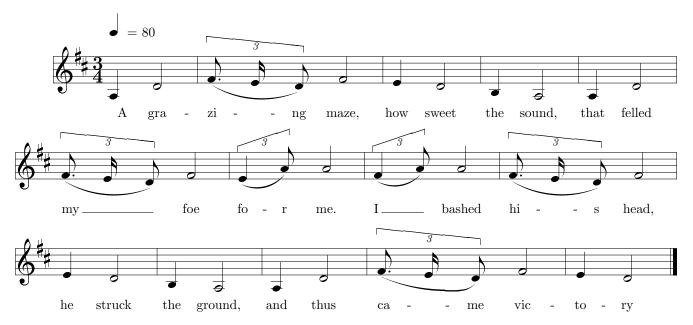
A Grazing Maze

Musik: Traditionell Text: unbekannt



- 2. My mace has taught my foes to fear, that mace my fear relieved How precious did my mace appear, when I my mace received
- 3. Through many tourneys wars and fairs, I have already come
 My mace has brought me safe thus far,
 my mace will bring me home
- 4. The King has promised good to me, his word my hope secures I will his shield and weapon be, when he gives me my spurs

- 5. And when my mace my foeman nails, that mortal strife shall cease And we'll possess within our pale, a life of joy and peace
- 6. A grazing mace, how sweet the sound that flattened a wretch like thee! Whose head is flat, that once was round; done in by my mace....and me!
- 7. A grazing mace, how sweet the sound that smites a foe like thee You're left there lying on the ground, you've left the field to me!