

Argent's Song

Words: *Andrixos Seljukroctonis*

Music: *Puck's Song (Leslie Fish)*



See you the fields of Cres-cent Moon, And the swamps of Carls - by,
Twas there we fought the Lil - ies War With the height of Chi - val - ry
And mark ye now the wood - ed hills, Where - in the spi - der dwells,
Her bows of yew send forth speed - ing shafts From the Shire - March of Grim - fells

See you the fields of Crescent Moon,
And the swamps of Carlsby,
There we fought the Lilies War
With the height of Chivalry

And mark ye now the wooded hills,
Wherein the spider dwells,
Her bows of yew send forth speeding shafts
From the Shire-March of Grimfells

And mark ye now the rugged dunes
Where the sage and cactus stand.
Where we fight each year for unbaked bread,
On Estrella's burning sands.

See you the place in Bois d'Arc Shire,
Where two knights took the Oath of old.
And where a duke and duchess first
Wore coronets of gold.

See you the realm of the Dragonfly,
Her parched and wind-swept fields.
The drovers of the war-wagons,
The makers of the shields.

See you the road, the awful road,
And think of long-lost friends.
We have none been there, but recall it oft,
Where Couer de Bouef met his end.

See you the road, the pass, the bridge
Of Pennsic's bloody field.
O, there we first built Pavel's Wall
With bricks that would not yield.

See you the place in the northern lands
Where the blizzard raged and stormed.

Set free at last, from the Dragon's grasp.
'Twas there our Kingdom was formed.

And mark ye now the training grounds,
Where the army learned its drills.
"Side by side we fight, no heroes here,"
Was the lesson of the Thousand Hills.

See you the place where fountains flowed
Into a Forgotten Sea,
There we reached a long-sought goal
Of Principality.

See you the quiet and learned halls,
Deserted every June,
Where to mark a War, Lars carved a stone
And covered it with runes.

See you the place where Rivers meets,
The first in so many things:
Shire, Warlord, Baron, Knight,
And first in our line of Kings.

See you the lands of Dumnonia,
Where first our dreams did fail.
But she blossoms now as a home of Kings,
The shire of Shadowdale.

Legend, song, and story old,
Passed down from year to year.
The retelling of our history
Is what makes Calontir.

This land of ours, so sweet and good,
Full blessed in all her parts,
Her Nobles, Peers and Commons all
Enrich this Land of Hearts.

Rule Number One:

As the author of this work does not wish this piece sung from a lyrics-sheet, please do not print it in a font larger than 10 point. Please ensure that this statement accompanies all copies of these lyrics that you make.