

# I Will Mourn My King

Andrew of Wolvenwood (Andrew Pickard)



I will mourn my King for Wil-liam has won, I will mourn my King, Ha-rald God-win-son,



O - ho, O-ho.

When Hardrada came upon the North,  
The King called out and we rode forth,  
O-ho, O-ho.

At Stamford Bridge, Hardrada fell;  
The Norse sailed home and all seemed well,  
O-ho, O-ho.

Then southward we strove upon fey news;  
At Pevensy Cove, William ran loose,  
O-ho, O-ho.

On a Hastings hill we formed our wall  
With sword and shield, axe and maul.  
O-ho, O-ho.

I fought for my King, axe in hand,  
I fought for my King and I fought for England,  
O-ho, O-ho.

Through arrows fletched and oaken shields  
I saw Harald stretched upon the field,  
O-ho, O-ho.

A Norman sword had cleft his side;  
In battle stormy he did die,  
O-ho, O-ho.

Now all folk know that Harald fell,  
And with him fell the realm as well,  
O-ho, O-ho.

And now we have a bastard king,  
His Norman hand wears the signet ring,  
O-ho, O-ho.

My wounds still run, they will not heal;  
I slew my foes yet felt their steel,  
O-ho, O-ho.

So here die I, a Saxon proud;  
I follow Harald's pure white shroud,  
O-ho, O-ho.

I will mourn my King, for William has won;  
I will mourn my King, Harald Godwinson,  
O-ho, O-ho.

Murne ic min kyng, siððan Wyllelm gewann  
Murne ic min kyng, Harold Godwineson.  
O-ho, O-ho.