

One Axe on the Bridge

By Richard Paul

We cut down the fools who faced us at Fulford,
* _*_ _*_ _*_

The north is taken, its mettle forsaken.
* _*_ _*_ _*_

Yet now from the south the sheep come sprinting,
* _*_ _*_ _*_

You come to your doom, the wolf is awakened.
* _*_ _*_ _*_

Surprised and scattered but that shall not save you,
* _*_ _*_ _*_

The rest of Hardrada's army runs here,
* _*_ _*_ *

We've nothing to fear from sheep come too near,
* _*_ _*_ _*_

A single Dane axe is a match for your spears.
* _*_ _*_ _*_

CHORUS

So come, little men,
* _*_

Come into my reach,
* _*_

My axe and my arms
* _*_

Have strength for each.
* _*_

So come, little men,
* _*_

Come die at my feet,
* _*_

You all scream the same,
* _*_

A sheep's trembling bleat.
* _*_

Come die, little men,
* _*_

And rot in the river,
* _*_

Or stand there and watch,
* _*_

I see you shiver.
* _*_

I stand alone against your whole army,
* _*_ _*_

One after the next, my axe in their neck,
* _*_ _*_ _*_

Their blood and their bowels will foul the river,
* _*_ _*_ _*_

And on I will laugh as I stand in the wreck.
* _*_ _*_ _*_

Behind me Hardrada's army assembles,
* _*_ _*_ _*_

From their hungry blades you will suffer the worst,
* _*_ _*_ _*_

Before the moonrise you'll know you're accursed,
* _*_ _*_ _*_

And that's if I do not butcher you first.
* _*_ _*_ _*_

(CHORUS)

(NEW SINGER/MARKEDLY DIFFERENT VOICE)

A beast on the bridge has butchered full well,
* _*_ _*_ _*_

Full forty brave soldiers his long axe has quelled.
* _*_ _*_ _*_

Alas for this wolf that his wits died as well,
* _*_ _*_ _*_

His axe will not serve his soul down in hell.
* _*_ _*_ _*_

So come bold fyrdsmen
* _*_

Bold huscarls and thegns,
* _*_

There's work to be done,
* _*_

And blood to repay.
* _*_

So come Englishmen,
* _*_

Their armour is shorn,
* _*_

And we must be done,
* _*_

Before the next morn.
* _*_

So come Harold's men,
* _*_

We fight to the end,
* _*_

And when we are done,
* _*_

Our home we shall mend.
* _*_