


Joan

Words & music by Heather Dale (SCA: Mistress Marian of Heatherdale)



I am as God made me, I have no de-sire, For a mouth at my breast or a pot on the fire,
I heed the high voi-ces; I go where I'm sent, To mow down the men who re - fuse to re-pent,
I'm a scythe, in a field full of briars.
Chorus
And they won't call me Mo-ther, or Sis-ter, or Wife, They will know me or not by the strength of my life,
I will burn with a light of my own. They'll know me as Joan. They'll know me as Joan.

I am as God made me, I have no desire,
For a mouth at my breast or a pot on the fire,
I heed the higher voices; I go where I'm sent,
To mow down the men who refuse to repent,
I'm a scythe, in a field full of briars.

*And they won't call me mother, or sister, or wife,
They will know me or not by the strength of my life,
I will burn with a light of my own.
They'll know me as Joan.
They'll know me as Joan.*

The courage of Catherine, the flames of the forge,
Sword of Saint Michael, the blood of Saint George,
I take what I'm given, I follow my truth,
I gladly abandon the bloom of my youth,
I'm the lashing, that falls from the scourge.

*And they won't call me mother, or sister, or wife,
They will know me or not by the strength of my life,
I will burn with a light of my own.
They'll know me as Joan.
They'll know me as Joan.*

I fight where God tells me, I never ask why,
I've bloodied the Devil, with steel from on high,
I kill without consequence, heed no man's law.
I sift out the righteous like grain from the straw.
I am judgment, and Heaven is nigh.

*And they won't call me mother, or sister, or wife,
They will know me or not by the strength of my life,
I will burn with a light of my own.
They'll know me as Joan.
(4x)*

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They will know me or not by the strength of my life,
I will burn with a light of my own.
They'll know me as Joan.
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