

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 swom 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 4/4 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.