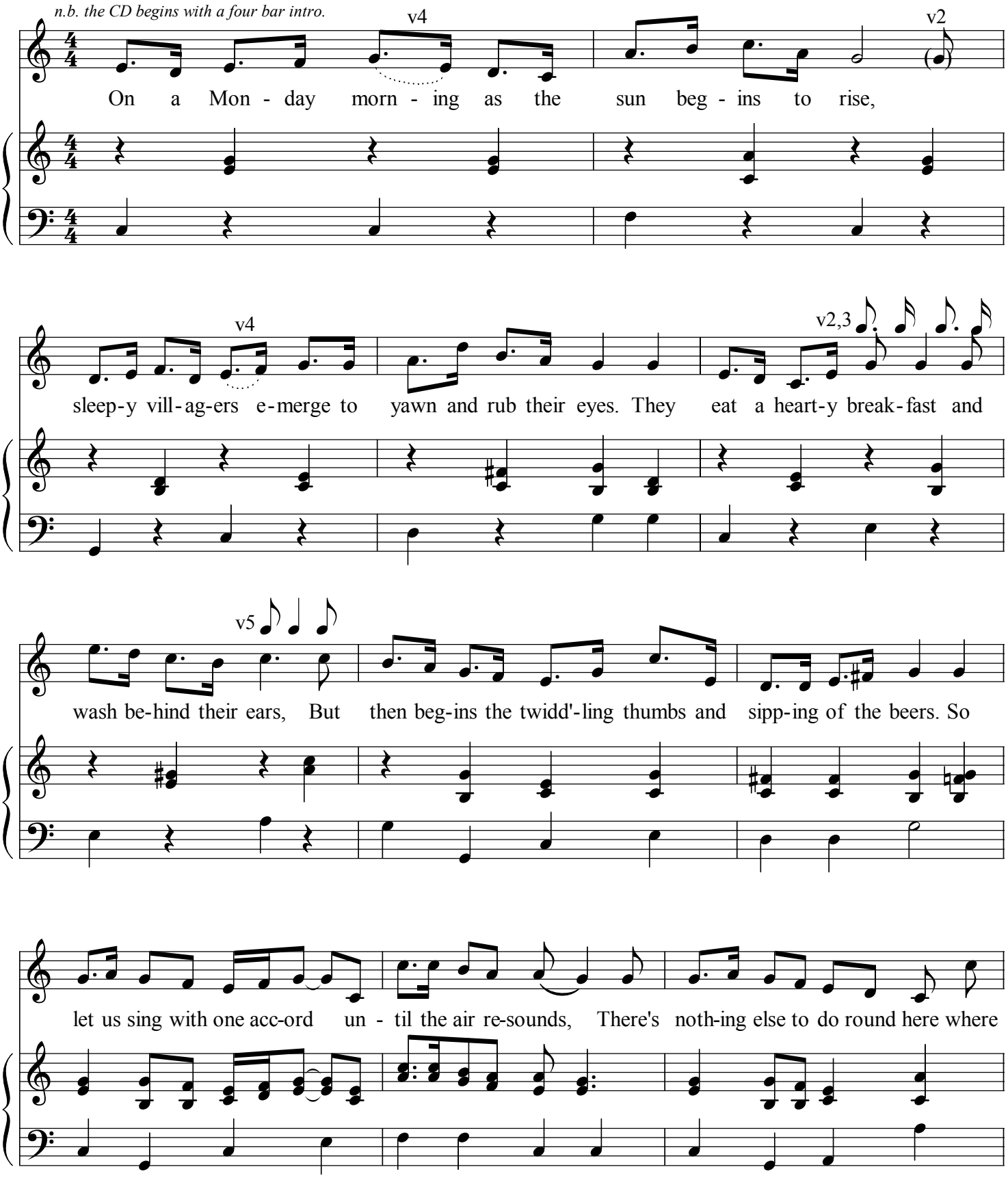
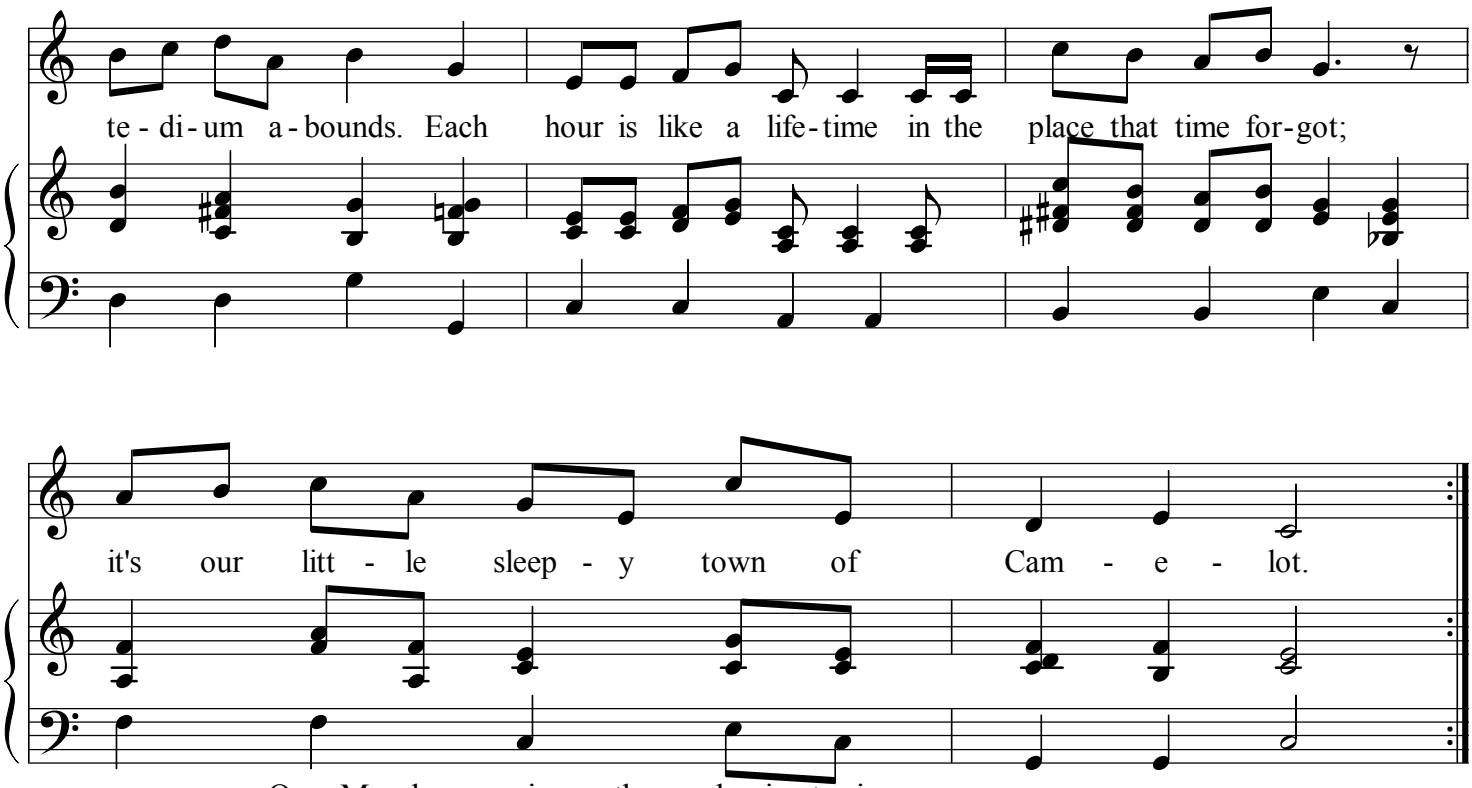
Song 1 The Sleepy Town of Camelot





On a Monday morning as the sun begins to rise,
Sleepy villagers emerge to yawn and rub their eyes.
They eat a hearty breakfast and wash behind their ears,
But then begin the twiddling thumbs and sipping of the beers.

Chorus
So - let us sing with one accord until the air resounds,
There's nothing else to do round here when tedium abounds.
Each hour is like a lifetime in the place that time forgot;
It's our sleepy little town of Camelot.

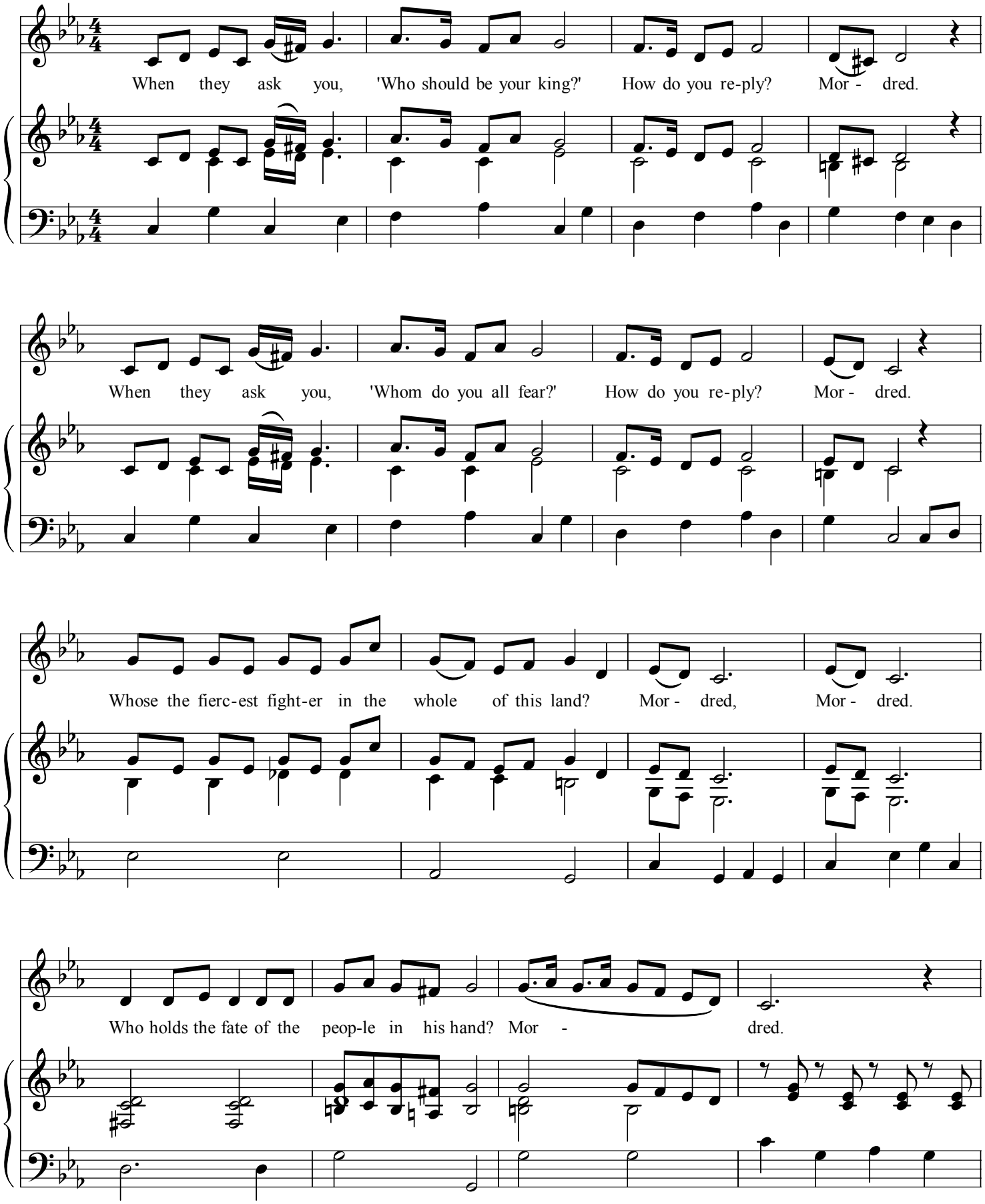
On a Tuesday morning as the sun begins to rise,
The scene is once again played out before your very eyes.
The breakfast is the same today, the same parts get a scrub,
And then begin the twiddling thumbs and stretching in the mud.

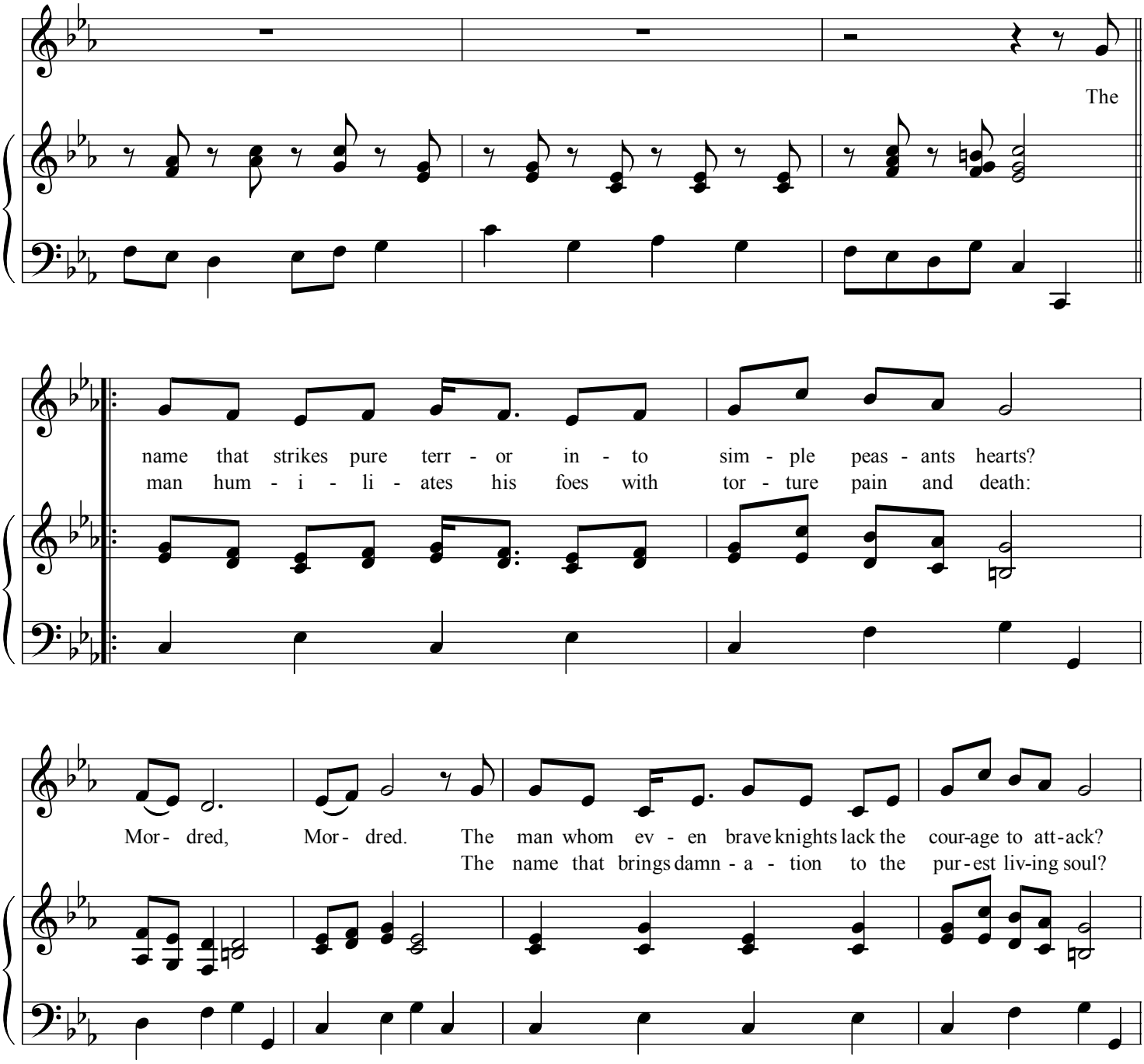
On a Wednesday morning as the air with birdsong throngs?
What happens next is obvious if you've listened to our song;
Will there be a tournament or joust to pass the day?
No, just a dose of twiddling thumbs and lounging in the hay.

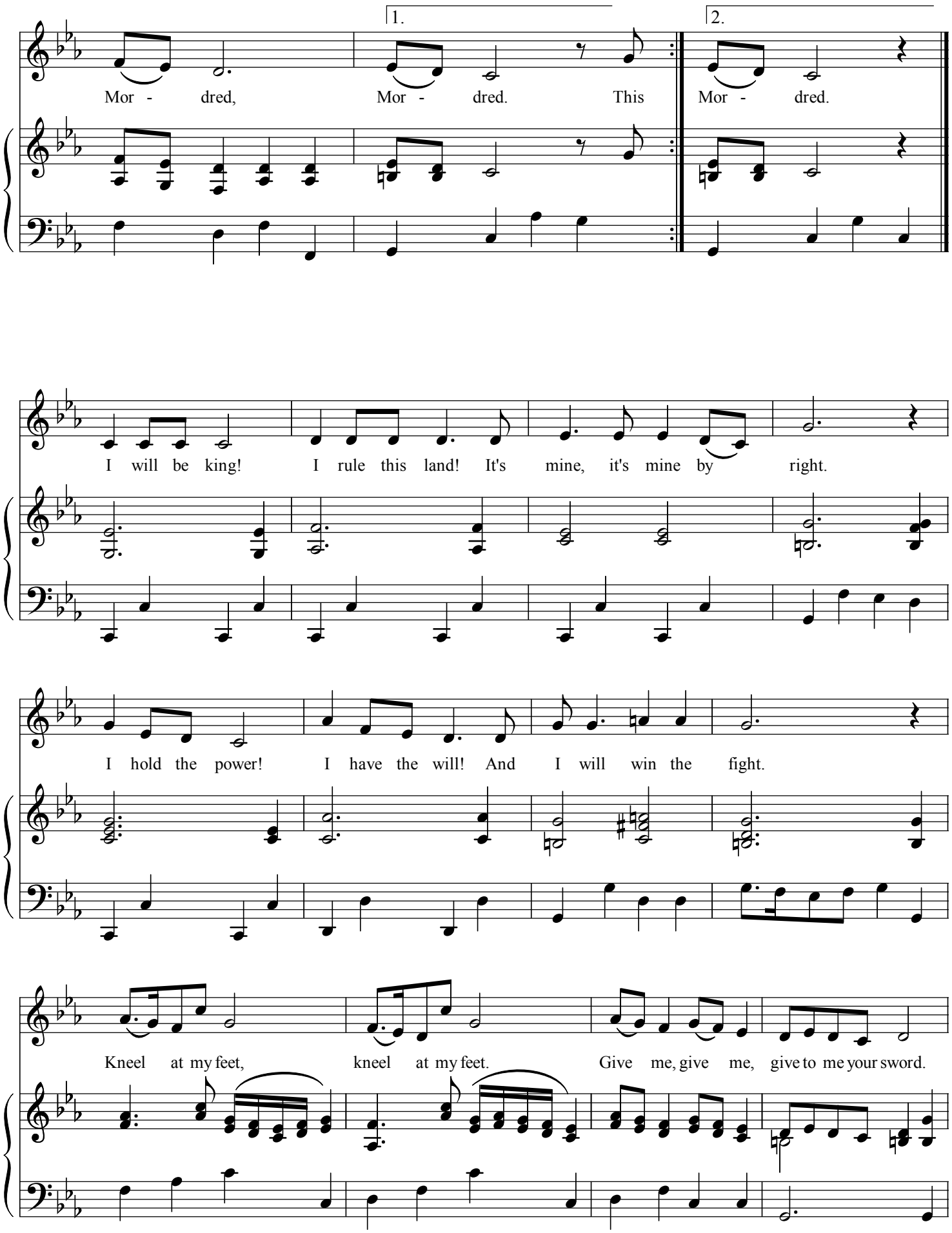
Could a Thursday morning be just like all the rest?
Out come all the locals to breakfast half undressed.
But then the pattern breaks at last as rumours start to grow,
The eyes of all the village watch to see what happens now.

