The Bastard King of England

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BURKE'S PEERAGE

Stave I

Oh, the minstrels sing of an ancient King,
who lived long years ago,
And he ruled his land with an iron hand,
but his mind was weak and low.
His only nether garment was a leather
undershirt
Which served to hide his scurvy hide,
but it couldn't hide the dirt.

Stave II

He loved to hunt the royal ſtag within the royal wood

But his favorite occupation was a-pulling the royal pud.

His hair was woolly and full of fleas and his terrible dong hung down to his knees,

God save the Baſtard King of good old England!

Stave III

Now the Queen of Spain was a sprightly
dame and an amorous dame was she,
And she longed to fool with his majesty's
tool, so far across the sea.
So she sent a royal message by a royal
messenger
To ask the King to come and spend a month
or so with her.

Stave IV

When Philip of France heard this report,
he said unto his royal court,
"The Queen prefers my rival, because my
horn is short."
So he sent the Duke of Siphensap to give
the Queen a dose of clap—
Which wouldn't do a thing to good old
England!

Stave V

Now when the news of this foul deed did
reach Old England's walls,
The King he swore by the shirt he wore
he'd have the Frenchman's balls.
So he offered half his kingdom and a piece
of Queen Hortense
To any loyal Briton who would nut the
King of France.

Stave VI

So the loyal Duke of Suffolk then betook
himself to France;
He swore he was a fruiter and the King
took down his pants.
He slipped a thong on the royal dong and
mounted his horse and galloped along,
And dragged him before the Bastard King
of England.

Stave VII

The King threw up his breakfast and he
wallowed on the floor,
For during the ride the Frenchman's pride
had stretched a yard or more.
And all the ladies of England came down
to London town
And they shouted outside the castle wall—
"To hell with the English crown!"

Stave VIII

So Philip of France usurped the throne,
His sceptre was the royal bone,
With which he downed the Bastard
King of England.

Note: The editors wish it distinctly understood that they have been unable to establish that the foregoing lines are from the pen of Rudyard Kipling—in fact, no evidence is available that he has had any part whatsoever in its composition. This would seem, once and for all, to dispose of the persistent report that, but for this ballad, he would today be Poet Laureate of England.