

A Grazing Maze

Musik: Traditionell
Text: unbekannt

$\text{♩} = 80$

A gra - zi - - ng maze, how sweet the sound, that felled
my foe fo - r me. I bashed hi - - s head,
he struck the ground, and thus ca - - me vic - to - ry

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!