

The Ballad of Sir Alain

Midwinter and the snows fell hard
And the winter winds they blew
And they all marched away to war
A household all in blue
Some were fine and some were fair
And some were strong and tall
But first amongst them was Sir Alain
The finest of them all

His banner it was flown before
And his cloak it flew behind
The sword he bore in his right hand
Was swifter than the wind
The battle raged all through the day
Till sinking was the sun
And word they sent to their allies there
But answer came there none

Then up spoke the valiant Earl
Our allies they have flown
And whether we shall live or die
Is in our hands alone.
'Now see this sword in my right hand'
Sir Alain said with pride
'Whether today we live or die
It shall be at your side'

Then fierce the orcish chieftain fought
And cruel was his sword
And brave Sir Alain took the blow
That would have slain his lord
Then up came the rallying cry
And the battle it was won
And they have borne Sir Alain home
Beneath the setting sun

'Come place my sword in my right hand
For my wounds they grieve me sore
And come the dawn the sun shall rise
But I shall rise no more'
Then up spoke his Earl Bohemond
And an angry man was he
'They have slain the finest knight
In all my company.'

Oh many did weep in Dawn that night
And many a heart was sore
When word was come to Astolat
'Sir Alain comes no more'
Lay him down in honour clad
And speak his name with pride
For brave and loyal did he live
And gloriously he died.

Gm Dm Gm
Bb Dm
Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm