

Bard Tales Volume 2

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INTRODUCTION

My first little book proved so popular that my publisher has pressed me to produce another. It seems that there are many aspiring bards out there – as well as some established ones looking for a little bit of help.

Fortunately, I have plenty more material to share! Within these pages you will find a peerless collection of riddles, comic stories, fables, poems, jokes, songs, ballads, shanties, maxims, sayings, insults, riddles and rhymes. I trust you will enjoy them all!

Derrin Gladwhisper, chief bard of Waterdeep

RIDDLES

Before my birth I had a name,
But soon as born I lost the same;
And when I'm laid within the tomb,
I shall my father's name assume:
I change my name three days together,
Yet live but one in any weather.

Today

Two brothers we are, with no hope to be saved;
From our very first day to our last we're enslaved;
Our office the hardest, and food sure the worst,
Being crammed with warm flesh till we're ready
to burst;
Though low is our state, even kings we support,
And at balls have the principal share in the sport.

Pair of shoes

In spring I look gay, Decked in comely array;
In summer more clothing I wear;
The colder it grows, I throw off my clothes,
And in winter quite naked appear.

Tree

Our race is either lean or fat,
As also short or tall;
And some of us are often seen
In chamber, tower, or hall.
We've breath, but neither lungs nor voice,
Nor have we eye or ear;
Though we possess the special knack
Of making dark things clear.

One of our brethren attends
Duly on sick men's beds;
And, by his cheerful influence round,
A gleam of comfort sheds.
Another always ready stands
To visit cot or stable;
But, 'tis our cousins that abound
About a rich man's table.

When summer comes with scorching beam,
The rabble seem to flout us;
In winter, all men will confess,
They cannot do without us.
On wise or learned, great or small,
A blessing we bestow;
And which you have so often proved,
That sure our name you know.

Candles

Four stunning feet I have and hands a pair,
Unlike myself, not one and one I fare,
I ride and walk at once, for me two bodies bear.

Centaur

Long and thin am I, of metal slight,
My yielding chain I draw by iron light,
I shape the torn and bind the loosened tight.

Needle

By countless teeth is all my body lined,
The forest's sons I fell with bite unkind,
And yet in vain I eat, I throw it all behind.

Saw

SEA SONGS

Under the endless sky

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Under the endless sky.

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Under the endless sky.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Under the endless sky.

Bold Jack

While up the shrouds the sailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landsman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard;

But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell
The vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air,

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quick sands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine,
Freezing on Fireshear's icy shore,
Or burning near the Line.

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair,
While splintered masts go by the board,
And shot sing through the air.

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

Gallant Tom

It blew great guns, when gallant Tom
Was taking in a sail;
And squalls came on in sight of home,
That strengthened to a gale
Broad sheets of vivid lightning glared,
Reflected by the main:
And even gallant Tom despaired
To see his love again!

The storm came on! each rag aboard
Was into tatters rent;
The rain through every crevice poured;
All feared the dread event:
The pumps were choked! their awful doom
Seemed sure at every strain;
Each tar despaired—e'en gallant Tom,
To see his love again!

The leak was stopped! the winds grew dull;
The billows ceased to roar;
But the torn ship, almost a hull,
In safety reached the shore.
Crowds ran to see the wondrous sight:
The storm had raged in vain!
And gallant Tom, with true delight,
Beheld his love again.

Heart of Oak

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, as freemen not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Heart of Oak are our ships,
Jolly Tars are our men,
We always are ready: Steady, boys, Steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, what can we do more?

Heart of Oak are our ships,
Jolly Tars are our men,

We always are ready: Steady, boys, Steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We still make them feel and we still make
them flee,
And drub them ashore as we drub them at sea,
Then cheer up me lads with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers and sailors, our statesmen and king.

Heart of Oak are our ships,
Jolly Tars are our men,
We always are ready: Steady, boys, Steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

COMICAL STORIES

The Gluttonous Priest

It happened that a wandering priest in the service of Chauntea came to the village of Wigglesworth, near Baldurs Gate. He went about the village looking for someone who wanted a blessing said, whereby he could earn a few coppers, but no-one came forward.

