

Home

Hyrim de Guillon



Deep in the night by a warm fire's glow We camp on the plain sing-ing stead-y and slow
Cold blows the wind through our tents on the sand Yet the sweet breath of peace now shrouds this land
Rais-ing our voic-es high un-to the heav-ens Faced with the know-ledge of the miles yet to roam
Leav-ing the bat-tle-field to song's sac-red mem'ry To de-part on the mor-row for the jour-ney home

Deep in the night by a warm fire's glow
We camp on the plain singing steady and slow
Cold blows the wind through our tents on the sand
Yet the sweet breath of peace now shrouds this land
Raising our voices high unto the heavens
Faced with the knowledge of the miles yet to roam
Leaving the battlefield to song's sacred mem'ry
To depart on the morrow for the journey home

Hard raged the war on the burning sands
When we answered the call of the brave Outlands
High rose the piles of the slain in our path
Through the ranks of the foes that dared our wrath
Eringle and Eleanor led our war hosts to victory
Raised high the falcon, let our foes feel our steel
And gave us a royal gift of war's sweetest treasure,
Bold stories to carry on the journey home.

High rise the peaks that bar our way
With a deadly grandeur that bids us stay.
A heavy sky hangs o'er the roads we must roam
And cold grips the fields of distant home.
But soon the land will green again as seasons keep turning
Grain ripen slowly in the rich valley loam.
Fruit hang from every bough with spring's sweet renewal
To sweeten our hunger for the journey home.

Great are the joys of Estrella War
With comrades and cause worth fighting for
We bid friends farewell and raise skyward our spears
And swear to return with coming years.
Now as I sit again at drink with my kinsmen
I raise high my tankard to acclaim battle's joy
And pause for a moment's grace in heartfelt devotion
To give thanks unto heaven for I've safe come home.