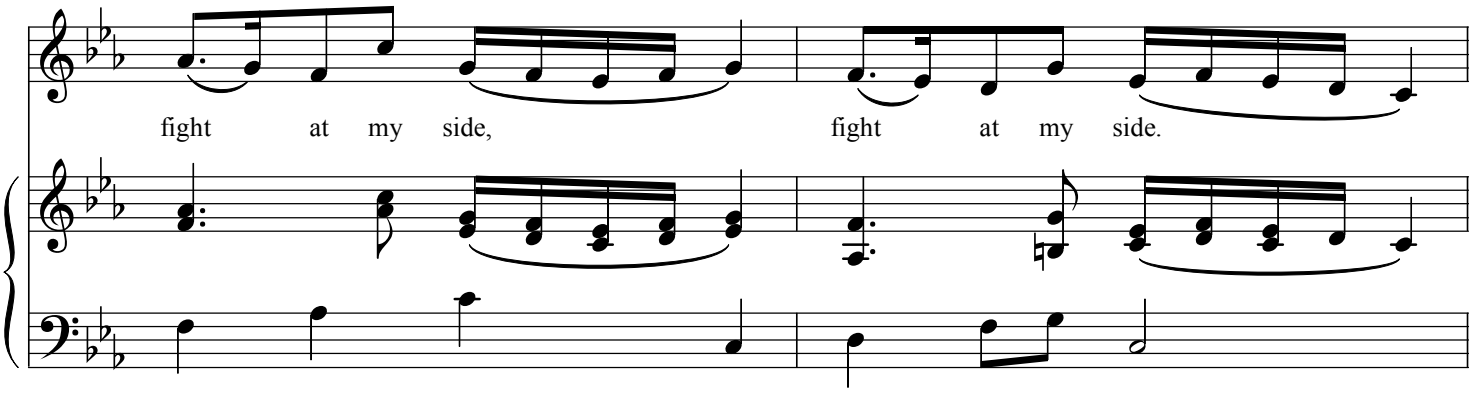
On a Friday morning in the pale pink glow of dawn,
Our two heroic friends step out to breakfast on the lawn
Nothing different happens now, the scene plays out before us?
This song's gone on for far too long so here's the final chorus.

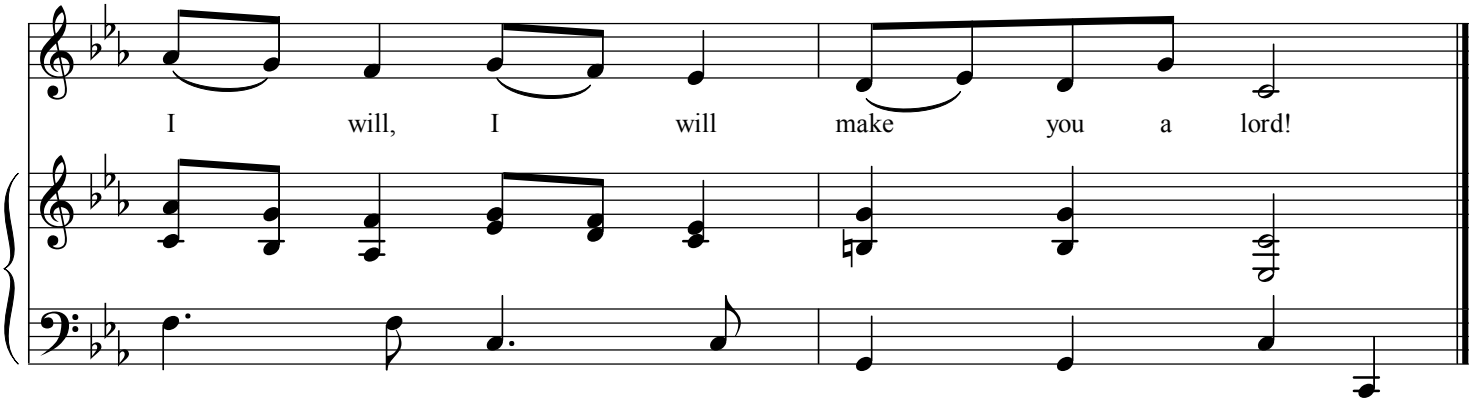
Song 2 The Rightful King of the Britons




The
name that strikes pure terr - or in - to sim - ple peas - ants hearts?
man hum - i - li - ates his foes with tor - ture pain and death:
Mor - dred, Mor - dred. The man whom ev - en brave knights lack the cour-age to att-ack?
The name that brings damn - a - tion to the pur - est liv-ing soul?


1.
2.
Mor - dred, Mor - dred. This Mor - dred.
I will be king! I rule this land! It's mine, it's mine by right.
I hold the power! I have the will! And I will win the fight.
Kneel at my feet, kneel at my feet. Give me, give me, give to me your sword.





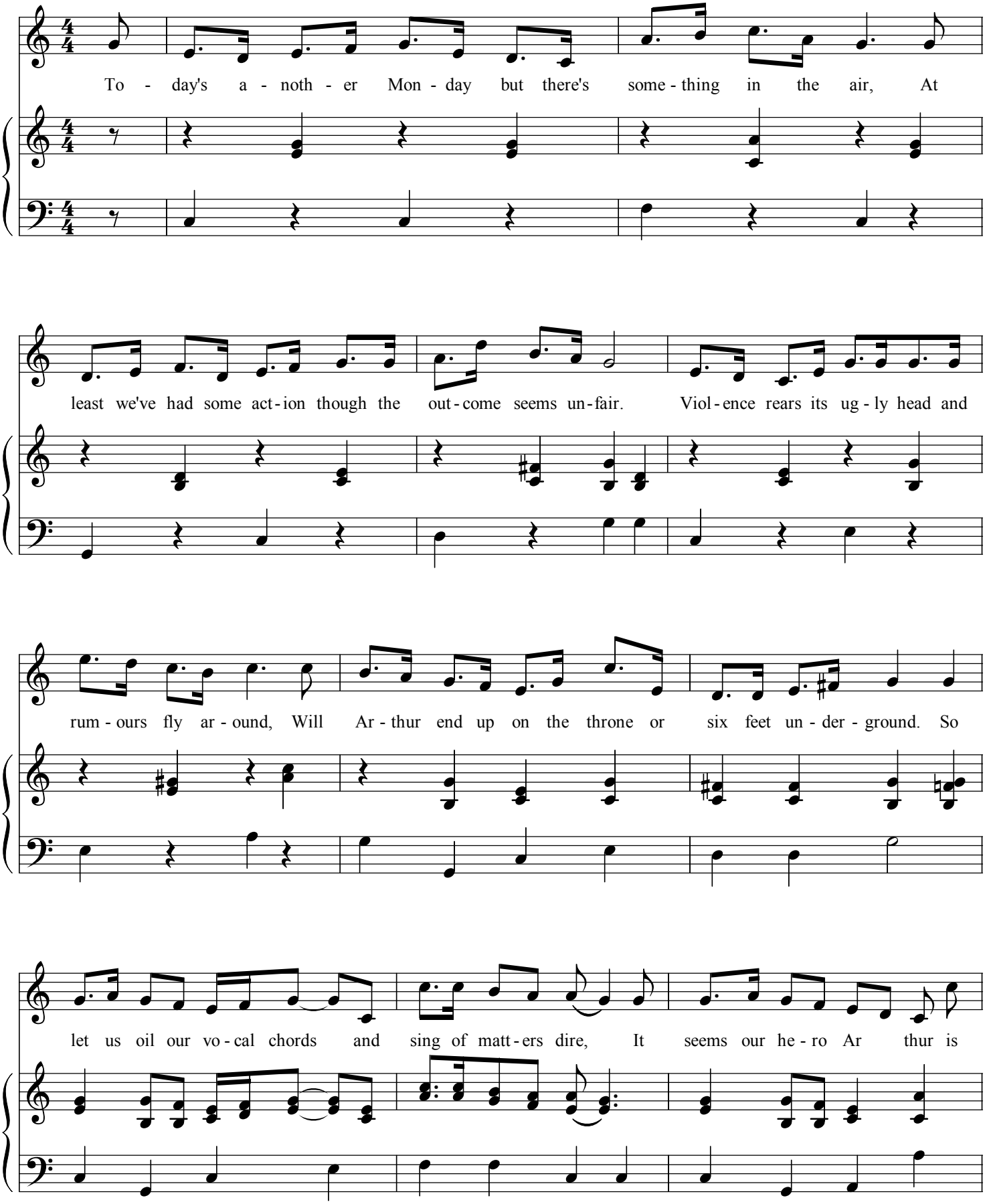
When they ask you, 'Who should be your king?', How do you reply? Mordred.
When they ask you, 'Whom do you all fear?' How do you reply?', Mordred.
Who's the fiercest fighter in the whole of this land? Mordred, Mordred
Who holds the fate of the people in his hand? Mordred.

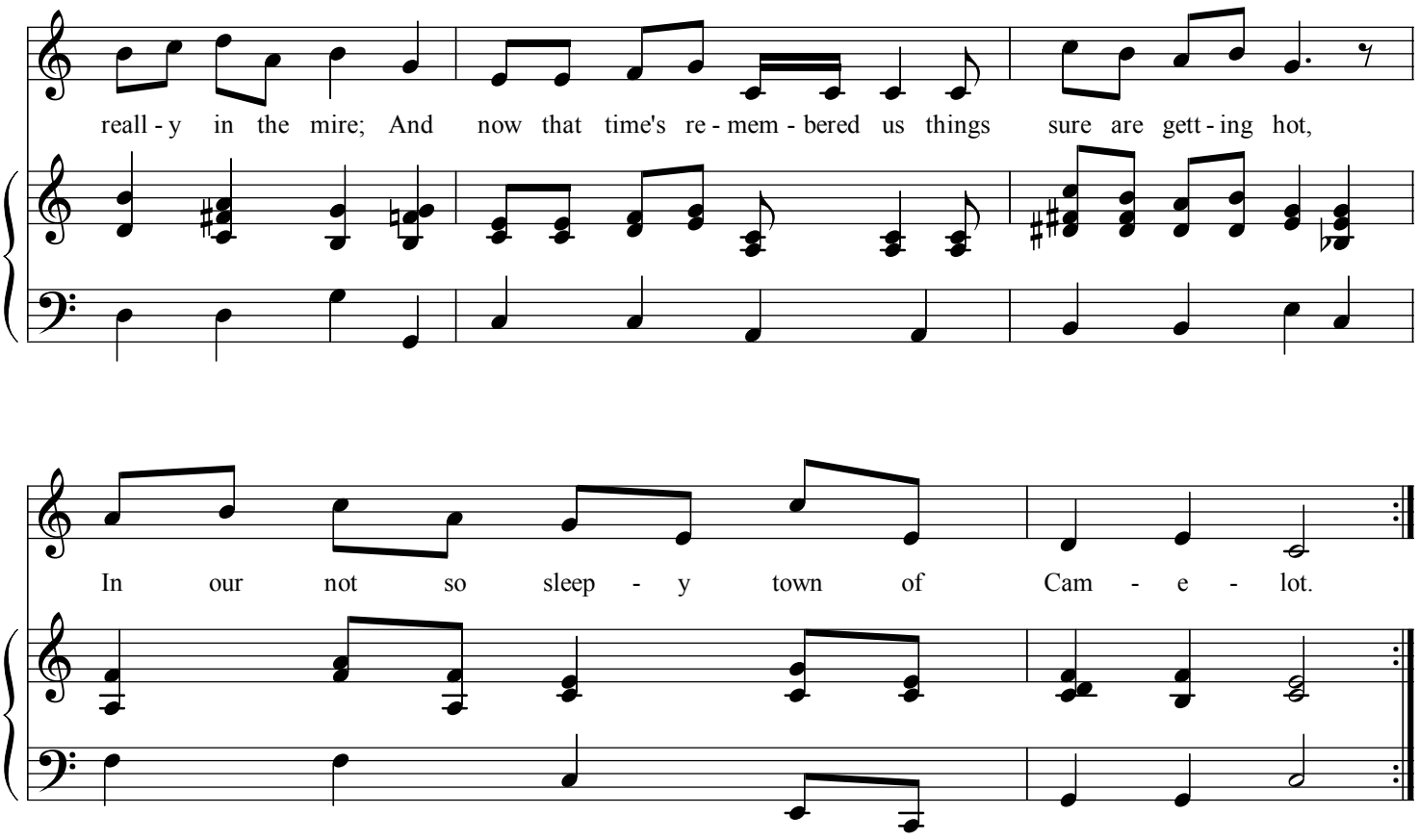
The name that strikes pure terror into simple peasants hearts? Mordred, Mordred.
The man whom even brave knights lack the courage to attack? Mordred, Mordred.
This man humiliates his foes with torture, pain and death? Mordred, Mordred.
This man will bring damnation to the purest living soul. Mordred, Mordred.

I will be king, I rule this land, it's mine by right,
I hold the power, I have the will and I will win the fight.
Kneel at my feet, kneel at my feet, give me, give me, give to me your sword,
Fight at my side, fight at my side, I will, I will make you a Lord.

