

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

