



This book contains just the lyrics to the songs contained in the original Marcher Songbook. They are laid out with larger and clearer text for ease of readability in the candlelight of the taverns!

### **Acknowledgements:**

Marcher cultural traditions are so rich and varied that it would not be practical to include every known song in one volume – you'd need a wagon to carry it around!

However, in this book we aim to provide a good variety, both traditional and recently composed, for singing in a wide variety of situations. No-matter what time of year, whether you are in the tavern or preparing to fight, cheering on a game of foot-the-ball, at a funeral or ritual, or wishing to woo a lad or lass – we hope you will find something here that fits the bill. We hope this inspires you to gather more Marches songs or perhaps write your own!

This is dedicated to the memory of the following members of House Ramsbruck who contributed to this volume: Annis of Ramsbruck, Jennet of Mourn and Gerald Merrowvale.

With thanks also to Kit the Mummer, also of Ramsbruck, and Merrick's Travelling Company: Rowan and Silas Merrick.

# *The Marcher Songbook*

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## *Bringing in the Sheaves*

1. Though it's way past harvest  
time

Some still toil and wagons

rattle

Corn still stands in rank and  
line

And defies us all

We can see it in our past

Blood will out and joy will  
battle

Though we work in different  
ways

We're bringing in the sheaves

**Chorus:**

Bringing in the sheaves

We're bringing in the sheaves

Though we work in different  
ways

We're bringing in the sheaves

2. Though we started from the

land

Some of us do roam abroad

The hand upon the gliding  
plough

Is not for everyone

Changing seasons help us see

Those who hear a different  
drummer

Though not in one harmony

We're bringing in the

sheaves

**Chorus:**

Bringing in the sheaves

We're bringing in the

sheaves

Though not in one harmony

We're bringing in the sheaves

3. What lay dormant in the soil

Is wakened by the kiss of  
summer

So the fruits of yesteryear

Become the years new corn

Every stem has at its core,

Part of those who went before

In turn they will be kept in

store

By bringing the sheaves

**Chorus:**

Bringing in the sheaves

We're bringing in the

sheaves

In turn they will be kept in

store

By bringing in the sheaves

4. In conclusion bear in mind

What example has begun

What today you do in kind

Has power for everyone

True strong aims will pass

along

To your daughters and your  
sons

So may they in years to come

Be bringing in the sheaves

**Chorus:**

Bringing in the sheaves

We're bringing in the sheaves

P  
SEP

So may they in years to comeP  
SEP

Be bringing in the sheaves

(repeat chorus)

## *A Marcher At My Side*

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)

....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**  
On the battlefield

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

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

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

7. Where the land once echoed  
With hammer striking steel  
The rhythm of the lathe and  
loom,

## *Marcher Battle Song*

1. Marcher lasses, Marcher  
lads,  
Leave your homes and leave  
your farms  
Beat your ploughshares into  
swords  
The time has come to take up  
arms *(Repeat)*

**Chorus:**  
Come along and join with me  
Hear the horns the Beaters  
blow  
Our foes will fall before the  
scythe  
From earth we come, to earth  
we go

2. Join me marching ever on  
With your billhook in your  
hand  
Feel the ground begin to shake

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):  
...For I'd sooner be a  
**Marcher, with my fellows at  
my side**

When Marchers fight for  
Marcher land *(Repeat)*

Chorus

3. We are stout and we are  
strong  
Marcher folk will never yield  
We shall never be afraid  
With Virtue as our shining  
shield *(Repeat)*

Chorus

4. Those that stand before us  
now  
They shall reap just as they sow  
Their bodies will enrich our  
soil  
Their blood will make the  
barley grow *(Repeat)*

Chorus x 2

## *Rebel March*

### **Chorus:**

Rise up now and break your shackles  
Join us as we march along  
Sister side by side with brother  
Till we march ten thousand strong

1. I shall have no lord and master  
Sitting in his halls of stone  
Sow no corn and reap no harvest  
But for land that's ours alone

Chorus

2. I shall wear no leash and collar  
I shall be no rich man's hound  
Let the scraps from off his table  
Lie uneaten on the ground

Chorus

3. Never more we'll bow and curtsy

Never more we'll bend the knee  
Ours will be a bond of equals  
Forged in trust and loyalty

Chorus

4. You who serve a cruel master  
You who long to be set free  
Take the yoke from off your shoulders  
Rise up now and follow me

Chorus

5. Raise your head and raise the banner  
Fall in now behind the drum  
Foes shall quail and tyrants tremble  
As they hear the Marchers come

Chorus



## *Singing Them In*

1. 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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

4. 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

5. 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

6. 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

## *Who'll Come and Join the Beaters?*

### **Chorus:**

Who'll come and join the  
beaters?  
Who'll come along with me?  
Who'll come and join the  
beaters?  
Beating out the boundary!

4. Search for signs of unseen  
danger  
Scout ahead and seek the  
threat  
Track the spoor of hidden  
quarry  
Never failed to find them yet

1. Early as the day was  
breaking  
We were up before first light  
Long and hard is the road  
before us  
Far to go by day and night

Chorus

Chorus

5. When the drums of war are  
beating  
When the horns begin to blow  
We'll be first into the battle  
Swift and strong against the foe

2. Roving through the silver  
chases  
Ranging wide across the fen  
Work to do and far to travel  
Till our road turns home again

Chorus

Chorus

6. Here's a toast to the gallant  
beaters  
Gather round and raise your  
glass  
None so fine in all the empire  
Heroes every lad and lass

3. Flushing out the thieves and  
cheaters  
Vagabonds and outlaw bands  
They'd do well to fear the  
beaters  
Bringing order to the land

Chorus

Chorus

## *Whose Pigs Are These?*

1. Whose pigs are these? Whose pigs are these?

They are John Potts',  
You can tell them by the spots  
And I found them in the  
monastery garden

2...It's a Merrick sow  
And its bigger than a cow...

