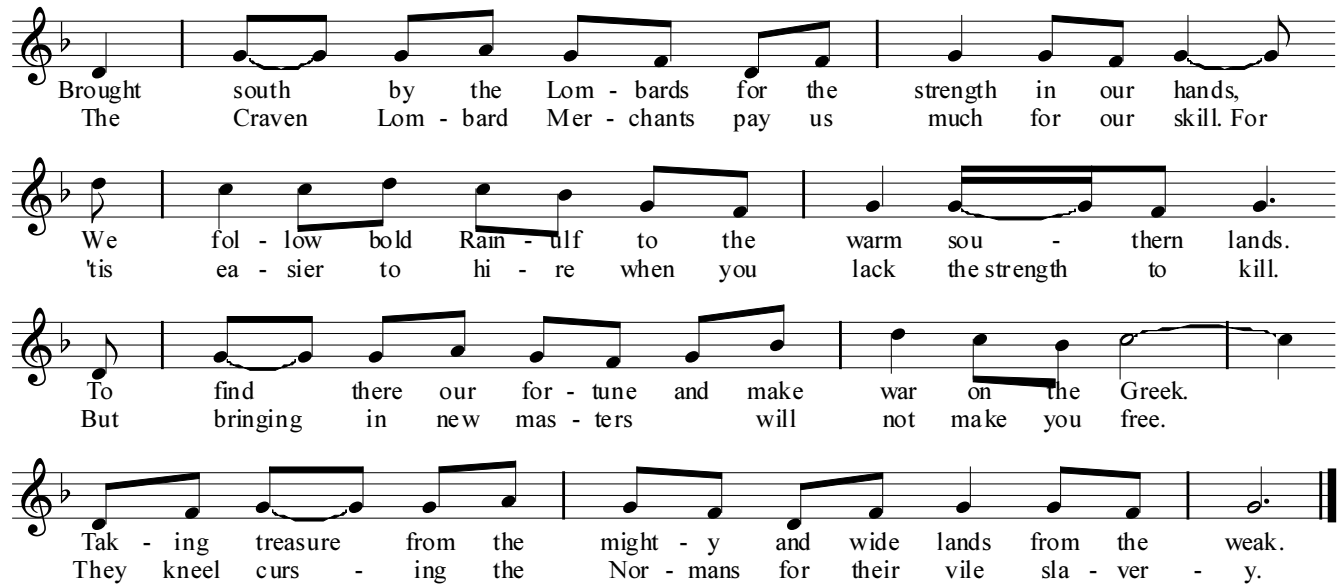


# Cursing The Normans

Hyrim de Guillon



Brought south by the Lom - bards for the strength in our hands,  
The Craven Lom - bard Mer - chants pay us much for our skill. For  
We fol - low bold Ram - ulf to the warm sou - thern lands.  
'tis ea - sier to hi - re when you lack the strength to kill.  
To find there our for - tune and make war on the Greek.  
But bringing in new mas - ters will not make you free.  
Tak - ing treasure from the might - y and wide lands from the weak.  
They kneel curs - ing the Nor - mans for their vile sla - ver - y.

Brought south by the Lombards for the strength in our hands,  
We follow bold Rainulf to the warm southern lands.  
To find there our fortune and make war on the Greek.  
Taking treasure from the mighty and wide lands from the weak.  
*The Craven Lombard Merchants pay us much for our skill.  
For 'tis easier to hire when you lack the strength to kill.  
But bringing in new masters will not make you free.  
They kneel cursing the Normans for their vile slavery.*

By the city Civitate near the cold waters' flow  
Comes now the papal army in a long ragged row.  
Their German mercenaries fill the air with their jeers,  
As we swear by our lances that their toll will be dear.  
*The brave brothers Hautaville ride to the attack.  
We fall on the papal hosts and drive them back.  
The tall German warriors are too prideful to yield,  
They die cursing the Normans as we carry the field.*

Our foothold on the mainland has grown stalwart and strong,  
So the lust for further conquest now carries us on.  
Like our Viking fathers our ships rule the sea,  
So embarking our soldiers we invade Sicily.

*The rich Muslim Emirs of the wide Sicel shore  
Command a host of warriors and fair treasures galore.  
One charge from Count Roger and their armies did reel,  
To flee cursing the Normans as we bloody our steel.*

Across the Adriatic to Illyricum we go,  
To battle with the Byzantines outside Durazzo.  
They still fill their ranks with Norsemen, their foemen to reeve,  
And bitter Saxon Huscarls with old losses to grieve.  
*The double-handed axes of our cruel Saxon foe  
Do us grievous carnage and our hearts fill with woe.  
Then valiant Robert Guiscard leads the charge at full career  
They die cursing the Normans as they fall to the spear.*

In the year of our great triumph, when our victory is nigh,  
Comes the fall of mighty Guiscard & our armies must fly.  
Mark well the warrior's body who was king by his blade,  
For the greatest of glory is the soonest to fade.  
*Tall and mighty towers by the coast of the sea,  
Raise their dark empty spires in forlorn misery.  
Crumbling grain by grain to the cold ocean spray,  
And cursing the Normans as they wither away*