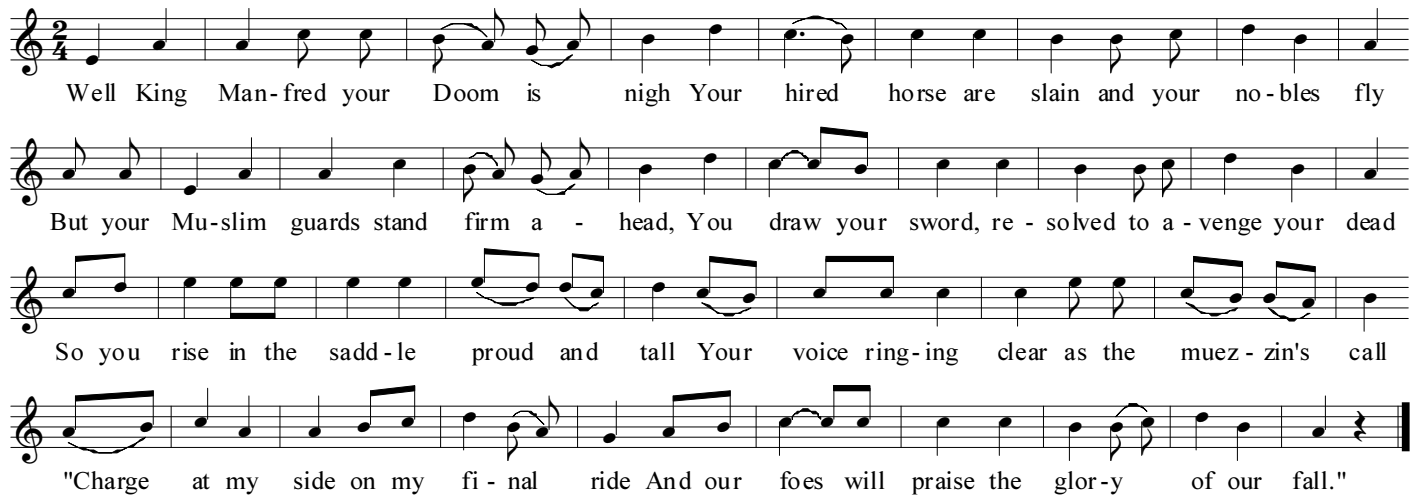


Benevento

Words:Hyrim de Guillon Music:Good Old Way



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 Staufien 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.