

Soldier's Daughter

Cassandra Peverell

I was raised in Lin-coln Town my fa-ther's on-ly child For war he left me on my own with plow and do-mi-cile
Horse and sword and ar-mor strong are all that's left to me But fa-ther taught me my life long so well I know all three
But two years hence his death was knelled and a lord's right to his lands up-held And I was cast a-side
To Do-ver I will find my way and I'll bind my breasts for sol-dier's pay And fear shall not me find
For though I am a young girl, a sol-dier's daugh-ter I'll race a-cross the plains on the backs of ar-mored steeds
My fa-ther's sword I'll hold high and shed the blood of war-like men No quar-ter to them gi-ven

I was raised in Lincoln Town my father's only child
For war he left me on my own with plow and domicile
But two years hence his death was knelled and a lord's right to his
lands upheld
And I was cast aside

Horse and sword and armor strong are all that's left to me
But father taught me my life long so well I know all three
To Dover I will find my way and I'll bind my breasts for soldier's pay
And fear shall not me find

*For though I am a young girl, a soldier's daughter
I'll race across the plains on the backs of armored steeds
My father's sword I'll hold high and shed the blood of war-like men
No quarter to them given*

My father died by Frenchmen's pike and in France his body remains
So there I'll go to deal the like, with their blood they'll sate my pain
The prince's army southward sails that England shall on France prevail
And I with them shall go

*For though I am a young girl, a soldier's daughter
I'll race across the plains on the backs of armored steeds
My father's sword I'll hold high and shed the blood of war-like men
No quarter to them given*

My boyish shrews held o'er the sea unto the shores of France
At last I vanquished enemy with halberd, sword and lance
A courage beat within my chest that before no man would dare to test
My father's blood runs deep

*And so have I a young girl, a soldier's daughter
Raced across the plains on the backs of armored steeds
My father's sword I've held high and shed the blood of war-like men
No quarter to them given*

I've stood beside both lord and knight, in ranks for battle dressed
Beneath the lion banner's flight, I toiled and gave my best
The soldier's life I now endure and I'll ne'er return to needlework
By the sword I'll live and die

*For though I am a young girl, a soldier's daughter
I've raced across the plains on the backs of armored steeds
My father's sword I've held high and shed the blood of war-like men
No quarter to them given*

At Armenyack war did it's worst though the battle we had won
An arrow in me quenched it's thirst so my warring days are done
I've begged my mail and sword to keep in the hope that I should
guarantee
That with honor I can die

*For though I am a young girl, a soldier's daughter
I've raced across the plains on the backs of armored steeds
My father's sword I've held high and shed the blood of war-like men
No quarter to them given*

But on my chest his sword they laid and granted final grace
They vowed to me a soldier's grave in a quiet resting place
As the sun sets on my final day I have naught else but this to say
Brothers weep not for me

*For I have tasted glory sweet as a stalwart English soldier
I've raced across the plains on the backs of armored steeds
My father's sword I've held high and shed my blood with war-like
men
No quarter was I given
And no quarter did I give*