

The Unforged Blade

Written for The Mossgrove

Written by: Owen Sullivan and TJ Watson
Composed by: Owen Sullivan

$\text{♩} = 125$

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

f

Be-ware, you trav - el - er, whoseeks the blade Un-forged; The snow - y grave where-in

5

S.

f

A.

T.

B.

As weapon cast for deadly cause, this tale Un-forged well knows;
it rests off-ers no re-ward.

10

S. *f*
The liv - ing fi - re warms,

A. *mf*
The living fi - re warms,

T. *mf*
The fire

B. *mp*
Its edge has cut the thread of fate for all it has opposed. The liv - ing fi - re warms,

14

S. *mf*
leav - ing ash - es in its wake. The wat - er nur - tures life, yet its depths can

A. *f*
leav - ing ash - es in its wake. The water nur - tures life yet its depths

T. *f*
ashes in its wake. The water nur - tures life its depths

B. *f*
left ash - es in its wake. The water nur - tures life yet its depths

18

S. *mp*
suff - o-cate. Gentle winds may guide us, but tempests shred our sails.

A. *mf*
suff - o-cate Gentle winds may guide us, but tem-pests shred our sails.

T. *f*
suff - o-cate. Gentle but tempests shred our sails.

B. *mf*
suff - o-cate. Gentle winds may guide us but tempests shred our sails.

22

S. *mf* *f*
And though we're born of Earth, it's in death that Earth prevails. For Unforged lies with-in,

A. *mp*
And though born of Earth, in death Earth pre - vails. Hmm...

T. *mf* *mp*
And though we're born of Earth in death the Earth pre - vails. Hmm...

B. *f* *mp*
And though born of Earth, in death the Earth pre - vails. Hmm...

26

S. in the va - a - lley of death, se-questered in the land of its mas-ter's

A. Hmm... Hmm... Hmm...

T. 8 Hmm... Hmm... Hmm...

B. Hmm... Hmm... Hmm...

30

S. dy - ing-breath.

A. *mp* Hmm... Hmm...

T. 8 *ff* With-in the rock it flick-ers with e - ter - nal in - ner fire;

B. *p* Hmm... Hmm...

34

S. *f* And grips the Dies-grynn waste-lands in un - re - pent-ant ire. *f* The liv - ing fi - re warms,

A. *mp* Hmm... *mf* The living fi - re warms,

T. *mf* And grips the Dies-grynn in un - re - pent-ant ire. *mf* The fire

B. *mp* Hmm... *mp* The liv - ing fi - re warms,

38

S. *mf* leav - ing ash - es in its wake. *mf* The wat - er nur - tures life, yet its depths can

A. *f* leav-ing ash - es in its wake. *f* The water nur - tures life yet its depths

T. *f* ashes in its wake. *f* The water nur - tures life its depths

B. *f* left ash - es in its wake. *f* The water nur - tures life yet its depths

42

S. *mp*
suff - o-cate. Gentle winds may guide us, but tempests shred our sails.

A. *mf*
suff - o-cate Gentle winds may guide us, but tem-pests shred our sails.

T. *f*
suff - o-cate. Gent-le but tempests shred our sails.

B. *mf*
suff - o-cate. Gentle winds may guide us but tempests shred our sails.

46

S. *mf* *mp*
And though we're born of Earth, it's in death that Earth prevails. Oh...

A. *ff*
And though born of Earth, in death Earth pre - vails. Nobliz - zard nor war

T. *mf* *p*
And though we're born of Earth in death the Earth pre - vails. Oh...

B. *f* *mp*
And though born of Earth, in death the Earth pre - vails. Oh...

50

S. Oh... Oh... Oh...

A. could stay the hand of fate of the bale-ful Orc who cursed the land that all-

T. Oh... Oh... Oh...

B. Oh... Oh... Oh...

54

S. *ff* What hand shall grasp the hilt of fate whose steel they shall re-vere?

A. re-morse-ful day. *mf* What hand shall grasp the hilt whose steel they shall re-vere?

T. *mf* What hand shall grasp the hilt whose steel they shall re-vere?

B. *ff* What hand grasp the hilt whose steel they shall re-vere?

58

S. *f* And will the child of right-eous-ness succ-umb, or be sin-cere? *f* The liv - ing fi - re warms,

A. *f* And will the child of right-eous-ness succ-umb, or be sin-cere? *mf* The living fi - re warms,

T. *f* And will the child of right-eous-ness succ-umb, or be sin-cere? *mf* The fire

B. *f* And will the child of right-eous-ness succ-umb, or be sin-cere? *mp* The liv - ing fi - re warms,

62

S. *mf* leav - ing ash - es in its wake. *mf* The wat - er nur - tures life, yet its depths can

A. *f* leav-ing ash - es in its wake. *f* The water nur - tures life yet its depths

T. *f* ashes in its wake. *f* The water nur - tures life its depths

B. *f* left ash - es in its wake. *f* The water nur - tures life yet its depths

66

S. *mp*
suff - o-cate. Gentle winds may guide us, but tempests shred our sails.

A. *mf*
suff - o-cate Gentle winds may guide us, but tem-pests shred our sails.

T. *f*
suff - o-cate. Gen-tle but tempests shred our sails.

B. *mf*
suff - o-cate. Gentle winds may guide us but tempests shred our sails.

70 *rit.*

S. *mf*
And though we're born of Earth, it's in death that Earth prevails.

A.
And though born of Earth, in death Earth pre - vails.

T. *mf*
And though we're born of Earth in death the Earth pre - vails.

B. *f*
And though born of Earth, in death the Earth pre - vails.