

Maiden's Delight

1. What's that whacking, that regular beat?
The wild raucous laughter, the stamping of feet,
The drumming that echoes along every street?
It's the Maiden's Delight, sir, the Maiden's Delight.

2. In tithe barn and tavern they take out their sticks
Some rather spindly, some rather thick
Some strangely worn and shaped like a.....
It's the Maiden's Delight, sir, the Maiden's Delight

3. When the call comes to muster, to ready for war
They'll whip out their weapons and bash them some more
On the heads of their foes they'll beat them full sore
With the Maiden's Delight, sir, the Maiden's Delight

4. The merry dance falters and grinds to a close
Their shifts all awry and baggy their hose
And weary they lay themselves down for a doze
Ah! The Maiden's Delight, sir, the Maiden's Delight.

5. The Labyrinth baffles the virtuous and true
Who all wait in turn in an orderly queue
These jolly old Marchers know just what to do....
They'll brandish their staves and bash their way through
With the Maiden's Delight, sir, the Maiden's Delight x2



Optional chorus:
Crash! Bash! Ash against ash
A riotous rumpus right on
through the night
Whack! Crack! You'll soon get
the knack
Everyone's doing the Maiden's
Delight