

# 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