

The Road

by Gerald Goodwine



From the sea-port of Jaf-fa to the great Ho-ly Ci-ty There's a road pil-grims tra-vel and Sa-ra-cens raid.



Where mer-chants send wa-gons with goods, gold, and sil-ver, From which they take pro-fit by bar-ter and trade.



The pil-grim's purse heav-y, the wa-gons well la-den The Sa-ra-cen hides in the cre-vice and caves



Lest Chris-tian be guard-ed by brains, brawn, and pro-wess, His goods would be treats for the Sa-ra-cen maid.



And I ride the road that the pil-grims do tra-vel, I ride the road in the dust and the mud.



I ride the road past rocks, caves, and gra-vel, And the dogs that go with me drink Sa-ra-cen blood.

From the seaport of Jaffa to the great Holy City
There's a road pilgrims travel and Saracens raid.
Where merchants send wagons with goods, gold, and silver,
From which they take profit by barter and trade.
The pilgrim's purse heavy, the wagons well laden
The Saracen hides in the crevice and caves
Lest Christian be guarded by brains, brawn, and prowess,
His goods would be treats for the Saracen maid.

*And I ride the road that the pilgrims do travel,
I ride the road in the dust and the mud.
I ride the road past the rocks, caves, and gravel,
And the dogs that go with me drink Saracen blood.*

My horse I got cheap for his coat was off-color,
He's swift as an arrow, he's stout, and he's brave.
My sword is well tested a century before me,
A twisted and folded keen forge welded blade
My bow is of yew and my spear made of ash wood
My helmet and armor the best I could buy
My lindenwood shield has caught dozens of arrows
Cross arms with me foemen and you're sure to die.

Chorus.

The merchants send wagons with goods, gold, and silver
And I guard them well it's for this I get paid
And I guard the pilgrim the sacred road travels
For the sake of my soul and to pass heav'ns gates.

And I guard the dogs who fight with us in battle,
And I guard my shield brothers lives as my own.
I'll guard this road till it's safe here to travel,
And I'll guard this road till the pilgrims atoned.

Chorus.

The King would not knight me despite skill and prowess
For he'd only see me a tertiary son.
The Hospital'rs & the Templars my friends & my comrades
But of these monk's ranks, I'm not numbered as one.
For I would cross arms for my dear lady's favor,
And I'll not give up the small riches I own
I pray every day for my wife and my children
And they for the day that their father comes home.

Chorus.

The road to Jerusalem's littered with bodies
Good Christians and pilgrims lie torn by wild beast
But when I am through with you Saracen demon
Your flesh will be next on the wild vermin's feast
So come Saracen, come, and send me to heaven,
Or run like the infidel coward that you are
Cross arms with me heathen, and I'll send you to breathin'
The fumes and the flames of the devil's hell fire.

Chorus