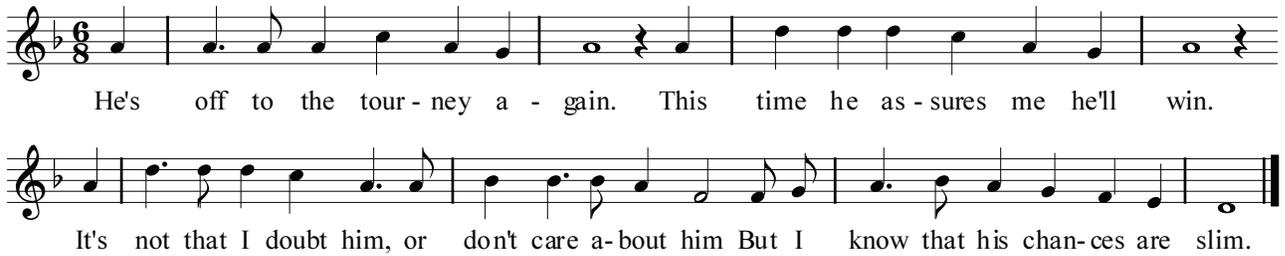


# Tourney Widow's Lament

Words and Music: Andrixos Seljukroctonis



He's off to the tour-ney a - gain. This time he as - sures me he'll win.  
It's not that I doubt him, or don't care a-bout him But I know that his chan-ces are slim.

*He's off to the tourney again.  
This time he assures me he'll win.  
It's not that I doubt him, or don't care about him  
But I know that his chances are slim.*

He loves the grand show of the field.  
His arms blazoned bright on his shield,  
As he couches his lance, he hasn't a chance,  
And alas, once again, he must yield.

He wished a rich tabard be sewn,  
That on it his arms might be shown,  
In silk and in satin, with mottoes in Latin,  
And to make it I took out a loan.

## *Chorus*

I stay home and manage his lands.  
English work busies my hands.  
I tally the flocks and the trade through the docks  
And finance his tourney demands.

I make sure the storerooms are full.  
I get the best price for our wool.  
I see to our needs and weigh out the seeds,  
And take fee for the stud of our bull.

## *Chorus*

The ransoms are great, I've been told  
My harness a small bag of gold  
And I've paid even larger to buy back my charger  
Where the ransom comes let me be told.

I thought that the answer was clear.  
I double the number each year  
Of sheep and of beef, that graze on your fief,  
They pay for your losses, my dear.

## *Rule Number One:*

*As the author of this work does not wish this piece sung from a lyrics-sheet, please do not print it in a font larger than 10 point. Please ensure that this statement accompanies all copies of these lyrics that you make.*