

# Heather Alexander, Wooden Toy Sword

Oh a father and son, they were bonded as one  
But the heart of the family soon tore  
For out sounded the call, to one and to all  
That the king and the land went to war

Oh, the laddie he cried, but his father denied  
To bring the young soldier along  
"For your might I award this wooden toy sword  
And I charge you to carry this song";

Won't you come and wait for me at the gate  
With your wooden toy sword in your hand?  
It is then I will come with the beat of the drum  
From defending my king and my land

So the father, he taught his son as he ought  
To defend both his hearth and his home  
But soon came the day that his Da went away  
Across the wild horses of foam

He practiced 'til night with skill and with might  
To learn how to fight for a king  
and he'd shun other boys with their useless new toys  
And he'd whistle a song and he'd sing

Oh the years slowly turned, broad shoulders grew burned  
Fine hair lengthened to a proud mane  
In the middle of spring with a fell practice swing  
The toy sword had broken in twain

The break caused him harm, as the wood pierced his arm  
And the blood flowed quite free to the ground  
As his vision grew dim the wind mourned out a hymn  
That echoed these words round and round

Though the day had grown late the young man went to wait  
And unsteadily gazed at the sky  
As the red sun sank low, it soon caused him to know  
That his last day of childhood would die

The stars swam across the night sky with his loss  
And his father appeared in that sea  
And the drum of his heart nearly broke him apart  
As he fell to the ground on one knee

For he'd come to wait for his Da at the gate  
With a broken toy sword in his hand  
From beyond death he'll come with the beat of love's drum  
To honour his son and his land