Seeing this, an old widow took compassion on him, allowed him to say a blessing, and then begged him to come for dinner with her that day, which he accepted.

The priest was conducted to the house by one of her servants, and most courteously received. After he had washed his hands, the lady assigned him a place by her side, and the varlet and the maid-servant prepared to serve the repast, and first they brought in leek soup, with a good piece of bacon, a dish of pig's chitterlings, and an ox tongue, roasted.

As soon as the priest saw the viands he drew forth from his girdle a fine, long, large, and very sharp knife, and he set to work on the leek soup.

Very soon he had finished that and the bacon as well, and drew towards him the fine, fat chitterlings, and rioted amongst them like a wolf amongst a flock of sheep; and before his hostess had half finished her soup there was not the ghost of a chitterling left in the dish. Then he took the ox tongue, and with his sharp knife cut off so many slices that not a morsel remained.

The lady, who watched all this without saying a word, often glanced at the varlet and the servant-

maid, and they smiled quietly and glanced at her. Then they brought a piece of good salt beef, and a capital piece of mutton, and put them on the table. And the good priest, who had an appetite like a hungry dog, attacked the beef, and if he had had little pity for the chitterlings and the ox tongue, still less had he for this fine piece of larded beef.

His hostess who took great pleasure in seeing him eat—which was more than the varlet and the maid, did for they cursed him beneath their breath—always filled his cup as soon as it was empty; and you may guess that if he did not spare the meat neither did he spare the drink.

He was in such a hurry to line his gown that he would hardly say a word. When the beef was all finished, and a great part of the mutton—of which his hostess had scarcely eaten a mouthful—she, seeing that her guest was not yet satisfied, made a sign to the servant-maid to bring a huge ham which had been cooked the day before for the household.

The maid—cursing the priest for gorging so—obeyed the order of her mistress, and put the ham on the table. The good priest fell upon it tooth and nail, and at the very first attack he carried off the knuckle, then the thick end, and so dismembered it that soon there was nothing left but the bone.

The serving man and woman did not laugh much at this, for he had entirely cleared the larder, and they were half afraid that he would eat them as well.

To shorten the story—after all these before mentioned dishes, the lady caused to be placed on the table a fine fat cheese, and a dish well furnished with tarts, apples, and cheeses, with a good piece of fresh butter—of all which there was not a scrap left to take away.

The dinner which has been described being thus finished, our preacher, who was now as round as a tick, pronounced grace, and then said to his hostess;

"Damsel, I thank you for your good gifts; you have given me a hearty welcome, for which I am much obliged to you. I will pray that Chauntea will reward you on the day of the Great Banquet."

"My word!" said the maid-servant coming forward, "you may well talk about that. If *you* are at the Great Banquet I believe there will be nothing left,

for you will consume it all, and me into the bargain, if I happen to be there!"

"No, truly, my dear," replied the priest, who was a jovial fellow with a ready wit, "I should not eat you then, but I should have you salted and stored for another day!"

The lady began to laugh, and so did the varlet and the maid-servant, in spite of themselves. And our priest, who had his belly well stuffed, again thanked his hostess for having so well filled him, and went off to another village to earn his supper—but whether that was as good as his dinner I cannot say.

A Good Dog

Listen if you please to what happened the other day to a simple village cleric in the service of Tymora. This good cleric had a dog which he had brought up, and which surpassed every other dog in the country in fetching a stick out of the water, or bringing a hat that his master had forgotten, and many other tricks. In short, this wise and good dog excelled in everything, and his master so loved him that he never tired of singing his praises.

At last, I know not how, whether he ate something that disagreed with him, or whether he was too hot or too cold, the poor dog became very ill, and died, and went straightway to wherever all good dogs do go.

