

## Nord Mead

## Miracle Of Sound

We're merry men of Skyrim  
So sturdy and so stout  
When the day is done  
When it's time for fun  
We'll drink and sing and shout!

You weak livered milk drinkers  
Can let your throats run dry  
Cause there's just one drink  
That we will sink  
Until the day we die

Drinking mead in the halls of Whiterun  
The maidens and the men!  
We swig our brew  
Until we spew  
Then we fill our mugs again!  
You can keep your filthy Skooma  
It makes our bellies bleed  
Cause when we raise our flagon  
To another dead dragon  
There is just one drink we need...  
NORD MEAD!

Chug a mug of mead  
And another mug of mead  
Chug another mug of mead  
Till you fall down  
Chug a mug of mead  
And another mug mead  
Chug another mug of mead, warrior!

After the long hard days  
Of hunting and of war  
Our throats are tired and thirsty  
And our bodies drenched in gore  
But we won't waste our evenings  
Feeling tired and feeling spent  
We perk right up when we breathe in  
That wholesome honey scent

That Cyrodilic Brandy  
Too fruity for these tongues  
You can keep your fancy alto wine  
It tastes like horker dung!  
Balmora Blue tastes great to you  
But here we like it plain  
Just fill my mug  
With the mighty jug  
Of honey, heart and grain

Drinking mead in the halls of Whiterun  
The maidens and the men!  
We swig our brew  
Until we spew  
Then we fill our mugs again!  
You can keep your filthy Skooma

It makes our bellies bleed  
Cause when we raise our flagon  
To another dead dragon  
There is just one drink we need...  
NORD MEAD!

Chug a mug of mead  
And another mug of mead  
Chug another mug of mead  
Till you fall down  
Chug a mug of mead  
And another mug mead  
Chug another mug of mead, warrior!