3...He's a Cullach boar,  
You should hear the buggar  
roar...

4...It's a King's Stoke sow  
And she won't ever bow

5...It's a Talbot hog

And it's loyal as a dog...

6...It's a Bolholt pig,  
You can tell because its big...

7...You can tell it's had a bevvv  
With the Applewood Levy...

8. It's a Fernwood pig,  
It's dancing a jig

9. It's from Ramsbruck Keep  
And it's actually a sheep

10. It belongs to a Beater:  
It's a keeper, not an eater



## *The Bolholt Song*

1. Bregaslanders, blood and  
bone  
Bolholt! Bolholt!  
Strong as iron, hard as stone  
Bolholt! Bolholt!  
Hard at work by day and night  
Never beaten in the fight  
Courage, pride and loyalty  
Marcher yeomen are we

2. For the land we'll tireless toil  
Bolholt! Bolholt!  
Golden corn and rich brown  
soil  
Bolholt! Bolholt!  
By our oath and duty bound  
Loyal as a hunting hound  
Courage, pride and loyalty  
Marcher yeomen are we

3. Bolholt maids have beauty  
rare  
Bolholt! Bolholt!  
In all the Empire none so fair  
Bolholt! Bolholt!

Bolholt lads are stout and  
strong  
Handsome as the day is long  
Courage, pride and loyalty  
Marcher yeomen are we

4. Fearsome foes wait on the  
field  
Bolholt! Bolholt!  
Still we'll fight and never yield  
Bolholt! Bolholt!  
Raise the banner up on high  
Now they'll hear the battle cry  
Courage, pride and loyalty  
Marcher yeomen are we

6. Time to put aside your  
plough  
Bolholt! Bolholt!  
March with me to battle now  
Bolholt! Bolholt!  
On to victory or death  
Never fail while we draw  
breath  
Courage, pride and loyalty  
Marcher yeomen are we



## *The Ram of Ramsbruck*

1. There was a Ram of  
Ramsbruck  
He had three horns of steel  
Two stuck out of his head, sir  
And one stuck out of his heel  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just ask the folks of Ramsbruck  
They'll say the same as I

2. There was a hound of Talbot  
His fur was soft and white  
He'd watch the sheep by day,  
sir  
And counted coins by night  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just go and ask the Talbots  
They'll say the same as I

3. In Applewood a tree grew  
So mighty to behold  
The bark was made of brass, sir  
The apples made of gold  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just ask the folks of Applewood  
They'll say the same as I

4. The Cullach had a pig, sir  
A fierce and angry boar  
They'd dress it all in plate, sir  
And ride it off to war  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just go and ask the Cullachs  
They'll say the same as I

5. There was a hound of Bolholt  
As cunning as a fox  
'Twas taller than a horse, sir  
And stronger than an ox  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just ask the folks of Bolholt  
They'll say the same as I

6. A tower has stood in King's  
Stoke  
Since Marcher land was born,  
It's tall and thick and proud, sir,  
And broke the King of Dawn.  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just ask the folks of King's  
Stoke  
They'll say the same as I

7. The Boundarymen hunt  
villains  
By crescent moon's pale light  
They take it down each morn,  
sir  
And put it back each night  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just ask the boundary beaters  
They'll say the same as I

8. The Merricks save our bacon:  
Such doughty, generous folk  
They shelter all around them  
Just like a mighty oak  
And if you don't believe them  
And think I tell a lie

Just go and ask the Marchers  
They'll say the same as I

9. The Balstons caught a badger  
A hundred winters old  
Its burrow stretched for miles,  
sir  
And covered all the wold  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just ask the boys of Balston  
They'll say the same as I

10. The Vigilant of Pickham,  
Have sworn an oath as monks.  
Where Dawn fought Major  
Benson  
And came out as fine chunks.  
And if you don't believe them  
And think I tell a lie  
Just ask the folk of Pickham  
They'll say the same as I

11. The Guildensterns love  
history  
There's mysteries to be found!  
And when they're not out  
hunting clues  
They're usually beating  
bounds!  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just go and ask the Iron Duke  
He'll say the same as I.

12. There was a goat of Dunlain  
Whose stubborn final stand  
Defended green iron's secrets  
From raiding Jotun bands  
And if you don't believe me

And think I tell a lie  
Just go and ask the folk of  
Dunlain  
They'll say the same as I

13. Oh James he had a liripipe  
And Hattie had a hat  
Between them both they could  
carry the world, and twice as  
much as that,  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just ask around in Fernwood  
They'll say the same as I.

14. The Green Men brewed  
their own mead  
It tasted sweet and light  
They gave it to the Dawn sir:  
It made them ill all night  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just go and ask the Green Men  
They'll say the same as I!

15. The Swindale folk got  
scattered  
or lost by Jotun hand  
They can't bring back the  
bodies  
So we'll take back the land  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just ask your friends from  
Swindale  
They'll say the same as I.

*pto..*

16. In Maidstone there's a maiden  
Entirely made of grass  
They deck a stone with ribbons  
And stick it up her...  
And if you don't believe me  
And think I tell a lie  
Just ask the folk of Maidstone  
They'll say the same as I

17. We Marchers are an odd folk,  
And no two are the same,  
Though we may share a fence, or house,  
Or share a family name.  
And if you don't believe me,  
And think I tell a lie,  
Just go ask the Marchers,  
they'll say the same as I



## *Talbot Song*

### **Chorus:**

Oh the finest sight I ever saw  
Was the Talbots marching off  
to war  
Banner high and steel in hand  
To fight for hearth and home  
and land

1. Long ago in a land abroad  
A nation slaved for a tyrant  
lord  
Till the call came : 'Rise and  
draw your sword  
'To fight with Steward Talbot'

2. 'With blood we'll earn our  
liberty  
And to the West our land shall  
be  
For those who'll march and  
fight with me  
Beneath the flag of Talbot'