What did the honest cleric do? You must know that his vicarage adjoined the church-yard, and when he saw his poor dog quit this world, he thought so wise a beast ought not to be without a grave, so he dug a hole near the door of his house, and in the churchyard, and there buried his dog. I do not know if he gave the dog a monument and an epitaph, I only know that the news of the good dog's death spread over the village, and at last reached the ears of the High Priest, together with the report that his master had given him a holy burial.

The cleric was summoned to appear before the High Priest, who sent a sergeant to fetch him.

"Alas!" said the cleric, "what have I done, and why have I to appear before the High Priest? I am much surprised at receiving this summons."

"As for me," said the sergeant, "I do not know what it is for, unless it is because you buried your dog in the holy ground."

"Ah," thought the cleric to himself, "that must be it," and it occurred to him that he had done wrong, but he knew that he could easily escape being put into prison by paying a fine, for the Lord High Priest was the most avaricious prelate in the Realms, and only kept those about him who knew how to bring grist to the mill.

On the appointed day he appeared before the High Priest, who immediately delivered a long sermon about the sin of burying a dog in consecrated ground, and enlarged on the offence so wonderfully that he made it appear that the cleric had done something worse than deny the faith; and at the end he ordered the cleric to be put in prison.

When the cleric found that he was to be shut up in the stone box, he demanded permission to be heard, and the High Priest gave him leave to speak.

The cleric spoke briefly in his defense, to this effect.

"Truly, my Lord High Priest, if you had known my poor dog as well as I did, you would not be surprised that I gave him a holy burial, for his like was never seen;" and then he began to recount his doings.

"And as he was so good and wise when he was living, he was still more so at his death; for he made a beautiful will, and, as he knew your poverty and need, he left you fifty golden pieces, which I now bring you."

So saying, he drew the money from his bosom and gave it to the High Priest, who willingly received it, and greatly praised the good dog, and approved of his will, and was glad to know that he had received honorable sepulture.

The Lost Ass

In the fair land of Sembia there lived, not long ago, a doctor of gods know what sort, for never did anyone practice the science as he did. For instead of syrups, decoctions, electuaries, and the hundred thousand other things that physicians order to preserve the health of man, this good doctor only had one procedure, and that was to order clysters—that is to say, laxatives. Generally, so well did this remedy turn out that everyone was satisfied with him.

And his fame so increased that his advice was asked on every subject. For example, if a woman had a bad, or whimsical, or capricious husband,

she went to this good master for a remedy. People came from all parts to consult with him on every matter, and he hardly knew what to do.

It happened one day that a poor foolish villager had lost his ass, and after seeking for it a long time, he determined to go to the wise doctor. When he arrived the doctor was so surrounded by people that the villager could not make himself heard. At last he broke through the crowd, and, in the presence of many persons related his case, and asked the doctor how to find his ass.

The doctor could not really hear him above the noise. Thinking he had some infirmity, and in order to get rid of him, he said to his servants, "Give him a clyster!" And they did so.

The foolish villager was much astonished, for he did not know what it was. But when he had this clyster in his belly, he went away without saying anything more, for he fully believed he should recover his ass.

He had not gone far when his belly was so tossed about that he was forced to turn aside into a deserted hut, because of the clyster which demanded to be let out. And when he began, he made such a terrible noise that his ass, which chanced to be straying near, began to bray, and the good man rose up and cried, "gods be praised", and went to his ass, which he believed he had found by means of the clyster. And so the reputation of the doctor grew even further, and he was looked-upon as the sure finder of all lost goods, and the perfect master of all science.

Thus have you heard how the ass was found by means of a clyster; it is a manifest fact, and one that often happens.

ROUSING SONGS

March to the Battlefield

March to the battlefield,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is Freedom's shield,
And heaven is shining o'er us!

The woes and pains, the galling chains,
That kept our spirits under,
In proud disdain we've broke again
And torn each link asunder.

March to the battlefield,
The foe is now before us!
Each heart is Freedom's shield,
And heaven is smiling o'er us!

Our hallow'd cause, our home and laws,
'Gainst tyrant Power sustaining;
We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
Or die, our rights maintaining!

