

THE GUILLOTINE (aka Ballad of Sir Nick)

Once there were princesses three,  
Purity, Virtue and Chastity  
Purity, Chastity, Purity, Chastity, Purity...  
and Virtue

But their names did not agree,  
with the lusty nature of the three  
Their father would not trust to luck,  
in warding off a royal . . .

Fa-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la,  
fa-la-la, fa-la, la LA

The king welded on his daughters three,  
belts to insure virginity  
And in each belt was placed a lock,  
with-a-blade-to-chop an intruders...

Diddle-dum, diddle-dee, diddle-dum, diddle-dee,  
diddle-dum, no dummy he.

[slow and regal] Their father went to war,  
leaving: [back to normal, Virtue struggling with belt] Purity, Chastity, Purity, Chastity, Purity,  
and Virtue . . .

The king returned from years at war,  
He summoned his knights, all seven score  
And ordered all to drop their pants,  
to see if each still had his lance

[sadly] Sing hey, nonny, nonny, nonny. . .  
No!

The king could not believe his eyes,  
not one knight retained his prize  
Save the brave and bold Sir Nick,  
the one and only knight who had his...

Derry down, derry down, derry down, derry down,  
derry down, hang very derry down

"Nick," said the King, "as you have been true,  
I give my kingdom half to you.  
And one daughter to be wed,  
what say you, Nick?"

And Sir Nick said:

Fa-wa-wa, fa-wa-wa, fa-wa-wa, fa-wa-wa,  
fa-wa-wa, fa-wa, wa WA!!!