the fire that burns within
The mystic caverns of Thule;
I journeyed to a world forlorn
Where shades weep forevermore...

Blackened by dragon's breath,
Under arrows I have dreamt
Of the billows that caress
The shores of home again and again...

What glory remains
Of the ancient days?
What songs will be sung
in the days and years to come?

Alas! I've grown too old
And my days are numbered...
I neither have the strength
Nor fire that I once did...