

Below you will find a set of lyrics which I believe came from the pen on Elayne Silverlark, Dawnish Exemplar of Loyalty.

Their melodies are lost, but words like these are meant to be sung.

I invite you to make new music to set them to.

I will attend in Anvil at the Summer Solstice, hoping to hear your efforts - to record them, and share them more widely.

May virtue guide you,

Endric of Lepidus

*Pass me not, oh pious Highborn
Hear my glorious cry
Hear the tales of Dawnish heroes
Do not pass me by*

(Refrain)

*Glory, Glory
See the tears we cry
Hear the names of Dawnish heroes
Do not pass me by*

*Stop and listen to the story
Bravery unknown
Flowers fallen, bright lives ended
Take them to your own*

*Priests of Highguard, robed and righteous
Hear my song of pride
Make the Dawnish Lords and Ladies
Welcome by your side*

*Do not try to send me homeward
Here I shall remain
And I will return tomorrow
To sing my song again*

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May virtue guide you,

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*Hunt the hare of Victory
Trap her in a cage of gold
Look again tomorrow
And silken bed is cold*

(Refrain)

*Oh the hare of Victory
In the daylight she is gone
Hunt the hare of Victory
Keep on travelling on*

*Sing her songs of Glory
Tempt her with a house of stone
But in the light of morning
Away she will be gone*

*All the Lords and all the soldiers
Cannot hold the victory still
Further, faster she is running
Far across the lonely hill*

*Weavers and Enchanters
Cast your best but all in vain
You may win beneath the starlight
But tomorrow start again*

*Feast upon the meat of Victory
Savour every hard won bite
For we march again tomorrow
With the coming of the light*

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*Great was his skill, and greater his word-hoard,
War-blooded warriors held when he sang.*

*Mooting's voice brought forth tears from the heartless,
His horn and his pipe over mountains they rang.*

*Cold in the storm two Dawnish were travelling,
Over those mountains and into the snow.*

*Clothed in glory and looking for Heroes,
Caught by the pipe and the horn that he'd blow.*

*Threads of their skeins tied two singers together,
Voice of the lark found its harmony true.*

*Name-giving tales were shown echoes of glory;
Pipe shared with viol the songs that they knew.*

*Soft was his voice, and breathless his singing,
Winter-bare fingers were still in the cold.*

*Lost are his words, I weep for his music,
To bleak winter's grasp, now his stories are told.*

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