

**The Song of Love
aka Rosalind's Bawdy Ballad**

Sing O for the song of man & maid, of lord & lady, of wench & jade
Of bull & cow, of earth & plow, sing O for the song of love

There was a jolly bard, bard, a jolly bard was he
He kept it very hard, hard, for all the maids to see
He had a set of pipes upon which he would play his song
He had another pipe to play, but it was twice as long

Upon the village green, green stood bonny buxom Anne
As fair as ever seen, seen, a treat for any man
She caught the roving eye of our lusty piper gay
Who vowed that he would bed her down before the break of day

"O gentle lady Anne, Anne, why I'm the one for you.
I've more than any man, man, and quite enough for two!"
She said, "That sounds enticing, but ye ought to know I'm wed
To the miller who lives down the road, and bakes the village bread."

"But you're a handsome lad, lad, and built just like a horse.
And my husband is so bad, bad, he's like a sleeping corse.
So if tonight across my garden wall you'll softly creep
I'll let you in the back door and we'll play there while he sleeps."

So she opens up the door, door, and in the room he's led
While the miller he does snore, snore, on his side of the bed
He rides her up, he rides her down, til she gives out a yelp
And the miller starts to waken up, a-thinking she needs help

So he pats her on the hip, hip, and slides his hand around
"But what's this in my grip, grip, pray what is this I've found?"
"'Tis nothing but...a sausage and a half a loaf of bread
That I brought up after dinner, dear so please go back to bed."

"Why thank you, my dear wife, wife, I find I'm hungry too
I'll just take out me knife, knife, and cut a bit or two."
The miller sat astounded, staring at his bedroom door
For never had he seen a sausage move that fast before! ***

Now this sad and lonely lass, lass, does weep and she does pine
For never more alas, las on sausage will she dine
In vain she wanders through the town, her lover for to seek
He was halfway 'cross the kingdom by the middle of that week!

Now this jolly piper boy, boy, I'm very pleased to say
Still brings a lot of joy, joy, to women on his way
Methinks he's learned his lesson, though he still gets all he can
But now he stays beyond arms reach of a woman's other man

Sing O for the song of man & maid, of lord & lady, of wench and jade,
of bull & cow, of earth & plow, sing o-ho-ho for the song of love

*Notes: an excellent piece to perform bodily whilst singing.
*** pause here for a few seconds until the laughter dies down*