

A True Filk for Medieval Times aka:
The Di Vinci Convention of 1520

words and music by Cínaed Ulric, Amhranai tan Brionglóid

We were feeling all bereft, with news of Di Vinci's death,
and some kind of memorandum had to try.
So we formed this grand convention, celebrating his inventions,
And the words he heard, "Di Vinici, that won't fly."

That won't fly (That won't fly)
That won't fly (That won't fly)
Our actions make The Church say "My, oh my!" (My, oh my!)
We will find what Issac Newt. found, when we fly and then hit the ground,
Why our motto, "Hey, Di Vinci, that won't fly...."

We started off with artist's row, and all these painters in the know,
drew some men, paint Mona Lisas by and by....
But it was not such a winner, when some painted the "Last Dinner"
and some folks said, "There's a woman they did spy."

They did spy (They did spy)
They did spy (They did spy)
Our actions make The Church say "My, oh my!" (My, oh my!)
We'll make you chant the Pater Noster, But we're all hooked on this poster,
(show di vinci's drawing of man)
And our motto, "Hey, Di Vinci, that won't fly...."

And soon our crowd was wall to wall, and we began to host a ball,
with masked faces in contraptions all a-wry...
Then we thought we have some fun, a carol dance around the sun,
And all us folks as planets turning in the sky...

In the sky (In the sky)
In the sky (In the sky)
Our actions make The Church say "My, oh my!" (My, oh my!)
They scream "You'll burn in Fi-er-e-o!", while we act out Galileo,
And our motto, "Hey, Di Vinci, that won't fly...."

The Church thought us some demon species, wishing to nail brand new theses,
made contraptions of their own, one which we'd lie...
So we said, "Go take a tonic, we just like animatronics,
Wind up monks that walk on tables very spry."

Very spry (Very spry)
Very spry (Very spry)
Our actions make The Church say "My, oh my!" (My, oh my!)
Not like we made a pageant booth or, passed out tracts by Martin Luther,
Just our motto, "Hey, Di Vinici, that won't fly..."

Well our group was fin'lly halted, when the church it was assaulted,
by a notion that *you* thought was rather sly....
[slow this line almost to a stop]
You boldly said, right to our face, that soon mankind might soar through space,
[pause and spoken in disgust] "Oh... now you're just being a heretic."
And we tell you sir, that idea will not fly.

That won't fly (That won't fly)
That won't fly (That won't fly)
Your actions make The Church say "My, oh my!" (My, oh my!)
That idea it will not pass-a, Nostradamus foresaw N.A.S.A.,
And we tell you, "That idea it will not fly."

[shouted] "One more time!"

That won't fly (That won't fly)

That won't fly (That won't fly)

Your actions make The Church say "My, oh my!" (My, oh my!)

With our swords we'll have to hack you-em, cause you'll think next about vaccums,

[spoken in disgust] "oh....that idea just....sucks!"

And we tell you, "That idea it will not fly."

That ideaaaaaa wiiiiill not flyyyyyyyyyy!