

The Heartland's Children

Words and Music: Jóhann Steinarsson



We wake up in a strange new land we've ne-ver seen be-fore, We've left our King-dom's bord-ers, it's our



first time off to war. We're feel-ing lost and scared to be so far a-way from home, But the



Gold - en Fal - con gives us strength and feeds our urge to roam,



For we are the Heart-land's child-ren, We will lift our eyes to watch the Fal-con soar.



Yes, we are the Heart-land's child-ren, We are Ca-lon-ti-ri, march-ing off to war.

We wake up in a strange new land we've never seen before,
We've left our Kingdom's borders, it's our first time off to war.
We're feeling lost and scared to be so far away from home,
But the Golden Falcon gives us strength and feeds our urge to roam,
*For we are the Heartland's children,
We will lift our eyes to watch the Falcon soar.
Yes, we are the Heartland's children,
We are Calontiri, marching off to war.*

We have so many questions in this unfamiliar land,
And everybody that we meet extends a helping hand.
And as we muster at first light, the truth is plain to see,
The Calon Host is more than friends, we are a family!
Chorus

The Fyrdmen, Huscarls, and the Knights take up their swords and shields.
With men-at-arms and archers, we advance to take the field.
The waterbearers tend to us when throats are running dry,
And war bards lift their voices up to keep our spirits high,
Chorus

The sun is fading in the West, our day at war is done,
And all the memories we have, we'll treasure every one.
We're feeling sad- yet kind of glad- as war draws to an end,
We may be heading homeward... but we will be back again!
Chorus

Chorus

*We are Calontiri, marching off to war...
Yes, we are Calontiri, marching off to war.*