

THE KING'S JESTER

To be the King's jester
 To be his wine taster
 And his funny food tester

I danced a crooked highway
 I clowned a heavy load

I skipped the light fantastic
 And struck a losing toad

And so now
 I am the medieval jester
 bells a jingle-jangle
 I am the King's straightman
 his lines I must untangle

I am an actor
 a singer
 his majesty's favorite glutton
 his lady's night-time swinger

I am the shining knight
 riding on a broomstick
 And I love a lady
 who lies
 who turns and twists
 who drives a hard bargain

I am the one at King's left hand
 but often on the floor
 I am the courtyard jester
 crumpled chunk at throne room door

I am, I am
 whatever I have to be
 I am the King's man
 And for his lady-queen
 also easy, also free

I am the medieval jester
 bells a jingle-jangle
 I am my King's lady's love
 balls a jingle-jangle

But really I'm just the jester
 the court's favorite clown
 They laugh, they guffaw
 And I take their ladies down

— *Rod Drown*