

CRY OF A FALLEN WARRIOR

Lyrics and music by Mark Osier (Jacques Chanson d'Osier)

The sun peeked through the cloudy sky that chilly autumn day
We stood in arms and armor - we had come to bar the way
Of invaders who came from the west to drive us to our knees
But every one of us did swear we'd die or we'd live free

Though twenty battles had I fought and wore a dozen scars
I felt the sweat within my gloves as I prepared for war
When they cleared the woods ahead the battle was joined fast
There was no way for me to know that it would be my last

And so my family's ancient home I never more will see
Never more will I ride upon the plains so free
I shed a tear for my orphaned son and my newly widowed wife
For an archer's bow has done what none could do with sword or knife

The sounds of swinging swords and dying men did fill the air
And once again I did look deep into death's icy stare
We chased them back into the woods as they began to flee
And found an archer waiting for us behind every tree

The arrows buzzed around us like a swarm of angry bees
And before we drove them back I had been brought down to my knees
Four arrows in the legs had I and two more in my chest
I knew that soon the priest would lay my mortal soul to rest

And so my family's ancient home I never more will see
Never more will I ride upon the plains so free
I shed a tear for my orphaned son and my newly widowed wife
For an archer's bow has done what none could do with sword or knife

And as the battle ended and the light went from my eyes
I heard my kinsmen play their drums and shout their victory cries
And if I had one wish right now I know what it would be
I wish my son might know his father died to keep him free