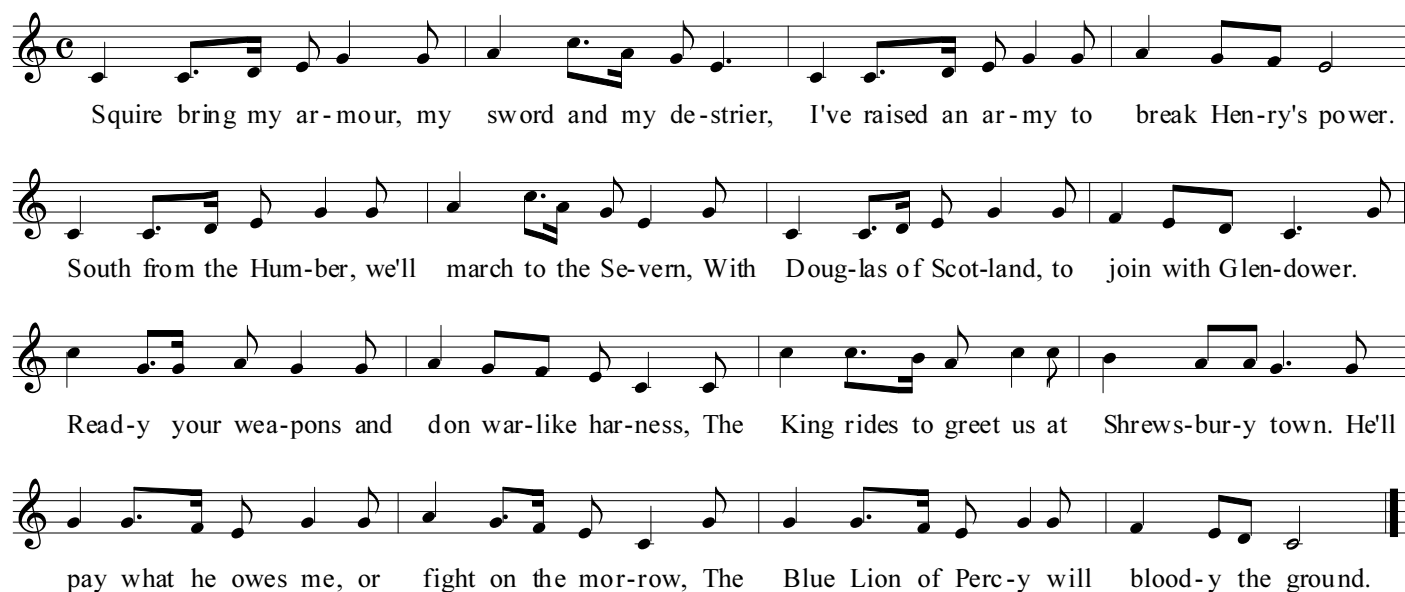


Hotspur

Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood



Squire bring my ar-mour, my sword and my de-strier, I've raised an ar-my to break Hen-ry's power.
South from the Hum-ber, we'll march to the Se-vern, With Doug-las of Scot-land, to join with Glen-dower.
Read-y your wea-pons and don war-like har-ness, The King rides to greet us at Shrews-bur-y town. He'll
pay what he owes me, or fight on the mor-row, The Blue Lion of Perc-y will blood-y the ground.

Hal Prince of Wales, has brought forth an army
To halt us he's planning, he'll bar nought to me.
Yon rides his father, a king made by Percy
His host in the thousands, a hard fight 'twill be

So let loose your clothyards, my stout Cheshire yeomen,
The hiss of your bowstrings, 'tis soft as a sigh.
Now King's knights you've halted, so up roar the horsemen
We charge for the center, brave Douglas and I.

Lay low a sergeant, and then slay his master,
Rend through the armour, and hew clear a way.
There by the banner, a king rides before me -
I swear by my honor, 'tis his final day.

But Prince Hal has broken my right wing of battle,
And he's for his father a-whirlin' around
Now one of his yeomen has sent me an arrow,
The Blue Lion of Percy is pulled to the ground.

(softly)

Squire bring my armour, my sword and my destrier,
I'll live forever, to spite Bolingbroke.
Know then of Hotspur, who died by the Severn,
And list what was heard when Lord Percy spoke:

(rousing)

Ready your weapons and don warlike harness
The King rides to greet us at Shrewsbury town.
He'll pay what he owes me, or fight on the morrow,
The Blue Lion of Percy will bloody the ground.