

Audience

"Right On Their Side"

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Werth-Williams

High in the hills our Palace stood so bold
We'd drink our fill from challices of gold
Oh, then we'd ride through the night, fight the foe,
overthrow
We had right on our side

And from his throne the King of England's son
This man alone united all as one
Oh, he'd inspire, words of fire, glory sought, death was
nought
We had right on our side

We laughed though knowing death was near
Forgetting wives and children dear
And hoping that our friends would see
How well we killed the enemy

We bloodied ruthless every sword
Each dedicated to our Lord
And tortured captives with no mind
To victims' widows left behind

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