Song 3 Arthur is Really in the Mire

n.b. on the CD there is a 4 bar intro



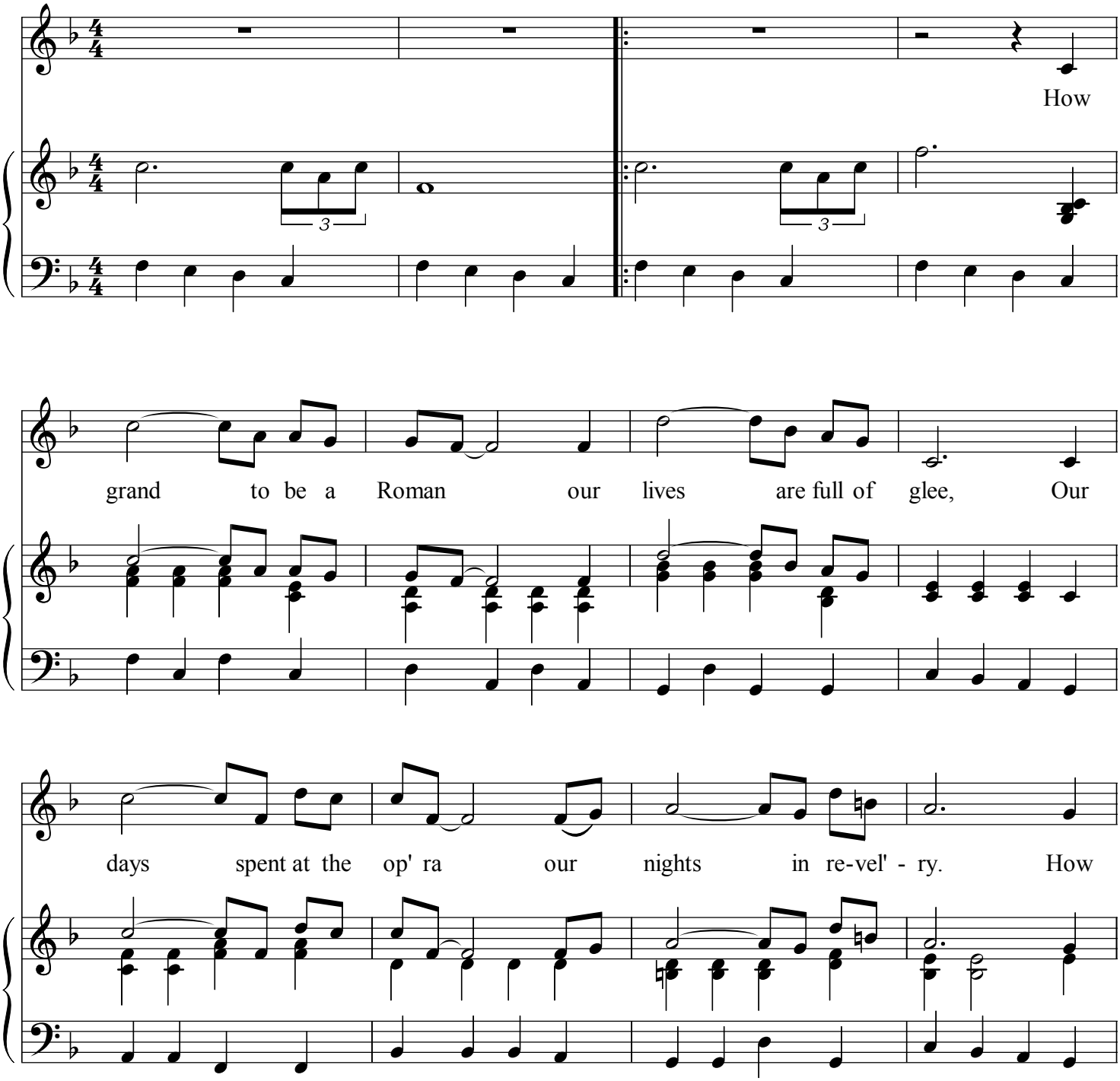


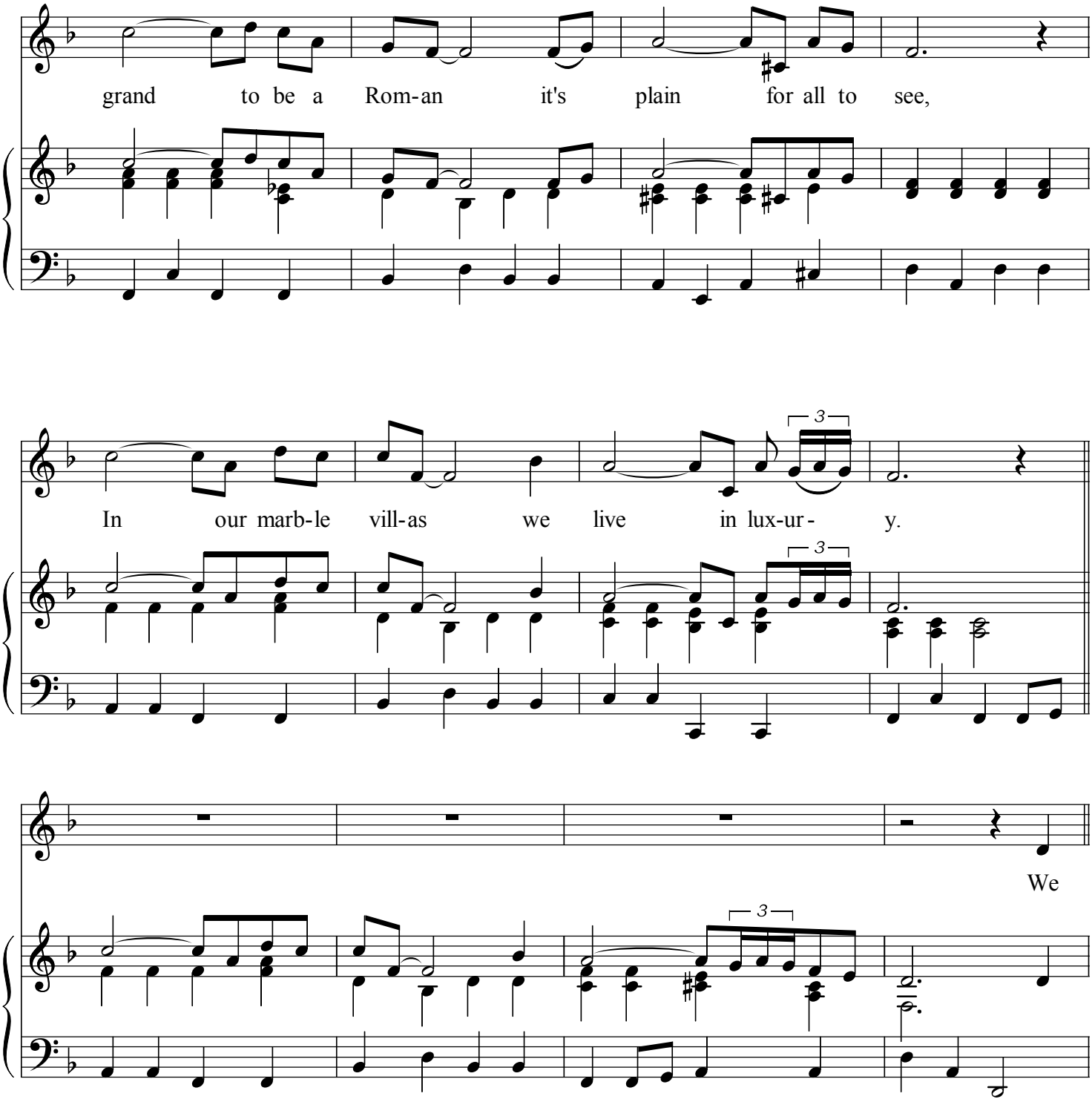
Today's another Monday but there's something in the air,
At least we've had some action, though the outcome seems unfair;
Violence rears its ugly head and rumours fly around,
Will Arthur end up on the throne or six feet underground?

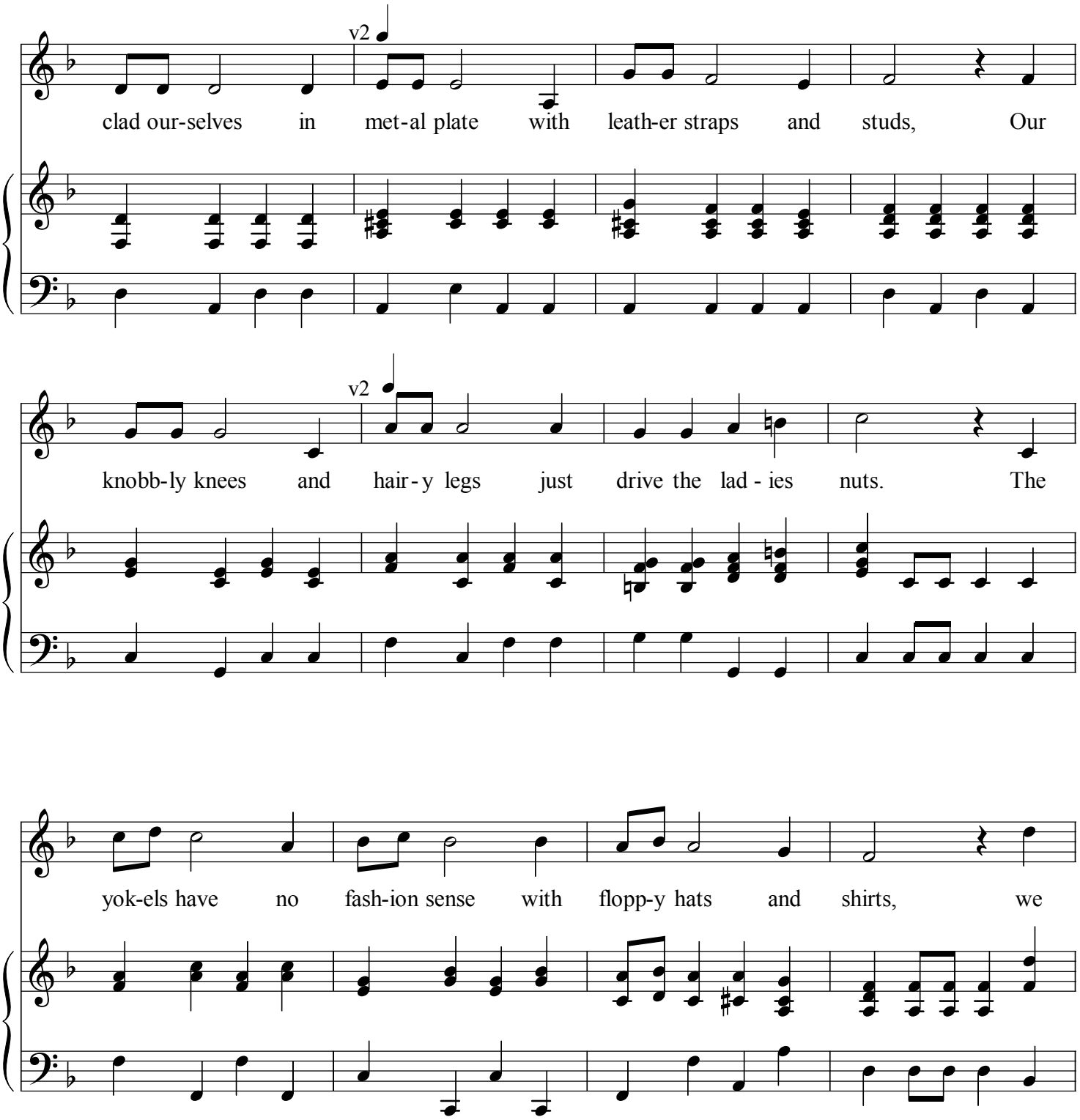
Chorus
So, let us oil our vocal cords and sing of matters dire,
It seems our hero, Arthur, is really in the mire;
And now that time's remembered us things sure are getting hot
In our not so sleepy town of Camelot!

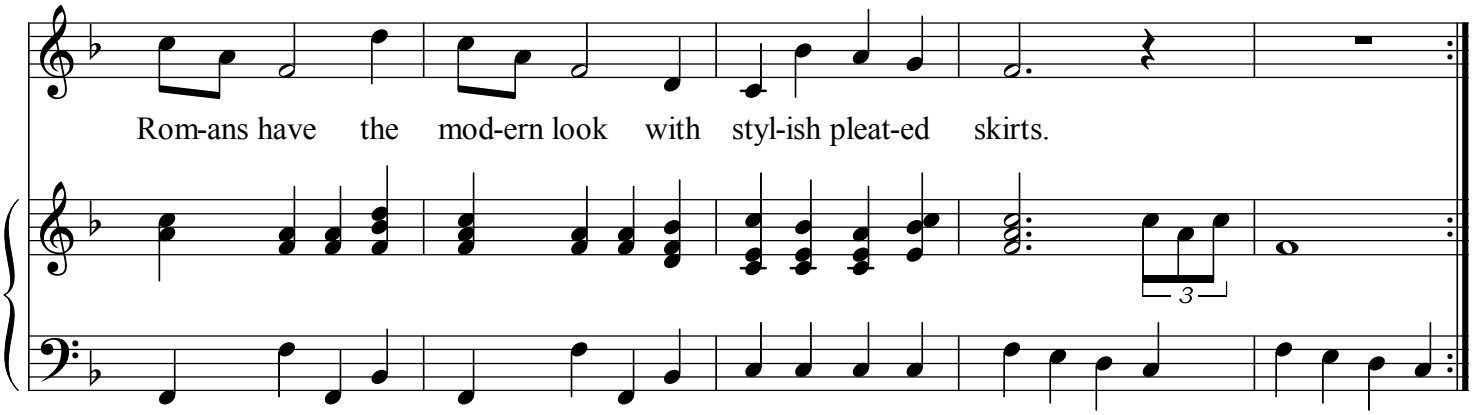
The odds are stacked on Mordred's side and Arthur's chances slim,
As Mordred struts around the stage and sneers an evil grin;
He shows his fists of granite and the muscles of an ox,
No wonder that the carpenter is making Arthur's box.

Song 4 How Grand to be a Roman




grand to be a Rom-an it's plain for all to see,
In our marb-le vill-as we live in lux-ur- y.
We


v2
clad our-selves in met-al plate with leath-er straps and studs, Our
v2
knobb-ly knees and hair-y legs just drive the lad - ies nuts. The
yok-els have no fash-ion sense with flopp-y hats and shirts, we



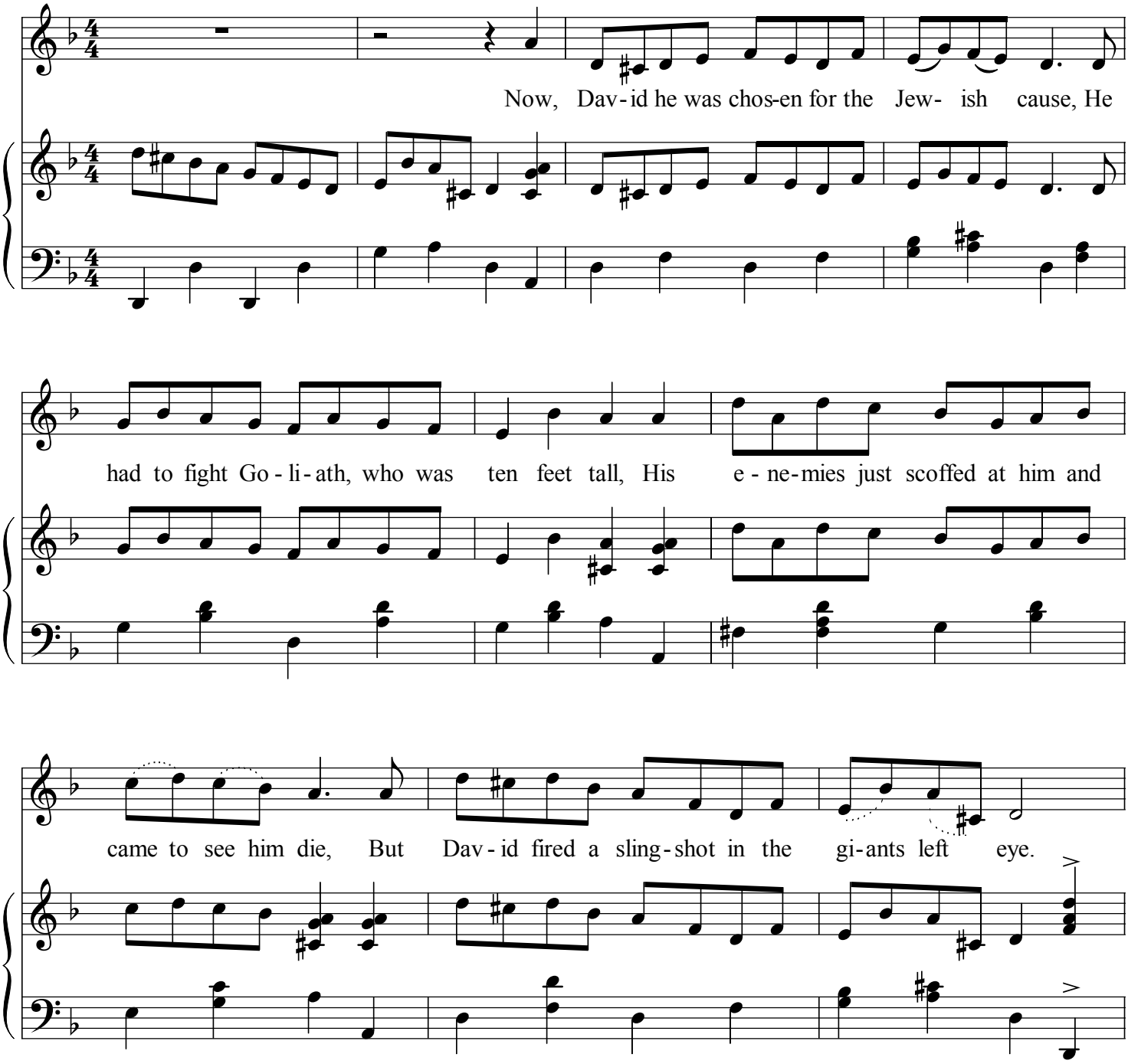
Chorus:
How grand to be a Roman, our lives are full of glee,
Our days spent at the opera, our nights in revelry,
How grand to be a Roman, it's plain for all to see,
In our marble villas, we live in luxury.

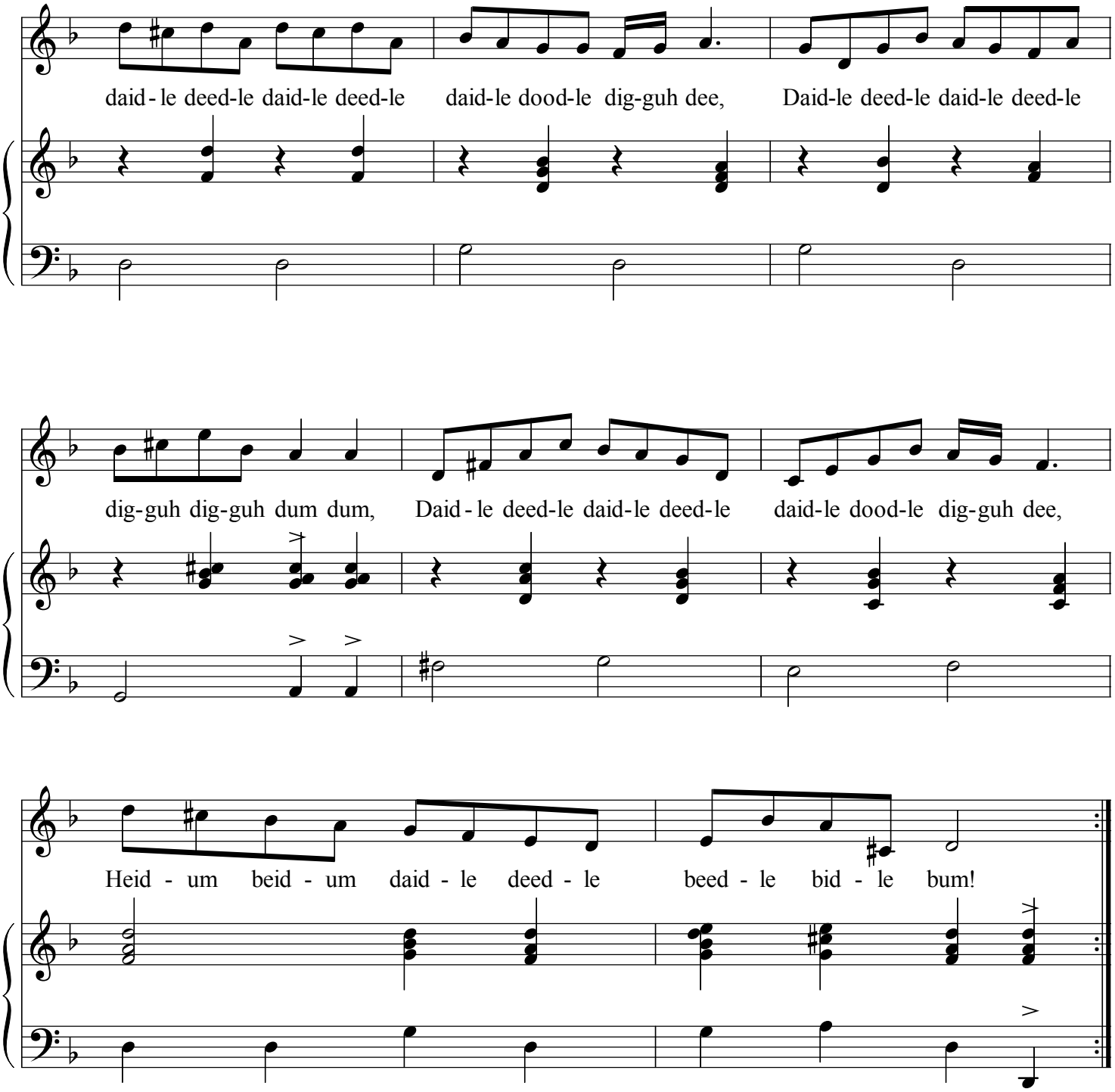
We clad ourselves in metal plate with leather straps and studs,
Our knobbly knees and hairy legs just drive the ladies nuts;
The yokels have no fashion sense with floppy hats and shirts,
We Romans have the modern look with stylish pleated skirts.

