

Strew The Fields With Fallen Foemen

Strew the field with slaught ered foe men, Fa la la la la la la la.

Hark en to the joy ous o men, Fa la la la la la la la.

West ern swords are bright ly shin ing, Fa la la la la la la la.

East ern hopes are swift de clin ing, Fa la la la la la la la.

by Sir Steven MacEanruig & Sir William the Lucky

Old Welsh Air (Deck the Halls)