

Lost Kingdom of Terrace Xul

The Bard's Song

From The Legend of Jerrod(c)

Lyricist:

D.M. Stoddard

Composers:

D.M. Stoddard

& M.D. Stoddard

J = 100

Tenor *mf*
A - bove the fjords

Violin *mp* *p*

Harp *p*

6

T. *mf*
the mount-ain kings now rest. Their cold bare halls have failed to pass

Vln.

Hrp.

10

T. *mf*
time's test. Their lives were rich, their wealth gold and jew-el,

Vln.

Hrp.


14

T. 
 8 when kings sat on the thrones in Ter - race Xul.

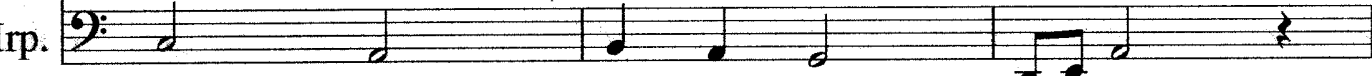
Vln. 
mp

Hrp. 

19


T. 
 8 *mf* In the mout - ain o - ver - loo - king the fjord,
 Your halls and thrones sur - pass'd - all rich - es - lore,


Vln. 
p

Hrp. 

22

T. 
 8 where deep blue wa - ters flow un - - to the sea,
 hos - pit - a - ble greet - ings the kings a - fford

Vln. 
p

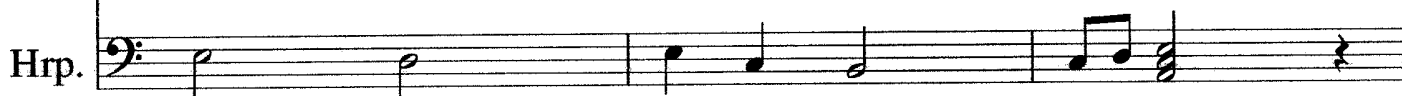
Hrp. 

25

T. 

your great ter - race still lies be - fore your gate,
 Trav' - ler and friends, your ta - bles once a - dorn,

Vln. 

Hrp. 

28

T. 

its view like eag - les' wat - ching from the sky.
 great fiests for all, oh lords were not sur - press,

Vln. 

Hrp. 

31

T. 

Be - tween the white mar - ble pil - lars pass through.
 with might, your safe and warm stone halls were kept,

Vln. 


Hrp. 

34

T. 

Your gold - en doors wel - come to ech - oed halls,
when your gold ran from mouth of mount - ain's realm.


Vln. 

Hrp. 

37

T. 

in crypts on pol - ished floors where now you sleep.
Your rich re - wards giv - en to he - roes bold,

Vln. 


Hrp. 

40

T. 

And si - lent cold now waits in - side your gates.
who vis - it - ed your once mount - ain strong hold.

Vln. 

Hrp. 

43

T. *mf*
A - bove the fjords

Vln. *mp* *p*

Hrp.

48

T. *mf*
the mount-ain kings now rest. Their cold bare halls have failed to pass

Vln.

Hrp.

52

T. *mf*
time's test. Their lives were rich, their wealth - gold and jew - el,

Vln.

Hrp.

56

T. 
 8 when kings sat on the thrones in Ter - race Xul.

Vln. 
mp

Hrp. 


61


T. 
 8 *mf*
 Great kings of old, where have you gone to rest?
 The Kings' lust - er is gone from Ter - race Xul.


Vln. 
p

Hrp. 

64

T. 
 8
 Your halls are bare and cold, your days are told.
 Their - treas - ure - sack'd, their - thrones have tum - bled down.

Vln. 
p


Hrp. 

67

T. 

The wind blows - through - your halls like - dy - ing breath.
 Their - crypt raid - ed, their sleep - of death dist - urb'd.

Vln. 

Hrp. 

70

T. 

mf
 Mem - o - ries sing - what no - one else can hear,
 The mount - ain groans so all who ent - er - hear.

Vln. 

Hrp. 

73

T. 

when-foot - step walks with - in your - lone - ly halls. The race - of man
 When sear - ching in your hal - low'd halls for gold, dar - ing to seek

Vln. 