### Chorus

3. Where the soil is rich and  
black as peat  
And the roses grow so white  
and sweet  
They forged their steel in the  
furnace heat  
And made the house of Talbot

4. They raised an army,  
Mitwold's pride  
Who marched and fought at  
Tom Drake's side  
'Till all the Empire far and wide  
Had heard the name of Talbot

### Chorus

5. See the table, richly laid  
Filled with fruits of all their  
trades  
Ne'er was such a welcome  
made  
As in the house of Talbot

6. Scribes and scholars, quick of  
mind  
Physicks skilful, swift and kind  
In every walk of life you'll find  
The talents of a Talbot

### Chorus

7. Now true and loyal I will stay  
And steadfast walk in Virtue's  
way  
And may I fall before the day  
I shame the name of Talbot

8. Now on this day as days  
before  
I'll wield the blade my father  
bore  
Proud as my kin in days of yore  
To fight with Steward Talbot

### Chorus

## *Ramsbrucks O!*

1. Take no scorn to wear the horn  
It was the crest when you were born  
Your father's mother wore it  
And your father wore it too

### **Chorus:**

Ramsbrucks O! Jolly farmers, o!  
We were up long before the  
day-o  
To welcome in the summer,  
To welcome in the May-o  
Summer is a-coming in  
And winter's gone away-o

2. William and Annis  
Have both gone to the fair-o  
And we will to the merry green  
wood  
To hunt the buck and hare-o

3. Strength to all our generals  
With all their power and might-  
o  
And send us peace to  
Bregasland  
Send peace by day and night-o

4. There's wheat and barley in  
the fields  
And plenty more inside-o  
And to every traveller  
Our door is open wide-o

5. There's some who craft and  
some who brew  
And some who work the land-o  
But when the call to battle  
comes  
Together we shall stand-o

6. Behold our merry mummers  
Are here to sing and play-o  
So let us fill the flowing bowl  
And drink until the day-o

7. What happened to the  
Dawnish  
That made so great a boast-o?  
Why they shall eat the  
feathered goose  
And we shall eat the roast-o

8. And as for Jack-of-the-  
Marches  
Our Jack's a Ramsbruck too-o  
They'll fight and drink and  
dance and play  
Alongside me and you-o!

Repeat first verse.

## *Gallant Archer*

Chorus:

Who will go with gallant  
Archer?  
Who will go with Sweet Will's  
men?  
He's the flower of the Bregas  
And the darling of the fen  
See the white rose in his  
bonnet  
See his banner proudly sway  
His good sword he now has  
drawn it  
And has flung the sheath away

1. Fighting in the woods of  
Chalcis  
Orcs and monsters all were  
killed  
Highborn, Freeborn all to  
safety  
Marchers last to leave the field  
A sudden rush from Orcish  
forces  
Loud and clear retreat did  
sound  
As the portal closed behind us  
Three bold men lay on the  
ground

Chorus

2. Up then spoke Courageous  
Archer  
"Marchers we have all to do  
Jack can open up the portal  
But we must bravely step back  
through  
If they live we'll bring them  
back

And celebrate our Loyalty  
And if they're dead we'll bring  
them home  
To lay beneath an apple tree."

Chorus

3. Every faithful Marcher  
followed  
Strong as steady as the tide  
Returned into the field of battle  
Stoutly marching side by side  
Ever watchful, ever onward  
Generals, Captains, brave  
Yeomen,  
Scoured the dark and faced the  
danger  
To bring the Cullachs home  
again!

Chorus

4. Of the three that day were  
rescued  
Two were wounded mighty  
sore  
And one did give his life for  
Empire  
Birchland did rise up no more  
So Marchers always stand  
together  
To make a loss of one from  
three  
Join me now in praise and song  
For William Archer's bravery!

Chorus

## *Drummer Girl*

1. When I was just a young lass with no land of me own  
I robbed me parents, ran away, all for to serve the Throne  
The officer who enlisted me said you are a fine young lass  
And I think you'll make a drummer girl, so step this way young lass  
So step this way young lass, so step this way young lass  
And I think you'll make a drummer girl so step this way young lass

2. Me waist it being slender and me fingers neat and small  
At playing on the kettle drum I soon exceeded all  
I played upon the kettle drum as other drummers played  
I played upon the kettle drum and still remained a maid  
And still remained a maid (etc.)

3. I've frozen in Varushka and I've baked on the Brass Coast  
I've seen the Orcish armies and I've fought 'em more than most  
But I lay down with a laddie and my belly it did swell  
And I went straight to my officer my secret for to tell  
My secret for to tell (etc.)

4. The officer he looked at me and asked if it were true  
"Oh, such a thing in all the world I would not think of you"  
He shook me by the hand and then he smiled as he said  
"It's a pity we should lose you, such a drummer as you've made  
"A drummer as you've made (etc.)

5. So fare thee well my officer, you have been good to me  
And likewise all my comrades, I'm not forgetting thee  
And when my baby's safely with his granny on the fen  
I'll put on me cap and feather and I'll beat the drum again  
I'll beat the drum again (etc.)