The hardships of the winter are borne without a groan,
About the British weather, you'll never hear us moan;
For we have some commodities that make the Britons sore,
The hot tub in the bathroom and the heating underfloor!

The noble Roman legacy is surely here to stay,
You're using our technology when on the motorway;
And when you turn a tap on, take a bath or flush your loo,
Remember us with gratitude for that's our gift to you.

Song 5 Where There's a Will!



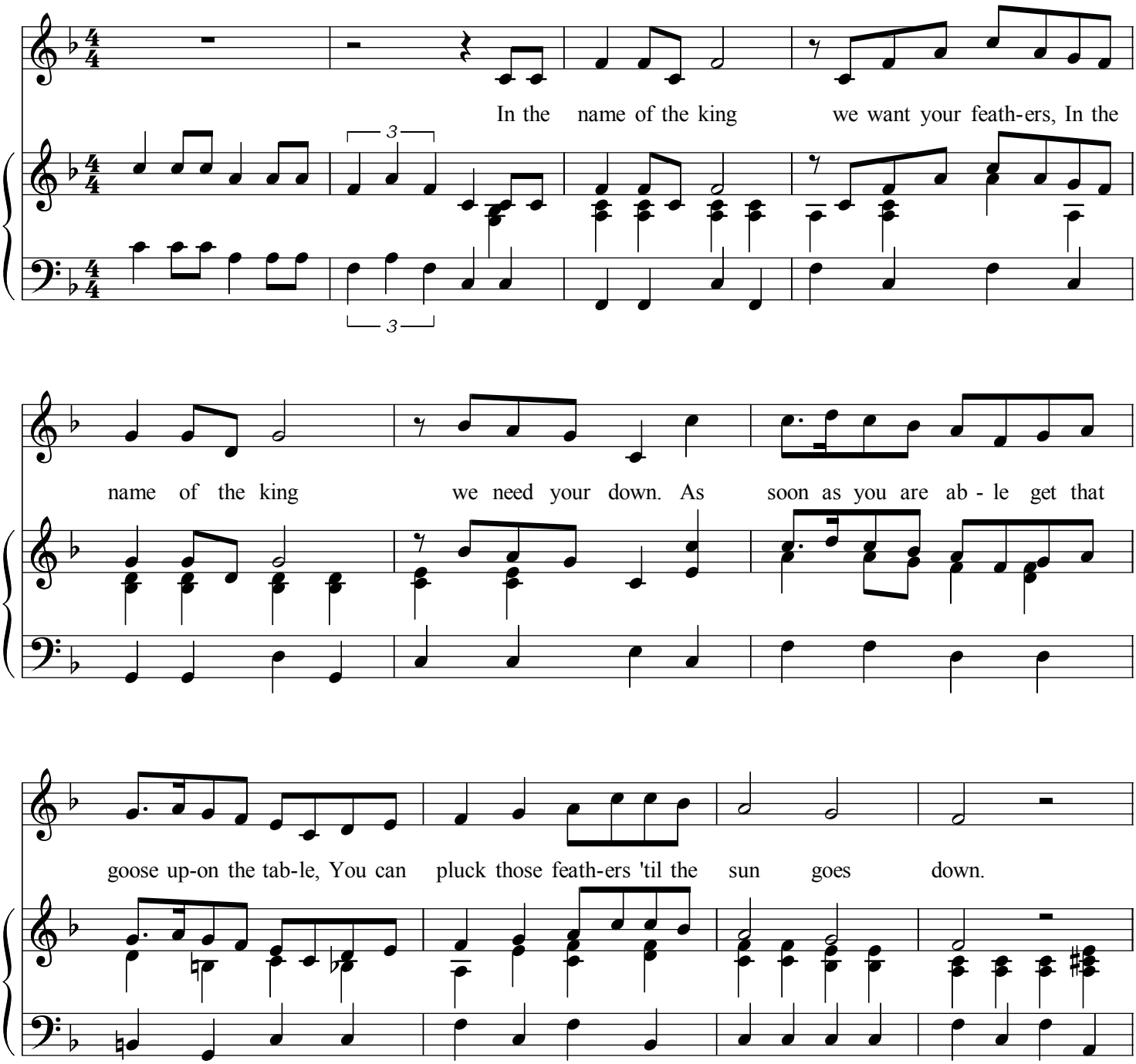


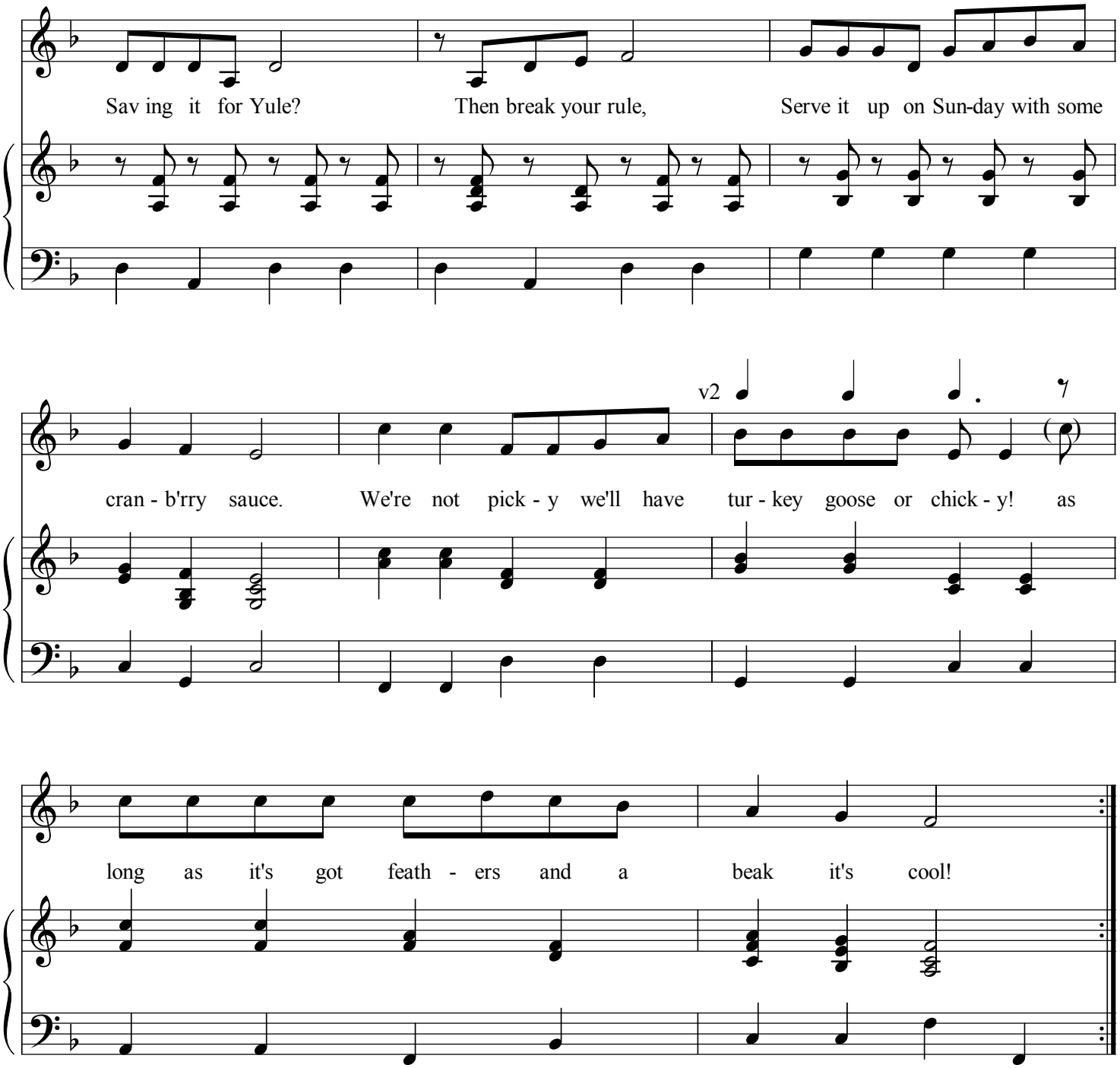
Now, David he was chosen for the Jewish cause,
He had to fight Goliath, who was ten feet tall.
His enemies just scoffed at him and came to see him die,
But David fired a slingshot in the giant's left eye.

Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle doodle digguh dee,
Daidle deedle daidle deedle digguh digguh dum, dum
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle doodle digguh dee,
Hiedum biedum daidle deedle beedle bidle bum

Now, Moses led the Jews into the promised land,
He brought them out of Egypt to the Red Sea shore;
But though in haste the ferry reservation was forgot,
The hand of God obliged them with a dry short cut!

Song 6 Pluck Those Feathers 'Til the Sun Goes Down





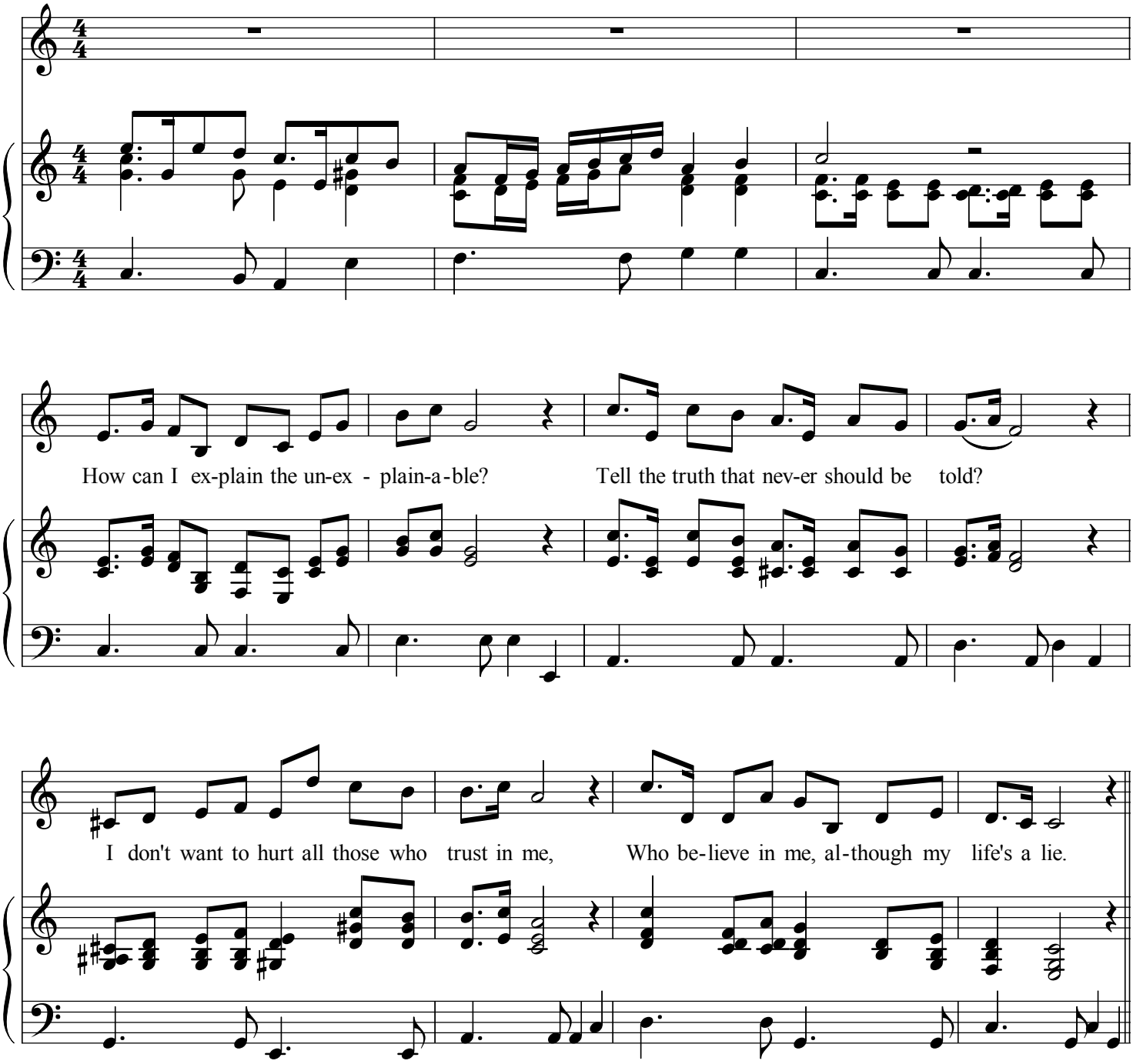
In the name of the King – we want your feathers,
In the name of the King – we need your down,
As soon as you are able – get that goose upon the table,
You can pluck those feathers till the sun goes down.

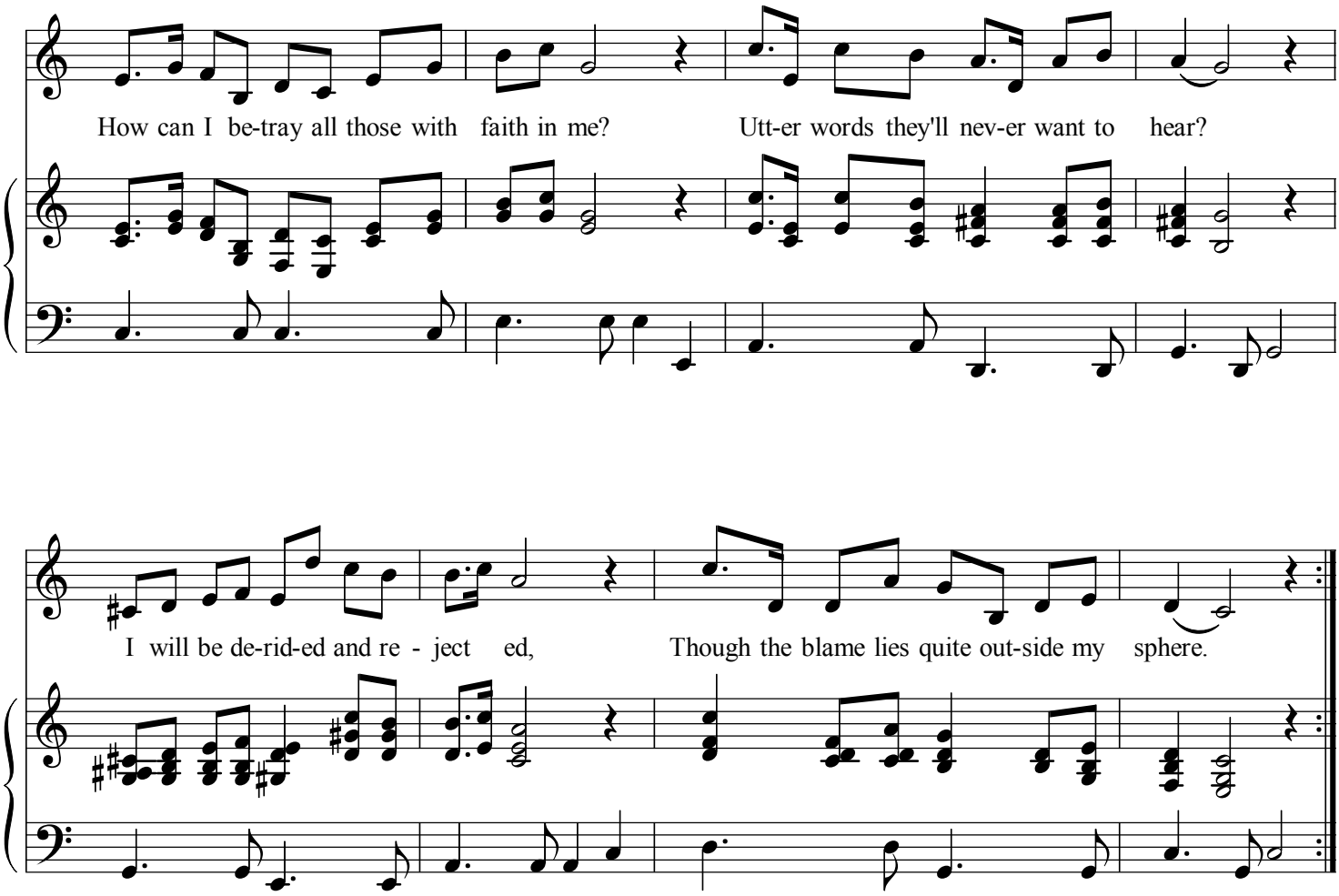
Saving it for Yule? Then break your rule,
Serve it up on Sunday with some cranberry sauce.
We're not picky, we'll have turkey, goose or chicky,
As long as it's got feathers and a beak it's cool!

In the name of the King etc….

If you have no goose that's no excuse,
Feathers from your pillow and your bed will do.
What's that swimming on your garden pond?
Not another word, just go and fetch that bird,

Song 7 How Can I Explain the Unexplainable?





