

# Varangian Song

Words: Malkin Gray Tune: Peregrynne Windrider

My fath - er sired too ma - ny sons For a rock - y farm on a Nor - way fjord. My broth - ers took the  
house and lands So I left home with my fath - er's sword And I fol - lowed the sea road south The  
path of a gull on the wing To the cit - y at the Black Sea's mouth And the guard of the cit - y's King

My father sired too many sons  
For a rocky farm on a Norway fjord.  
My brothers took the house and lands  
So I left home with my father's sword  
And I followed the sea road south  
The path of a gull on the wing  
To the city at the Black Sea's mouth  
And the guard of the city's King

When Caesar sires too many sons  
The throne's worth more than a barren farm  
If the eldest wants to hold his own  
Then he needs the weight of a Northman's arm  
And his gold calls the Northman south  
Calls like a gull on the wing  
To the city at the Black Sea's mouth  
And the guard of the city's King

Men fight and die on the city streets  
As much as they do in the desert land  
And if wyrd is waiting, then we shall meet  
And I'll never live to hold in my hand  
The gold that calls me south  
Calls like a gull on the wing  
To the city at the Black Sea's mouth  
And the guard of the city's King

But the city's all a-shine with gold  
There's colored stones on every wall  
And there's more gold coins than your hands can hold  
And if I live I will have them all  
When I come back from the South  
Glad as a gull on the wing  
From the city at the Black Sea's mouth  
And the guard of the city's King  
*From the city at the Black Sea's mouth  
And the guard of the city's King*

From the Songbook of Katriana op den Dijk, Kingdom of Calontir