## *A Bag On Her Head*

1. A long time ago in a village  
near me  
Lived Alice who was a young  
crone  
Children would scream at the  
sight of her face  
So always she lived so alone

2. Then one fine day a minstrel  
passed by  
He looked at this wretch and he  
said  
You could go out and not scare  
all the folks  
If you just put a bag on your  
head

Chorus:  
A bag on you head, a bag on  
your head  
Try to go out with a bag on  
your head (x2)

3. So Alice thought 'well it's  
worth a try'  
And dug out an old flour sack  
And she cut out two holes for  
eyes to see  
And set out at a march up the  
track

Chorus:  
A bag on her head, a bag on her  
head  
She tried going out with a bag  
on her head (x2)

4. It worked very well and  
though people stared  
No-body fainted or screamed  
So she used the same ploy for  
many a week  
And always it worked like a  
dream

Chorus:  
A bag on her head, a bag on her  
head  
She always goes out with a bag  
on her head (x2)

5. After some time Alice met a  
young man  
And he was a miller by trade  
He was allured by the scent of  
her old flour sack  
And so he went courting this  
maid

Chorus:  
A bag on her head, a bag on her  
head  
She always goes out with a bag  
on her head (x2)

6. One cold autumn day they  
went for a walk  
And the wind was blowing a  
gale  
It blew off the bag from Alice's  
head  
And the miller turned suddenly  
pale

Chorus:  
A bag on her head, a bag on her head  
No longer she had a bag on her head (x2)

7. He sped down the road in shock and in fear  
Though pursued by demons from hell  
Then realised he'd miss holding her hand  
And her wonderful floury smell

Chorus:  
A bag on her head, a bag on her head  
No longer she had a bag on her head (x2)

8. Alice, he said, will you be my wife  
But just one thing I must ask  
Double your bags in case of mishap

And never again lose your mask

Chorus:  
Two bags on her head, two bags on her head  
She always goes out with two bags on her head (x2)

9. So one summer day young Alice got wed  
And as promised she ne'er showed her face  
Her wedding gown had ribbons and pearls  
And the bag on her head had some lace

Chorus:  
Two bags on her head, two bags on her head  
She even got wed with two bags on her head (x2)



## *The Domestic*

1. A farmer, hungry from the fields  
Came into his kitchen  
His wife was sitting by the fire  
A patchwork quilt a-stitching  
And on the hob there hung a pot  
Full of stew, a-piping hot  
His stomach grumbled quite a lot  
To taste it he was itching

2. He grabbed a ladle in his hand  
And sneaked a little taste  
But he spilt a drop of stew,  
Too clumsy in his haste.  
She threw a platter at his head  
And cursed the day that they were wed,  
"You greedy pig," the woman said,  
"My stew has gone to waste"

Chorus

3. "You bloody harpy," cried the farmer  
"You virago, you shrew!  
You ugly scold, you termagent!  
I'm sick to death of you!  
You bruised my head, you evil witch,  
When you should shut your gob and stitch,  
Oh bugger off, you idle bitch!  
I've had enough! We're through!"

4. "You fat old sod," the farmer's wife  
Replied, "You're so pathetic -  
You're a bastard and a churl  
Your breath is an emetic  
You're a slob, you're bald and old  
An uncouth yob whose  
ardour's cold  
And the weapon that you hold's  
A strange sort of prosthetic"

Chorus

5. The wife climbed on the grey-lag goose,  
The farmer on the sow;  
He took a pitchfork in his hand  
Crying, "I'll impale the cow!"  
She swore that she would do him harm;  
She held her distaff in her arm,  
And all the chickens on the farm  
Came to watch the row.

(one verse-worth of chicken noises!)

6. And all the night the couple jousted  
'Till both were black and blue,  
And when the sow and goose were tired  
They caught another two.  
So when your mistress wants a kiss,  
And wants to share in wedded bliss  
To have and hold or take the piss,  
My lad, its up to you.

## *The Three Landskeepers*

1. There were three happy keepers  
Who lived beneath the moor,  
All three of them contented;  
Their suitors would implore:  
"O, marry us before you're old,  
We'll warm you in foul weather."  
But the keepers scorned them all:  
"We're happy here together."

2. One morning these three keepers,  
They got up bright and early,  
One a redhead, one was brown,  
And one was blonde and curly.  
Said Keeper One to Keeper Two, "  
'Tis still before the dawn;  
Shall we do the laundry now  
Or shall we thresh the corn?"

3. "Such dreary chores," said Keeper Three, "  
'Tis better far in bed;  
Chores of this sort are tiresome  
When all is done and said  
Let's make our way to yonder field,  
A three-stoned ring we'll build,  
A ton or two each mighty stone  
To prove that we're strong willed."

4. Before they made their breakfast  
Their labours were constructive,  
And never at the crack of dawn  
Had they been more productive.  
Three keepers built a quoit of stones  
And, if I'm not mistaken,  
After that they well deserved  
Their eggs, fried bread and bacon.



## *Beware the Hawthorn!*

1. At Sallow's End in  
Bregasland  
A faerie hawthorn stood,  
And folk would come from  
miles around  
To see its gnarly wood;  
Its faerie blossoms filled the air  
With a most wonderful scent –  
The farmer took a mighty axe  
And to the tree he went  
The farmer took a mighty axe  
And to the tree he went.

2. "I'm sick of all these nosy-  
parkers!"  
The angry farmer cried.  
He chopped it down; the jagged  
leaves  
Withered all and died.  
First the fellow broke his leg  
And then he broke his arm,  
And not long after that, 'tis said  
That lightning struck his farm  
(repeat last two lines)

**Chorus:**  
Beware, beware the hawthorn  
Lest it strike you down  
For if you take an axe to it  
You'll rue that you were born  
(x2)

3. At Greywater, I know it's  
true,  
A faerie hawthorn stood..(etc).  
(repeat rest of first verse)

4. "I need this land to grow  
good rye,  
This tree is in my way!"  
But with one blow he dropped  
the axe  
And screaming, ran away,  
For blood ran out the cleaved  
trunk  
As from a severed neck,  
And I've heard tell that ever  
since  
He's been a nervous wreck  
(repeat last two lines)

Chorus

5. In Ottery, last century,  
A faerie hawthorn stood (etc.)  
(repeat rest of first verse)

6. "I shall dispense with rituals,  
I need to plough this land!"  
He stopped and leant against a  
thorn  
And drove it through his hand.  
He died of septicaemia  
Not many evenings after;  
The churchyard at the funeral  
Was filled with faery laughter  
(repeat last two lines)

