

# Sylvan March

Lee Hillman

Voice

Chorus



So stand in the line with your spear-point next to mine and ad - vance when the



war-lord gives com - mand. On-ward strike at the foe! Make them feel your ev'-ry blow, and de-

Verse:



fend the Syl - van land. From Black - stone to Hael, Her-on - ter to Ster-lynge Vayle, Port O -



a - sis to the fields of Cop-per - tree, End-less Hills to Thes - corre, Mis-ty High-lands to Cour



D'Or Send your fight - ers from each shire and Bar - on - y. To

From Blackstone to Hael Herenter to Sterylng Vale  
Port Oasis to the fields of Coppertree  
Endless Hills to Thescorre, Misty Highlands to Cour D'Or  
Send your fighters from each shire and Barony.

From Abhainn Chiach Ghlais, let the song of war be raised,  
Bring your archers out from their old Hunter's Home  
Into Sunderoak's hills, with Silva Vulcani's wills  
Where our King and Queen have need of us, we'll roam. (And) [C]

Ev'ry year, so I'm told, Delftwood sends their fighters bold,  
And from Hartstone and from Angel's Keep they come,  
From Myrkfaelinn, brave friends, doughty souls from Sylvan Glen,  
Join Ballaclagen by marching to the drum. (So) [C]

And do not forget, the strong folk of Wyntersett,  
Do not doubt the folk of Hornwood and Nithgaard!  
Gryffi n's Keep, Courtlandslot, what a force of arms we've got!  
Summon all who would be Æthelmearc's home guard! (And) [C]

At Beau Fleuve, waters flow, and in Stormsport winds may blow,  
But no raging falls nor wave of inland seas  
Could convince them to hide—they would form against that tide,  
And their shieldwall could defeat all enemies. (So) [C]

From St. Swithin's Bog and from River's Edge they'll slog  
While Blackwater keeps on rolling o'er and o'er,  
They shall stand, tall and proud, with a war-cry deaf 'ning loud,  
Echoed tenfold by the force of Westland Mor. (So) [C]

King's Crossing proud stands with the Debatable Lands,  
And together they will make our foemen think!  
But far from us they'll run, as if followed by the Huns,  
When we challenge them with Steltonwald to drink! (So) [C]

Still our ranks ever swell, as the troops of foes we quell,  
For our subjects far and wide all heed and hark,  
And wherever they bide, they'll assemble at our side,  
When our King has need of Greater Æthelmearc! (We'll) [C]

From Æthelmearc's glade muster ev'ry able blade  
Let the Scarlet and the Silver wave on high!  
Move your feet to war's dance, no invader stands a chance,  
When the Sylvan army gathers by and by! (To) [C]