

They were memorable times  
The plague defeated  
The famine conquered  
The crown of the renaissance could almost be seen  
What's past was past  
What lay ahead  
Will once have been  
The House of Burgundy and Habsburg  
A formidable force  
And way up north  
Life just took its course

High on the terp  
Overlooking fields of clay  
The last of the three  
Took in the cold Friesian air  
Five seconds of silence, eyes still shut  
Followed by a harrowing cry of dismay  
A tell-tale sign of events to unfold  
Soon stilled by a soft breast  
Then two chilling yet gentle blue eyes  
Started seeing what now be told

Third pancake is perfection  
As his two elder brothers were soon to discover  
Pier at birth by bynamed Grutte  
As he chokeheld them both at ten  
And armwrestled his father down  
Before he was a man  
Strong as an ox he worked the plough alone  
Walking produce to Harlingen, carrying ten stone  
Back with pockets full of florins  
Whistling his merry whistle  
For he couldn't be touched

He left his elder brothers to tend the farm  
Basking in his freedom  
Working sawmills and soaperies, shipyards and breweries  
And returning home, light-footed, kicking pebbles  
The next day catching frogs in the moat  
For the night's rest of the castle  
Coming up, covered in mud, holding two in each hand,  
He caught her eye, on the drawbridge  
She still saw those frogs  
As she slipped on his ring, on the stand  
Grutte became Pier again when, for the first time  
He felt he had something to loose

Settling on their own farm  
Gripping her hand  
As they looked upon their small piece of land  
With livestock and fowl  
Insanely blessed, in remote Friesland  
*Remote Friesland must succumb*, as he brought down his tin can  
On the well-oiled wood  
From Holland the murderous Saxons were sent  
They were thorough, money well spent  
Returning from Harlingen with a meaningful tread  
He saw the smoke and picked up the pace  
Not far from his burnt house, she lay how she fled  
No beauty, no peace, no more love, no more grace

Her head in his lap  
He sat there till dawn  
The fire died down  
The culprits were gone  
Never again the whistle  
No more pebbles kicked  
Just all thorn and thistle  
And wounds to be licked  
The anger took over  
The spark disappeared  
Where he first felt untouchable  
He now no longer cared  
Dug up their savings from under the ashes  
Slung her corpse over his shoulder  
And set off

He carried her into the tavern

And buried her with his friends

They drank to her farewell

'Where hope ends'

Black hope begins

Hurrah for the King of Fryslan, Duke of Sneek, Count of Sloten, Lord of Hindelopen, Captain of the South-Sea, destructor of Danes, sacker of Hamburg

And Scourge of Holland

Black hope with a black heart

Plunder, pillage, ransack and burn

Live in fear until we return

Confusing despair with just cause

Grutte gathered a following of sorts

From Friesian backlands to County Gelre

200 score sacked Medemblik and went in search for more

Gelre took the spoils

The black hope watched their backs

Unsure of what was what and what was next

This was a game for lords and counts

Not for a band of brothers

Of lost perspective and doubts

Pier had tried to fill his heart  
Something to stop the hollow  
Only to discover that there is  
An end to joy but pain can always go deeper  
He would visit her grave  
The remnants of their home  
His memories would dissolve  
The mornings would get steeper  
In Sneek he lay, legs pulled in  
And decided that the world  
Could do without him

Just four years later  
Friesland would be  
United under Charles,  
Then Spain  
The France  
And back again  
The soil below just remains  
Whoever is above  
But Pier never got to spend  
Enough time with his love