Chorus

7. At Graven Rock, it is said,  
A faerie hawthorn stood (etc).  
(Repeat rest of first verse)

8. "I need this thorn for  
firewood!"  
And on the earthen hill;  
He raised his axe and chopped  
all night  
The hawthorn for to kill.  
And from that day no hen  
would lay,  
No fawn born in the wild,  
No cow would calf, or so they  
say,  
And no woman bear a child.  
(repeat last two lines)

Chorus

9. On a scenic bit of Dawnish  
real estate,  
A faerie hawthorn stood  
And folk would come from  
miles around  
To see its gnarly wood;  
Its faerie blossoms filled the air

With a most gloriously  
wondrous scent –  
A builder took a mighty axe  
And to the tree he went  
A builder took a mighty axe  
And to the tree he went

10. The branches soon were  
cleared away,  
The trunk was chopped and  
piled;  
He built a mansion for an Earl,  
His lady, and their child,  
But all were dead, I've heard it  
said,  
Before the Mayday morn;  
And thus the May shall do to  
you  
If you chop down a thorn.  
(repeat last two lines)

Chorus



## *Foot-the-ball*

1. They gathered by the golden fields  
One glorious summer's day  
And swore to settle the rivalry  
Of Wayford and of Hay  
For foot-the-ball's a game for all,  
For rich, for poor, for fools,  
The better for being unencumbered  
By such things as rules

### **Chorus:**

The ball, the ball!  
There's nothing like the ball!  
None shall ever stop our play  
And none of us shall fall!  
We, the Marchers, merry all  
Besmirched with mud and grime  
And now we'll chase the ball forever,  
'til the end of time.

2. They kicked off at the Maiden Stone,  
The ball placed on the ground  
And as the ball bounced down the hill  
Each shot off like a hound  
Upon the ground behind the ball,  
Their feet beat like bass drums,  
And blue were the contusions  
They got from all the scrums.

Chorus

3. Two mummers played a merry jig,  
The music it was bracing,  
And loud were all the lusty shouts  
Of all who went a-chasing.  
Oblivious to all the rules  
Much to the ref's dismay  
One goalmouth was the Wayford Inn  
And one the Inn at Hay

4. Sometimes the ball went northward,  
And sometimes to the south,  
Sometimes a player had to spit  
The teeth out from his mouth.  
Sometimes they ran on through a hedge,  
Sometimes into a pond;  
At last the ball bounced to the south  
Through the barley and beyond.

Chorus

5. And soon the Wayford folk seemed poised  
For one last dash victorious;  
One well-aimed shot through Hay's defence,  
The ending would be glorious!  
They'd pound their fists upon the bar,  
Get drunk on Hay's fine ale -  
But then the fellow with the ball  
Turned ghastly white and pale:

6. The local killjoy, he stepped  
out  
"This is no time for play  
You should be all a-tilling crops  
Not entering the fray  
For you are all unvirtuous fools  
And nothing can atone!"  
The local killjoy waved his staff  
And turned them all to stone.

Chorus

## *Pull Down Below*

Sally lives on an old plantation  
Pull down below!  
She's the prettiest in the nation  
Pull down below!

### **Chorus:**

Oh Marcher laddie  
Pull down below  
Marcher laddie, bonnie laddie  
Pull down below

For seven years he courted  
Sally Pull down below  
And all he did was dilly-dally  
Pull down below

Chorus

He bought no gowns, he bought  
no laces  
Pull down below  
Didn't take her out to fancy  
places  
Pull down below

7. But if that was their  
punishment  
Then none of them lamented;  
The killjoy was a craven fool  
To think that they repented:  
For all the days within the year  
Are now for foot-the-ball,  
And they shall be eternally  
Entangled in the brawl.

Chorus

Sally Brown she loved him  
dearly  
Pull down below  
He had her heart so very nearly  
Pull down below

Chorus

Sally Brown he wouldn't marry  
Pull down below  
And she no longer cares to  
tarry  
Pull down below

Chorus

This laddie now he took a  
notion  
Pull down below  
To sail away across the ocean  
Pull down below

Chorus x2

## *Safe and Sound*

1. Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack  
Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack  
Long we've tossed on the rolling main, now we're safe ashore, Jack.  
Don't forget yer old shipmate, folly roly roly roly rye-o!

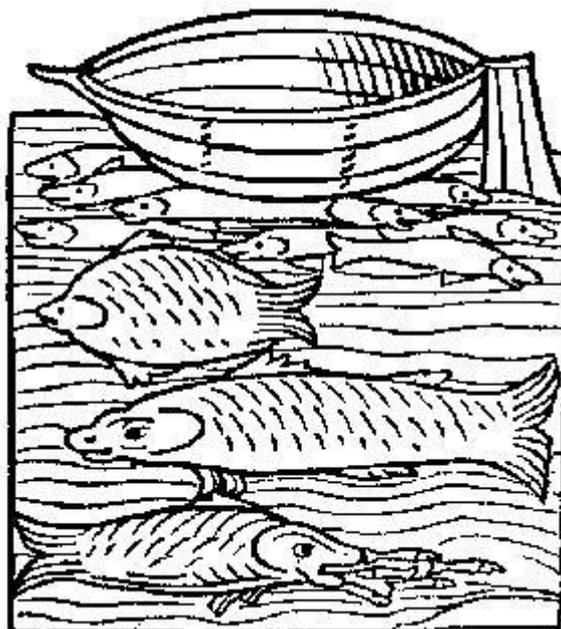
2. Since we sailed from Fishers Rock, four years gone, or nigh, Jack.  
Was there ever comrades, now, such as you and I, Jack?  
Long we've tossed on the rolling main....

3. Oftentimes have we laid out, toil nor danger fearing,  
Tugging out the flapping sail to the weather earring.  
Long we've tossed on the rolling main....

4. When the middle watch was on, and the time went slow, boy,  
Who could choose a rousing stave, who like Jack or Jo, boy?  
Long we've tossed on the rolling main.....

