

Leaving Song

Andrixos (Steven Boyd)



Fare - well, my comp-an-ions, my com-rades from birth. Well test-ed swords-men who wan-der the Earth.



Man - y a bot-tle we've emp-tied in mirth And in man - y a bat-tle we have prov-en our worth.

Chorus:

Farewell, my companions, my comrades from birth.

Well tested swordsmen who wander the Earth.

Many a bottle we've emptied in mirth

And in many a battle we have proven our worth.

From the far northern lands where the summers are cold
We were called to the city with purses of gold
To guard Ton Sebaston, his birthright to hold,
But I'll stay in the city; 'tis here I'll grow old.

My kin won't believe it. They'll think me quite odd;
Abandoning One-eye for the true Christian god,
Deserting my farmstead, its black fertile sod,
But tell them of gold paved streets that I trod.

Take word back to Inga on outflowing tide
I can't keep my promise to make her my bride
Since raven-haired Zoe has come to my side,
But these three bags of gold may soften her pride.

No more will I travel, No more will I roam.
No more will I wander on salty sea foam.
I'll live out my life within sight of the dome
In this jewel of cities, this place called New Rome.

You go back to your kinsmen, your duty is done.
But I'll stay in the city and bask in the sun.
Just think of the good times; the battles we've won,
The women we've chased, and the songs that we've sung.

God bless Hoi Verangoi of noblest birth,
Sweetest sword-brothers in all the wide Earth.
Nothing can ever replace your sweet mirth
And as long as I breathe I will sing of your worth.

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.