

Anderson Jon

"Beware the Wolf"

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Come ye hunters all and heed my bey:
Would you ride before the break of day,
through woven woods in elven lands,
to find the starry-jeweled hand?
Beware the wolf in darkness born,
his eyes of fire his mein of scorn,
his savage fell his rending claw,
but most beware his crushing jaw.

Love escaped upon my shadowed back
in trespass of the woven track.
In a fearsome fight of fang and claw
such howling carved these canyon walls.

Beware the wolf in darkness born,
his eyes of fire his mein of scorn,
his savage fell his rending claw,
but most beware his crushing jaw.

Come ye hunters all and heed my bey:
Let us ride before the break of day,
through woven woods in elven lands,
to find the starry-jeweled hand!
Beware the wolf in darkness born,
his eyes of fire his mein of scorn,
his savage fell his rending claw,
but most beware his crushing jaw.

Let the swift not linger for the slow.
Come ye hunters ride the valley low,
to the pits beneath the Iron Crown,
where the Nameless Man has been cast down.

Come ye hunters all and heed my bey:
Let us ride before the break of day,
and course behind the wilding pack
in trespass of the woven track.
Beware the wolf in darkness born,
his eyes of fire his mein of scorn,
his savage fell his rending claw,
but most beware his crushing jaw.

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