

Heather Dale, Smith's Circle

The Smith brought his blanket and he laid it before him
People came up from miles around
To sit in a circle and trade their treasures
Each in turn put their goods on the ground

Ten yards of trim and some heavenly cider
I got a bucket here made of wood and fibre
An old leather belt, pins for your hat
(I think one's a turnip and the other's a cat)
A bottle of beads, some chocolate truffles
An old leather shirt with lots of ruffles
A pouch embroidered "for Dearest William"
A few tent pegs for my lord's pavilion

I've got a book here on Offa's Dyke
I'll make you a scroll saying anything you like
A pair of brais that are pretty much clean
And the gaudiest silk you've ever seen
A big rope hammock and strips of leather
Use 'em how you like (but not together!)
A stick of rattan and pewter buttons
Yards of floss for embroidery gluttons.
What can you do with a leaking tankard?
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What can you do with a leaking tankard?
Beat it into armour!

A Norseman's tunic that's just too tiny
I don't know the fabric, but it's nice and shiny
I've got a big knife with a rusted blade
And a bunny-fur top that'll get you -- ahem!
I've got a nice gold ring with which to charm her
A couple of pieces of elbow armour
An old dull axe, a hide of leather
Arrows I made with chicken feathers
Devil's own mead and a jar of spice
A goblet with my old device
Got an old bow -- "sold!" -- but the string is broken
Anybody want a Pennsic token?

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