

Carmen Orientalis

Sabine de Kerbriant/In Taberna

Dm (open drone)



Now the days are grow-ing long - er Soon the war will be at hand.
Knights in ar - mor, keen-eyed arch - ers, Lanc - ers fierce on hors - es tall.
Nee - dle-work - ers, clev - er craft - folk La - bor - ing through - out the night,
'Neath the Ty - ger pas - sant az - ure Gath - ers now the throng - ing crowd.



From all cor - ners of our king - dom Rise the stal - warts of our land.
Nim - ble fenc - ers, might - y axe - men, None a - fraid, cou - ra - geous all.
Scribes and chro - ni - clers with quills Make read - y for the com - ing fight.
All dis - pa - rate yet u - nit - ed, Sing - ing East - ern prais - es loud.



Come you shires, come you can - tons Hear the North - ern war - riors cry!
Her - alds cry with ring - ing voices, Mar - shals stand to hold the line.
Mi - ni - sters and loy - al coun - cillors, Se - ne - schals and cas - tel - lans,
Pipes and drums now call us on - ward, Trump - ets sound a thund - erous roar!



Come you bar - on - ies and ri - dings See the South - ern ban - ners fly!
Stead - fast help - ers bear the wat - er, Sur - geons wait to mend and bind.
Wide - famed peers and worth - y no - bles All to bat - tle set their hands.
Mu - sic sets our feet to march - ing As we make our way to War!



Gath - er - ing for love and ho - nor Stand - ing for our king and land! Off to bat - tle,



off to splen - dor Glo - ry to our East - ern band!