


The Revenge of Grendel's Mother


Introduction

Cm F Cm A \flat B \flat Cm Cm F




Joy-ful cel - e - bra - tions ring out in the cold night air. Grend-el the mons-ter is

6 Cm A \flat B \flat Cm Verse 1




dead and gone, but some - thing still lurks out there... That

9 Cm B \flat Cm B \flat Cm B \flat Cm B \flat




night in the swamp a mons-ter was prowling, a - noth-er great troll, fear-some and tall,

11 Cm B \flat Cm B \flat Cm B \flat Cm




Full of re-venge for the loss of her son, Grend-el's moth-er ap-proached the hall.

13 Chorus for Verses 1, 2 and 3 F Cm F Cm




"Who killed my son? Who killed my son? I will

15 E \flat F E \flat F Cm



thrash him and beat him and crush him, dea-feat him, wh - o killed my son?"

17 Verse 2 Cm B \flat Cm B \flat Cm B \flat C B \flat



With a great roar, she ent-ered the hall, killed all the sol-diers a sleep in her path.

19 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 2

Beo-wulf a-woke to see her de-part-ing, foll-owed her back to her home in the marsh.

21 Verse 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3

Beo-wulf put on his hel-met and arm-our, took a deep breath, knew he had to be brave, jumped

23 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3

in - to a bog of murk-y green wat-er, fear-less-ly swam 'till he came to a cave.

25 Verse 4 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭

Out of the shad-ows rushed Grend-el's moth-er. Blaz-ing with fur-ry she let out a cry.

27 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3

Beo-wulf dis-cov-ered his own sword was power-less, summ-oned his strength and cast it a-side.

29 Chorus for Verse 4 only Cm F Cm 3

"You killed my son! You killed my son! I will

31 B♭ F B♭ F Cm

thrash you and beat you and crush you, dea-feat you, Yo - u killed my son!"

33 Verse 5 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭

Beo-wulf looked round, desp-er-ate-ly search-ing, knew in a mo-ment that he would be dead,

35 Cm 3 B♭ Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 B♭ 3 Cm 3 3

grabbed the troll's sword... swung it round blind-ly... lift-ed it high... and cut off her head!

37 Cm F Cm F Cm F Cm

rit. "You killed my son... You killed my son..." Joy-ful cel - e - bra - tions ring

42 A♭ B♭ Cm F

out through the cold night air. A - nd n - ow

45 Cm A♭ B♭ Cm

noth - ing lurks, out on the moor an - y more.