

# Lugh's Lament

Thexalon

Mother of my fosterage we come to remember you with games and gifts we  
bring that love to fest of warrior's peace Our sacrifice pales to the one you  
made to fertilize land With champion's shown skill and sweat your memory re -  
mains. Af - ter the hard - fought bat - tle land must be re - stored For  
Hea - vy the axe and the plow be - come af - ter hours As  
Dead-lines and goals must be met if peo - ple have a chance To  
farm - ers and cat - tle a - like must grow up for the feast But  
each swing and sec - tion of ground be - comes its own task But  
har - vest e - - nough to live un - - til sea - sons turn But  
for - est will not ga - ther the rays from sun - light to the grass So  
ne - ver - the - less she per - sis - ted one bit at a time With  
with dread the cost be - came clear, the great loss must be borne. As  
la - bor to clear it for crops must be - come the path.  
ev' - ry ounce of strength she gave to make ground in - to soil.  
at last the land was pre - pared she fell down and died.