

# The Messenger

## Bathory

Clear was the sky: now storm clouds are forming  
the sun disc was high: the dusk came too soon  
sighted: a forest of masts and sails  
ride swift yee messenger: the word must get through  
Carry the news to the villages westward  
Asa Bay is under attack  
light the signal fires along the shoreline  
sound the bugle: upon us is the storm  
Ride up the coast: sound the alarm  
the enemy fleet soon to land  
women and children to the hill: the enclosure  
to the shore every brave able hand  
Sons of ours afar in foreign land  
their swords will be missed on this fateful day  
brother of Eigil: who set sail for Vinland  
with Torgeir the strong and Ashur the brave  
Upon us the storm: the twilight was sudden  
the clear sunny day: now bitterly cold  
may the Gods be all with us: and fate by us stand  
let the livestock all run and bury your gold  
The messenger riding swift through the forest  
crossing the wide open plains  
carrying the news of the storm: the fleet fast approaching  
to arms all: defend Asa Bay  
Clear was the sky: now storm clouds are forming  
the sun disc was high: the dusk came too soon  
now restless the waves: unruly the sea  
red are the sails: may the message get through  
Now dark is the sky: the storm clouds assembled  
the enemy fleet soon to land  
in the dark grey haze glimmering sharp steel is drawn  
the swelling sails nearer now: stand and fight every man  
Ride through the forest: past mountains and creeks  
upon us is fire and doom  
carry me: run swift: my good able steed  
the news of the storm must get through  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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