

Fool's Mate

Bert Jansch

he Black Knight surveys all before him
His charger is thumping the ground
High on a hill the high Bishop looks down
From his men to the horses
Not a whisper of sound
They're all dressed for the battle
And their colours fly high
And flutter in the wind
The White Queen her face red with anger
Turns to her left and her right
To the men of the King's Knight she screams and yells
" Let them know that you come from the fires of Hell -
and we'll give them a fight"
Like a black painted shadow
Unmoved and unhurried
One look from her eye and her kingsmen they roar
And into the battle like never before
The King's bishop he moves his men forward
To guard his knight's men up ahead
For fear of the Queen and love for their King
They'll fight till they win or they'll fight till
they're dead
Like a black hare that's chased by the Devil
O'er the battlefield she flies like the wind
She turns and looks down the path to her prey
This time she swears that you can't get away
Nobody can save you
And there's nothing can stop me
I will have my way
... five, six, seven, eight ...
We're counting the dying the dead and bereaved
And some of the living you'd never believe
For they ain't got no arms and they ain't got no heads
And the cost of this war here is written in red.
I am the Joker, my friend is the Fool
He's bin playing the fool since he started at school
When the battle is over and the reckoning's done
We'll sing you a song and we'll tell you who's won.
We sing for the King and we dance for the Queen
We fall and tumble never question our fate
For he's never early and I'm never late
When he's playing the fool then I am the fool's mate.