

Heather Dale, One Of Us

Before I got to fighting (or when fighting got to me)
I looked to find examples on the field of chivalry
I saw mighty arms much stronger than my arms would ever be
And I thought perhaps the field was not for me

But I stayed and watched the fighting 'til one figure stood apart
In armour newly fashioned and a helm more pot than art
But each blow was thrown with honour and a lightness of the heart
So I took that step which soon became a start

'Cause she was not the biggest fighter nor one to raise a fuss
But I remember being proud that she was one of us
And we might never stand together in the shield-wall side by side
But because of her I lift my sword with pride

She was ladylike and lively, not the type you would expect
With a braver heart than many and a slot-shot to respect
I guess she'd once decided this was where she'd like to be
And I thought if she could do it, why not me

'Cause she was not the biggest fighter nor one to raise a fuss
But I remember being proud that she was one of us
And we may never stand together in the shield-wall side by side
But because of her I lift my sword with pride

So now as I gather armour, bits and pieces here and there,
I think about examples: how you act, and what you dare
'Cause you never know who's watching or how far the story goes
And where'er that Lady is I hope she knows

'Cause she was not the biggest fighter, nor one to raise a fuss
But I remember being proud that she was one of us
And we might never stand together in the shield-wall side by side
But because of her I lift my sword with pride
We may never stand together in the shield-wall side by side
But because of her I lift my sword with pride!