

## The Frantic Feastcrat of Saint Whale

Well you've just found out that the King is allergic, to everything you planned for the first remove.  
And the herald has announced that court's running over, so a half an hour later the meal please move.  
The fellow who's supposed to be roasting the chickens is off in the corner a-flirting with a maid,  
And you've run out of pork, but the neighboring farm has a horse they're willing to trade.

CHORUS:     What the folk at the table don't know won't hurt 'em  
              They'll gobble it down and beg for more  
              Like a lion devouring a haunch of meat  
              With a loud ferocious ROAR!

Your vegetable chopper has sliced up a finger and has to be sent to the emergency room,  
And most of the chicken fell right on the floor, but you sweep it back up with a pan and broom.  
A couple of nobles just drank all the wine, that you were intending to use for the sauce,  
And the dishwasher dropped some soap in the pan so your gravy's a total loss.

CHORUS

Your decrepit dragon got a flat tire, so you show up about three hours late,  
And you're trying to figure how to make twelve portions when you've only got eleven plates.  
The squire who's molding the marzipan has fashioned it into a giant prick,  
So you garnish it up, and serve it forth, ...and call it "Moby's Dick" !

CHORUS

              They will gobble down your dinner, and declare that you're a winner  
              "Be our feastcrat in September", they'll implore.  
              And you say you'd be INSANE to ever do this job again  
              And you quoth just like the raven, "Nevermore!"  
              But the next event will find you, angel sleeves tied back behind you  
              With a marvelous new recipe for boar, and singing, Thank God -

CHORUS

*Notes: another in the category "I don't have to make this up." AKA "There is no disaster so bad that you can't make a really good 3 verse song out of it." I was the head cook for this event. We chanted "All hail, St. Whale, walking on his tail", and read from his holy book - "One fish, two fish, red fish, blue fish." Only the horse is made up.*

*If I am in the company of Sir Kenneth, I will sing my feast song, and he then sings his, "The Feast Song". His is also a true tale, and the horse is the only thing made up in his as well! (great minds think alike)*

