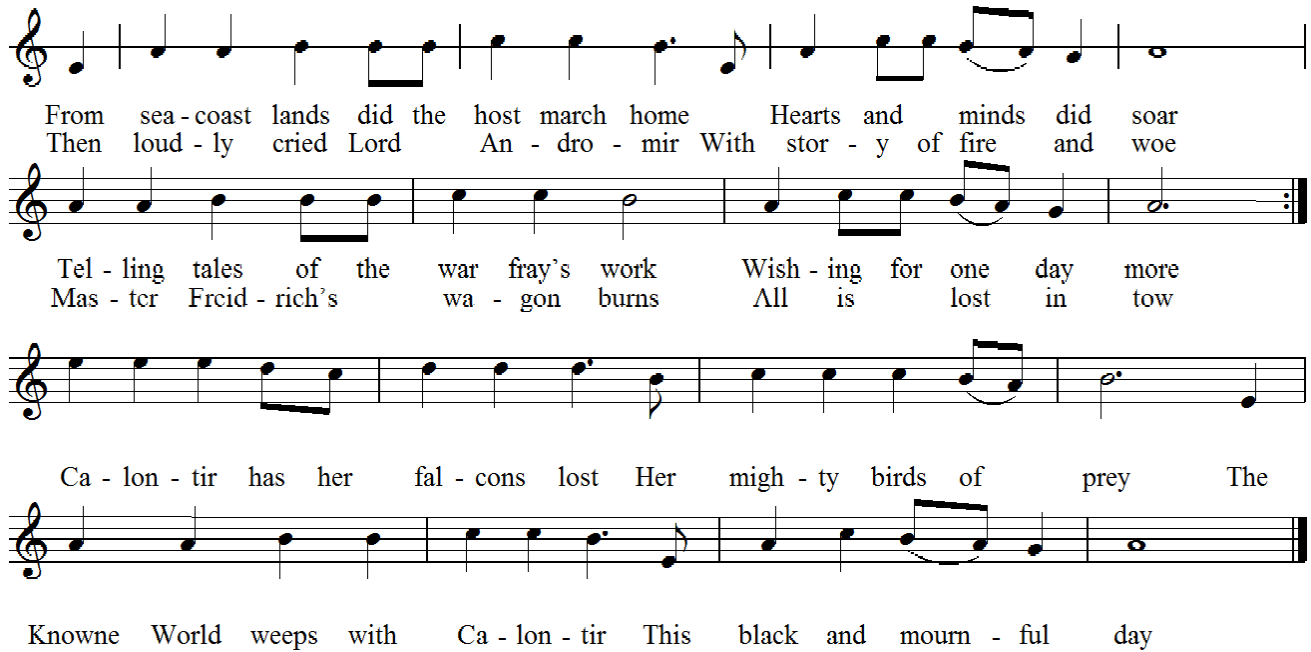


# Dirge for the Calon Falcons

Gabbai Da'ud ibn Ibrahim al-Sisari, called Dawi



From sea-coast lands did the host march home Hearts and minds did soar  
Then loud-ly cried Lord An-dro-mir With stor-y of fire and woe  
Tel-ling tales of the war fray's work Wish-ing for one day more  
Mas-ter Freid-ri-ich's wa-gon burns All is lost in tow  
Ca-lon-tir has her fal-cons lost Her might-ty birds of prey The  
Knowne World weeps with Ca-lon-tir This black and mourn-ful day

From seacoast lands did the host march home  
Hearts and minds did soar  
Telling tales of the war fray's work  
Wishing for one day more

Then loudly cried Lord Andromir  
With story of fire and woe  
Master Freidrich's wagon burns  
All is lost in tow

*Calontir has her falcons lost  
Her mighty birds of prey  
The Knowne World weeps with Calontir  
This black and mournful day*

Talons, beaks were razor sharp  
Like Calon army's spears  
Your eyes saw far with keen cold glance  
Our eyes now shed tears

*Calontir has her falcons lost  
The Singing Kingdom weeps  
Bright Cal'trava's shine is dimmed  
Calon birds now sleep*

Cinnamon, Artemis, and kestrel R'an  
Lady and Winter white  
Fly to Valhalla, to Odin's arm  
Feast on flesh tonight

*Calontir has her falcons lost  
Empty the Heartland skies  
Hearts are heavy, but in your names  
Gold falcons shall ever fly*

*Hearts are heavy, but in your names  
Gold falcons shall ever fly*