

Summoning, Northward

The wind is cold and heavy
And storms are in the sky
Our path across the nordland
Goes higher and more high

To left the sea we came from
To right the white hills with no tree.
The wind is growing colder
And shivering are we.

We drag with stiffening fingers
Our swords and up the hill
The path is steep and tangled
But leads to battles still

"(Refrain)"

Farewell now mountain vale and plain
Farewell now wind and frost and rain
And mist and cloud and heavens air
Ye star and moon so blinding fair.

Farewell now blade and bloom and grass
That see the changing season pass
Farewell sweet earth and northern sky
Forever blessed but here we die.