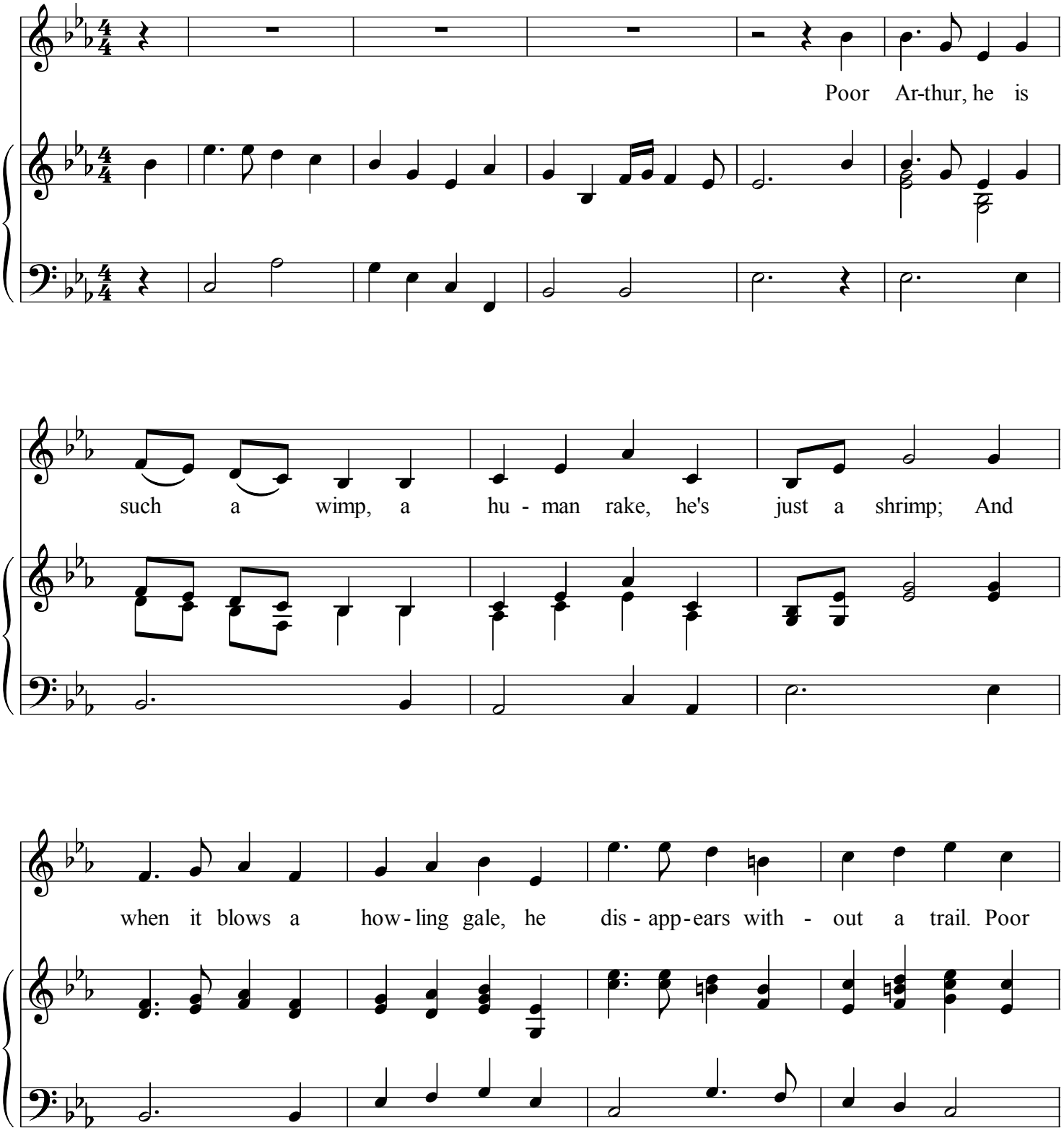
How can I explain the unexplainable?
Tell the truth that never should be told?
I don't want to hurt all those who trust in me,
Who believe in me, although my life's a lie!

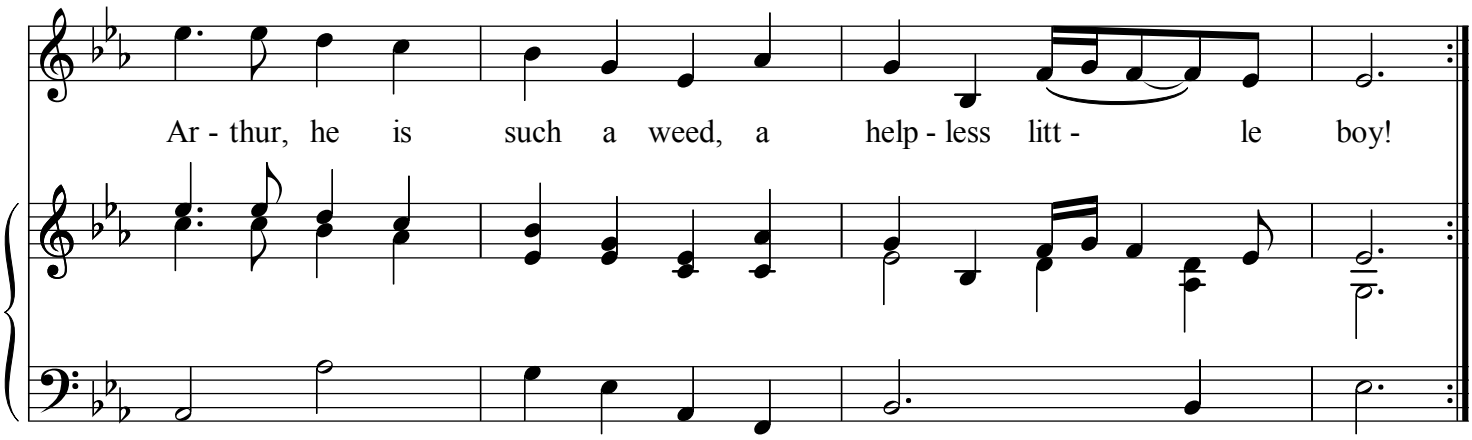
How can I betray all those with faith in me?
Utter words they'll never want to hear!
I will be derided and rejected,
Though the blame lies quite outside my sphere.

I shall rid the land of all that's evil,
Mordred and his kind shall not prevail;
Then I'll choose the time to let the secret out,
Fate shall act according to my will!

Courage will explain the unexplainable,
Bravery will tell what's not yet told.
Love will heal the wounds of hurt and misery,
Just as sunshine melts the winter's snow.

Song 8 Poor Arthur, He is Such a Wimp!





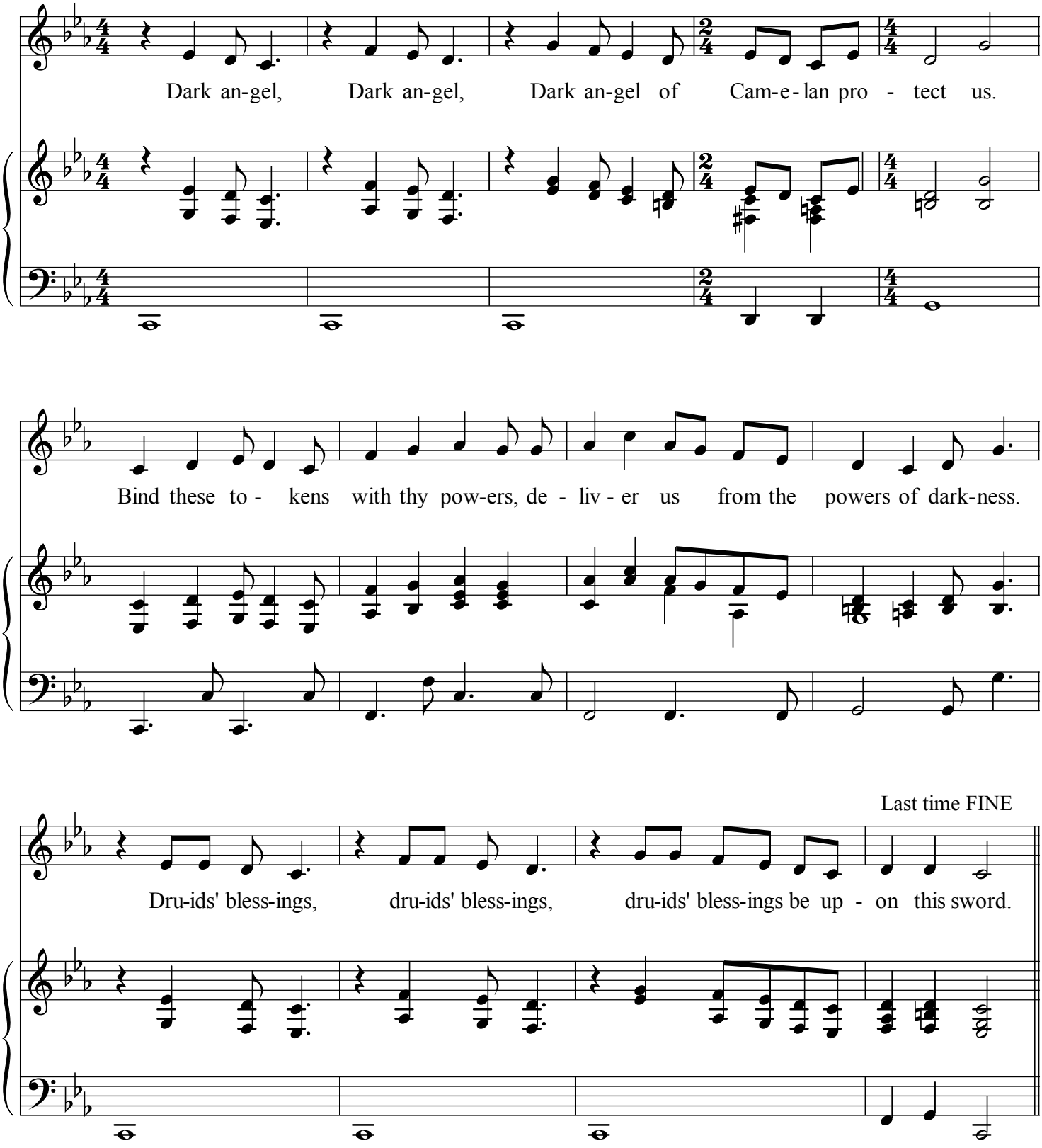
Poor Arthur, he is such a whimp, a human rake, he's just a shrimp,
And when it blows a howling gale, he disappears without a trail,
Poor Arthur he is such a weed, a helpless little boy,

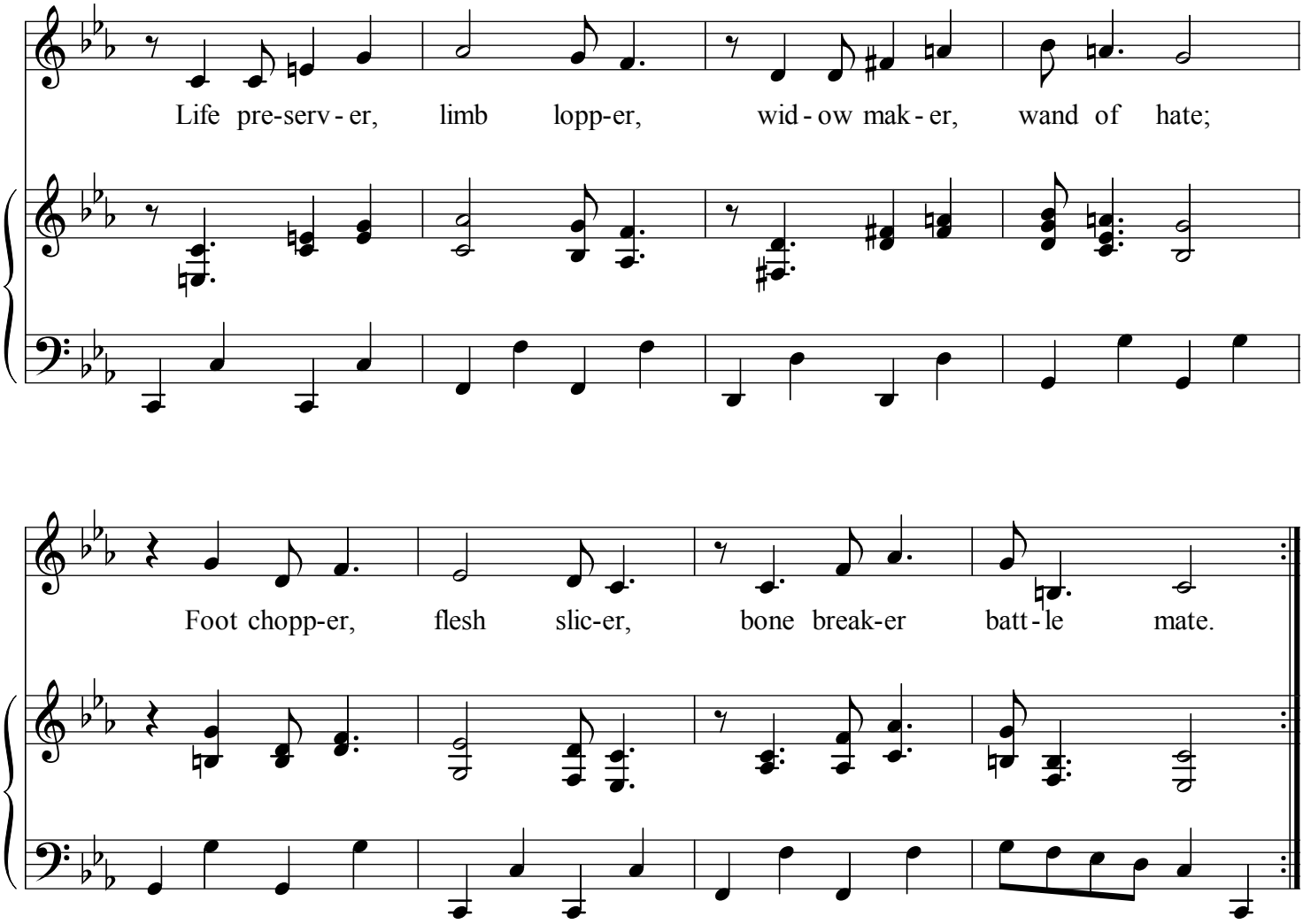
He's clearly not a warrior born, he struggles with the uniform,
His breast-plate rubs against his knees, he thinks a rapier's in the east,
Poor Arthur is a mystery, an enigmatic boy.

And yet the people care for him, look out for him, look up to him,
They're willing to stand up for him, to shelter him and fight for him,
Poor Arthur's such a midget and a curious little boy.

And need the king be brave and tough? Diplomacy is strength enough!
For Arthur's blessed with quite a brain, his mind is on a higher plane,
Perhaps he'll make a powerful king, that puny little boy?

Song 9 Dark Angel





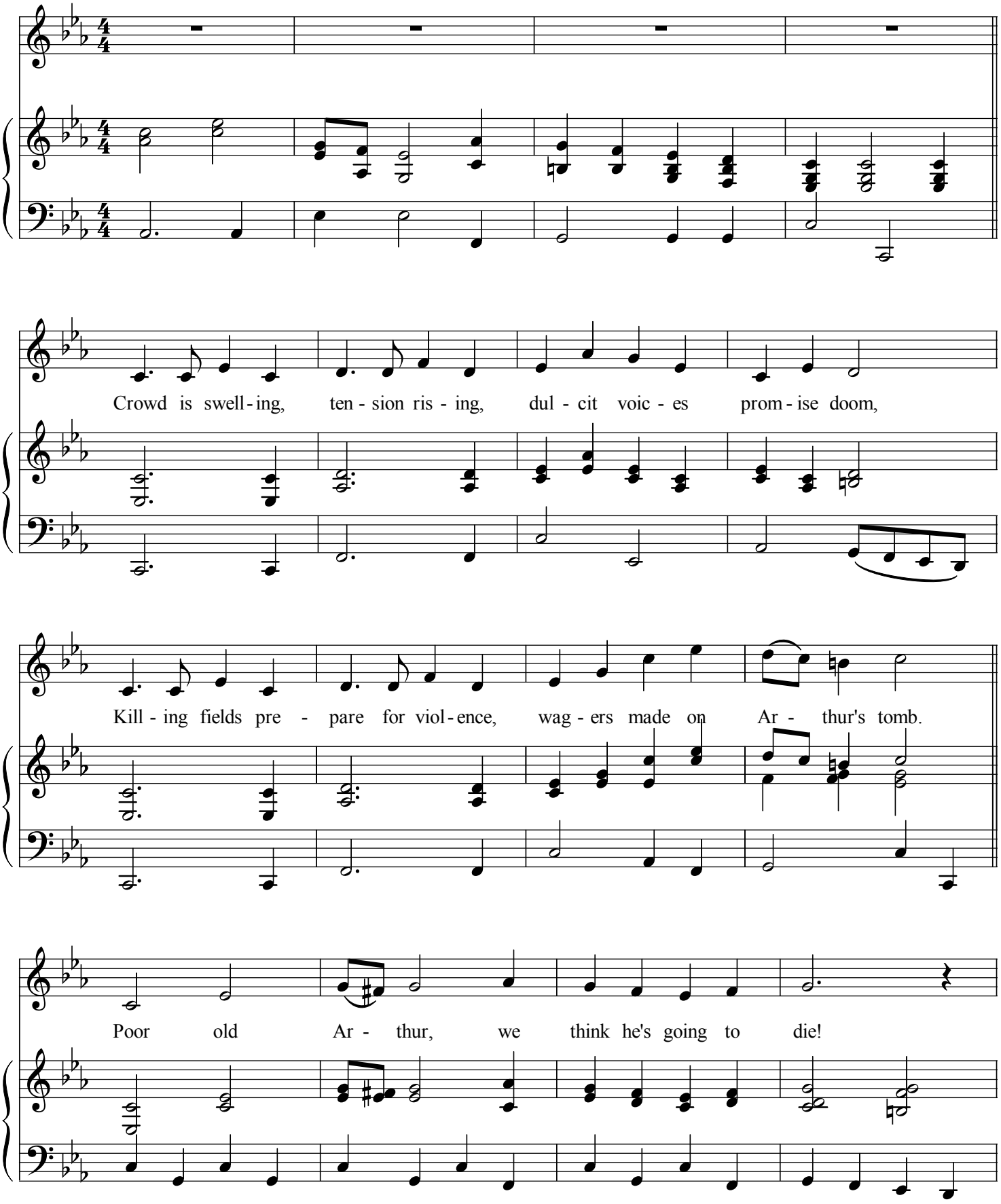
Verse 1:
Life-preserver; limb-lopper,
Widow-maker; wand of hate,
Foot-chopper; flesh-slicer,
Bone-breaker; battle-mate.

