

The Messenger

Bathory

Clear was the sky : now storm clouds are forming
the sun disc was high : the dusk came too soon
sighted : a forest of masts and sails
ride swift yee messenger : the word must get through

Carry the news to the villages westward
Asa Bay is under attack
light the signal fires along the shoreline
sound the bugle : upon us is the storm

Ride up the coast : sound the alarm
the enemy fleet soon to land
women and children to the hill : the enclosure
to the shore every brave able hand

Sons of ours afar in foreign land
their swords will be missed on this fateful day
brother of Eigil : who set sail for Vinland
with Torgeir the strong and Ashur the brave

Upon us the storm : the twilight was sudden
the clear sunny day : now bitterly cold
may the Gods be all with us : and fate by us stand
let the livestock all run and bury your gold

The messenger riding swift through the forest
crossing the wide open plains
carrying the news of the storm : the fleet fast approaching
to arms all : defend Asa Bay

Clear was the sky : now storm clouds are forming
the sun disc was high : the dusk came too soon
now restless the waves : unruly the sea
red are the sails : may the message get through

Now dark is the sky : the storm clouds assembled
the enemy fleet soon to land
in the dark grey haze glimmering sharp steel is drawn
the swelling sails nearer now : stand and fight every man

Ride through the forest : past mountains and creeks
upon us is fire and doom
carry me : run swift : my good able steed
the news of the storm must get through