

Three Bargainers

Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood

A musical score for the song 'Three Bargainers' in 6/8 time. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'A squire watched the foe's cook - fires burn bright - ly in the val - ley, Up - on an eve of bat - tle fierce where forth good knights would sal - ly. He sat and sang a brave war - song, though his heart did fill with sor - row, He prayed to God and all the saints that he'd live through to - mor - row:'

A squire watched the foe's cookfires burn brightly in the valley,
Upon an eve of battle fierce where forth good knights would sally.
He sat and sang a brave war-song, though his heart did fill with sorrow,
He prayed to God and all the saints that he'd live through tomorrow:

*"Don't let it be me, oh Lord, like all the squires afore me!
Don't let it be me, oh Lord, of this I do implore Thee!
The milkmaid I shall wed, oh Lord, my seed I know she carries,
Don't let it be me, oh Lord, and the milkmaid I shall marry."*

The greedy knight was in his tent, his gold and jewels before him
He'd robbed it all from pilgrims rich, the guilt he felt it tore him,
He knew to take the battle field would mean his death for certain,
He sent a prayer to heaven then in hopes to ease his burden:

*"Don't let it be me, oh Lord, the gold I will repay it,
If you have made your judgement, Lord, I do pray that you stay it,
A chapel fine I will build high, upon my soul I swear thee,
If I live through tomorrow, Lord, your servant knight e'er I'll be."*

The king sat high upon his throne, a-brooding, beard in hand,
his peasants did all starve and die, he'd overtaxed his land,
His greed for wealth did cloud his eye, his war-lust filled his heart,
he saw it clear so sent a prayer before the battle's start:

*"Don't let it be me, oh Lord, the taxes I'll bring down,
I'll ease the peasants' burden, Lord, in shire, wood and town,
Don't let it be me, oh Lord, the land does need its king,
Bring us victory tomorrow, Lord, your praises for to sing."*

The battle it went well, they say, but for the other side,
The squire, knight and king, they fought, and bravely did they die,
Back to back and shield to shield they slew many a mighty foe,
Till a brutal charge of mounted knights laid three bargainers low.