

Last of the Line

Forefather

Man, your walls or flee, for this time we pay no fee
Hear our last reply; may you answer with no retreat
Bow your heads down low for the rule of the marshland king
Stir the land awake for a tale the bards will sing

See the storm rise across the sea
Raven curse come to harry our shores
They will not see the English flee

Rally with your king from the isle of sanctuary
Sons of Wessex fly! To secure our history
Send the heralds forth for our loyalties to bind
Righteous laws I vow for the sake of all our kind

See the storm rise across the sea
Raven curse come to Harry, our shoes
They will not see the English flee
Rise the great you are duty bound
Grand defender, the bane of the Danes
Turn the tidings at Ethandune

Foolish is he who shuns understanding,
Forsaking his task in this world
Longing to reach the true honorable life,
Leave my memory in noble works

See the storm rise across the sea
Raven curse come to Harry, our shoes
They will not see the English flee
Rise the great you are duty bound
Grand defender, the bane of the Danes
Spread the tidings of Ethandune