



# Bury my broadsword

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

Note: A drone (D&A) is good with this (chords are suggested). Don't be put off by the unusual rhythm - just follow the natural rhythm of the words.

1) Will you mourn this ruth - less - war - lord? Fo - reign cold clay  
 rusts my - broad - sword. Men were slaugh - tered, as I or - dered.  
 Bring my bo - dy home to my orch - ard. Leaves will fill my mouth;  
 mould will take me For - eign cold clay rusts my broad - sword -  
 App - les fall to earth; breath for - sakes me Bring my bo - dy  
 home to my orch - ard.

1. Will you mourn this ruthless warlord?  
 response: Foreign, cold clay rusts my broadsword.  
 Men were slaughtered, As I ordered.  
 response: 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 -  
 response: Foreign cold clay rusts my broadsword  
 Snow will bed me down; melts will wet me.  
 response: Bring my body home to my orchard.  
 (repeat melody of last two lines):  
 Send one true man out - out to fetch me.  
 response: Bury my broadsword in my orchard.

Fieldfares steal my fruit where it's ly-ing  
 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 the third verse)