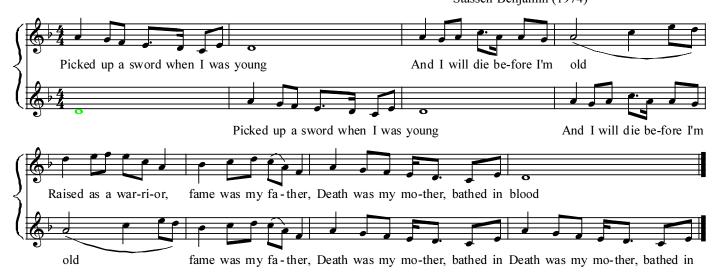
Warrior's Wyrd

Words: Ivar Battleskald

Music: Sing Hallelujah (to the Lord) by Linda Stassen-Benjamin (1974)



Picked up a sword when I was young And I will die before I'm old Raised as a warrior, fame was my father, Death was my mother, bathed in blood

Followed the banner to the fray
And there I fought throughout the day
Eagles did circle there, as wolves feast we prepared
Wounded, though then I did not die

I've heard the death screams as men go
I've seen the blood in rivers flow
I've heard the surgeon's song, and I do know ere long,
One day too slow to dodge I'll be

One day I'll look up to the sky, And see the lightning flash on high Dark clouds come rolling in, then I will know my end Singing I'll go to meet my bane

When I am gone, no tears for me Let there instead be revelry! Have skalds the sagas say, sing heroes' deeds that day, Fill all the horns and drain them down

All of my life I've hoped one thing All of my deeds the skalds to sing For when a warrior's gone, if you do sing his song, Truly, the warrior never dies