

# Song of Steel

Music and Lyrics by Andrew Heinrich

In a field of stone and steppes so cold  
In a town called Loch Teray  
There lived a wiry blacksmith  
And his son named Mac Leneigh  
Their days were filled with fire and oar  
And the rhythm of the steel  
But through the night old Mac Leneigh  
Would dream of battle fields

One solstice of the winters eve  
Old Mac Leneigh did dream  
Of a blade so mighty strong and pure  
With an edge so sharp and keen  
He rose and tromped out  
Through the snow  
To the mine he knew so well  
And through the night he gathered up  
The blessed ore that fell

For 13 days and 13 nights his hammer fell like rain  
Ne'er he drank and ne'er he slept  
Ignored his muscle's pain  
And on the final night he struck  
His final hammer blow  
And as he drew his final breath  
He quenched the blade in snow

Steam rose up around his arm  
And took a form so fair  
A maiden fey stood bare to him  
And led him to her lair  
She took him by the hand and led  
Him deep into the mine  
And there she kissed his burning brow  
And blessed his lips with wine

Young Mac Leneigh, that fateful day  
Rose early in the morn  
He went out to the forge  
Where the blade was born  
Grief it struck deep in his chest as  
He gazed upon the steel  
He knew his father's final act  
And before it did he kneel

Father dear, your dreams be here  
Bound and forged in fire  
I'll take this blade out to the wood  
And build a funeral pyre  
Then to the battle I shall go  
And to a warrior's grave  
And lead the life you dreamed about  
Not as the forge's slave