

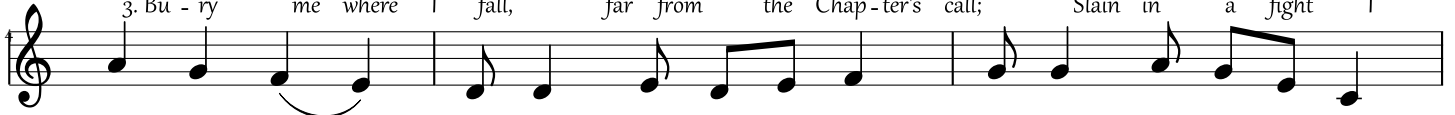
Least Of My Kind

Catherine Faber



1. Cov-ered in dirt and mud, ach - ing and spit - ting blood Curs - ing, you start to

2. Pry - ing my ar rows cold out of my fing - ers hold Pause to take stock re -



3. Bu - ry me where I fall, far from the Chap - ter's call; Slain in a fight I

rise and groan. — Far off through field and fell mut - ters the Chap - ter bell:

flect and rue; — Look on the dam - age done here by a sing - le one

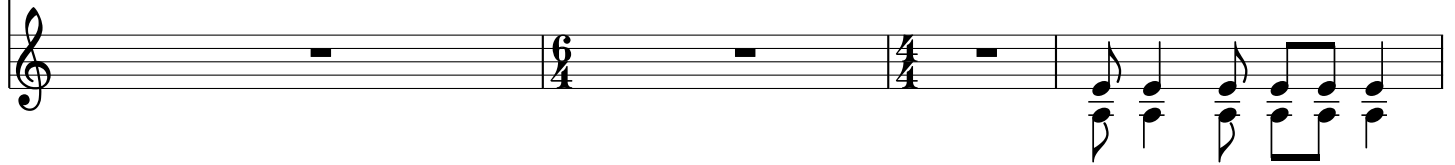
could not win; — Near - by, Un - conq - uered hear, heads turn with prick - ing ears.



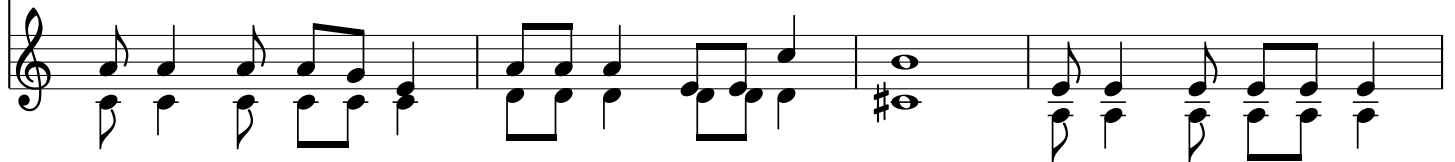
Nev - er a Guard - i - an falls a - lone. Think on the bat - tle's cost;

What do you think a whole Lance will do?

Thought you, you fool, that I had no kin?



this time the Lanc - er lost, Beat - en and brok - en and blind. Bet - ter be - ware once more,



bet - ter pre - pare for war: I was the least of my kind.

