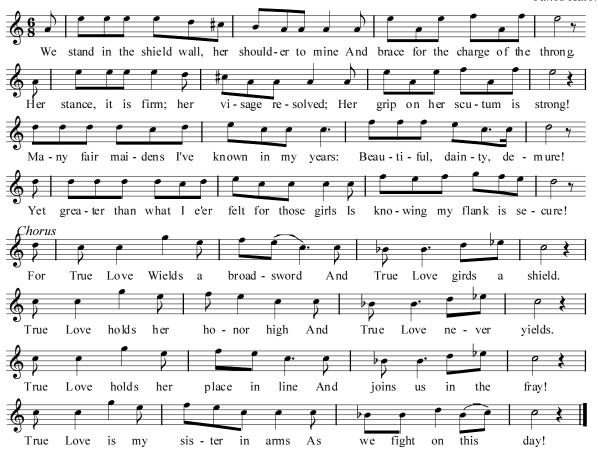
## True Love Never Yields





We stand in the shield wall, her shoulder to mine And brace for the charge of the throng. Her stance, it is firm; her visage resolved; Her grip on her scutum is strong! Many fair maidens I've known in my years: Beautiful, dainty, demure! Yet greater than what I e'er felt for those girls Is knowing my flank is secure!

For True Love Wields a broadsword And True Love girds a shield. True Love holds her honor high And True Love never yields. True Love holds her place in line And joins us in the fray! True Love is my sister in arms As we fight on this day! Advance, we are bidden; we march forth as one And soon we are caught in the press! Her shield touches mine a staunch bulwark to form As firm as a lover's caress. We crouch as the spears visit death on our foes; The scent of her armor's divine! Her eyes meet my gaze and her bountiful lips Say, "Get up and reform the line!"

## Chorus

Singing, we march back to war-camp as one. Her strong alto joins in the song. Our armor divested, we sprawl by the fire And with her I feel I belong. She turns to me, sees the smile in my eyes. Her hand lifts to push back my hair. Then with a rough clap on my shoulder, she says, "Hey, brother, you did good out there!"

Chorus