March to the battlefield,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is Freedom's shield,
And heaven is smiling o'er us!

To Arms Once More!

To arms, once more, to arms! the cry
Throughout the list'ning land is heard;
It sweeps the sea—it rends the sky,
And Cormyr's mighty soul is stirr'd.
O not for conquest or for gain
We draw to-day the glittering blade;
But when did justice call in vain
For Cormyr's hearts and Cormyr's aid?

Long, long has peace our people blest,
And smiled upon our happy shore;
And if the sword no more may rest,
If drums must beat, and soldiers roar—
Woe, woe to him whose maniac pride
The dogs of war has loosed again!
May shame his crafty arts betide,
And ruin with his flag remain.

To arms, to arms! come forth in might,
The stirring call our hearts obey;
For freedom and for peace we fight,
For these we hasten to the fray.
Then forward with the true and brave
We go to seek a field of fame;
Prepared to find a warrior's grave,
Or bear through life a glorious name.

Forth to the battle!

Forth to the battle! Onward the fight,
Swift as the eagle in his flight!
Let not the sunlight o'er our pathway close,
Till we o'erthrow our goblin foes.
Strong as yonder foaming tide,
Rushing down the mountainside;
Be ye ready, sword and spear,

Pour upon the spoiler near.

Winds! that float o'er us, bid the tyrant quail,
Ne'er shall his ruffian bands prevail!
Morning shall view us fetterless and free,
Slaves ne'er shall Cormyr's children be.
Heaven our arms with conquest bless,
All our bitter wrongs redress;
Strike the harp! Awake the cry!
Valor's sons fear not to die.

The Minstrel Boy

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you will find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on,
With his wild harp slung behind him;
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

SILLY RHYMES

Jon was a bad boy, and beat a poor cat;
Tom put a stone in a blind man's hat;
James was the boy who neglected his prayers;
They've all grown up ugly, and nobody cares.

✱

Whenever you do see a nose,
That red with many a carbuncle glows,
You may conclude, you may safely swear,
That nose was not nursed upon *small* beer.

✱

Better, Lady, not to write
If your verses are not quite
the things to give the world delight

Lady I have read your verse
And (excuse the language terse)
Never set my eyes on worse

Damsel if I might presume
I should say take up the broom
Lay down the pen and sweep the room

✱

There was an Old Woman who married a king,
But she had no finger to put on the ring,
So they bored a hole through her nose instead,
And they say it gave her a cold in the head.

✱

I've come from a land that lies over the seas,
Where the oysters grow upon apple trees;
And I've sailed for a year without victuals or rest,
Trying to find out a blue-bottles nest.

I found only a couple of flounders in fits,
And a grey-headed cockle gone out of his wits;
but the ugliest creature I've found, it is true,
I can spell in three letters - that's Y-O-U - you!

✱

Would you not like to go so high,
With me to Moonland in the Sky,
Where there are flowers of every hue,
Scarlet and purple, yellow and blue?
What do you say? It is all Moonshine!
I'll never again ask you to dine!!!

✱

A fool and knave with different views,
For a maiden's hand apply;
The knave to mend his fortune sues,
The fool to please his eye.

What will the maiden do?
Depend on't for a rule,
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,
If she's a knave, the fool.

FABLES

The Crow and the Pitcher

A Crow, half-dead with thirst, came upon a Pitcher which had once been full of water; but when the Crow put its beak into the mouth of the Pitcher he found that only very little water was left in it, and that he could not reach far enough down to get at it.

He tried, and he tried, but at last had to give up in despair. Then a thought came to him, and he took a pebble and dropped it into the Pitcher. Then he

took another pebble and dropped it into the Pitcher. And so on, many times. At last, at last, he saw the water mount up near him, and after casting in a few more pebbles he was able to quench his thirst and save his life.

Little by little does the trick.

