

The Rains of Castamere

Jackie Evancho

Castamere
Castamere
And who are you,
The proud lord said,
That I must bow so low?
Only a cat of a different coat,
That's all the truth I know.
In a coat of gold
Or a coat of red,
A lion still has claws,
And mine are long and sharp,
My lord,
As long and sharp as yours
And so he spoke,
And so he spoke,
That Lord of Castamere,
But now the rains weep o'er his hall,
And no one's there to hear
Yes now the rains weep o'er his hall,
And not a soul's to hear
And so he spoke,
And so he spoke,
That Lord of Castamere.
But now the rains weep o'er his hall,
And no one's there to hear.
Yes now the rains weep o'er his hall,
And not a soul's to hear

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