The Gate We Couldn't Hold

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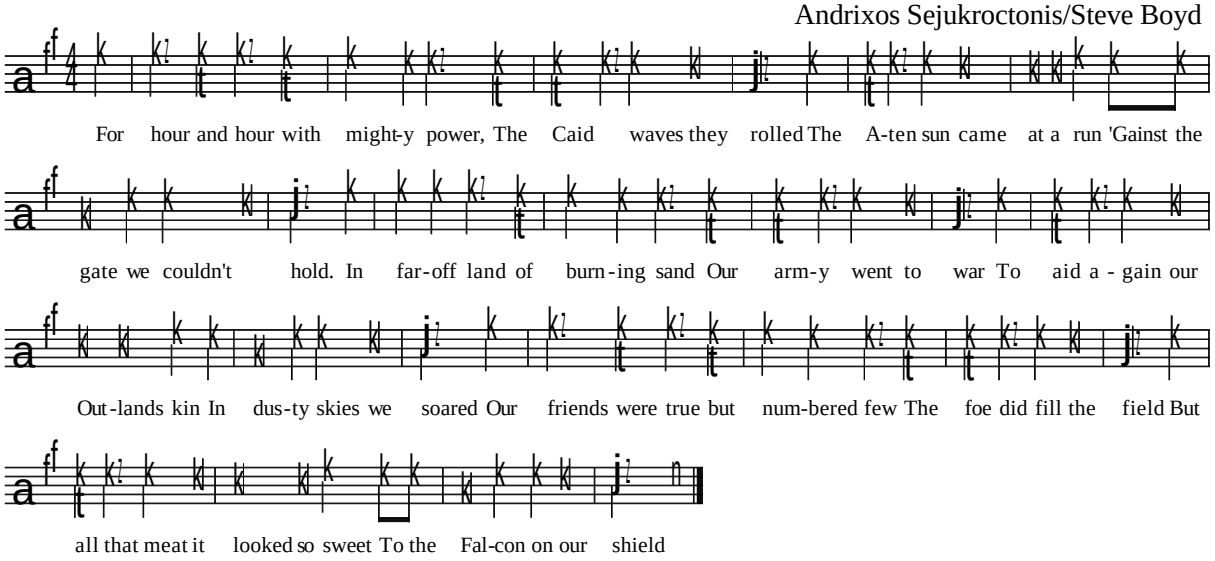

Dedicated to Her Majesty Phaedra, who inspired us that day

CHORUS:
For hour and hour with mighty power,
The Caid waves they rolled
The Aten sun came at a run
'Gainst the gate we couldn't hold.

In far-off land of burning sand
Our army went to war
To aid again our Outlands kin
In dusty skies we soared
Our friends were true but numbered few
The foe did fill the field
But all that meat it looked so sweet
To the Falcon on our shield

In bloody vale our charge did fail
To a fort our foemen fled
We pressed a gate, 'gainst a foe so great
We couldn't count our dead
And man by man o'er hard-fought land
The struggle slowly turned
With battle won we heard the gun
In the castle that we earned.

The second day in field melee
Our wings were clipped once more
But the falcon's fame and Phaedra's name
Would strengthen us in war.
It was our fate to guard the gate
That opening too large
For any plan and every man
To hold against their charge.

Fernando said, "We'll soon be dead.
We cannot hold too long.
We'll fight a while and die in style,
For the foe they are too strong.
Three hundred men can live again,
But healing will be dear.
If strength is gone, and you can't fight on
Then aid us with your cheers.

With gauntlet hand in dusty sand
We built our mighty wall.
But foreign host from sunny coast
Would try to make us fall.
We felt such shocks among the rocks
As waves of foemen came
But on each tongue since day begun
Was Phaedra's glorious name

They charged at full much like a bull
But we like willows bend
We kill three score and sometimes more
Each charge the foemen send.
We rise each time, rebuild the line
To face the nearest foe.
Command is heard, Fernando's word:
"Please kill them twice as slow."

Against that cliff they crashed so stiff,
But flowed back to the sea,
Their lives were spent, their bodies rent,
But they could not pry us free.
'Gainst Crescent men and proud Aten
Our warlust we did sate
Each took a stone from land we own,
Inside Queen Phaedra's Gate

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