

# Militia Guard

## Saxon

Look here, my friends I've got to tell you  
The word is out, the word is out  
Trouble's coming, peace is over  
The king has hung the militia guard Look here, my friends I've got to tell you  
The word is out, the word is out  
Trouble's coming, peace is over  
The king has hung the militia guard The kingsmen ran out in the light  
To fight their foe was a waste of human life  
And then they raised their fists  
Against the crushing might  
Encased the kingsmen sword  
Into their [unverified] Children crying for their mothers  
How are they to know they died  
There'll be no help We're fighting to be free and  
The king will regret one day  
And that's not far away  
The day he hung the militia guard

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