

William's Vision aka The Bayeux

words by Cináed Ulric, Amhranai tan Brionglóid mka Jonathan-Jetski Thorn
(can be sung to the tune of Blue Bayou by Linda Rondstat)

I feel so bad, I've got a worried mind,
I've a loathsome king to find,
Thinks the crown on his head should shine, this day he'll rue.

Fight in sand, fight in slime,
Fight until the sun don't shine.
Then go get a crown so fine, an eat boeuf au jus...

It will be stitched some day, in full display, on the Bayeux...
With the folks in line who will pay some dimes to see Bayeux.
Two-hundred thirty feet, of embroidered sheet, if all could only see...
My dead enemies, my victories, how happy I'd be.

Gonna see my vict'ries again,
Gonna point out some of my friends,
Where we're all fightin' again on the Bayeux.

Some male nudes, comet in clouds,
Cleric striking a woman too proud,
Stranger mysteries than the shroud, on the Bayeux.

Yes, it's got strange things, like five Harold Kings, on the Bayeux
But my army's fine and the world is mine on the Bayeux.
All panels within, captioned in Latin, read by only clergy....
If they'd only find where's my coronation square, how happy I'd be.

Oh it will survive, the world to see
For it was not stitched too Hasting-ly...
A sight to be seen, in scenes so keen, this Norman hist'ty.
The whole battle you'll see, via tapestry, on the Bayeux.