

A Lament for the Loss of the Great Forest of Peytaht
By Cathlan of The Eaves

undone! undone! We all do cry,
As we're driven hither and yon;
We know not all our ancestors,
Now the Great Forest is Gone.

Chorus:

Then fare thee well, old Great Forest,
So fare thee well, old friend;
Thou wast a span, spread across the land,
And now brought nigh to an end.

2. We toiled beneath the boots of Druj,
Yet within our forest, dwelt,
Then freedom came; but all the same,
Peytaht is no more felt.

Chorus -

3. Navarri friends did welcome us,
But the Tarn Valley's no home,

To know our trees, we must be free,
So the trads we went to roam.

Chorus -

4. The Barrens war was fraught with gore,
Though a home we might reclaim.
And so of course, we marched in force,
Whilst chanting Peytaht's name.

Chorus -

5. Now the Druj return and forests burn,
As we scatter once again.
Our hopes all fade beneath the blaze,
And we know now only pain.

Chorus -

Rpt. Chorus.