

## Glass Hammer

### "The Ballad Of Balin Longbeard"

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Well listen now my merry lads  
A tale we'll be a-tale'n  
About a dwarven-lord of old  
We thinks his name was Balin  
He sat upon a mound o' gold  
And there he grew so very old  
His beard so thick it kept 'im warm  
And well when he was ailin'

So rich he was but still 'e lacked  
One tiny single gem  
A pearl 'e wanted for his hoard  
'Twould be the death of him!!  
He dreamed of pearls both night and day  
He vowed that he would have his way  
A mountain he would climb for it  
An ocean he would swim!

Not far from Balin's home there lived  
A tired and ancient dragon  
His wings were broke, his fire was spent  
His eyes, they were a-saggin'!  
But he was known throughout the land  
For in his clawed and scaly hand  
He clutched a pearl of great renown  
And Balin this was naggin'!

The dragon woke one day to find  
Old Balin come a-callin'.  
So old they were, they tried to fight  
But couldn't keep from falling!  
The dragon fell upon his sword  
While Balin tried to reach the hoard  
He tripped upon his beard so great  
And crushed beneath the dragon's weight  
He ne'er would have his precious pearl  
For death you can't be stallin'!!

