

Song of the Khazars

Hyrim de Guillon

Ash - rei yosh - vei ve - i - tech - a, od y' hal - le - lu - cha, se - lah!
From the Ca - li - phate a migh - ty host Has ven - tured forth to spread the word
Their ban - ners white, their mes - sage plain Bend the knee or face the sword!
But we do not bend the hum - ble knee, Be - tween the Vol - ga and the Don
Neath I - til's walls they will learn of grief Shield of Da - vid make us Strong!

Ashrei yoshvei veitecha, od y'hallelucha, selah!

From the Caliphate a mighty host
Has ventured forth to spread the word
Their banners white, their message plain
Bend the knee or face the sword!
But we do not bend the humble knee,
Between the Volga and the Don
Neath Itil's walls they will learn of grief
Shield of David make us Strong!

From his golden throne the Greek kings
sends
A message writ in ranks of steel.
To the cross you will submit,
In our presence you shall kneel!
Let them fear the feathered shaft,
Let them dread Thy mighty hand,
Let them flee the pounding hooves,
That heralds their deaths on Khazar lands!

From its southern mouth the Don disgorged
A serpent's brood of dragon ships
Ferocious Russ with greedy swords
And pagan war cries on their lips!
With all our might we bar their way
Hold them back with heavy war
Horse and spear shall thwart their lust
To ravage on the Black Sea's shore!

A seeking wind scours o'er the plain
A falcon circles in the sky
And Itil's ruins whisper low
To caravans as they draw nigh.
Sin our prayers when we are gone
Tell our tales as ages pass
Leaving only tattered scrolls
And rings of stone fading to grass.