

South Away

Summoning

Leave the halls and caverns deep
Were the forests wide and dim
Stoops in shadow grey and grim

Float beyond the world of trees
Past the rushes, past the reeds
Past the marshes, weaving weeds

I'm the crowns of the seven kings. I'm the robes of the five wizards.

South away! South away now!
Far away seek the sunlight and the day.

Hail, hail now, king of the mark.