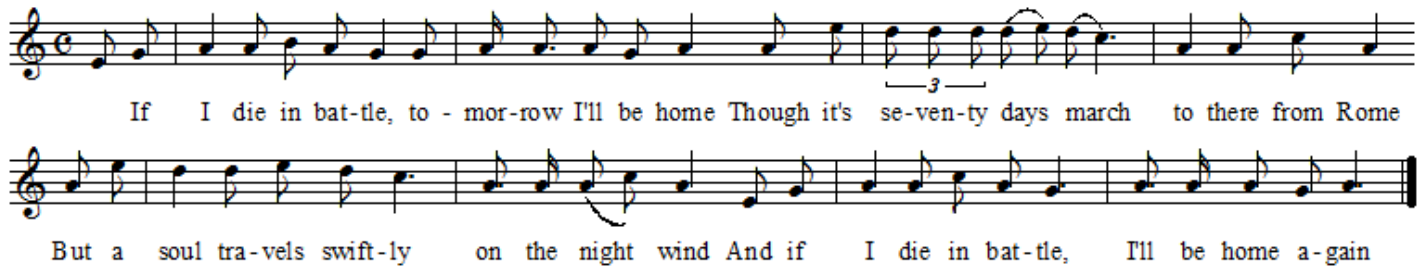


Road to Rome

words and music by Sir Iain Geirmundsson



The image shows two staves of musical notation in treble clef, 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, with a triplet of eighth notes under the words 'se-ven-ty days'. The second staff continues the melody for the second line of lyrics. The lyrics are: 'If I die in bat-tle, to - mor-row I'll be home Though it's se-ven-ty days march to there from Rome But a soul tra-vels swift-ly on the night wind And if I die in bat-tle, I'll be home a-gain'.

We left out in the morning marching unto war
And I feel as if I've been here a hundred times before
Though it's my first time to go and dance the blades
Before I slept last even to my gods I prayed

*If I die in battle, tomorrow I'll be home
Though it's seventy days march to there from Rome
But a soul travels swiftly on the night wind
And if I die in battle, I'll be home again*

They marched us through the mud, the mountains, and the snow
I dreamed of my home, the land that I know
But I won't return a coward to my lover's home
So I tighten up my sword and march along to Rome

Chorus

Her eyes are like the sea, her hair a shining red
She said I'd return a warrior, 'fore next I shared her bed
So I fight for her and I fight for my home
And I fight for the gold stamped with the name of Rome

Chorus

We're ten days from Rome, or so the old ones say
And we've been upon their roads for a night and for a day
Then we see their host before us, a crimson sea of war
Can this truly be the same Rome that we fought before

Chorus

We make our final stand along their cursed road
I'm covered in lime, blood, sweat, and woad
And I know I'll never see the city they call Rome
For the sky grows dark as a javelin sends me home

Chorus

As I travel with the Sidhe on my journey home
They show me of the future of this place they call Rome
They show my people running, they show my homeland burn
And the Sidhe say make ready for the legions come

Chorus

In my homeland a child is born the very next day
He learns the sword and shield while others laugh and play
And his mother's soul is shaken and she's frozen to the bone
For the child has her lover's eyes, and his first word is Rome....

(end without chorus)