

BORN ON A LONGBOAT

One fine day a young Norseman
Took his sword, shield and spear
Went a-viking out with all the other men
Ran around, killed some English, took their stuff, sailed home
When he asked them why, they told him once again

You were born on a longboat, washed ashore by a wave
Go a-Viking, come and go on the tide
Tho some men's bad luck is to die in their beds
You will sleep with your sword till you die

This young man grew older, tall and strong, handsome too
Blessed in battle by the gods, so it seemed
But his rivals plotted 'gainst him, left him on a distant shore
And he shouted as he watched them from the beach

I was born on a longboat, washed ashore by a wave
Went a-viking, came and went on the tide
Tho some men's bad luck is to die in their beds
Rest assured you'll see my sword before you die

This Norseman went ashore, to a small local town
Hid his weapons, found a dark-haired English girl
Fell in love, got him married, raised a crop of blond-haired kids
And he found had not a care in the world

(and he sang)

I was born on a longboat, washed ashore by a wave
Went a-Viking, came and went on the tide
Tho some men's bad luck is to die in their beds
I'll do that, with my lady at my side

The years passed so swiftly as they do when you're in love
And the Norseman learned to be a blacksmith too
But he made sure his children learned the sword and shield and spear
When they asked why he told them what I'm telling you

You weren't born on a longboat, you were raised on a farm
And you've had yourselves a pretty good life
But the Norsemen will come as they always do
That's the day your sword will save your life

They thanked him quite nicely and went back to their play
And he sighed as he watched and shook his head
"they don't know what they're in for," as he went back to his forge
But his wife heard him worry, and she said

They weren't born on a longboat, washed ashore by a wave
They're just kids who've never taken a life
You know darn good and well they'll do fine when it counts
Just be glad you found me for your wife

Then many years later sure enough here they came
Vikings raided deeper than they'd ever been
And our Norseman left his smithy, took his weapons and he stood
At the end of the town's only bridge

(and he sang)

I was born on a longboat, washed ashore by a wave
And I told you that you'd see my sword again
Though there's forty of you and just one left of me
You'll not harm this town while I can draw breath

The Vikings laughed and charged him, took some losses, forced him back
To the far end of the town's only bridge
When behind him came a yelling, running, Viking berserk charge
Of a horde of screaming yellow-headed kids

(and they sang)

We weren't born on a longboat, we were raised on a farm
But you taught us all how to fight
We've been playing at war for the last forty years
And we've got them outnumbered tonight

They killed some, chased the rest off, brought their great-granddad back home
Had a party for their victory that day
And the story, it went out ,leave that damn town alone!
And our Norseman's now an English, come what may

He was born on a longboat, washed ashore by a wave
Came and went, to and fro with the tide
Lived a good long life, saved his town from the Norse
Died years later, with his family at his side.