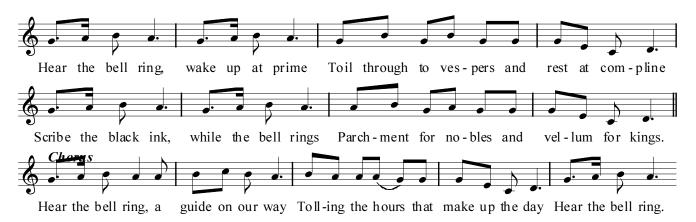
Scribe's Song

Hyrim de Guillon



Hear the bell ring, wake up at Prime Toil through to Vespers and rest at Compline Scribe the black ink, while the bell rings Parchment for nobles and vellum for kings.

Chorus:

Hear the bell ring, a guide on our way Tolling the hours that make up the day Hear the bell ring.

Comes the Diwan, boons from his hand Quill to the parchment turns parchment to land. Comes the Emir, seal on his ring Wax to the parchment binds subject and King.

Chorus

Comes the King's word, a writ to his judge, Carefully copied with no stain or smudge. Bold written word, read everywhere We're binding the kingdom with toil and prayer.

Chorus

From Capua, South to Bari, West to Aversa and North to Molise. Conquests of ink, hear noble Lord, Just as enduring as those by the sword.