

## 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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