

THE BALLAD OF SIR ROLAND AND SIR HUGH

The moon was brightly shining,
The stars were very light,
When out into the moonbeams
There stepped a lonely knight.

His charger was a white one,
And on his golden hair
He wore a golden helmet,
His face was young and fair.

The moon turned sick and ghastly,
The stars they lost their light,
When out into the darkness
There stepped another knight.

I think I will not speak to you
About this awful knight,
But I know that he was ugly
And very hard to fight.

They fought because of glory
For Glory, Glory great!
And in that battle gory
They fought till it was late.