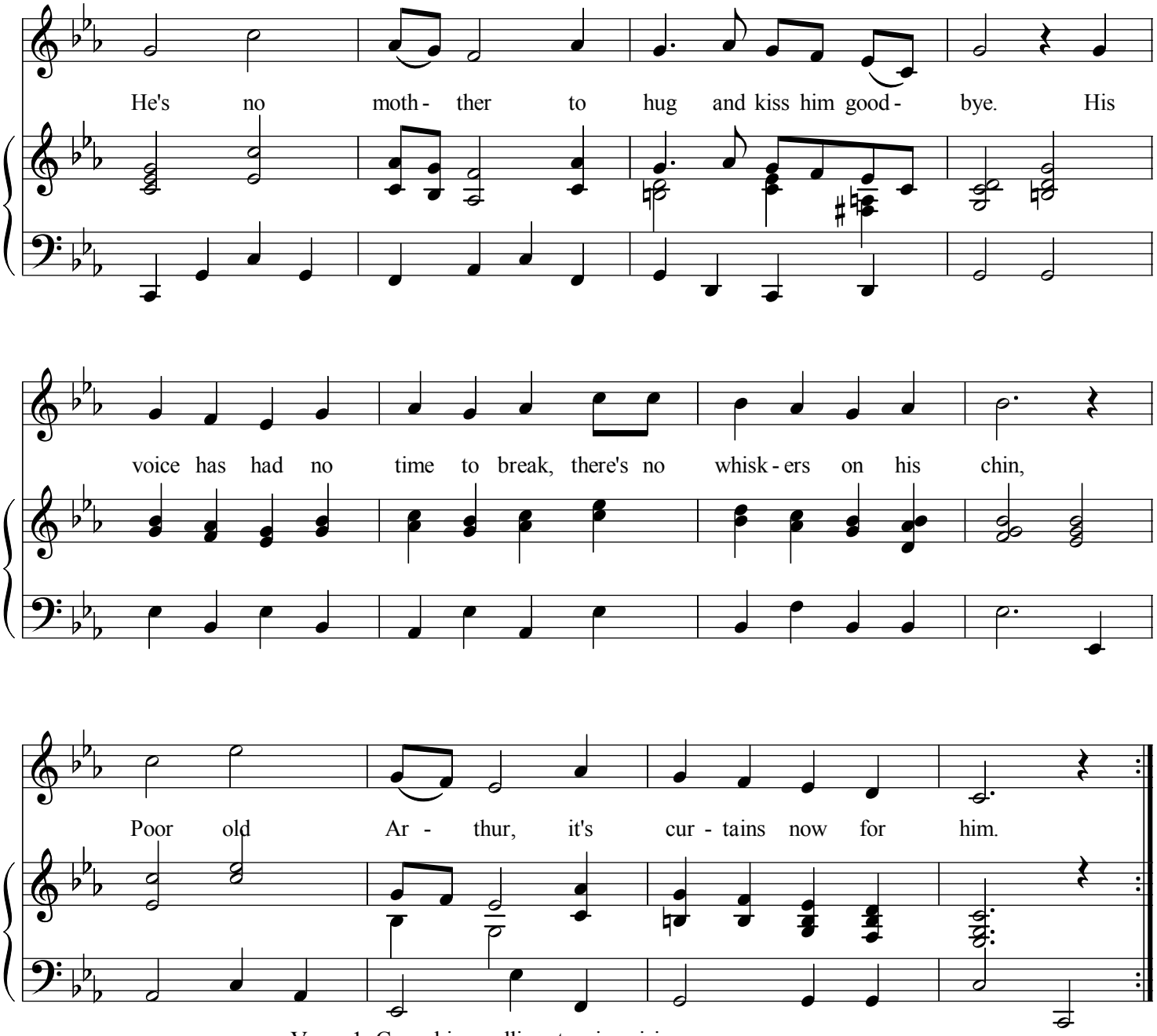
Chorus:
Dark angel, dark angel, dark angel of Camelan protect us,
Bind these tokens with thy powers,
Deliver us from the powers of darkness,
Druids' blessings, druid's blessings,
Druids blessings be upon this sword/helmet/warrior.

Verse 2:
Skull-protector; sword-stopper,
Battle-burnished; forged in fire,
Cranium-cradle; Wit-preserver,
Scalp-saver; block his aim.

Verse 3:
Doom deliv'rer; dark angel:
Devil's disciple; fate-dealer;
Man-destroyer; death's worker:

Song 10 Poor Old Arthur, We Think He's Going to Die!





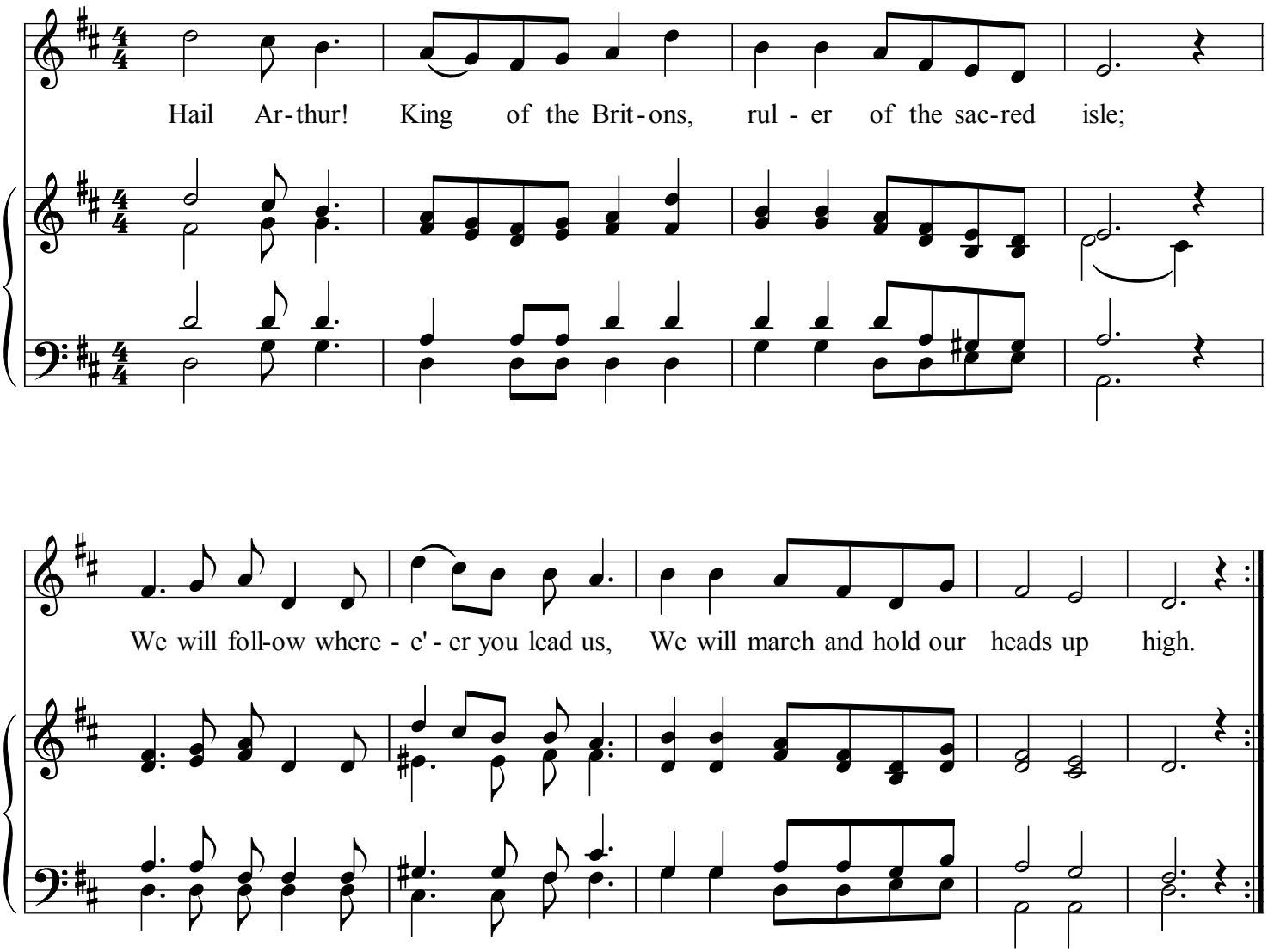
Verse 1: Crowd is swelling, tension rising,
Dulcit voices promise doom,
Killing fields prepare for violence,
Wagers made on Arthur's tomb

Chorus: Poor old Arthur, we think he's going to die,
He's no mother to hug and kiss him goodbye;
His voice has not had time to break, He's no whiskers on his chin,
Poor old Arthur it's curtains now for him.

Verse 2: Chilvalry is Arthur's bye-word,
Pity that he's such a runt,
Wears his armour like a jester,
Inside out and back to front.

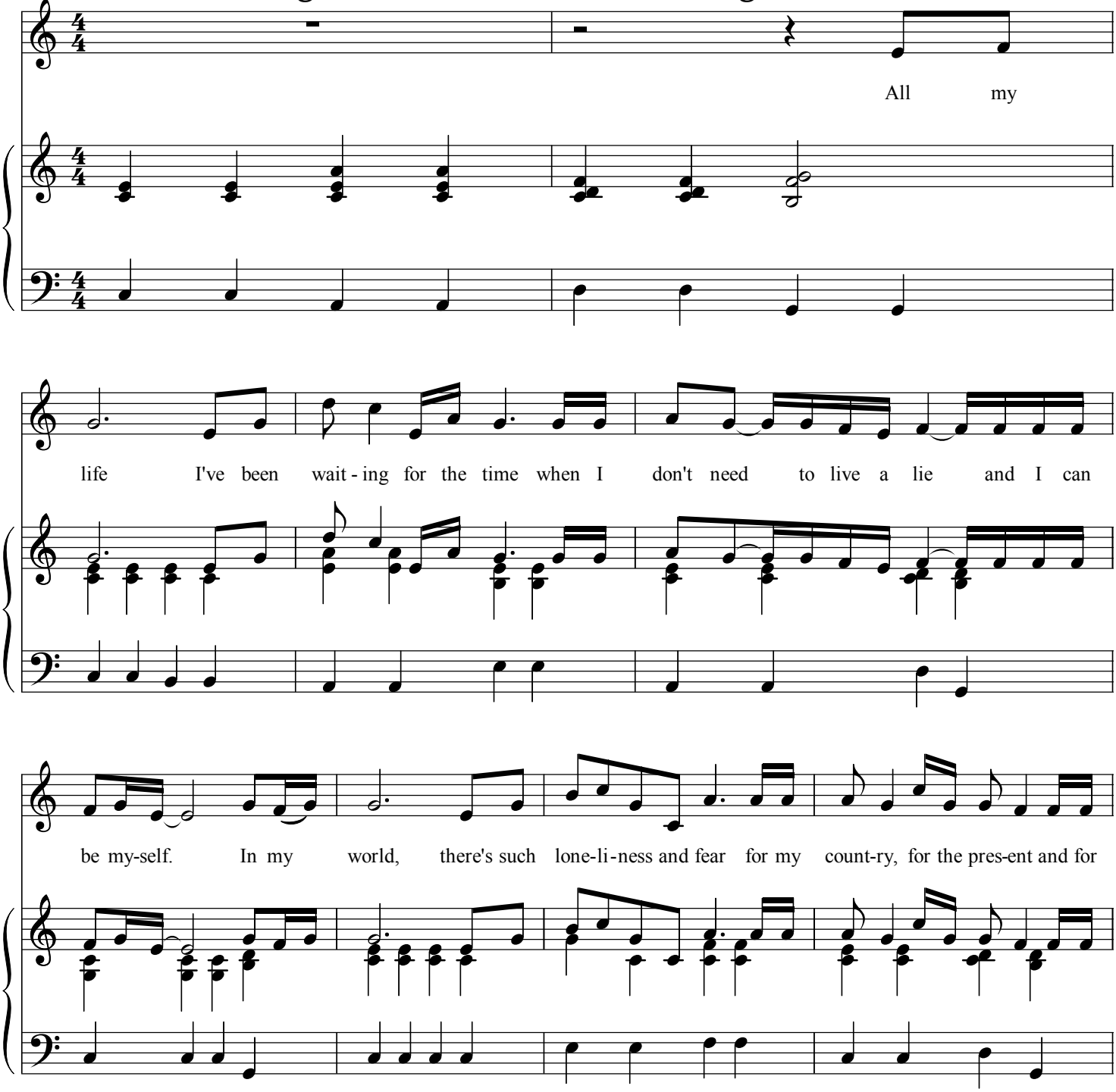
Verse 3: Sounds of riders in the distance
Bravest hearts feel icy chill,
Arthur's blood shall stain the greensward,
Hope he's thought to make a will

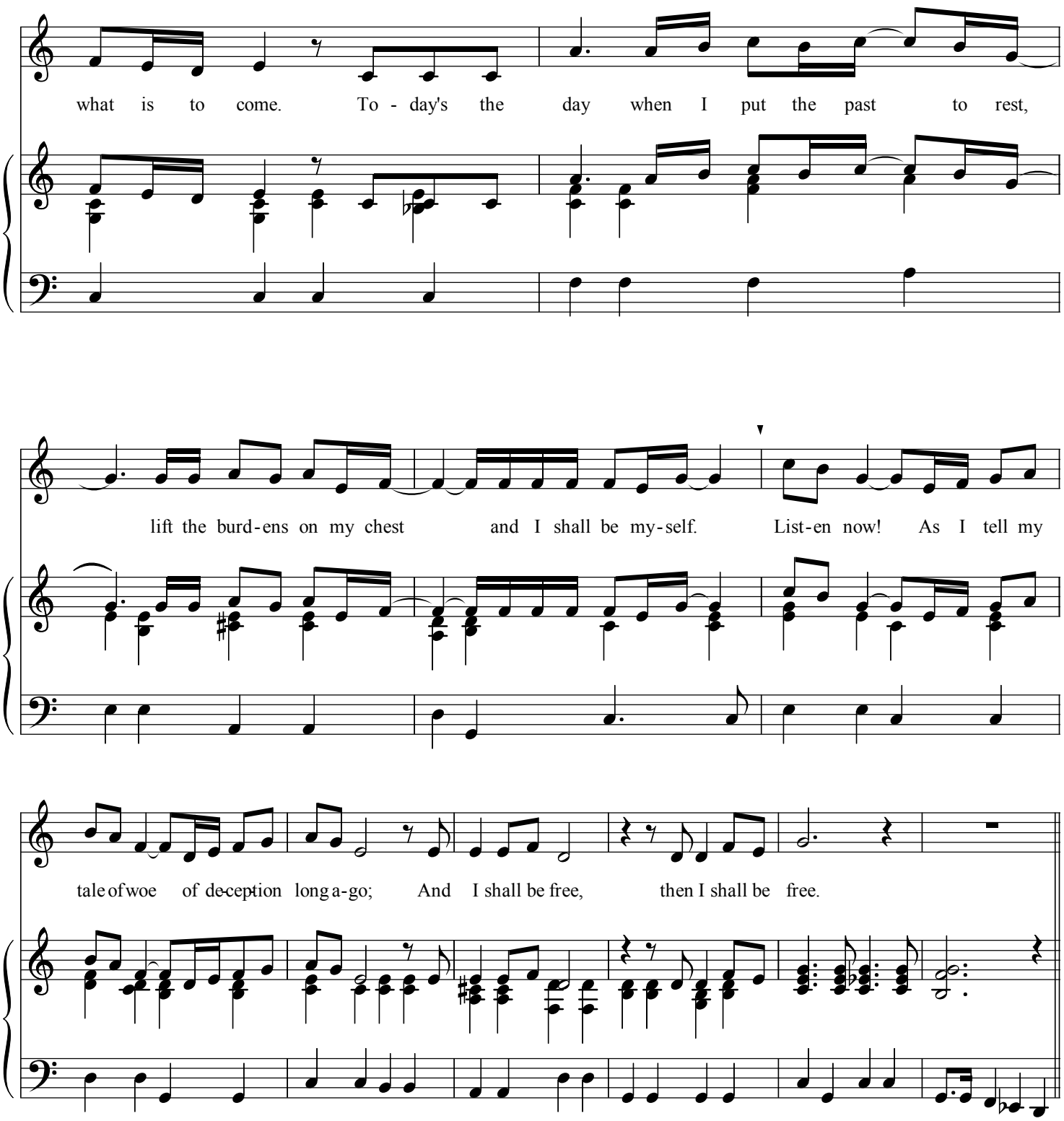
Song 11 Hail Arthur! King of the Britons

