

# Heather Dale, Call The Names

Call the names of the foemen who've fallen  
Let them be carried like seeds on the wind  
Call the names of the kinsmen who've followed  
Let them be jewels in the crown of our King

Gather the sheaves of harvest-time lightly  
Many a day will they strengthen our kin  
Gather the sheaves of arrow shafts tightly  
Many a battle their feathers will win

Call the names of the foemen who've fallen  
Let them be carried like seeds on the wind  
Call the names of the kinsmen who've followed  
Let them be jewels in the crown of our King.

Sharpen the blades of the axe-worker's cutting  
Many a timber will strengthen our hall  
Sharpen the blades that are ready for blooding  
Many a fray when the foemen will fall

Call the names of the foemen who've fallen  
Let them be carried like seeds on the wind  
Call the names of the kinsmen who've followed  
Let them be jewels in the crown of our King

Fashion the spears for the winter month's hunting  
Many a beast will they bring to the spit  
Fashion the spears for the battle rush running  
Many an army will fear where they hit

Call the names of the foemen who've fallen  
Let them be carried like seeds on the wind  
Call the names of the kinsmen who've followed  
Let them be jewels in the crown of our King.