

Glory's Siren Song

by Hereward The Woke

Of boats and swords and quests o'muse declaim
besing to us of fair adventure's name.
Illumine that for which we men were built
and on we'll go wherever heaven wilt.
To board the oaken barque and loose the sails
beswelled with yearning for unblaz'n trails;
no compass but for glory's siren song
that pulls you forth to go some where ungone.
To draw the sharpened sword and bare the shield,
to fight with all your might and dare not yield.
To sally off, beside your brothers true,
with monsters, foes, and evil ahead of you.
To heed the call, to hit the road, ahead
of you a goal, a task, to have on sped.
To aid the weak and save the day, some deed
to be sung of by those from evil freed.
We men here now, born in a wicked time
have been denied our right; a wicked crime.
But winds will rise, and swords will sharpen, for
dark just means light that heroes must restore.
So listen: stand up straight and dare not fall
because adventure waits, just heed the call.