Britta's Glory

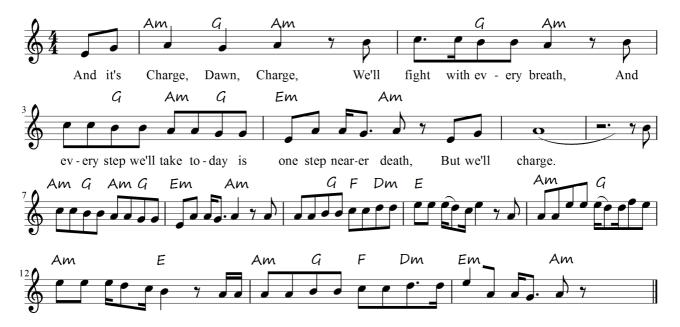
And it's Charge, Dawn, Charge, We'll fight with every breath And every step we take today is one step nearer death But we'll charge

Oh she <u>mar</u>ched across the Empire and she blazed into each heart Warrior and general, bright as flame she stood apart With thunder all around her and with fire upon her brow To keep our Empire free from harm she made her solemn vow

The Jotun threat had hit them hard, but still the west she won Out to the East so fast she flew, she shone just like the Sun Side by side with Dawn she stood, at bloody Summerholm And crystal clear it was to all our Empress had come home

Her Virtue strong and splendid, made an Empire's life-blood beat With fire and steel and fury, all her foes they met defeat Until one bitter winter when at Skarsind battle found The <u>Young</u> Empress had perished, lying dead on frozen ground

Now we're marching out from Anvil underneath a weeping sky For Glory and for Vengeance with our banners raised up high We'll make them fear her memory, cast them down into the mud For Throne and Crown and Britta, we will make them pay in blood!



Original by Great Big Sea, adapted by Rosie Goldsmith