

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Bastard King of England

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Oh, the minstrels sing of an English King of many long years ago
Who ruled his land with an iron hand though his mind was weak and low.
He love to shag the royal stag that roamed the royal wood,
But better yet to lie in bed and pull the royal pud.
His only outer garment was a dirty undershirt
That managed to hide the royal pride but couldn't hide the dirt.

Chorus:

He was wild and woolly and full of fleas
And his terrible tool hung down to his knees---
God bless the Bastard king of England.

Oh, the Queen of Spain was an amorous Jane,
And a sprightly dame was she;
Who loved to fool with the royal tool
Of the King across the sea.
So she sent a royal message by a royal messenger
To ask the King to bring his ding and spend a night with her.
(Cho.)

When Philip of France heard this, by chance
He declared, before his court:
"The Queen prefers my rival, because my dong is short."
So he sent the Count of Zippity-Zap to slip the Queen a dose of
the clap
To pass it to the Bastard King of England. (Cho.)

When the King of England heard of this, he was walking through his halls
And he up and swore by the royal whore that he'd have the Frenchman's balls
He offered up both half his lands and a piece of the Queen Hortense
To any British subject who'd de-nut the King of France. (Cho.)

Well the Earl of Sussex heard of this and straight-aways went to
France
Where he swore he was a fairy, so the King let down his pants,
He knotted a thong around that prong, and jumped on his horse, and rode along
And dragged him to the bastard king of England. (Cho.)
When the King of England saw this sight, he s*** all over the floor,
For during the ride, his rival's pride had stretched a yard or more
Then the merry maids of England, came down from London town
And shouted 'round the castle walls "To Hell with the British crown!"

And Philip of France usurped the throne, his scepter was the royal bone
By which he'd bitched the bastard King of England! (Cho.)

NOTE: Attributed (possibly apochryphally) to Rudyard Kipling
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