

Five Thousand Miles From Crown!

Tempus adest florum (1582), words JdH

sop

alto

bass

bass drone

An Ad - a - mas - tor figh - ter rose And

Five thou - sand, five thou - sand, Five thou - sand, five thou - sand,
(from V.3 only)

called for sword and shield, O! He thought he'd fight to win the crown, And

called for sword and shi - eld, O! He thought he'd fight to win the crown, And

called for sword and shield, O! He thought he'd fight to win the crown, And

Five thou - sand, five thou - sand, Five thou - sand, five thou - sand,

o - ver - come the field, O! His lad - y wise, she point - ed out A

o - ver - come the fie - ld, O! His lad - y wise, she point - ed out A

o - ver - come the field, O! His lad - y wise, she point - ed out A

Five thou - sand, five thou - sand, Five thou - sand, five thou - sand,

truth to make him frown: In Ad - a - mas - tor shire they lay

truth to make him frown: In Ad - a - mas - tor shire they lay

truth to make him fro - o - wn: In Ad - a - mas - tor shire they lay

Five thou - sand, five thou - sand, Five thou - sand, five thou - sand,

Fi - ive thous - and miles from Crown!

Fi - ive thous - and miles from Crown!

Fi - ive thous - and mi - les fr - om Crown!

Five thou - sand, five thou - sand, Five!

NB Bass drone words change from five thousand to four, three, two, one with each verse.

2. But still the fighter, he would go;
His squire and lady too, O!
His brother fighters came along
To see how he would do, O!
The Shire minstrel came to sing
Of deeds of great renown;
With banners flying, forth they went,
Five thousand miles to Crown.
3. An ostrich ate their banners bold,
The savage Zulus beat them;
The northern townsfolk stole their swords;
The lions tried to eat them.
In Great Zimbabwe they got drunk
And had to leave the town;
And jungle pygmies stole their boots,
Four thousand miles from Crown.

4. The desert then they had to cross;
The water, it ran out, O.
A phoenix singed the fighter's squire
And made him hop about, O.
The desert nomads, they attacked
And chased them up and down.
Their armour was all full of sand,
Three thousand miles from Crown.

5. Though savage Moors in ambush lay
They had to cross the Nile, O.
The minstrel's harp, it met its end
Inside a crocodile, O.
They took a ship on stormy seas,
The waves went up and down,
And everyone was very ill,
Two thousand miles from Crown.

6. In Greece the wine was horrible;
In Italy, the food, O!
The French, they pinched the lady
In a manner rather rude, Oh!
The Slavs attacked them cruelly
While snow lay all around,
The fighters, they all shook with cold,
One thousand miles from Crown.

7. And when the fighter came to Crown,
Exhausted was he nearly,
And mighty knights of Drachenwald
Clouted him severely.
And crawling vanquished from the field,
He heard his lady moan:
"Now that's over, here we are,
FIVE THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME!"