

Interlude Song

1.

“Ya calleth that music?”

My king askèd me,
“The notes of such sounding

Doth force me to flee.”

Yeah, answered I truly,
“M’Lord is no fool
For the tunes that I play thee
Are meant to be cruel.”

2.

“Ya calleth them tunes, ghou!”

My king askèd then,
“They soundeth of spectres

And ghosts from the fen.”

Yeah, answered I truly,
“The ghosts us surround
And torture and torment
All souls with sweet sound”

Ah - aah - aah, etc.

3.

“Whence cometh thy witching?”

The king askèd loud,
His countenance whited,

Brow furrowed and plowed.

Yeah, answered I truly,
“M’Lord may not fear,
Both thy spirit and thy fool’s

Our last days draw near.”

4.

“How mean you, fool devil?”

The king askèd last,
“Not queen, priest, nor wizard

Commands my days past!”

Yeah, answered I sadly
“Pray, plead, curse nor cry
For to clouds, mist and vapors

All flesh soon shall fly.”

Ah - aah - aah, etc.