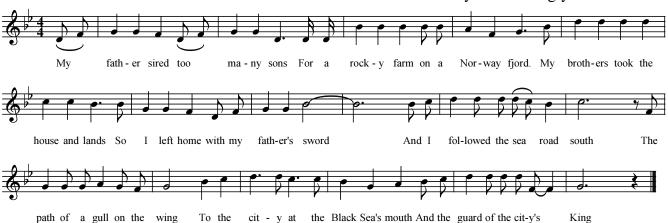
## **Varangian Song**

Words: Malkin Gray Tune:Peregrynne Windrider



My father sired too many sons

For a rocky farm on a Norway fjord.

My brothers took the house and lands

So I left home with my father's sword

And I followed the sea road south

The path of a gull on the wing

To the city at the Black Sea's mouth

And the guard of the city's King

When Caesar sires too many sons

The throne's worth more than a barren farm

If the eldest wants to hold his own

Then he needs the weight of a Northmans arm

And his gold calls the Northman south

Calls like a gull on the wing

To the city at the Black Sea's mouth

And the guard of the city's King

Men fight and die on the city streets

As much as they do in the desert land

And if wyrd is waiting, then we shall meet

And I'll never live to hold in my hand

The gold that calls me south

Calls like a gull on the wing

To the city at the Black Sea's mouth

And the guard of the city's King

But the city's all a-shine with gold

There's colored stones on every wall

And there's more gold coins than your hands can hold

And if I live I will have them all

When I come back from the South

Glad as a gull on the wing

From the city at the Black Sea's mouth

And the guard of the city's King

From the city at the Black Sea's mouth

And the guard of the city's King

From the Songbook of Katriana op den Dijk, Kingdom of Calontir