Britta's Song

Bad news, bad news came to me where I sat Turn, turn, turn again,

The Empress' army are not coming back

Turn, turn, to the rain and the wind.

The Empress' army were gallant and true Turn, turn, turn again,

They went off to war and they would see it through Turn, turn, to the rain and the wind.

They had <u>mages</u> with mana and warriors with swords Turn, turn, turn again,

Shieldsmen and pikemen would have their reward Turn, turn, to the rain and the wind.

To protect our Empire fom the Thule out beyond *Turn, turn, turn again,*

With <u>axe</u> and with arrow, with rod and with wand *Turn, turn, to the rain and the wind.*

They raised up the banner and raised up the cry Turn, turn, turn again,
Out into the mountains and grey snow-hung sky

Turn, turn, to the rain and the wind.

Turn, turn, to the rain and the wind.

Their scouts they were cunning, their fighters so brave *Turn, turn, turn again,*In the hope that this territ'ry to finally reclaim

But the Thule they were ruthless; they called down a storm

Turn, turn, turn again,

Of snow, hail and chill winds all magically-borne Turn, turn, to the rain and the wind.

Our Britta was sure they had not come in vain *Turn, turn, turn again,*

Determined that Skarsind would be ours again Turn, turn, to the rain and the wind.

Stout resolve was gifted to all,

Turn, turn, turn again,

So the army would fight on and not too soon fall Turn, turn, to the rain and the wind.

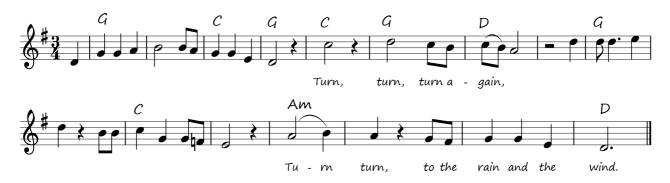
But it was not enough against such a foe Turn, turn, turn again,

And out in the mountains the bitter winds moan The old song, the rain and the wind.

So you now, and I, friend, must make the attack Turn, turn, turn again,

The Empress' army are not coming back.

Turn, turn, to the rain and the wind.



Original by Bob Dylan, adapted by Claire Bowden and David Sheridan