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Alasdair Roberts "The Cruel War"

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Before the cruel war was on I was so strong Now I am gon't and drawn Now I am dying And now the cruel war is on She brings me a son And I know some foreign one Has been with her lying I know by his cradle cry I know by his whine I know by the black of his eye He's no son of mine

Now the cruel war is on I must be ready Though there's no war like bone In all my body And though there's no war like bone In all my body Now the cruel war is on I must be ready Be ready, be ready I must be ready Now the cruel war is on I must be ready

But how can I fail my foe With only an unstrung bow How will war be won As long as my blade's unswung

I'll give you the grip of my hand I'll give you my word He will come to his end With the end of your sword I'll give you my grip and word You will be ready I'll give you my grip and word You will be ready

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