5. There she swings, an empty hulk, not a soul below now.  
Number seven starboard mess misses Jack and Jo now.  
Long we've tossed on the rolling main...

6. But the best of friends must part, fair or foul the weather.  
Hand yer flipper for a shake, now a drink together.  
Long we've tossed on the rolling main.....



## *The Snow in the Stubble*

1. The snow in the stubble,  
The tracks of a hare,  
The marks of a field-mouse,  
The crow's path through air,  
The rime on the oak branch,  
The frost on a stone:  
This is the way, though I walk it  
alone.

2. The snow in the stubble,  
The path by the bridge,  
The spraint of the fox  
At the edge of the ridge,

The autumn-shed antler,  
The pale, bleached bone:  
This is the way, though I walk it  
alone.

3. The snow in the stubble,  
The snow in the brake,  
The snow that deceives  
And covers a lake:  
This way of bewilderment,  
Heart overthrown –  
This is the way, though I walk it  
alone.

## *Chopping Wood*

1. I'm chopping wood, I'm  
chopping wood  
Chopping all day long  
I keep an even rhythm  
I work, you sing your song

2. I'm chopping wood, I'm  
chopping wood  
I cut against the grain  
And when the wood is severed  
through  
I turn and chop again

3. I'm chopping wood, I'm  
chopping wood  
The resin oozes slow  
It congeals against the blade

It's how you whet your bow

4. I'm chopping wood, I'm  
chopping wood  
I stoop, I bend, I sweat  
My blisters break, your fingers  
ache  
My drum is beating yet

5. I'm chopping wood, I'm  
chopping wood  
Beneath the wintry skies  
And over farms and woods and  
hills  
The music never dies

## *Yew*

1. A yew grew in a forest glade  
Why am I dressed so darkly?  
Her fingers stretched where  
faeries played  
Your clothes last all the year.  
She wept and pined, for leaves  
of gold

Why am I dressed so darkly?  
Lamenting needles short and  
cold  
Your clothes last all the year.

2. The faeries sat amongst her  
roots  
Why am I dressed so darkly?  
And flew with wands to touch  
her shoots  
Your clothes last all the year.  
They gave her leaves both gold  
and fair

Why am I dressed so darkly?  
But robbers came and stripped  
her bare  
Your clothes last all the year.

3. The faeries sat upon her  
bough  
Why am I dressed so darkly?  
And gave her leaves of crystal  
now  
Your clothes last all the year.

They grew and gleamed with  
magical spell  
Why am I dressed so darkly?  
But hailstorms came; the  
crystals fell  
Your clothes last all the year.

4. The faeries fluttered high in  
her crown  
Why am I dressed so darkly?  
Her russet trunk wore such a  
frown  
Your clothes last all the year.  
They gave her leaves both  
broad and green  
Why am I dressed so darkly?  
But deer came browsing 'til no  
leaves were seen  
Your clothes last all the year.

5. So they gave her needles  
short and stout  
Why am I dressed so darkly?  
The winter winds whirled  
about  
Your clothes last all the year.  
And not one needle fell to  
ground  
Why am I dressed so darkly?  
The faeries laughed, and  
danced around:  
Your clothes last all the year

## *Jack in the Green*

1. Now winter is over I'm happy to say  
And we're all met again in our ribbons so gay  
And we're all met again, on the first day of Spring  
To go about dancing with Jack in the Green

### **Chorus:**

Jack in the Green, Jack in the Green  
And we'll all dance each Spring time with Jack in the Green

2. Now Jack in the Green he's a very fine man  
He harvests each autumn, and sows every spring  
And each year on his birthday, we will dance through the street  
And in return our Jack he will ripen our wheat

### Chorus

3. With his mantle he'll cover the trees that are bare  
Our gardens he'll trim with his jacket so fair  
But our fields he will sow with the hair on his head  
And our grain it will ripen to make us fine bread  
Chorus

4. Now the sun is half up and it tokens the hour  
That the children arrive with their garlands of flowers  
So now let the music and the dancing begin  
And toast the good heart of our Jack in the Green



## *The Green Mist*

1. The waking of the Spring was coming  
Winter's debts were paid  
And yet she was growing white,  
That lovely little maid.  
She used to be the prettiest lass  
Now ashen as a cinder  
She spent her hours staring out  
The frost-flowered bedroom  
window.

**Refrain: Rise the Green Mist  
from the fields  
And touch the corn awake**

2. "I long to wake the Spring  
with you,"  
She moaned to her mother,  
But hoar-frost withered every  
branch  
And dismal was the weather.  
"The earth is calling; seeds are  
bursting as'll bloom over my  
head.  
I wish I'd live to see the  
cowslips and die once they are  
dead." **Refrain**

3. She crumbled salt, she  
crumbled bread,  
And leaning out the window,  
She sprinkled them upon the  
earth,  
The ground as crisp as tinder.  
The bogles listened in on her;  
They took down every word;

They brought the Green Mist,  
kindling songs in every bird.

**Refrain**

4. But though they made the  
wheat to grow  
And coloured every flower,  
The bogles had their hands on  
her,  
And claimed her by the hour.  
By every brook, the cowslips  
grew;  
She rallied, and grew strong –  
Invisible, the bogles came,  
Snickering in a throng. **Refrain**

5. On every verge, the cowslips  
bloomed;  
They yellowed all the village,  
And when they opened with  
the sun,  
She began to flourish,  
But by the church, the cowslips  
drooped,  
Although they burgeoned yet –  
And on her brow, the bogles  
cast a little bead of sweat.

**Refrain**

6. A fellow came a-courting  
And he plucked a cowslip  
flower,  
But when he pinned it to her  
breast  
She died within the hour.

## *Green George*

### **Chorus:**

Bind willow leaves about him,  
singing **Garlanded Green  
George**,  
All your goodly gifts a-bringing,  
**Garlanded Green George**,  
Bow down to him and call him  
king,  
Go to the river, fling him in,  
And let the rites of spring begin  
with **Garlanded Green  
George**.

