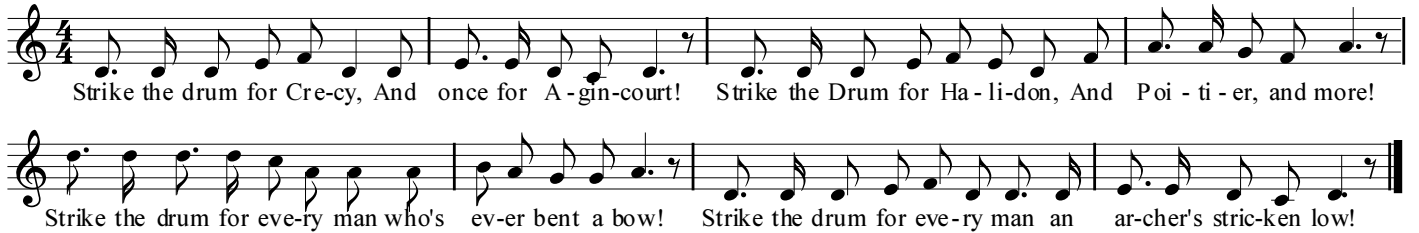


Strike The Drum

Words and Music: Mathurin Kerbusso



Strike the drum for Cre-cy, And once for A-gin-court! Strike the Drum for Ha-li-don, And Poi-ti-er, and more!
Strike the drum for eve-ry man who's ev-er bent a bow! Strike the drum for eve-ry man an ar-cher's stric-ken low!

Chorus

*Strike the drum for Crecy, and once for Agincourt!
Strike the Drum for Halidon, and Poitier, and more!
Strike the drum for every man who's ever bent a bow!
Strike the drum for every man an archer's stricken low!*

Now the yew it is the strong right arm of ev'ry English king.
And flax it is the harpstring that makes the bow to sing.
Grey goose is the feather that doth make the foe to fly.
Ash and Iron the talon that doth make the foe to die.

Chorus

Now at Halidon the wild Scots came charging up the hill.
We killed them as they came till King Edward had his fill.
At Poitier we taught the French to darken out the sky.
We taught them, but the only thing they learned was how to die.

Chorus

Now at Crecy then we faced the boys from Old Genoa Town.
We beat them fair and square but the Frenchmen rode them down
At Agincourt we fought in mud up to the horses' knees and
The Frenchmen paid the butcher's bill for the Genoese.

Chorus

Now a yeoman's life is hard as hell on this we can agree.
The world cares not a jot for the likes of you and me.
The high born and the powerful they keep us down and low.
But they tremble in their stirrups when an archer bends his bow.

Chorus

Final Chorus

*Strike the drum for Crecy,
And once for Agincourt!
Strike the Drum for Kadesh,
And Taginae, and more!
Strike for every mother's son
who's ever bent a bow!
Strike for every mother's son
an archer's stricken low!*