Jornibret's Last Dance

Lord Jornibret's Last Dance

(Traditional)

Women's Verse 1:
Every winter season,
Except for the reason
Of one war or another
(Really quite a bother),
The Queen of Rimmen and her consort
Request their vassals come and cavort.
On each and every ball,
The first man at the Hall
Is Lord Ogin Jornibret of Gaer,
The Curse of all the Maidens Fair.

Women's Refrain:
Oh, dear ladies, beware.
Dearest, dearest ladies, take care.
Though he's a very handsome man,
If you dare to take his handsome hand,
The nasty little spell will be cast
And your first dance with him will be the last.

Men's Verse 1:
At this social event
Everyone who went
Knew the bows and stances
And steps to all the dances.
The Queen of Rimmen and her consort
Would order a trumpet's wild report,
And there could be no indecision
As the revelers took position.
The first dance only ladies, separate

Away from such men as Lord Jornibret.

Men's Refrain:
Oh, dear fellows, explain.
Brothers, can you help make it plain:
The man's been doing this for years,
Leaving maidens fair in tears
Before the final tune's been blast.
And her first dance with him will be the last.

Women's Verse II:
Lord Ogin Jornibret of Gaer
Watched the ladies dance on air
The loveliest in the realm.
A fellow in a ursine-hide helm
Said, "The Queen of Rimmen and her consort
Have put together quite a sport.
Which lady fair do you prefer?"
Lord Jornibret pointed, "Her.
See that bosom bob and weave.
Well-suited for me to love and leave."

Women's Refrain.

Men's Verse II:
The man in the mask of a bear
Had left the Lord of Gaer
Before the ladies' dance was ending.
Then a trumpet sounded, portending
That the Queen of Rimmen and her consort
Called for the men to come to court.
Disdainful, passing over all the rest,
Ogin approached she of bobbing breast.
She was rejected, saved a life of woe,
For a new maiden as fair as snow.

Men's Refrain.

Women's Verse III:
At the first note of the band,
The beauty took Ogin's hand.
She complimented his stately carriage
Dancing to the tune about the marriage
Of the Queen of Rimmen and her consort.
It is very difficult indeed to comport
With grace, neither falling nor flailing,
Wearing ornate hide and leather mailing,
Dancing light as the sweetest of dreams
Without a single squeak of the seams.

Women's Refrain.

Men's Verse III:
The rhythms rose and fell
No one dancing could excel
With masculine grace and syncopation,
Lord Jornibret even drew admiration
From the Queen of Rimmen and her consort.
Like a beauteous vessel pulling into port,
He silently slid, belying the leather's weight.
She whispered girlishly, "The hour is late,
But I've never seen such grace in hide armor."
It 'twas a pity he knew he had to harm her.

Men's Refrain

Women's Verse IV
The tune beat was furious
He began to be curious
Where had the maiden been sequest'ed.
"Before this dance was requested
By the consort and his Queen of Rimmen
I didn't see you dance with the women."

"My dress was torn as I came to the dance,"
She said smiling in a voice deep as a man's,
"My maids worked quickly to repair,
While I wore a suit of hide, a helm of a bear."

Women's Refrain.

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