



A Marcher At My Side

(to the tune of "The Gallant Forty Twa")

D

1. Well - once I was a far - mer out in the sun and rain I

6 G D A

sowed the fields in spring-time and reaped the au - tumn grain But

10 G D A

I've put down my plough - ing, took my bill - hook in - my hand and

14 D A D Chorus:

joined the gall - ant arm - y that's the pride of Bre - gas - land. You can

18 D G D

talk a - bout your High - guard and your Free - born Pr - va - teers Your

22 E7 A

Win - ter - mark Mi - li - tia and your Daw - nish Vo - lun - teers Or

26 G D A

a - ny - o - ther ar - my the glo - rious Em - pire wide For I'd



1. Well once I was a farmer
 Out in the sun and rain
 I sowed the fields in springtime
 And reaped the autumn grain
 But I've put down my ploughing,
 Took my billhook in my hand
 And joined that gallant army
 That's the pride of Bregasland

Chorus:
 You can talk about your Highguard
 And your Freeborn Privateers
 Your Wintermark militia
 And your Dawnish Volunteers
 Or any other army,
 The glorious Empire wide
 For I'd sooner be a Strong Reed,
 With a Marcher at my side.

2. Well I was a musician
 Across the land I'd play
 From the taverns down in Wayford
 To the golden fields of Hay
 But now I am a drummer
 And I've laid my harp aside
 And now I march to battle
 Proudly at the Bounders' side

Chorus
 (ending with "For I'd sooner be a
 Bounder, with a Marcher at my side")

3. Well I was once a Friar
 A pilgrim on the Way
 My nights were spent in prayer
 And I tended herbs by day
 But I've left the monastery
 And I'm armed with mace and shield
 And now I preach to Tom Drake's army
 On the battlefield

Chorus
 (ending with "For I'd sooner be in
 Tom Drake's, with a Marcher at my side")

4. Once I was a trapper
 Culling vermin on the farm
 But I yearn to use my bow skills
 To do a greater harm
 So now I've left the copses
 Where the fox and deer abide
 To go to cull the enemy,
 The Beaters at my side

Chorus (ending with "For I'd sooner be a Beater,
 with a Marcher at my side")

5. I bargain with Eternals,
 I circle and recite
 To bring the crops to fruitfulness
 Heal blemish and the blight
 And now, intoning in the fray
 Unarmed, no plate, no chain
 This Upwold Keeper strives to keep
 His fellow Bounders sane

Chorus (ending with "For I'd sooner be a Bounder,
 with a Marcher at my side")

6. The sickle that scythed through the grain
 Now reaps a grimmer yield
 And the billhook that repaired the hedge
 Lays waste upon the field
 The Strong Reeds stand unbowed, unbent
 Against the coming storm
 And now we thresh right through them
 Like a flail through the corn

Chorus (ending with "For I'd sooner be a Strong Reed,
 with a Marcher at my side")

7. Where the land once echoed
 With hammer striking steel
 The rhythm of the lathe and loom,
 The weapon-maker's zeal
 The gathering troops now gird their loins
 With the fruits of sweat and blood:
 The gambeson, the mail shirt,
 The hauberk and the hood

Chorus (ending with "For I'd sooner be a Marcher,
 with my fellows at my side")