Hrp. 

77

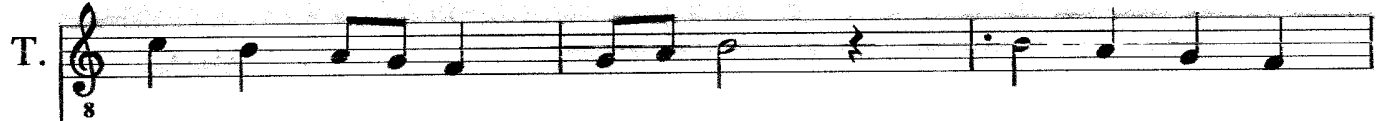
T. 

hast - fled from your - king - dom, as though the stars -
 what Kings have left - be - hind. To find rich - es

Vln. 

Hrp. 

80

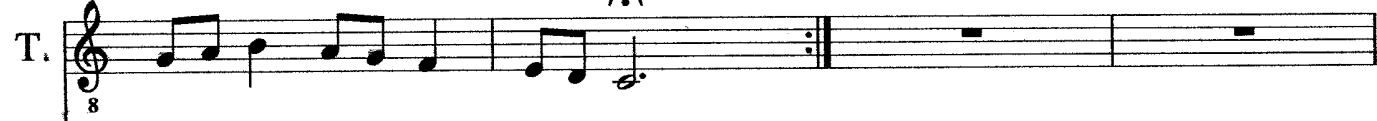
T. 

quit shin - ing in the night. For - got - ten are
 of - which leg - ends - have rhymed. Spent long - a - go,

Vln. 

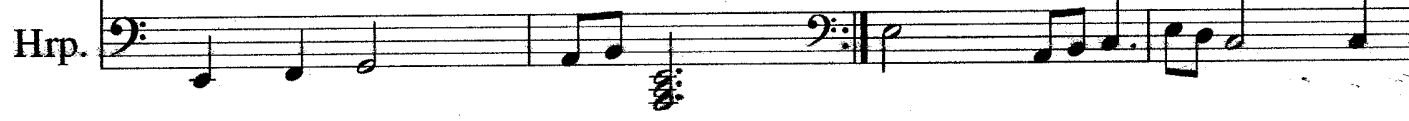
Hrp. 

83

T. 

the Kings of - Ter - race Xul.
 treas - ure of - Mount - ain Kings.

Vln. 

Hrp. 

87

T.

mf
A - bove the fjords the mount-ain kings now rest.

Vln.

p

Hrp.

92

T.

Their cold bare halls have failed to - pass time's test. Their lives were rich,

Vln.

Hrp.

96

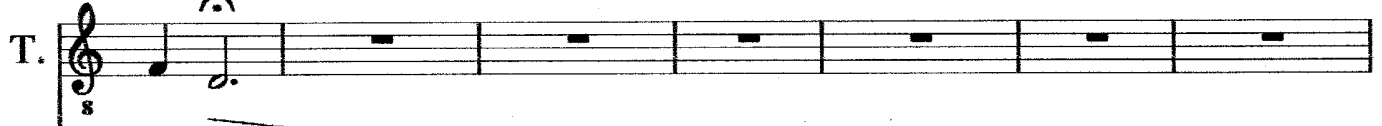
T.

their wealth gold and jew - el, when kings sat on the thrones in Ter -

Vln.

Hrp.

100

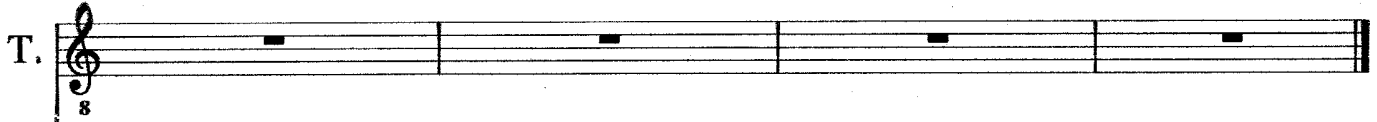
T. 


race Xul.

Vln. 

Hrp. 

107

T. 

Vln. 

Hrp. 