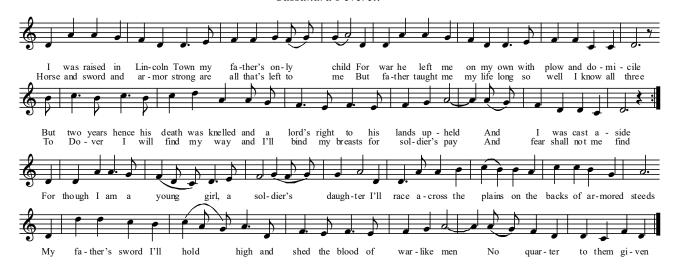
## Soldier's Daughter

Cassandra Peverell



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 No quarter to them given 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 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 sword I've held high and shed my blood with war-like 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

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 The prince's army southward sails that England shall on France prevail 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 men

No quarter was I given And no quarter did I give