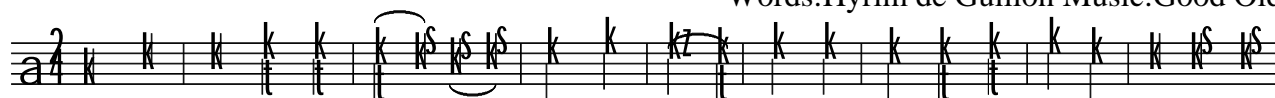


# Benevento

Words:Hyrim de Guillon Music:Good Old W



Well King Man-fred your Doom is nigh Your hired horse are slain and your no-bles fly But your



Mu-slim guards stand firm a - head, You draw your sword, re - solved to a - venge your dead So you



rise in the sadd-le proud and tall Your voice ring-ing clear as the muez-zin's call "Charge



at my side on my fi - nal ride And our foes will praise the glor-y of our fall."

Well King Manfred your Doom is nigh  
Your hired horse are slain and your nobles fly  
But your Muslim guards stand firm ahead,  
You draw your sword, resolved to avenge your dead  
So you rise in the saddle proud and tall  
Your voice ringing clear as the muezzin's call  
"Charge at my side on my final ride  
And our foes will praise the glory of our fall."

Well King Manfred the time has come  
To horse, to arms, this death is a noble one  
O not for us a sweet return  
To hearth and homes Count Charles will surely burn.  
Raise a cry unto Allah, a cry for our King.  
Show our foes no fear; let your voices ring  
We'll charge side by side on our final ride  
And our foes will praise the glory of our fall

The Frankish count has won the day  
Your father's crown will fall under Anjou's sway  
The Pope in Rome has spoke from (or on) high  
All Europe heeds, the Staufen line must die  
But your guards care not for the words of Rome,  
An oath we swore on our hearth and home,  
To charge at your side wheresoever you ride  
And our foes will praise the glory of our fall.

On a bed of stone the Emperor lies,  
Beneath a mountain black under storming skies  
His Muslim guards attend him still  
Their bony hands grasp spears with eternal will.  
And carved into the immortal stone  
A legacy bought with blood and bone  
"We charged at his side on his final ride  
Let our foes give praise to the glory of our fall."

Since Roger's day we've swept all fields  
With sword and bow, bright lance and stalwart shield.  
From Lucera's walls to Naples's plain  
Our saga tolls the death count of the slain.  
Through history's ages the scalds will sing  
Of our final charge for the love of our king.  
We'll charge at your side on your final ride  
And our foes will praise the glory of our fall.