



# Singing Them In

by Kit Barbourne and Gerald Merrowvale

A Bm

1. She sings them in - to - ba - ttle be - neath the glea - ming leaves

Em Chorus:

Mar - chers full - of - me - ttle Bri - ngers in of sheaves And

D G D

when the woods - are - ring - ing, with the clash of blade on helm the -

Em

e - cho of her sing - ing will - bring them all - back home.

*She sings them into battle  
Beneath the gleaming leaves:  
Marchers full of mettle,  
Bringers-in of sheaves,*

*Chorus:  
And when the woods are ringing  
With the clash of blade on helm  
The echo of her singing  
Will bring them all back home*

*Farming men and women  
Whose toil proves their worth,  
Whose hearths are red and warming,  
Whose lives are fresh-turned earth.*

*Chorus*

*The spade became a weapon;  
The fork became a pike;  
No matter what may happen  
They're ready for their work:*

*Chorus*

*Or touch them when they're dying  
In the deep parts of the wood,  
When roots and twigs are sighing  
For a fallen Marcher's blood*

*Chorus*

*For the blood is blessed by singing -  
Like the mulch spread on a field;  
A Marcher only spills it  
To bring a better yield.*

*Chorus*

*She sings them into battle:  
Who leave their homes and farms  
To fight for lands so fertile,  
For the child in her arms.*

*Chorus x 2*