The Hart and the Hunter

The Hart was once drinking from a pool and admiring the noble figure he made there. "Ah," said he, "where can you see such noble horns as these, with such antlers! I wish I had legs more worthy to bear such a noble crown; it is a pity they are so slim and slight."

At that moment a Hunter approached and sent an arrow whistling after him. Away bounded the Hart and soon, by the aid of his nimble legs, was nearly out of sight of the Hunter; but not noticing where he was going, he passed under some trees with branches growing low down in which his antlers were caught, so that the Hunter had time to come up. "Alas! alas!" cried the Hart.

We often despise what is most useful to us, and take pride in what can lead to our ruin.

The Miser

A Miser sold all that he had and bought a lump of gold, which he buried in a hole in the ground by the side of an old wall and went to look at daily. One of his workmen observed his frequent visits to the spot and decided to watch his movements. He soon discovered the secret of the hidden treasure, and digging down, came to the lump of gold, and stole it.

The Miser, on his next visit, found the hole empty and began to tear his hair and to make loud lamentations. A neighbor, seeing him overcome with grief and learning the cause, said, "Pray do not grieve so; but go and take a stone, and place it in the hole, and fancy that the gold is still lying there. It will do you quite the same service; for when the gold was there, you had it not, as you did not make the slightest use of it."

The true value of money is not in its possession but in its use

AMUSING POEMS

The Land of Nod

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do —
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

Bed in Summer

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

As I was going to Immersea

As I was going to Immersea
Ri fol latitee oh
As I was going to Immersea
I saw a fine codling apple tree
With a ri fol latitee oh

And when the codlings began to fall
Ri fol latitee oh
And when the codlings began to fall

I found five hundred men in all
With a ri fol latitee oh

And one of the men I saw was dead
Ri fol latitee oh

And one of the men I saw was dead
So I sent for a hatchet to open his head
With a ri fol latitee oh

And in his head I found a spring
Ri fol latitee oh
And in his head I found a spring
And seven young salmon a learning to sing
With a ri fol latitee oh

And one of the salmon as big as I
Ri fol latitee oh
And one of the salmon as big as I
Now do you not think I am telling a lie?
With a ri fol latitee oh

And one of the salmon as big as an elf
Ri fol latitee oh
And one of the salmon as big as an elf -
If you want any more you must sing it yourself
With a ri fol latitee oh

SAD SONGS

There came from the wars

THERE came from the wars on a jet black steed
A knight with a snowy plume:
He flew o'er the heath like a captive freed
From a dungeon's dreary gloom.

And gaily he rode to his lordly home,
But the towers were dark and dim,
And he heard no reply when he called for some
Who were dearer than life to him.

The gate which was hurled from its ancient place,
Lay moldering on the bare ground,
And the knight rushed in, but saw not a trace
Of a friend as he gazed around.

He flew to the grove where his mistress late
Had charmed him with love's sweet tone;
But 'twas desolate now, and the strings were mute,
And she he adored was gone.

The wreaths were all dead in Rosalie's bower,
And Rosalie's dove was lost;
And the winter's wind had withered each flower
On the myrtle she valued most.

But a cypress grew where the myrtle's bloom
Once scented the morning air;
And under its shade was a marble tomb,
And Rosalie's home was there!

As I walked forth

As I walked forth one summer's day,
To view the meadows green and gay
A pleasant bower I espied
Standing fast by the river side,
And in't a maiden I heard cry:
Alas! None ever loved as I!

Then round the meadow did she walk,
Catching each flower by the stalk
Such flow'rs as in the meadow grew,
The Dead Man's Thumb, an herb all blue;
And as she pulled them still she cried:
Alas! None ever loved as I!

The flowers of the sweetest scents
She bound about with knotty bents;
And as she bound them up in bands
She wept, she sighed, she wrung her hands;
Alas! alas! alas! she cried,
Alas! None ever loved as I!

When she had filled her apron full
Of such green things as she could cull,
The green things served her for her bed,
The flow'rs were pillows for her head;
Then down she laid her, no more to spake;
Alas! With love her heart did break.

