

Jaromir Nohavica, Husita (ENG)

I was a shepherd boy for the local town
A shepherd boy I am no more
The rich man keeps the poor man down
and down Till he can't take it anymore
Till he can't take it anymore
Mamma tailored me the best of kirtle gowns
It fits me fine and comfortably
Papa brought the lance he hid in our barn
A Husite, son, you soon will be
A Husite, son, you soon will be
The hetman cried out Raise your Sword!
Strike the rich men, bash their horde.
And my heart is pounding
Like a drum its sounding
My souls for passion and my Lord
My souls for passion and my Lord
The crusaders at Tachov standing side by side
Their armor ringing like a bell
My lance is heavy, and fear staggers deep inside
I cant say that Im feeling well
I cant say that Im feeling well
So many pretty girls walk upon this ground
Ive never took one for my own
If a crusader will come and strike me down
Ill be pure before that heavens throne
Ill be pure before that heavens throne
The hetman cried out Raise your Sword!
Strike the rich men, bash their horde.
And my heart is pounding
Like a drum its sounding
My souls for passion and my Lord
My souls for passion and my Lord
By the fortress from our wooden wagons made
Mary in the distance waves
Oh crusaders lay one hand within her way
And Ill be spitting down upon your graves
Ill be spitting down upon your graves
I tried to kiss her over there behind that tree
She told that I should behave
If I live tomorrow Mary wait and see
Ill make you mine that given day
Ill make you mine that given day.
The hetman cried out Raise your Sword!
Strike the rich men, bash their horde.
And my heart is pounding
Like a drum its sounding
My souls for passion and my Lord
My souls for passion and my Lord
I see crusaders boldly coming down the hill
Golden crosses hanging low
When they heard the song that rendered our will
They turned around hit the road
They turned around hit the road
In the tall grass someone stumbled on a hat
To a cardinal it once belonged
And in that grass both Marie, and I her lad
Will live the best of common wrongs
He who lives should love for long
Let history judge all weve done