

Bedlam Boys

Text: trad.

Musik: Morgain

The moon's my constant mistress,
And the lonely owl my marrow;
The flaming drake,
And the night-crow, make
Me music to my sorrow.

And it's I sing the Bedlam Boys. Bonny mad boys.
The Bedlam boys are bonny.
For they all go bare and they live on the air,
And they want no drink nor money.

I know more than Apollo;
For oft, when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the wounded welkin weeping.

The moon embraces her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her warrior
While the first does horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrier.

And it's I sing...

With a host of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander,
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander.

By a Knight of ghosts and shadows.
I summoned am to Tourney:
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey.

And it's I sing...