

# For Her (Marie's Song)

Words & Music: Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood

Source: Wolvenwords



For her I face the foe-man down, For her I test my skill. For her I brave the ram-part wall, For her I've blood to spill.



And it's hey, ho! to bat-tle go, Her fav-or for to bear. The sil-ken sleeve a - bout my arm Be - speaks her beaut - y rare.

For her I face the foeman down,  
For her I test my skill.  
For her I brave the rampart wall,  
For her I've blood to spill.

*And it's hey, ho! to battle go,  
Her favor for to bear.  
The silken sleeve about my arm  
Bespeaks her beauty rare.*

For her my plate and mail gleams  
For her my pennons fly  
For her my squires follow me  
For her we fight and die

And though the priests do say her sex  
Men's souls to Satan sell  
I heed them not, for her I swear  
I'd gladly feast in Hell.

*And it's hey, ho! to battle go,  
Her favor for to bear.  
The silken sleeve about my arm  
Bespeaks her beauty rare.*