1. Dance about the willow tree,  
A leaf for you, a leaf for me,  
And all that's left of leaves shall  
be for **Garlanded Green  
George**.

Lass with child, sat on the  
ground  
Your mother's garments, all  
around,  
"If they catch leaves, your child  
is sound," says **Garlanded  
Green George**.

### Chorus

2. Old and infirm, spit on the  
root; good health to you when  
grows the shoot,  
And let the mummers play the  
flute for  
**Garlanded Green George**.  
Bedecked with leaves from toe  
to top,  
Green George blesses beast and  
crop,

Goes to the tree and nought can  
stop good **Garlanded Green  
George**.

### Chorus

3. Then he takes iron nails  
three and knocks them fast into  
the tree,  
Then pulls them out, for all to  
see, does **Garlanded Green  
George**.

And as he pulls them out again,  
He calls on the river and the  
rain  
To grow the hay and feed the  
grain, our **Garlanded Green  
George**.

### Chorus

4. They grab Green George, the  
willowlad, willow-bound and  
willow-clad,  
The greenest George they ever  
had, our **Garlanded Green  
George**.

They throw him in the waters  
wide  
Where willows bend on either  
side,  
And cow gives calf and man  
takes bride from  
**Garlanded Green George**.

### Chorus

## *Steal Out*

### **Chorus:**

Forget the hearth, forget the  
roof

Set the wheel aside

Leave your weaving, warp and  
woof,

Steal out to us this Summer's  
night

1. Steal out to us, our tossing  
hair

Sets suit and moon and stars a-  
flare

The racing winds are hounds  
beside

The cloud-maned horses that  
we ride

Chorus

2. Come ride with us, have  
heart to dare,  
The plunging steed, the steeps  
of air

The swirling, high, tumultous  
flight,

The aery hooves, this Summer's  
night

Chorus

## *Wassail Song*

1. O Mistress, at your door our  
Wassail begin(s),  
Pray open the door, and let us  
come in,

### **Refrain:**

**With our Wassail, Wassail,  
Wassail, Wassail,  
And joy come to our jolly  
Wassail!**

2. O Mistress, at your door we  
kindly salute,  
For it is an old custom you  
cannot dispute,  
With our Wassail, etc.

3. O Mistress and Master,  
sitting down by the fire,

While we poor Wassail-men  
are travelling thro' the mire,  
With our Wassail, etc.

4. O Mistress and Master,  
sitting down at your ease,  
With their hands in their  
pockets to give what they  
please  
To our Wassail, etc.

5. Come young men and  
maidens, I pray you draw near;  
Come fill up our bowl with  
some cider or beer,  
With our Wassail, etc.

6. You see how we'll smile at  
our flowing bowl  
Just now it is empty, by-and-by  
t'will be full,  
With our Wassail, etc.

7. We wish you a good Harvest  
and a prosperous Year,  
And plenty of money and  
barrels of beer,  
With our Wassail, etc.

## *Apple Wassail*

Chorus:  
Stand fast, root, bear well, top,  
Raise your tankard to a healthy  
crop—  
And a little heap under the  
stairs—  
Hullo, boys, hullo - and blow  
the horn!

1. Come wassail with me  
Merry mummers, we!  
Spreading fecundity  
To every laden apple tree;  
We'll blow our horns at night  
To scare off evil sprites;  
We dance with delight,  
And sing all through the night:

Chorus:  
Stand fast, root, bear well, top,  
Raise your tankard for a  
howling crop—  
Every twig, apples big—  
And a little heap under the  
stairs—  
Hullo, boys, hullo - and blow  
the horn!

8. I wish you a blessing, and a  
long time to live,  
Because you're so free and so  
willing to give  
To our Wassail, etc.

3. Come, fetch out your lamp  
To banish dark and damp,  
Green crab apples, cored and  
roast,  
And, soaked in cider, crusty  
toast; We'll give, so generously  
These good gifts to the tree.  
We dance with delight,  
And sing all through the night:

Chorus:  
Stand fast, root, (etc.)... Every  
twig, apples big,  
Every bough, apples now—  
And a little heap under the  
stairs—  
Hullo, boys, hullo - and blow  
the horn!

4. Come, let's give a shout  
To bring good faeries out;  
About the trees they rush  
And the robin, and the thrush  
Will come, when it is day  
To steal the crumbs away,  
While we dance with delight  
And sing all through the night:

Chorus:  
Stand fast, root, (etc.)... Every  
twig, apples big,  
Every bough, apples now,  
Hats full, caps full—  
And a little heap under the  
stairs—  
Hullo, boys, hullo - and blow  
the horn!

5. Come, then, raise your  
tankard  
To the merry drunkard,  
She's a chuckler, she's a  
charmer And she'll ask the  
merry farmer, For cider, in full  
payment  
For wassailing entertainment,  
And we'll dance with delight  
And sing all through the night:

Chorus:

Stand fast, root, (etc.)... Every  
twig, apples big,  
Every bough, apples now,  
Hats full, caps full, five bushel  
sacks full—  
And a little heap under the  
stairs—  
Hullo, boys, hullo - and blow  
the horn!

6. When winter turns to spring,  
We mummers shall not sing.  
When the summer sun is  
glowing  
We will watch the apples  
growing,  
But when the light is failing  
We'll once more go wassailing  
We'll dance with delight  
And sing all through the night:

Chorus (as previous chorus)



## *The Golden Fields of Hay*

### **Chorus:**

Would you lie, love, lie  
And kiss me sweet and slow  
For Summer's nearly over  
And it's off to war you'll go  
Would you lie, love, lie  
Beside me all the day  
While the Summer sun is  
shining  
On the golden fields of Hay

1. She was brave and she was  
bonny  
A general was she  
And I was just a farmer laddie  
Still she smiled at me  
And her troops they stayed a  
Summer  
Before they marched away  
And I asked her if she'd love me  
On the golden fields of Hay  
Chorus

2. Oh she kissed me sweet and  
tender  
But her answer it was 'No,  
For if you get me with a child  
To war I cannot not go  
But if you'll make a promise  
That true to me you'll stay  
Then I'll return to love you  
On the golden fields of Hay.'