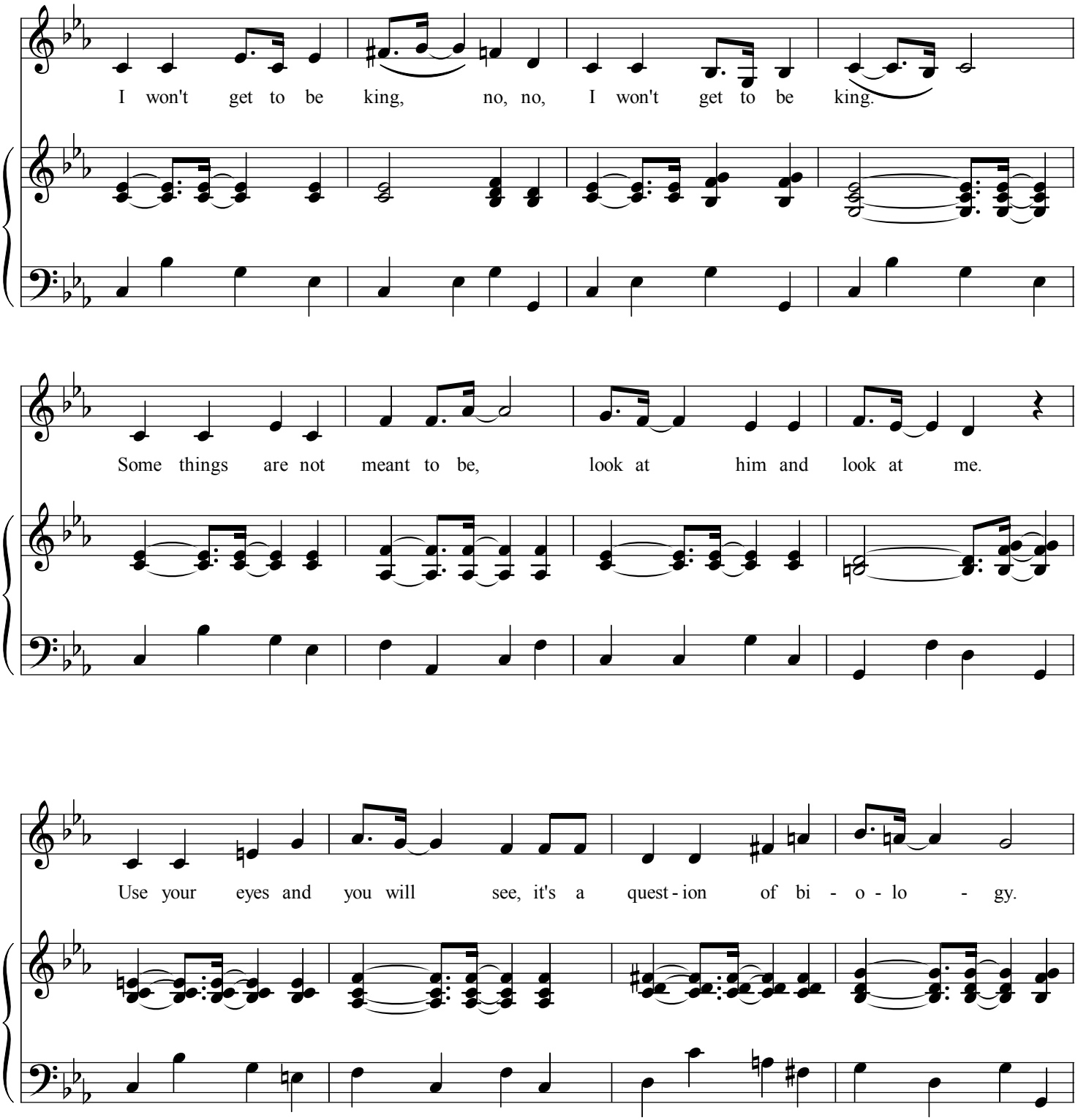


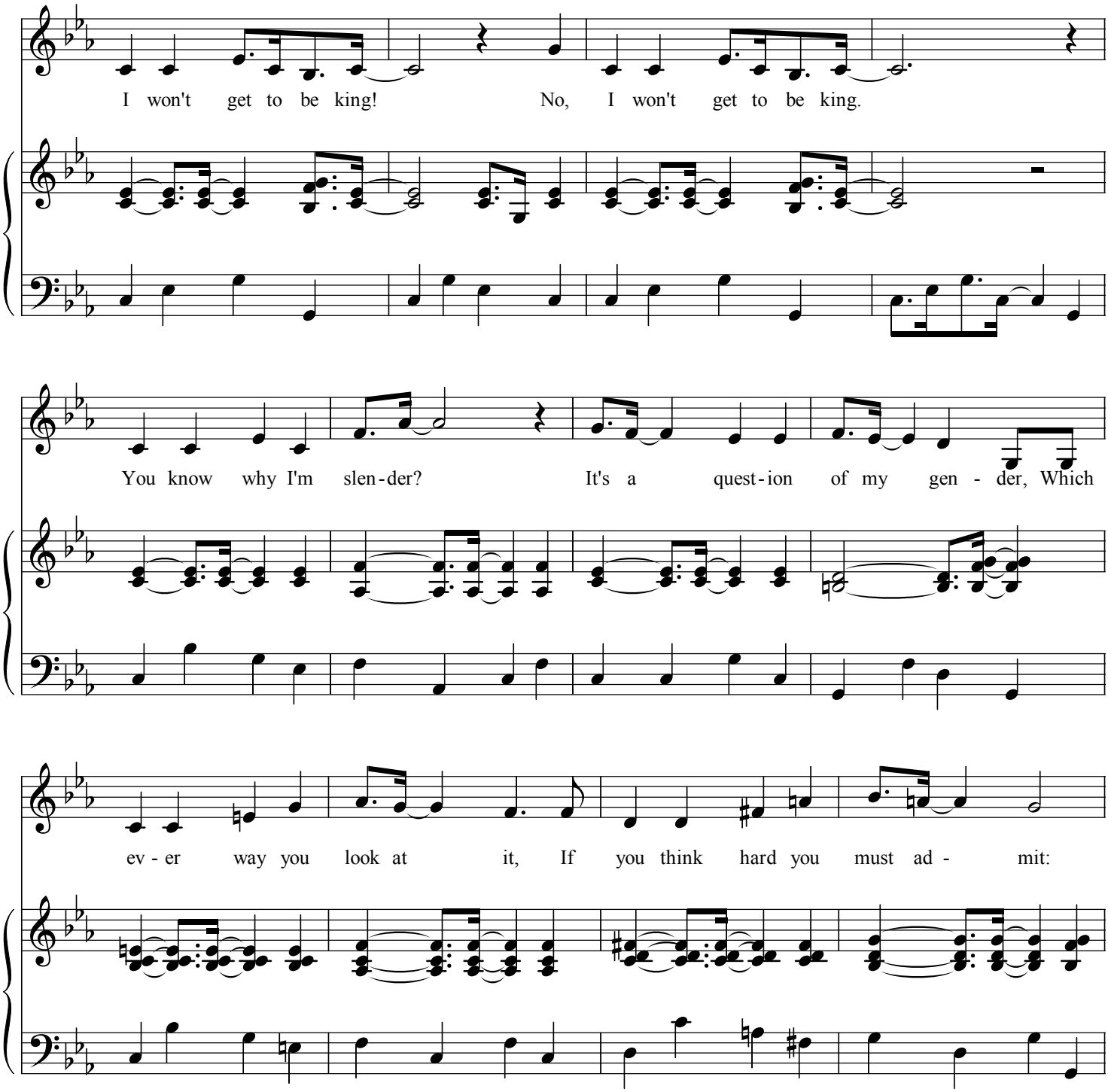
Hail Arthur, King of the Britons, ruler of the sacred isle.
We will follow, where'er you lead us,
We shall march and hold our heads up high. (Repeat with Black Knights)

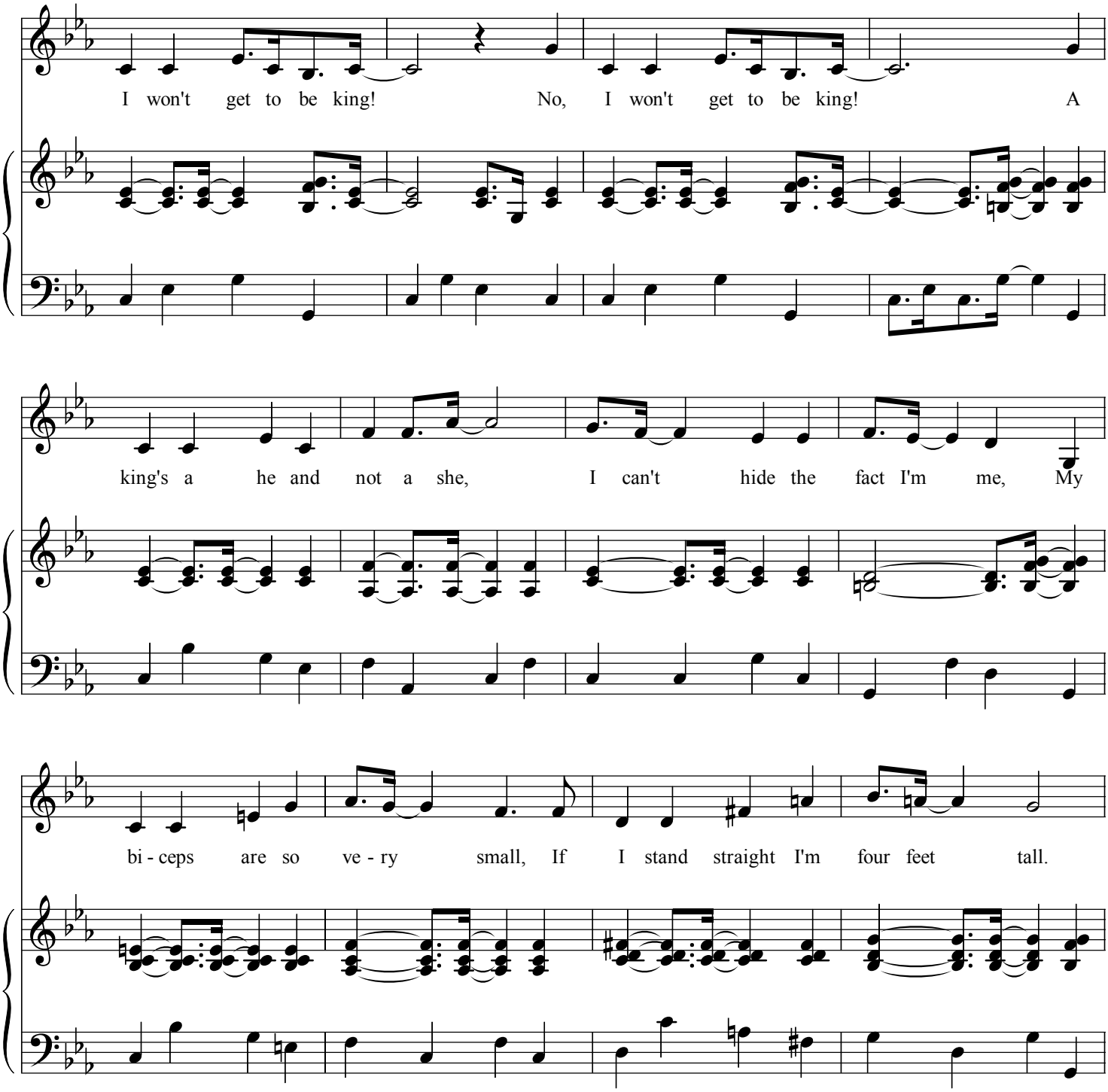
Song 12 I Won't Get to be King!

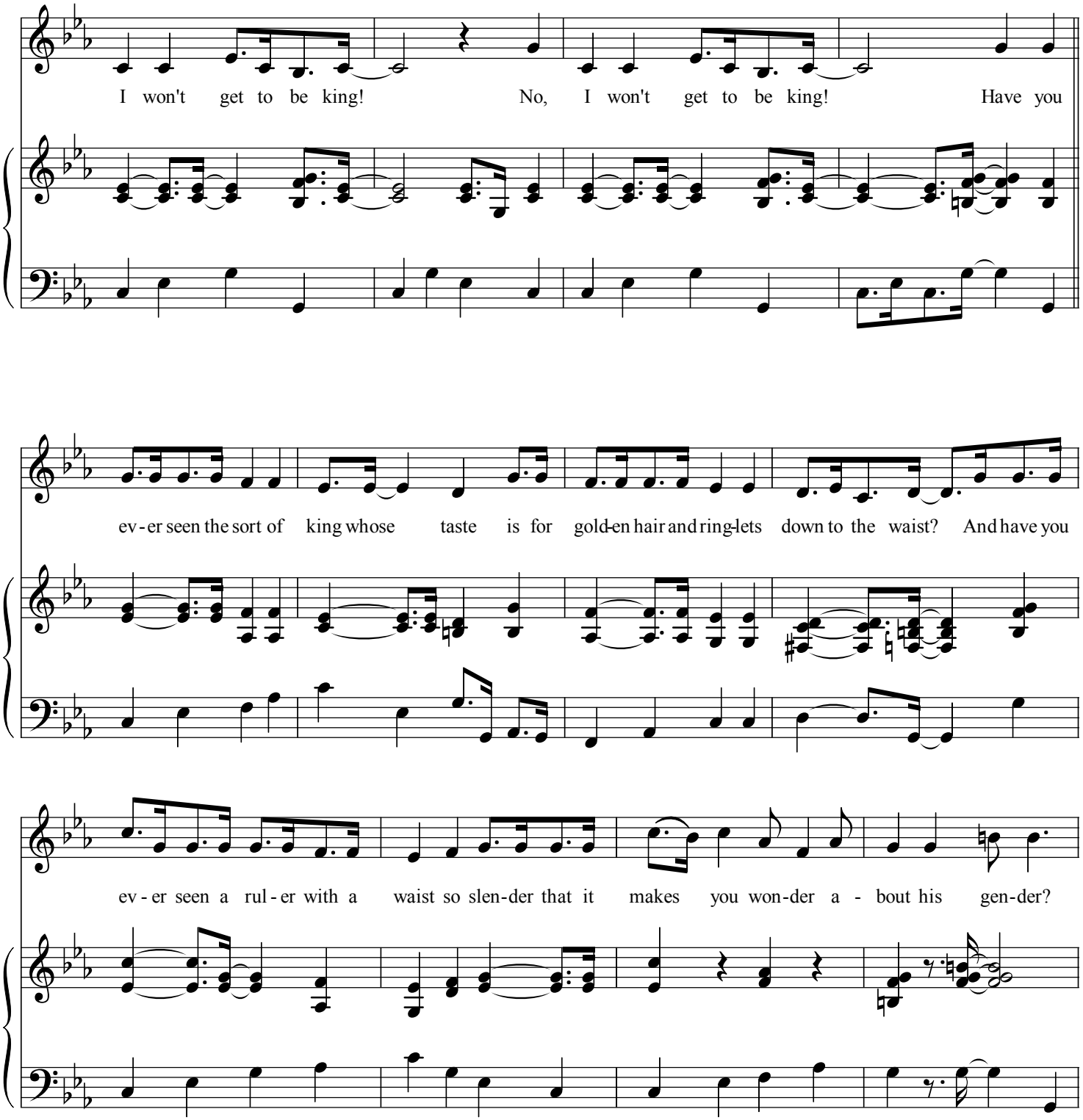


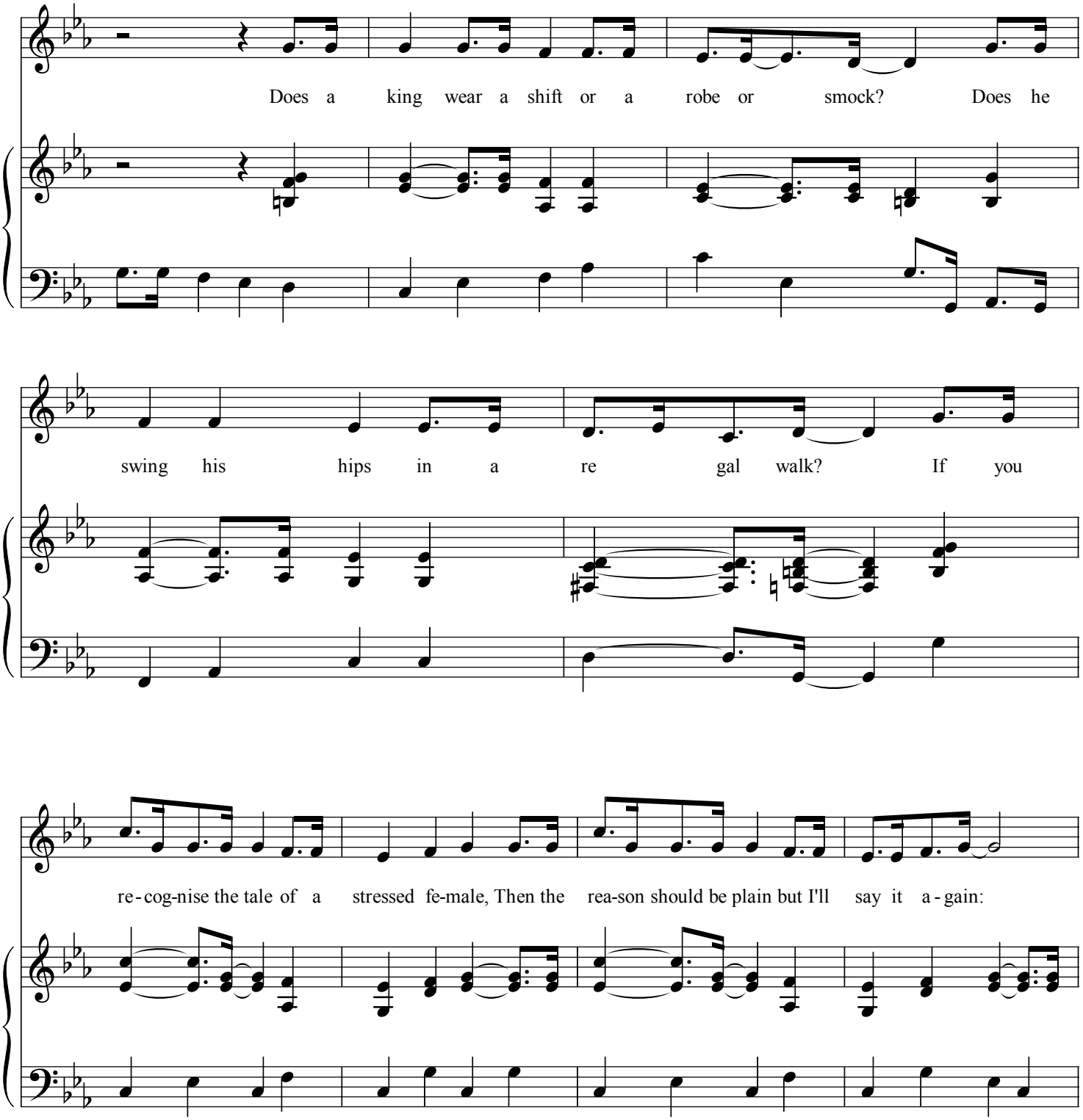

what is to come. To - day's the day when I put the past to rest,
lift the burd-ens on my chest and I shall be my-self. List-en now! As I tell my
tale of woe of de-ception long a-go; And I shall be free, then I shall be free.

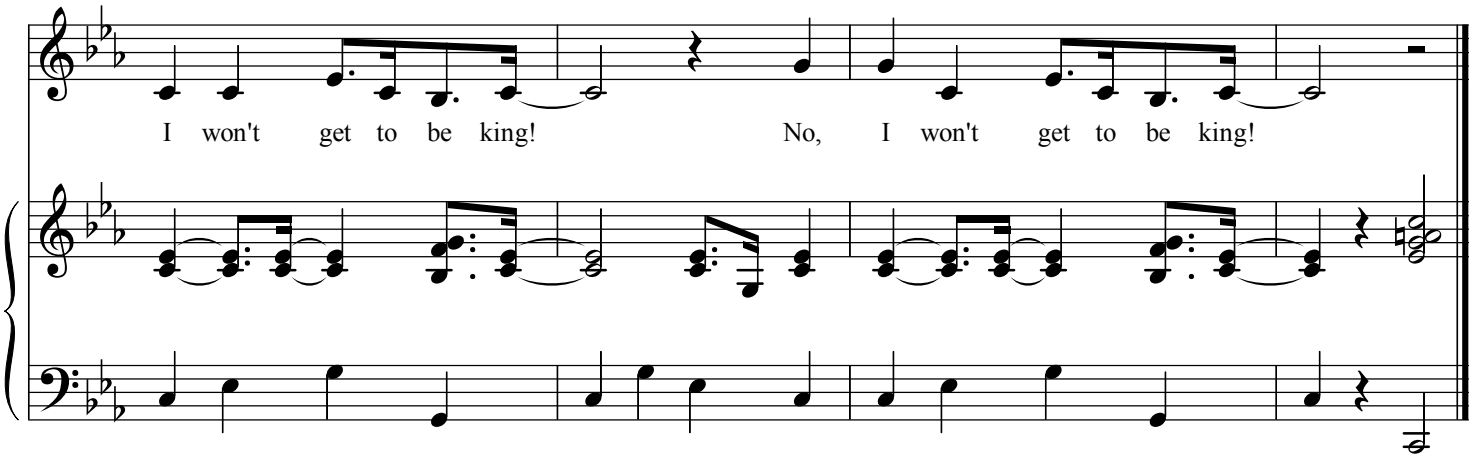

I won't get to be king, no, no, I won't get to be king.
Some things are not meant to be, look at him and look at me.
Use your eyes and you will see, it's a quest - ion of bi - o - lo - gy.


