



Bury my broadsword

This call and response song is about a general, dying many miles from home, who wishes to be buried in his favourite orchard.

Note: A D and A drone works with this. You can continue doing solo and response in the four-part section if you prefer.

This one looks far more complicated as sheet music than it really is! The rhythm follows the natural rhythm of the words, but if you want to be really accurate saying "staple, staple, triangle, staple, staple" helps get a feel for it!)

solo:

1) Will you mourn this ruth-less war-lord?

response

Fo-reign cold clay

4

Men were slaugh-tered, as I or-dered.

rusts my-broad-sword.

Four-part vocal harmony

Leaves will fill my mouth;

Bring my bo-dy home to my orch-ard.

10
mould will take me For - eign cold clay

12
rusts my broad - sword - App - les fall to earth;

14
breath for - sakes me Bring my bo - dy home to my orch - ard.

1. Will you mourn this ruthless warlord?
Foreign, cold clay rusts my broadsword.
Men were slaughtered, as I ordered.
Bring my body home to my orchard.

Leaves will fill my mouth; mould will take me -
Foreign, cold clay rusts my broadsword.
Apples fall to earth; breath forsakes me.
Bring my body home to my orchard.

2. Tears dry in her eyes; she forgets me -
Foreign cold clay rusts my broadsword
Snow will bed me down; melts will wet me.
Bring my body home to my orchard.
(repeat melody of last two lines:)
Send one true man out - out to fetch me.
Bury my broadsword in my orchard.

Fieldfares steal my fruit where it's lying
Foreign, cold clay rusts my broadsword.
My old, shaggy hound sits sighing.
Bring my body home to my orchard

3. Men forsake my hearth, trust betraying
Foreign, cold clay rusts my broadsword. The
chantry's empty - no-one's praying
Bring my body home to my orchard
(repeat melody of last two lines)
Only one man cares - One man crying.
Bury my broadsword in my orchard.

(there is no second part to this last verse)