

Many years back when the old oaks were young  
Not long after the Northmen had come  
A low and evil deed was done  
In the dark of the New Forest

From the shores of Normandy King William came  
To Albion fair, King Harold to slay  
With greed in his heart and his scurrilous claim  
He took the land for his own

Now John was a blacksmith, an honest old man  
He raised up his children and worked with his hands  
At his family's forge in the patch of land  
In the dark of the New Forest

But King William rode out after his victory  
To ravage the land in his hunger to thief  
For hunting grounds in the Wessex trees  
He took the land for his own  
But if you steal the land of an Englishman  
Then you will know this curse  
Your first born son's warm blood will run  
Upon the English earth

King William's son was called Rufus the Red  
He took up the crown when his father was dead  
And he rode the hunting grounds in his stead  
In the dark of the New Forest

But John's curse it called out and Walt Tyrrell fired low  
The arrow struck William with a sickening blow  
And he fell from his horse to the ground below  
And the land took him for it's own

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