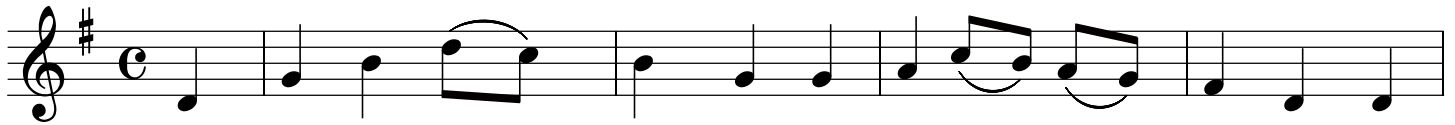
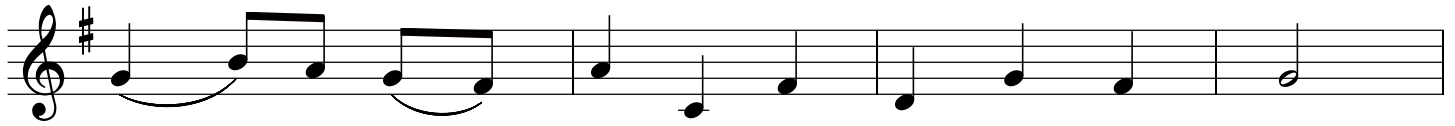


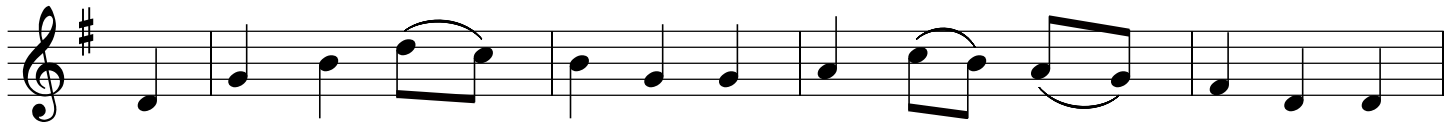
# When I Was A Young Squire



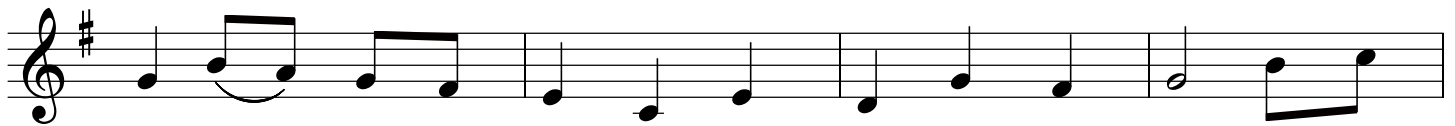
When I was a young squire, and ver y well beat on, There



was n't a blow that the knights they with held.



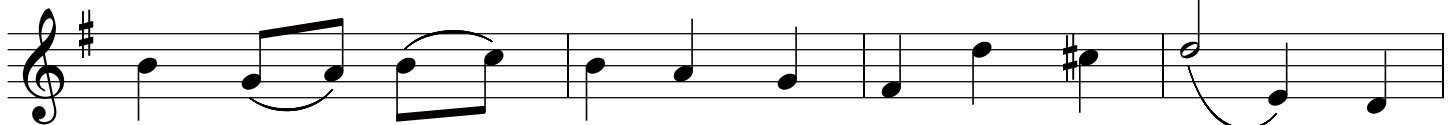
They ham mered my cuir ass, they clove through my hel met, And



I knew they were knights by the blows that they dealt. And



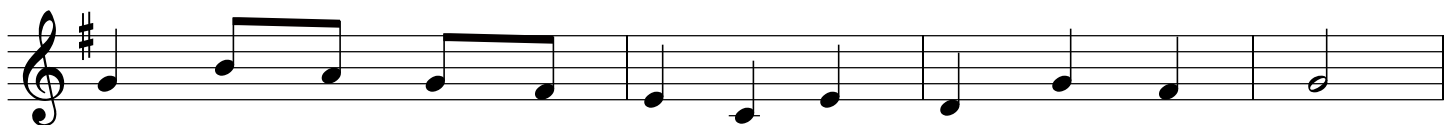
I said to my self, "Oh, I must be in sane, To



suf fer this a go ny, tor ture and pain. I'm



seek ing a shot that will break their de fen ces, And



they'll know when I've found it by the way that it's dealt."