

# Rise: Irreverent Bakers Mix

Tune: "Rise" by Master Hector of the Black Height (Arthur McLean)  
parody lyrics by THL Heregyð Ketilsdóttir  
©2005 Heather Evert

The northern wheatfield was your birthplace  
Where the wind blows free  
The harvest ground into a flour came to the bakery  
I will mix a dough and knead you  
Then a feast shall come to be  
On the baking bricks, a golden loaf shall rise

## **Chorus:**

**Rise, rise, O Rise!  
With the oven's heat to warm you  
And a bread pan as your guide  
With the grain's strength in your gluten  
And the yeast bubbles inside  
You'll be supper in my future  
And I'll butter you with pride  
You'll be grand  
You'll be crusty  
You shall rise**

A crusty bread sustains the people  
In the glade and glen  
The crystal waters mixed with yeast and salt and flour and then  
You will hunger for your destiny  
A bread dough's last amen  
But before you greet the oven, you shall rise

## **Chorus**

For many years, I've been a baker  
Mixed a ton of dough  
I have the knowledge in my hands to knead and punch and throw  
You're a lump of clay that's ready  
For my art to strike its blow  
But it's up to you to know how high to rise

## **Chorus**

Now hear the words of northern folk  
In hall and keep and field  
You are the feast hall's treasure  
You're the crust our hands will wield  
You're the lifeblood, you're the staple of our diet in Northshield  
While my baking oven stands, the bread shall rise

**Chorus (2X)**