Chorus

3. Well my love she won the  
battle

But the price she paid was high  
And every heart was grieving  
When they brought her home  
to die  
Well they beat the drums so  
slowly  
And the fife so sweet did play  
As we buried her with honour  
On the golden fields of Hay

Chorus

4. Oh, the Autumn's cold  
without her  
There's no warmth in the sun  
But I'll waste no time in  
weeping  
When there's farming to be  
done  
And I'll never love another  
Until my dying day  
When they lay me down beside  
her  
On the golden fields of hay

Chorus

5. So come all you young true  
lovers  
This warning take by me  
For all your troths and tokens  
Yet parted you may be  
So while the sun is shining  
Together seize the day  
And lie and love each other  
On the golden fields of Hay

## *Harvest Time*

1. Harvest time  
The corn stands tall and ready  
We'll reap the grain and sow  
again  
The seeds of what will be  
You marched with Britta's  
army  
To fight for loyalty  
And while you're away, it's  
here I'll stay  
Till you come back to me

2. Darkness falls  
And all the land lies dreaming  
The stars are bright and shine  
tonight  
They burn as bright as day

They'll guide you on till  
morning  
Until the east is gray  
And across the land the  
dolmens stand  
Like milestones on your way

3. Seasons turn  
And autumn's changed to  
winter  
And in the sky the ravens fly  
Above the frozen fen  
We'll stand upon the hillside  
And light the wicker men  
And like beacons bright they'll  
burn tonight  
To guide you home again

## *Woodchips in my Hair*

1. When ice creeps into heart  
and limb  
I see the fire is nigh;  
I huddle to the smoking hearth;  
The glowing cinders fly.

2. The glowing cinders scorch  
my face;  
They settle on my cloak,  
And though I'm loth to draw  
away,  
My eyes are bleared with  
smoke.

3. My eyes are bleared with  
stinging tears:  
I love a woodsman strong,  
And though the woodchips rain  
on me,  
I love him warm and long.

4. I love him warm and long  
and true  
And still he does not care.  
I have woodchips in my cloak  
And cinders in my hair.

## *The Harvest of Mournwold*

### **Chorus:**

Cold the winds on the moors  
blow  
Warm, the enemy's fire glows  
Black, the harvest of the  
Mournwold  
Pain, and fear, and death grow.

1. The children of Mourn are  
bereft and lamenting  
Torn from their families, their  
homes and their land  
Forced out of the Mourn so  
their parents could save them  
The children will live, but their  
families will stand

Chorus

2. With love of their land they  
stood firm at High Courage  
But in scarcely the time that it  
takes me to sing  
The flower of the country, cut  
down by an army  
As ruthless and cruel as the  
Winter wind's sting

Chorus

3. The children of Mournwold  
are left to their weeping  
With only the memory of  
families long gone  
They yearn for their homes and  
the bones of their families  
The blackest of hours on this  
land has begun.

## *Lay Me Low*

### **Chorus:**

Lay me low, lay me low, lay me  
low  
Where no-one can see me  
Where no-one can find me  
Where no-one can hurt me

1. Show me the way, help me to  
say all that I need to  
All that I needed you gave me  
All that I wanted you made me

When I stumbled you saved me

Chorus

2. Throw me a line, help me to  
find something to cling to  
When the loneliness haunts me  
When the bitterness taunts me  
When the emptiness eats me.

Chorus

## *The Marcher Dirge*

### **Chorus:**

This aye nighte, this aye nighte,  
Every nighte and alle,  
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,  
And earth receive thy soul.

1. When thou from hence away  
art past  
Every nighte and alle,  
To Whinny Moor thou com'st at  
last  
And earth receive thy soul

### Chorus

2. If ever thou gavest hosen and  
shoon,  
Every nighte and alle,  
Sit thee down and put them on  
And earth receive thy soul

### Chorus

3. If hosen and shoon thou  
ne'er gav'st nane  
Every nighte and alle,  
The whinnes shall prick thee to  
the bare bane.  
And earth receive thy soul

### Chorus

4. From Whinny Moor when  
thou may'st pass,  
Every nighte and alle,  
To the great fire thou com'st at  
last;  
And Earth receive thy soul

### Chorus

5. If ever thou gavest meat or  
drink,  
Every nighte and alle,  
The fire shall never make thee  
shrink;  
And Earth receive thy soul.

### Chorus

6. If meat or drink thou ne'er  
gav'st nane,  
Every nighte and alle,  
The fire will burn thee to the  
bare bane;  
And Earth receive thy soul

### Chorus



# *Only Remembered For What We Have Done*

1. Fading away like the stars in  
the morning  
Losing their light in the  
glorious sun  
Thus would we pass from this  
earth and its toiling  
Only remembered for what we  
have done

## **Chorus:**

Only remembered, only  
remembered  
Only remembered for what we  
have done  
Thus would we pass from this  
earth and its toiling  
Only remembered for what we  
have done

2. Only the truth in the life we  
have spoken  
Only the seed that in life we  
have sown  
These shall pass onwards when  
we are forgotten  
Only remembered for what we  
have done

## **Chorus:**

Only remembered, only  
remembered  
Only remembered for what we  
have done  
These shall pass onwards when  
we are forgotten  
Only remembered for what we  
have done.

3. Who'll sing the anthem and  
who'll tell the story  
Will the line hold will it scatter  
and run  
Shall we at last be united in  
glory  
Only remembered for what we  
have done

## **Chorus:**

Only remembered, only  
remembered  
Only remembered for what we  
have done  
Shall we at last be united in  
glory  
Only remembered for what we  
have done (repeat last line)