

# Fyrdmen on Campaign

Words: Marcus de la Foret and others as noted

Music: Marcus de la Foret

The image shows three staves of musical notation in a single system. The first staff contains the main melody with lyrics: "They say we're just the le-vee the far-mers from the field. But when we form our wall of men we're sworn to ne-ver yield." The second staff is labeled "Chorus" and contains the lyrics: "Strike a blow for free-dom, then strike one for the land When a fyrd-man strikes a blow, there's ir-on in his hand". The third staff continues the melody with lyrics: "And now you will put down your plow and now your spear-head hone For when a fyrd-man strikes a blow he ne-ver stands a-lone." The music is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

They say we're just the levee, the farmers from the field  
But when we form our wall of men we're sworn to never yield

*Chorus:*

*Strike a blow for freedom, then  
strike one for the land  
When a fyrdman strikes a blow, there's  
iron in his hand  
And now you will put down your plow and  
now your spearhead hone  
For when a fyrdman strikes a blow he  
never stands alone.*

Our weapon is but a cheap spearhead upon an ashwood pole  
but when we take the field to fight it's victory that's our goal.

*Chorus*

A Viking's chest well sheaths my point as he lifts up his axe.  
His eyes beg me for mercy, I grant it with my seax.

*Chorus*

Ternon was the first of us to grasp that ashwood spear  
And we who follow in his fame have filled our foe with fear  
*(Rhodri)*

*Chorus*

The yeoman fyrd stand in great rank, their shafts on sinew taut.  
Hardrada's men pay with their lives and lie in land they bought.

*Chorus*

The banners of our nobles fly boldly in the sun  
And when they ride to battle, the raiders turn and run *(Rhodri)*

*Chorus*

When thieving souls come rushing to prey upon our land  
They find our stalwart brethren with shining steel in hand *(Rhodri)*

*Chorus*

A Huscarl from the best of us we pay to armor fine.  
He lives now for his soldiering with Harald he will dine.

*Chorus*

And now you will put down your spear and now you will head home  
Knowing when you're called again "Ge willan ne standan an"  
*(Duncan Eardstappa)*

*Chorus*

Retired verse:

I don my father's byrnie. 'tis taut across my limbs.  
I pray it will do more for me than 'ere it did for him.