

The Brave

Folkearth

From the skies above
Growls the beast of storms,
In the dark it calls -
Rank of fear in our halls

Then wild thunder cracks,
Lo! The tempest parts:
On a bridge of gold
Thor, the brave, descends!

To bid us stand upright,
Hold our ground and fight,
Thor, the brave, has come
To succor his folk!

He will ride ahead,
Fearless to the end -
He will face the beast
With an iron fist!

His hammer is the sign
That dispels the night
Hark! His battle cry
Is the lightning of the sky!

I shall fear not the beast
That slithers at the root
Of the ancient, holy tree:
Thor, thou art with me!

To bid us stand upright,
Hold our ground and fight,
Thor, the brave, has come
To succor his folk!

He will ride ahead,
Fearless to the end -
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