

W. S. Gilbert (1836-1911)

6 *Sir Guy the Crusader*

SIR GUY was a doughty crusader,
A muscular knight,
Ever ready to fight,
A very determined invader,
And DICKEY DE LION'S delight. 5

LENORE was a Saracen maiden,
Brunette, statuesque,
The reverse of grotesque,
Her pa was a bagman from Aden,
Her mother she played in burlesque. 10

A *coryphée*, pretty and loyal,
In amber and red,
The ballet she led;
Her mother performed at the Royal,
LENORE at the Saracen's Head. 15

Of face and of figure majestic,
She dazzled the cits —
Ecstaticized pits: —
Her troubles were only domestic,
But drove her half out of her wits. 20

Her father incessantly lashed her,
On water and bread
She was grudgingly fed;
Whenever her father he thrashed her
Her mother sat down on her head. 25

GUY saw her, and loved her, with reason,
For beauty so bright,
Sent him mad with delight,
He purchased a stall for the season

And sat in it every night. 30

His views were exceedingly proper,
 He wanted to wed,
 So he called at her shed
 And saw her progenitor whop her —
 Her mother sit down on her head. 35

“So pretty,” said he, “and so trusting!
 You brute of a dad,
 You unprincipled cad,
 Your conduct is really disgusting,
 Come, come, now admit it’s too bad! 40

“You’re a turbaned old Turk, and malignant —
 Your daughter LENORE
 I intensely adore
 And I cannot help feeling indignant,
 A fact that I hinted before; 45

“To see a fond father employing
 A deuce of a knout
 For to bang her about,
 To a sensitive lover’s annoying.”
 Said the bagman, “Crusader, get out.” 50

Says G[UY], “Shall a warrior laden
 With a big spiky knob,
 Sit in peace on his cob
 While a beautiful Saracen maiden
 Is whipped by a Saracen snob? 55

“To London I’ll go from my charmer.”
 Which he did, with his loot
 (Seven hats and a flute),
 And was nabbed for his Sydenham armour
 At MR. BEN-SAMUEL’S suit. 60

SIR GUY he was lodged in the Compter,
 Her pa, in a rage,

Died (don't know his age),
His daughter, she married the prompter,
Grew bulky and quitted the stage.

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1867

(From *The "Bab" Ballads*. With Illustrations by the Author.
London: George Routledge & Sons, 1870)