

Peasant's Pride

Hyrim de Guillon



The soil here is black as midnight,
Cuts like cream beneath the plow.
Scourged by the swords of Frankish lords
But it is my land now.

The raiders come by dawn's first breaking.
Our life and land 's what they've come for.
Our fertile fields we will not yield.
With farmer's tools we turn to war.

The sky above is clear as water,
As we clench our teeth against the fear.
No gallant stories of battle's glories.
There are no warriors here.

We have no skill for battle's tactics.
Our wheat has neither flank nor rear.
A single band we'll fall or stand.
Our foes no ruses fear.

My foeman is a noble rider,
Trained for battle all his life.
His weapons glitter, his smile is bitter,
His armor proof against my knife.

But I've a wife and seven children,
A house and farm to call my own.
I kneel to pray then join the fray.
I'd shed my life's blood for my home.

Our ranks lie now in bloody tatters,
With many slain that I hold dear.
But our foemen run beneath the sun,
And at our hands they've learned to fear.

We've got no writ from crown or council.
We need no scrolls to set us free.
We're slaves from birth, chained to the earth.
No coin but blood buys liberty.

I'll leave my sons my quest for freedom.
God grant them strength when I am gone.
Though by their births they are but serfs,
They'll be free men when I am done.

The soil here is black as midnight,
Cuts like cream beneath the plow.
Scourged by the swords of Frankish lords
But this is my land now.