

Requiem for a Huscarl

Andrixos Seljukroctonis



Swift - ly we've striv - en from slaught - er at Stam-ford, And yet a new foe we must face.



As sure as Har - dra - da lies pierced by an ar - row, The Nor - man will soon know his place.

Swiftly we've striven from slaughter at Stamford,
And yet a new foe we must face.
As sure as Hardrada lies pierced by an arrow,
The Norman will soon know his place.

Chorus:

*For I am a warrior of the King's Huscarls
A deep biting axe in my hand.
And as long as God grants me breath in my body
I'll fight to defend the King's land.*

For half a score years I served under Edward,
In feast and in bounty did share,
And now with my body I make good the bargain,
I fight to defend the King's Heir. (For)

Chorus:

In the North the King's brother, the base Earl Tostig,
Did seek the King's crown with his swords.
To add to his treason he called 'cross the water
For Sigurthsson's grim-visaged hordes. (But)

Chorus:

At York we did muster and march forth to battle,
They thought they were out of our reach.
Unarmoured they fell there, like lambs at the
slaughter,
Their byrnies laid out on the beach. (and)

Chorus:

We've gathered about us the fyrd of the country,
From every shire and hide.
Each bearing an iron-tongued spear hewn of
ashwood
And a strong stout saex knife at his side. (but)

Chorus:

We've set up the shields at the top of a hillside,
The locals, they call it Senlac
For hour after hour, they press in amongst us,
But still we repulse their attack. (And)

Chorus:

At last by our valour, their battle-line's broken
Their horsemen now run in retreat.
And now we pursue them like wolves after
cattle.
This part of the battle is sweet. (and)

Chorus:

But lo, now a sharp barb has pierced through
my armor,
I fear that my days now are done.
Yet as I lie dying, I take final comfort,
For it seems that battle is won.

Final Chorus:

*And I was a warrior of the King's Huscarls
A deep biting axe in my hand.
And as long as God granted me breath in my
body
I fought to defend the King's land.*

Rule Number One: As the author of this work does not wish this piece sung from a lyrics-sheet, please do not print it in a font larger than 10 point. Please ensure that this statement accompanies all copies of these lyrics that you make.