

English Curse

Frank Turner

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

So 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

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