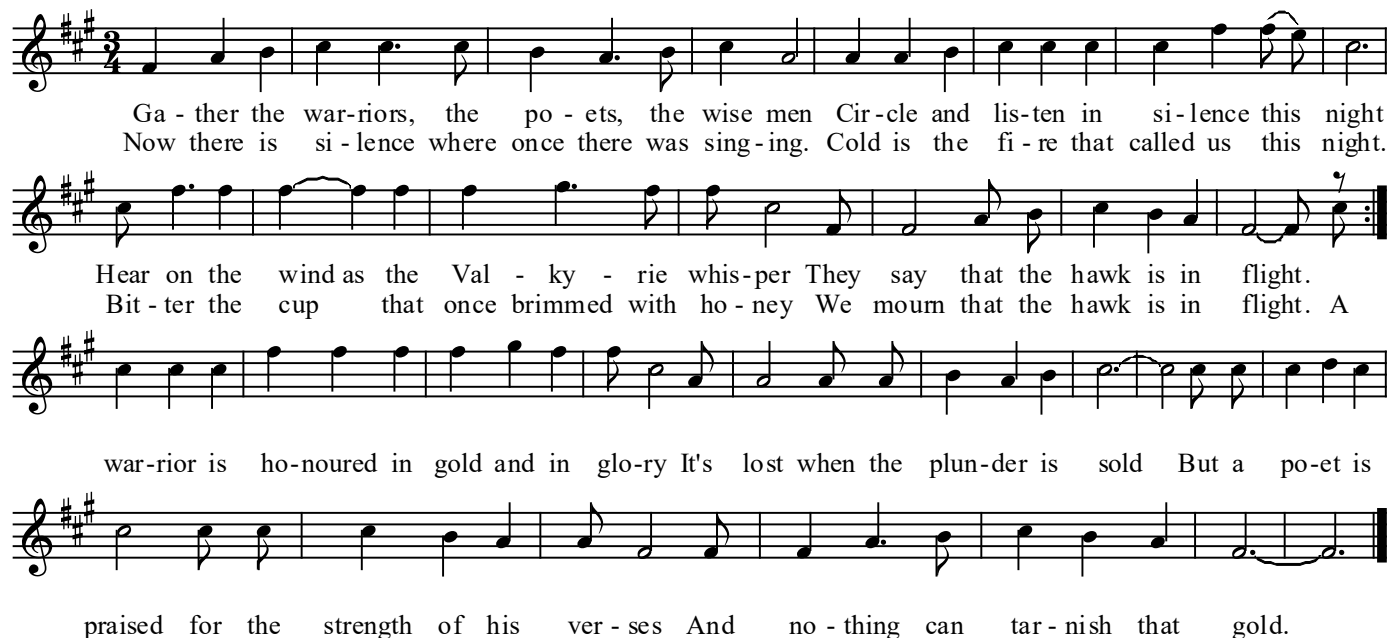


# Kormakrsmal

(Cormac's Lament)

Words: Mikal Hrafsa (Mikal the Ram)  
Music: Dorcas Whitecap



Ga - ther the war-ri-ors, the po - ets, the wise men Cir-cle and lis-ten in si-lence this night  
Now there is si - lence where once there was sing-ing. Cold is the fi - re that called us this night.

Hear on the wind as the Val - ky - rie whis-per They say that the hawk is in flight.  
Bit - ter the cup that once brimmed with ho - ney We mourn that the hawk is in flight. A

war-rior is ho-noured in gold and in glo-ry It's lost when the plun-der is sold But a po-et is  
praised for the strength of his ver - ses And no - thing can tar - nish that gold.

Gather the warriors, the poets, the wise men  
Circle and listen in silence this night  
Hear on the wind as the Valkyrie whisper-  
They say that the hawk is in flight.

Now there is silence where once there was singing.  
Cold is the fire that called us this night.  
Bitter the cup that once brimmed with honey  
We mourn that the hawk is in flight.

*A warrior is honoured in gold and in glory  
It's lost when the plunder is sold  
But a poet is praised for the strength of his verses  
And nothing can tarnish that gold.*

Many have hung on his tales of the northlands  
Praising each word he would write.  
Now give him a bench in Bragi's bright meadhall  
They say that hawk is in flight.

Age could not bend him the hawk took to battle  
Though the years whipped dark feathers to white  
He wears new young feathers in freedom forever  
We sing for the hawk is in flight.

*A warrior is honoured in youth and in glory  
It's lost when the warrior is old  
But a poet is praised for the strength of his verses  
And nothing can tarnish that gold.*

Hold to the memory, tasting the sweet mead,  
And sing away sorrow this night  
Hear on the wind as the Valkyrie whisper-  
Forever the hawk is in flight.