

Boole, Forsoothe (Ye Olde Songe)

What then wouldst thou hear, pray tell?
I beg thine ears for just a spell
So listen, my lovers of lyrical lore
To an old country epic of yore and before

From the forest came marching a bard, lute in hand
With stories of kingdoms and dragons so grand
In the vast old dominion, he sung out his tale
He had millions of minions and a cod gilt in mail

At the breast of old England, his magic was found
Through the burroughs of Scotland, his name did resound
He could hew down whole armies with merely a nod
He was teeming with semen, he was so full of wod

Come near hear a bold story of olde
Come near and hear me, the tale must be told

He could charm many wenches, he could quaff kegs of ale
He would drink of the ages, as blood from a grail

So gather and listen, this tale is my own
For I am that minstrel, so let it be known
I have lived through the ages, for my work is not done
I have lived with the sages, there can be only one

Now I've traveled New England, I will come to your faire
To this shire known as Crownsville, I shall ride on my mare

Come near and hear a bold story of olde
Come near and hear me, the tale must be told

I'll have turkey and pickles, and tell ye of Faust
Fine maidens to tickle, drink Pepsi and joust
Mount a child on the camels that knights knew so well
Wield the big hammer and ring ye olde bell

I shall sign tits in runic and then stop and stare
At the oddly shaped tunics you new-worlders wear
I shall handeth mine Visa to merchants who vend
I shall stop at that sword shoppe with an 'e' on the end

Come near and hear a bold story of olde
Come near and hear me, the tale must be told

I'll annoy with me accent and words that are olde
I may lead the chamber if feeling so bold
I shall thumb through me programme, and bow to the queene
I shall chat on subcultures and the health of the scene

I shall watch trials of witches upon village scales
I shall stand in a line for ye rock wall of Wales
Throw a rake as a javelin, park my horse with the cars
I shall win flasks of meade with ye olde throwing stars

Come near and hear a bold story of old
Come near and hear me, the tale must be told

May we all be great swordsmen with ever bright blades
May we all feel romantic until we get laid
We are all incarnations of nobles and kings
We are all friends of seers and seekers of rings

Not a one that you see here was ever a serf

We were all of the highlands, we were all men of worth
So swing up thine goblet and drink to our truth
We were reared to love goblets and born to use words like 'forsoothe'

Come near and hear a bold story of old
Come near and hear me, the tale must be told

Nary be merry, may all Stratford sob
For this bard on the morrow must drive to his job