

## The Rotting Horse on the Deadly Ground

Summoning

Wars of great kings and clash of armouries  
Whose swords no man could tell, whose spears  
Were numerous as wheat field's ears  
Rolled over all the great lands, and seas  
Were loud with navies, their devouring fires  
Behind the armies burned both fields and towns  
And sacked and crumbled or to flaming pyres  
Were cities made, where treasuries and crowns  
Kings and their folk, their wives and tender maids  
Were all consumed. Now silent are those courts  
Ruined the towers, whose old shape slowly fades  
And no feet pass beneath their broken ports  
I need no call of clamant bell that rings  
Iron tongued in the towers of earthly kings  
Take a ride on, ride on,  
on your rotting horse  
on that deadly ground  
Take a ride, ride on,  
on your rotting horse  
with a pounding sound.  
Here on the stones and trees there lies a spell  
Of unforgotten loss, of memories more blest  
than mortal wealth.  
Here undefeated dwell the fog immortal  
under withered elmes,  
Alalminore one in ancient realms