

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

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Let them be carried like seeds on the wind
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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

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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

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