

Hey Jolly Broome Man (Atlantian Version)

Room for a lad from `cross the seas
Hey Jolly Broome Man
That gladly now would take his ease
And therefore make me room now
From West, from Calontir, Mid-Realm, East
Hey Jolly Broome Man
I'm back again from `cross the seas
And therefore make me room now

In Aethelmearc I took a town
I turned the walls there upside down
And when that I the same had done
I made the people all to run

Duke Galmr was as tall as an oak
But I felled him with a single stroke
Duke Anton's sword was red as fire
But I killed him and all his squires

The Bedford castle walls are high
But I made Michael turn and fly
When Kai and Cuan fought with spear
I made them friends with a keg o' beer

When Thorbrandr's might I overthrew
Many a Viking lord I slew
I danced with Olaf on the table
And drink him under it I was able

I fought a bout with Logan King
And my axe made his helm to ring
I hit so hard that he fell down
And that is how I won the crown

So now I'll bid ye all Godspeed
Here's to you with a cup of mead
And if you'd hear more of my tale
You may buy it o' me with a cup of ale

Notes: this is a filk of a true medieval boasting song. Filking is an ancient and right honorable tradition.

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