

*Kings Stoke vs the Evil Cheese of Upwold*

by the Ramsbrucks

Note: This is traditionally a spoken word performance.



They say that many years ago  
 Good Walder went a walking  
 And high upon the Upwold hills  
 He heard a woman talking  
 'With guilt I'm torn, and all  
 forlorn  
 With sin my soul is riven  
 But who will come and shrive my  
 soul  
 That all may be forgiven?'

Said Walder, ' I will shrive your  
 soul  
 And you may sleep in peace  
 And all the sin that dwells within  
 Will pass into a beast.'  
 'Within these walls there's none at  
 all  
 The weeping woman said  
 "But there's a cow in our barn now  
 Could you use that instead?"

Good Walder shrived her of her  
 sins  
 It took him half the night

And by the end the woman's cow  
 Had turned to black from white  
 Next morning when she milked  
 the cow  
 Her face turned pale with fright  
 For filling up the milking pail  
 Was milk as black as night

She went to pour the milk away,  
 But thought - "I won't be hasty,  
 A jet-black cheese is sure to please  
 I bet it would be tasty"  
 She churned up all the evil milk  
 And squeezed the evil whey  
 But once it had a coat of wax  
 It smirked - and rolled away...

And fairly soon the tales began  
 Of a cheese wheel full of sin  
 That hunted rabbits on the moor  
 And squashed them flat and thin  
 It squashed a fox, it squashed a  
 hen  
 It rolled across a sheep  
 It tried to get the sheepdog  
 While the shepherd was asleep

The Upwold folk all lived in fear  
 Until the Winter's day  
 It squashed the prize bull of King's  
 Stoke

And cackling rolled away  
 Now then to all the yeomen  
 Brave Steward Watkin spoke  
 "We'll run this evil cheese to

ground  
 For Upwold and King's Stoke

'All those who fight with me  
 today  
 In years to come may boast  
 'twas we who slew the Upwold  
 cheese  
 And served it up on toast  
 'Now arm yourselves with knives  
 and forks  
 We fight at break of day  
 And none of us shall breakfast eat  
 Until the cheese we slay

'We'll chase it from the mountains  
 high  
 Until we reach the fen  
 And once it's rolled down all those  
 hills  
 It won't roll up again '  
 So up they took their cutlery  
 To battle without fear  
 And Mary Tanner marched in  
 front  
 And Bill was in the rear.

Now Mary says 'Hallou- mi dear,  
 Why do you march so slow,  
 Its not like you to lag behind  
 When off to war we go?'  
 He says 'Medear, now have no fear  
 It's not I find it scary  
 It's just it don't agree with me  
 Nor I agree with dairy.'

With all their haste the hunters  
 chased  
 With eating irons in hand  
 But soon they found it turned

around  
 And rolled to Gerald's land  
 It rolled into the farmyard  
 All ripened and mature  
 It bowled the farmer over  
 Face first in the manure

It rumbled through the pig pen  
 And made the pigs all waken  
 But when they came to take a bite  
 It squashed 'em flat as bacon  
 It rolled out through the orchard  
 green  
 And through the silver chase  
 And all the dogs from miles  
 around  
 Came up and joined the race

They chased it to the borderlands  
 With spear and sword and bow  
 And there beneath the mountain  
 range  
 Was Bregasland below  
 The cheese began to pick up speed  
 And rolled with great momentum  
 And all King's Stoke in hot pursuit  
 Ran where their steward sent 'em.

Ed Watcher thrust with all his  
 strength  
 And pierced it with his bill  
 But it flipped him up area over tit  
 And threw him down the hill  
 Bill Tanner, he was big and strong  
 But the evil cheese was bigger  
 And as it hurled him to the  
 ground  
 It gave a cheesy snigger

Then to Bill's side there rushed his  
 bride  
 A loyal wife was Mary  
 But sad to tell she tripped and fell  
 Struck down by evil dairy  
 Bram Miller seized and lifted it  
 His knees began to buckle  
 He gave a gasp and fell at last  
 Beneath the monster truckle

The cheese smacked Harry on the  
 head  
 And as the world went black  
 He folded, spineless, to the ground  
 Just like a paperback  
 Ros Hunter drew an arrow out  
 Her bowstring she drew back  
 And straight and true the arrow  
 flew  
 And pierced it with a crack

But it didn't fall or slow at all  
 The damn cheese kept on going  
 Though arrows thin had pierced  
 its skin  
 It showed no signs of slowing  
 Then Friar Young, his blade he  
 swung  
 But before he could get near  
 It made a bolt for Rosie Holt  
 And knocked her on her rear.

Ada and her mother Meg  
 Made a double pronged attack  
 And boldly with their staves they  
 lunged  
 To give the cheese a thwack  
 The valiant pair leapt through the  
 air

And gave a victory shout  
 But the cheese ducked low and  
 dodged the blow  
 And they knocked each other out.

Pete Keeper cast a magic spell  
 To hold the cheese in place  
 But the evil cheese, it dodged with  
 ease  
 And strange, unearthly grace  
 At last Girl Jack, she knocked it  
 back  
 With strong and forceful smacking  
 And all the folk who came from  
 Stoke  
 Advanced and kept attacking

It slithered out on the frozen fen  
 Then quickly - in a trice  
 The Evil Cheese slipped and fell  
 back  
 And vanished through the ice!  
 The battle o'er, a victory roar -  
 The cheese had met disaster!  
 But through their cheer they  
 didn't hear  
 A distant cheesy laughter...

From time to time on Ramsbruck  
 moor  
 The strangest sights you'll see  
 A trail of sheep squashed thin and  
 flat  
 Or a rind of mouldy Brie  
 Now and again, out on the fen  
 You may, to your surprise  
 Catch a glimpse of the Evil Cheese  
 As it rolls, past-your-eyes...