

The Mightiest Weapon

I'll sing you a song of a knight and a maid, in the Barony of the Sacred Stone
He was tall and fair, with flaxen hair, his shield was bright and his armor shone.
He could wield a mighty axe, give his foes many whacks, and his swordplay was the best by far,
But he was caught by surprise, 'cause he forgot to authorize, in the weapon of the little spicy star,

Chorus: O the apple and the orange and the golden pear
 Are some of the fruits I love
 But the one I love the best, that surpasses all the rest
 Is the one that's studded all about with clove!

There was a saucy wench, sitting on a corner bench, in the Barony of the Sacred Stone
She saw the noble knight, and her little heart took flight;
 she vowed that she would have him for her own.
With this problem she did grapple, then bethought her of an apple, which gave Eve her first romance
So she walked there with a wiggle, and a little bit of jiggle, and the poor knight didn't have a chance!
CHORUS

I've told you the tale of the knight and the maid in the Barony of the Sacred Stone.
Since Tourney he's been King, and he's given her a ring, so now she's the power behind the throne.
Ladies think on this - it all started with a kiss - about that there's no dispute.

SPOKEN: he may wear a metal suit,
 Be a battle-hardened brute
 Play love-songs on his lute
 Or have spurs upon his boot

But you can bring him to his knees, with the clever use of these * and a little bit of cloven fruit
CHORUS

**body English with the hips*

Notes: back in the olden days, before we all realized that cloven fruit was probably not period