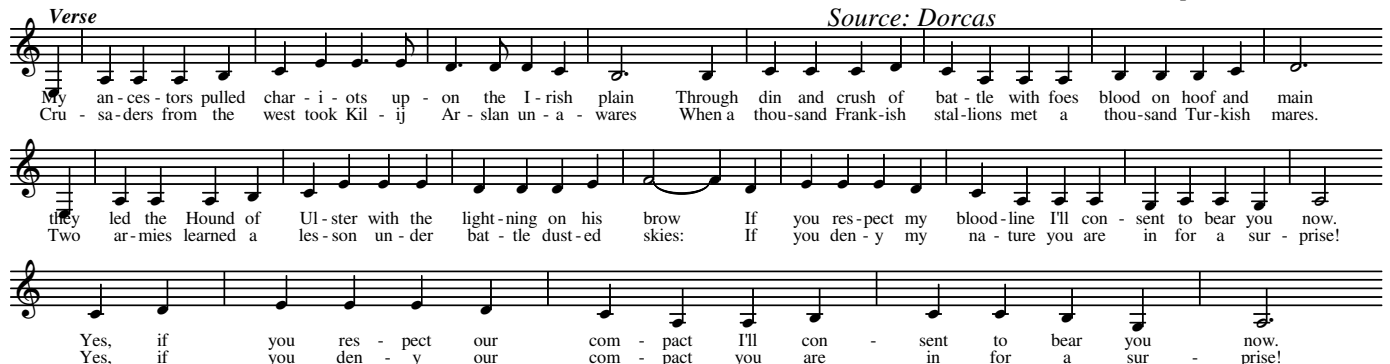


The Compact Between Horse and Man

Words & Music: Dorcas Whitecap (Jean Jacobson)

Source: Dorcas

Verse

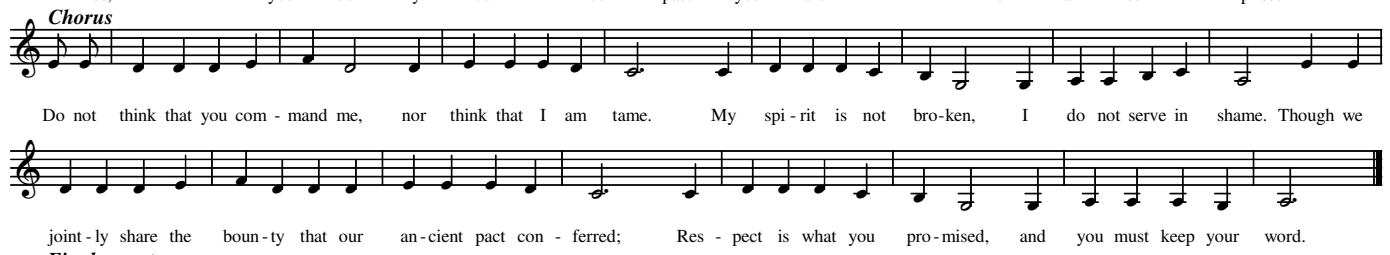


My an - ces - tors pulled char - i - ots up - on the I - rish plain Through din and crush of bat - tle with foes blood on hoof and mane
Cru - sa - ders from the west took Kil - ij Ar - slan un - a - wares When a thou - sand Frank - ish stal - lions met a thou - sand Tur - kish mares.

they led the Hound of Ul - ster with the light - ning on his brow: If you res - pect my blood - line I'll con - sent to bear you now.
Two ar - mies learned a les - son un - der bat - tle dust - ed skies: If you den - y my na - ture you are in for a sur - prise!

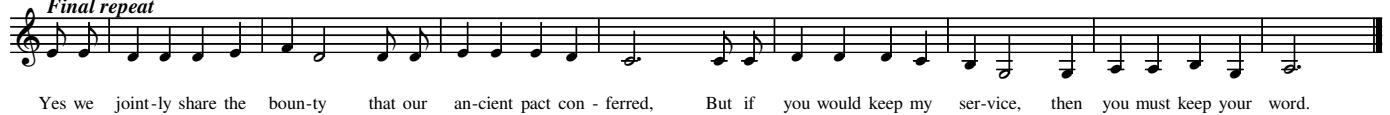
Yes, if you res - pect our com - pact I'll con - sent to bear you now.
Yes, if you den - y our com - pact you are in for a sur - prise!

Chorus



Do not think that you com - mand me, nor think that I am tame. My spi - rit is not bro - ken, I do not serve in shame. Though we
joint - ly share the boun - ty that our an - cient pact con - ferred; Res - pect is what you pro - mised, and you must keep your word.

Final repeat



Yes we joint - ly share the boun - ty that our an - cient pact con - ferred, But if you would keep my ser - vice, then you must keep your word.

My ancestors pulled chariots upon the Irish plain,
Through din and crush of battle, with foes' blood on hoof and mane.
They led the Hound of Ulster with the lightning on his brow.
If you respect my bloodline I'll consent to bear you now.
If you respect our compact I'll consent to bear you now.

Crusaders from the west took Kilij Arslan unawares
When a thousand Frankish stallions met a thousand Turkish mares.
Two armies learned a lesson under battle-dusted skies:
If you deny my nature you are in for a surprise!
If you deny our compact you are in for a surprise!

CHORUS

*Do not think that you command me, nor think that I am tame.
My spirit is not broken, I do not serve in shame.
Though we jointly share the bounty that our ancient pact conferred,
Respect is what you promised, and you must keep your word.*

A saddle with a stirrup and a short bow in the hand
Are needed for survival in a cold and arid land,
Where the sky goes on forever for the sons of Temujin.
Respect me as an ally, I'll accept you as my kin.
If you respect our compact I'll accept you as my kin.

The English prayed to Crispian as they spilled Frenchmen's blood,
But there was no saint for horses to lift us from that mud.
The arrows didn't kill us, we were slain for human pride.
Respect that sacrifice, and I'll consent to let you ride.
If you respect our compact I'll consent to let you ride.

CHORUS

Five and twenty ponies trotting through the dark
Brandy for the parson, 'baccy for the clark .
I'll follow you through danger with your wealth upon my back
But if you take me for granted you can carry your own pack!
If you deny our compact you can carry your own pack.

Whether pulling plow or chariot my worth you know full well.
I'll bear a heavy burden, or bring you safe from hell.
Though I'm eager to charge in wherever hunt- or war-horn sounds
Give me my proper value or I'll leave you on the ground!
If you deny our compact I will leave you on the ground.

CHORUS

FINAL ENDING

*Yes, we jointly share the bounty that our ancient pact conferred,
But if you would keep my service, then you must keep your word.*