I won't get to be king! No, I won't get to be king.
You know why I'm slen-der? It's a quest-ion of my gen - der, Which
ev - er way you look at it, If you think hard you must ad - mit:


I won't get to be king! No, I won't get to be king! A
king's a he and not a she, I can't hide the fact I'm me, My
bi - ceps are so ve - ry small, If I stand straight I'm four feet tall.


I won't get to be king! No, I won't get to be king! Have you
ev-er seen the sort of king whose taste is for gold-en hair and ring-lets down to the waist? And have you
ev-er seen a rul-er with a waist so slen-der that it makes you won-der a-bout his gen-der?


Does a king wear a shift or a robe or smock? Does he
swing his hips in a re gal walk? If you
re-cog-nise the tale of a stressed fe-male, Then the rea-son should be plain but I'll say it a-gain:



All my life, I've been waiting for the time when I don't need to live a lie, and I can be myself.
In my world, there's such loneliness and fear for my country for the present and for what is to come.
Today's the day, when I'll put the past to rest, lift the burdens on my chest, and I shall be myself.
Listen now, as I tell my tale of woe, of deception long ago,
And I shall be free, then I shall be free!

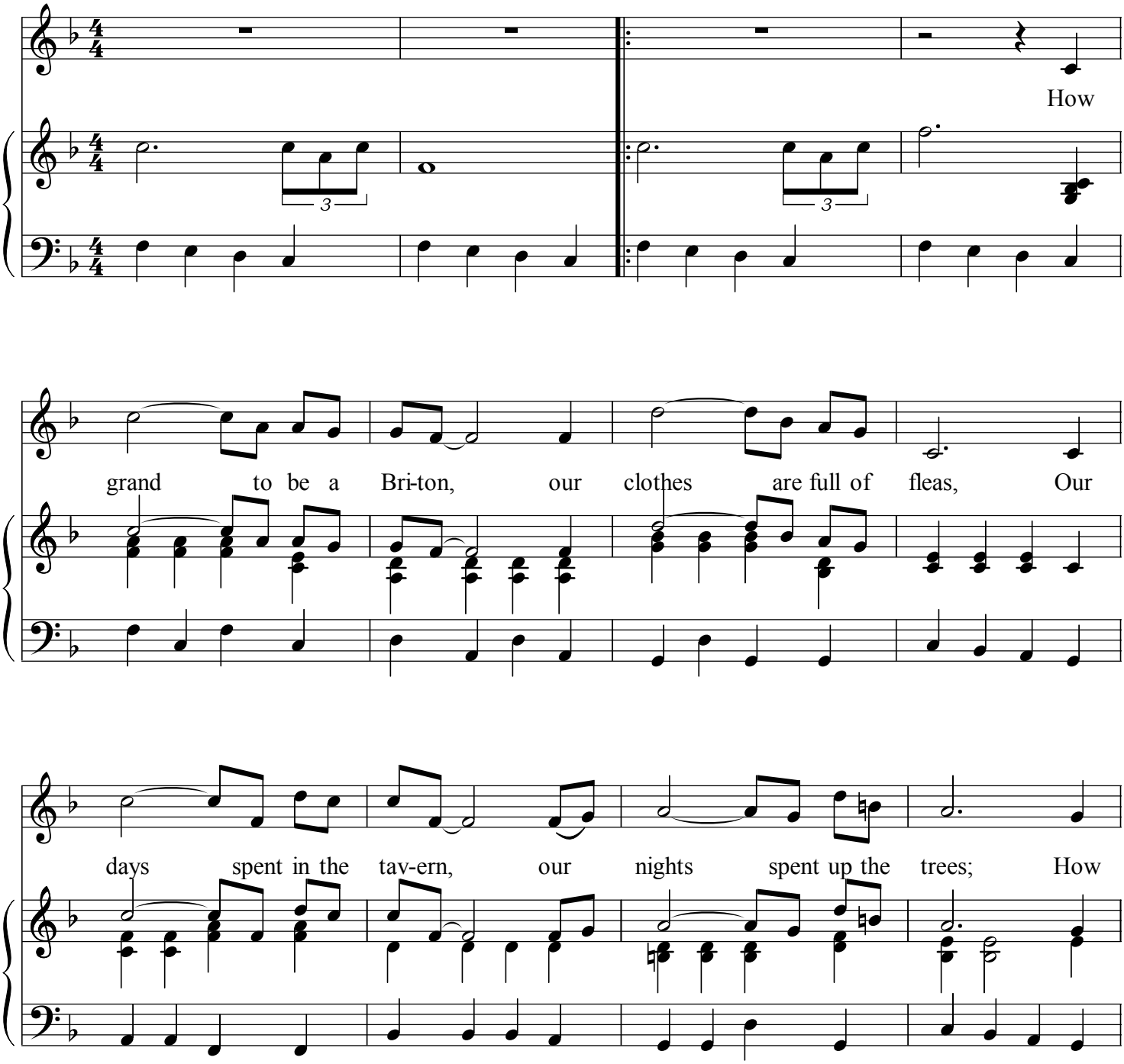
I won't get to be king! No, no, I won't get to be king.
Some things are just not meant to be, look at him and look at me,
Use your eyes and you will see, it's a question of biology,
I won't get to be king! No, I won't get to be king!
You know why I'm slender? It's a question of my gender,
Whichever way you look at it, if you think hard you must admit,
I won't get to be king! No, I won't get to be king!
A king's a he and not a she, I can't hide the fact I'm me,
My biceps are so very small, if I stand straight I'm four feet tall,
I won't get to be king! No, I won't get to be king!

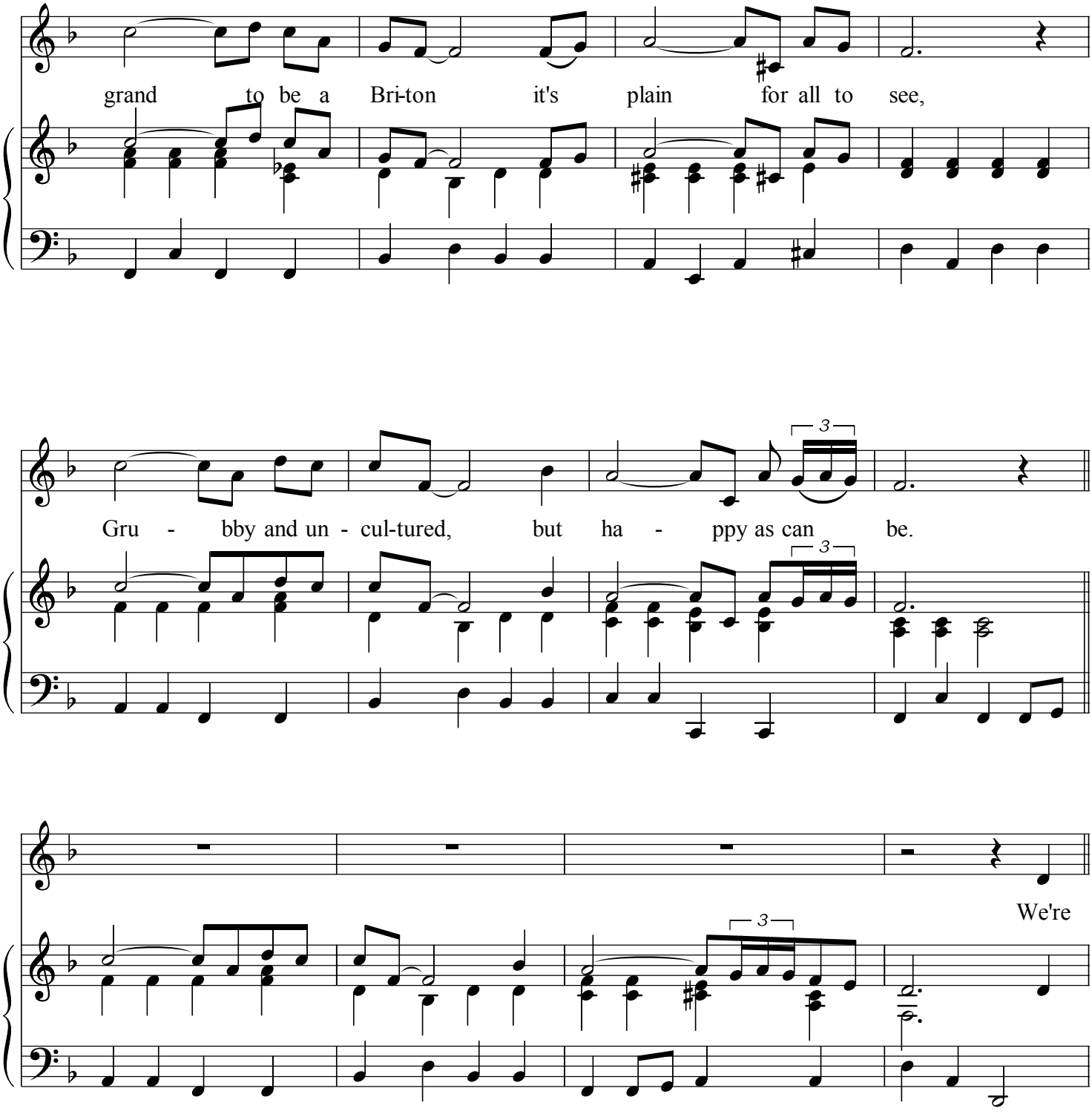
(Arthur begins a transformation into Arwen by letting down her hair and shedding her outer cloak.)

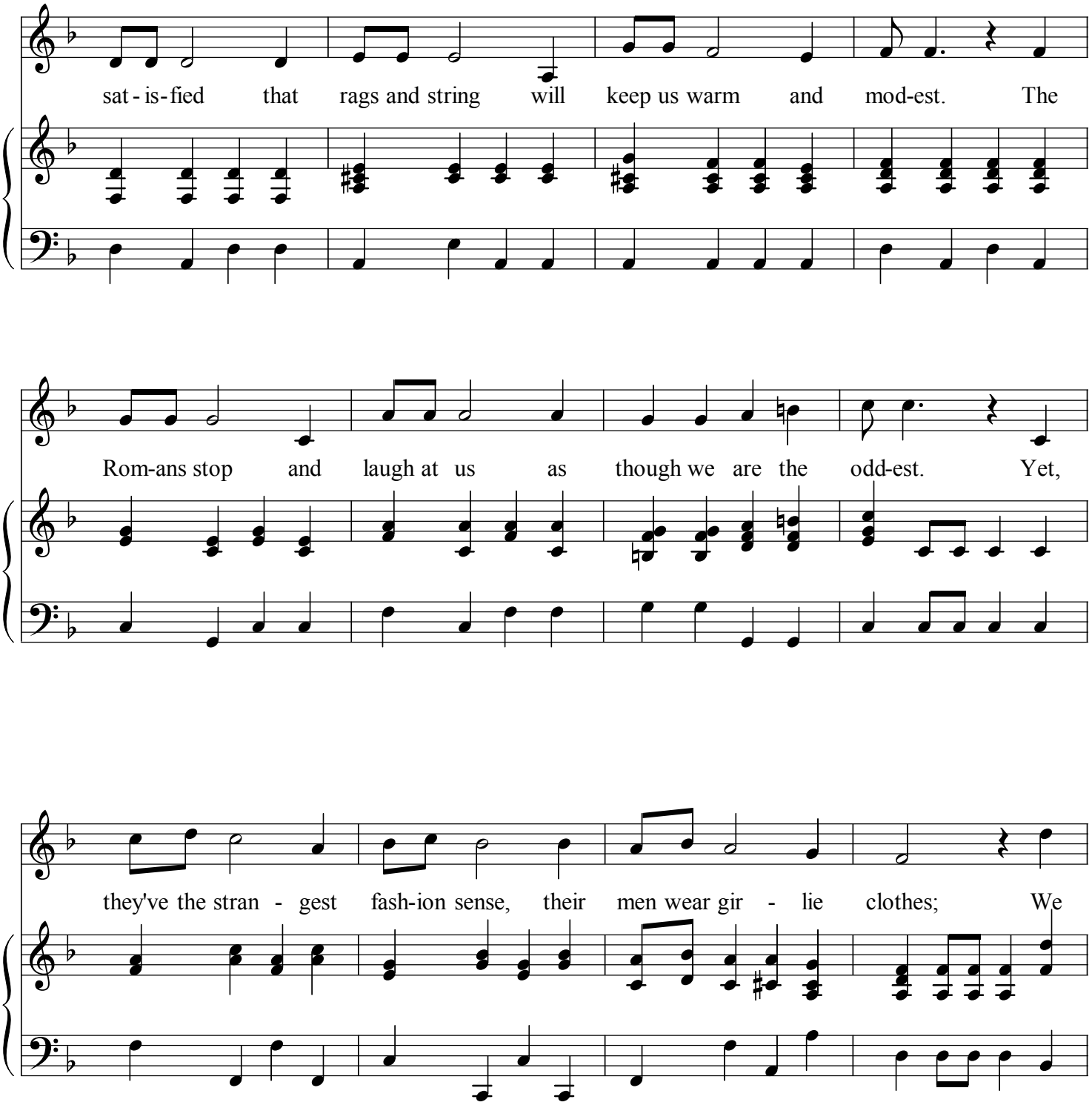
Have – you - ever seen the sort of king whose taste
Is for golden hair in ringlets let down to the waist?
And have you ever seen a ruler with a waist so slender
That it makes you wonder about his gender?

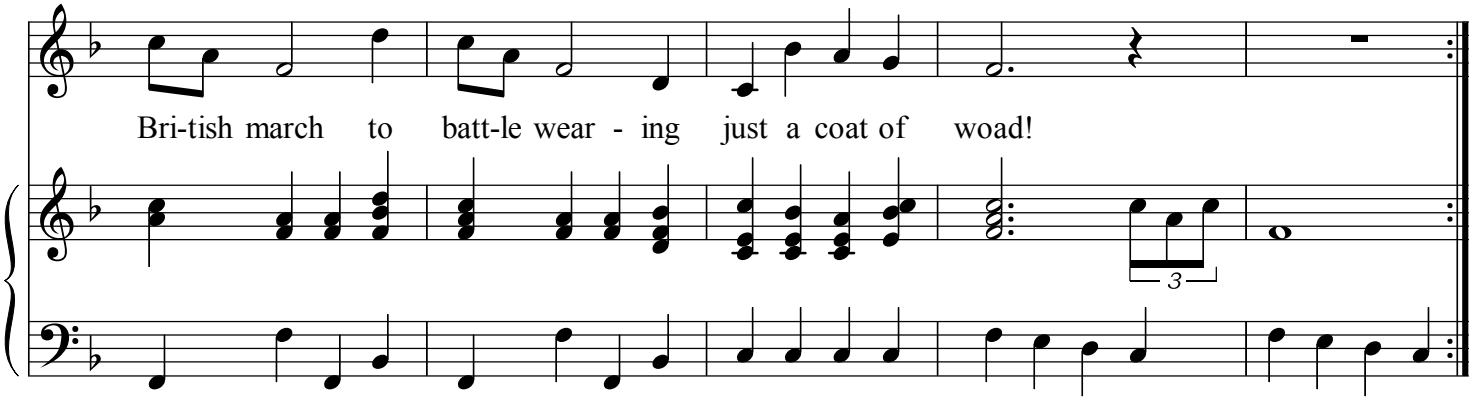
Does - a - king wear a shift or a robe or smock?
Would he swing his hips in a regal walk?
If you recognise the tale of a stressed female,
Then the reason should be plain, but I'll say it once again:
I won't get to be king! No, I won't get to be king!

Song 13 How Grand to be a Briton




grand to be a Bri-ton it's plain for all to see,
Gru - bby and un - cul-tured, but ha - ppy as can be.
We're


sat - is - fied that rags and string will keep us warm and mod-est. The
Rom-ans stop and laugh at us as though we are the odd-est. Yet,
they've the stran - gest fash-ion sense, their men wear gir - lie clothes; We

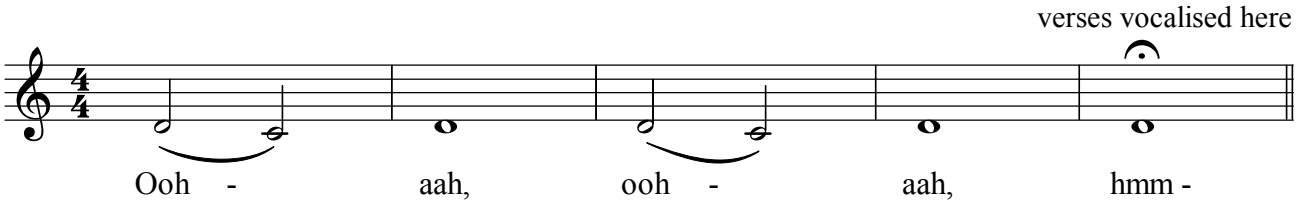


Chorus:
How grand to be a Briton, our clothes are full of fleas,
Our days spent in the tavern, our nights spent up the trees,
How grand to be a Briton, it's plain for all to see,
Grubby and uncultured, but happy as can be.

We're satisfied that rags and string will keep us warm and modest,
The Romans stop and laugh at us as though we are the oddest,
Yet they've the strangest fashion sense, their men wear girlie clothes,
We British march to battle wearing just a coat of woad.

Chorus

For many years we lived our lives without a single bath,
We look back now with fondness but you have to stop and laugh,
When you went out a-courting in your only set of clothes,
You held your girl at arm's length with a cloths-peg on your nose.

Chorus

Suggestion for the Druids' Chant