

The Gossip Chorus

words and music by Cináed Ulric, Amhranai tan Briongloid mka Jonathan-Jetski Thorn

[This is the song with all verses I've created thus far. One of course could create more themselves. As such, when performing, it might be best to number the verses and have the populous choose about four or five to sing plus the very last verse shown.]

Chorus:

The Gossip Chorus, the gossip chorus, the cut-throat little song,
And as long as the world turns 'round, our tongues they do wag on!

A minstrel selling instruments went out about the town.
He happened to stop by the house of good old baker Brown.
He said, "I've got a harp for sale and also a fine fife."
Lord Brown said, "I'll take the fife, messiuer. I've got a harp, me wife."

Chorus

Lord Eggley took his mistress out one day into the field.
He hoped to woo and charm the child, expecting her to yield.
He said, "My love it burns for you. Oh, darling, don't you remember?"
She said, "Your love it burns tis true, but mine is just an ember."

Chorus

A lecherous nomadic monk was hearing confession.
A blossomed lass quite fair-haired, his eye she had won.
He said, "For your sins, my dear, go once through the ros'ry,
Say twelve 'Our Fathers,' and now show me you're 'hail, Mary!'"

Chorus

A Scotsman and his lovely lass were making fighting sounds.
"You lied! You did not come to me with lands all full of mounds."
"Well, thou weren't as foretold to me, 'a knight with flamberge quick.'
For on our wedding night you showed bearing no more than a toothpick.

Chorus

A lady and her tutor taking lessons one afternoon,
had discovered in dismay her husband came home soon.
But when he burst down the door twas no sign of distress,
For the tutor was now teaching her from underneath her dress.

Chorus

Sir Pace the devoutly chaste had saved many a lass,
But gifts of coin of forbidden fruit he graciously did pass.
Yet one such lass she laced his drink with spirits that worked so well.
She stole his armor and his purse, and his personal jewels, they tell!

Chorus

A concert going Duchess could not her dinner pass,
But that evening's exquisite fare caused internal air to mass.
The brass quintet it sounded fine, but the Duchess felt forlorn,
For of all the things that played that night, she far out blew the horns!

Chorus

An Irishman and his lady love upon their honeymoon night,
Arriving at their quaint homestead, discovered quite a plight.
Their house not done, they had to sleep in the barn for their honeymoon wish.
She woke up feeling quite depressed and him a little 'sheepish!'

Chorus

Chancette, a vestal virgin scribe, with face as graceful as wrist,
Received orders to write a scroll, through the Prince, who desired a tryst.
Upon the morn, the King in court scroll-less felt exasperated,
The Prince had shown his penmanship, and she was quite illuminated.

Chorus

Julianne, the cook, shall never receive awards for her feasts.
One stares at the platter and ne'er figures out the beasts.
A baron once said, "Take it away to the dogs; heap it in mounds!"
They took one sniff, howled and then, began a coursing of hounds.

Chorus

A candle maker quite well known throughout the Borgo Pass
Was hoping to impress one day a charming little lass.
He said "I've got the best candles so long, and smooth, and thick."
[Spoken (She said)] "I've heard about your candle, sir. It burns out way to quick!"

Chorus

Now, we have said some naughty thing within this little rhyme.
And though we all know it's wrong, we gossip all the time.
So before you stand and make a verse about the things you see.
[spoken (Remember...)] The next person who starts to sing, his verse could be of thee!"

The Gossip Chorus, the gossip chorus, the cut-throat little song,
And as long as the world turns 'roooooooooound, our tooooooooooongues they doooooooooo
wag oooooooooooooon!