

The Life of the Bard

Chorus: Sing ho! For the life of the bard
Though the road is long and the way is hard
For the soul of the bard is free
O the life of the bard for me!

I've sung for the lords and ladies fair, and for the peasantry
I've sung for the children in the village fair, who dance so merrily
I've sung at night by the firelight, and told of days of yore
To the yeomen bold and the captains old, as they gird up for war

Chorus

A troubadour he welcome is at every hearth and town
From the mountain's door to the boggy moor I travel up and down
And the price of bread, a roof o'er my head, is naught but a merry poem
Happy and glad is the minstrel lad who can call the world his home

Chorus

So give me a seat, some friends to meet, and a cup of good strong ale
Of noble steeds and gallant deeds of knights I'll spin my tale
And when I die, please let me lie with my harp upon my breast
And the turtledove and the stars above will sing me to my rest

Chorus sing ho! For the life of the bard
Though the road is long and the way is hard
For the soul of a bard is free
O the life of the bard for me, oh the life of the bard for me
O the life of the bard for me