

Below you will find a set of lyrics which I believe came from the pen of 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*

Below you will find a set of lyrics which I believe came from the pen of 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

*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*

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

*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,
Too bleak winter's grasp, now his stories are told.*

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

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

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

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

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,
Too bleak winter's grasp, now his stories are told.