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 <u>Then</u> 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' <u>Lay</u> him down in honour clad And speak his name with pride For brave and loyal did he live And gloriously he died.