Home they brought

Home they brought her warrior dead,
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stepped,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

MORAL MAXIMS

A wise sage once said -

- Forced love must soon become mortal hatred.
- As large trees are not the most productive, neither are wealthy men the most liberal.
- Strong drinks are like wars, making cripples of some men, and sending others to the grave.
- Beauty, like riches, has been productive of more evil than good.
- Truth, although harmless as the dove, is stronger than a lion.
- Punctuality strengthens confidence and secures respect.
- To bring forward past grievances is folly; but to forgive, and strive to forget them, is wisdom.
- Diligence, frugality, and perseverance are the leading steps to wealth.
- Riches have benefited tens, and ruined thousands.
- It is wisdom to bear with evils which we cannot remedy; but the greatest folly to clamor against them.
- To receive an injury is to be wounded; but to forgive and forget it, is the cure.
- Law without justice is as a wound without a cure.
- To keep your own secrets is wisdom; but to expect others to keep them is folly.
- It is better to drink the water of industry from an earthen cup, than the wine of indolence from a silver tankard.
- For an individual to speak his mind on every trivial occasion, is much like a quack who would give mercury to a sick man for every complaint.
- A beautiful face may attract attention, but a noble soul alone will preserve admiration.

- As drinks have their dregs, so does life have its sediment.
- Falsehood is a polished exterior; but truth is a gemmed interior.

JOKES

A farmer in the neighborhood of Triboar was accosted by his landlord: "Jon, I am going to raise your rent." Jon replied, "Sir, I am very much obliged to you, for I cannot, raise it myself."

✱

It occurs to me that a doctor feels as much sorrow in seeing his friends in health as a general in seeing all countries at peace. A physician boasted to me that his art was treated with great respect. "You are correct," I said, "when it can kill so many with impunity."

✱

A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man travelled together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept; he then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake! You have waked the bald man instead of me!"

✱

When the Cormyrian fleet were bearing down to attack the pirate ships off Marsember, the first lieutenant of the "Revenge," observed one of the crew - a Daleman - devoutly kneeling at the side of his ballistae. So very unusual an attitude in a sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid!" answered the honest man, "no, your honour, I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money - the greatest part among the officers!"

✱

A cleric I know said to one of his flock, "You have lived like a knave, and you will die like a knave." "Then," said the poor fellow, "you will bury me like a knave."

✱

A young man, who had in the course of a short time sired two or three children to different women, was thus rebuked by an elderly lady, "Fie, fie, Rowan, let the maids alone, and take a wife." "So I did once, my lady," replied the graceless sinner, "but then her husband made such a bother, I shall never forget it!"

✧

Elminster was once confined to his bed and was unable to put his feet to the ground. When told by his friend that his dignified indisposition was the laugh of the tavern-room, he pleasantly replied - "Though I love to laugh, and make others laugh, yet I would much rather they would make me a *standing* joke."

✧

A farce was performed in Elminster's time, under the title of "Fire and Water." "I predict its fate," said the great sage. "What fate?" whispered the anxious author at his side. "What fate!" said Elminster; "Why, what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

✧

Two Dalemens one day went hunting. A large lot of pigeons came flying over their heads. One elevated his bow, and firing, brought one of them to the ground- though his arrow broke in the process. "Argh!" exclaimed his companion, "what a fool you are to waste your shaft, when the bare fall would have killed him!"

✧

A Daleman was passing through a meadow when a large mastiff ran at him, and so he stabbed the dog with a spear he had in his hand. The master of the dog brought him before the magistrate, who asked him why he had not rather struck the dog with the butt-end of his weapon. "So I should," said the Daleman, "if he had run at me with his tail."

✧

Two conceited amateurs, proud of their vocal abilities, having laid a wager between them which could sing the best, referred to the decision of a friend. The day for competition was fixed, and both parties did their best before him. As soon as they had finished, the arbitrator delivered judgment in the following style: - "Well, sir, to be candid (addressing himself to the first), you are, without exception, the worst singer I ever heard in my life." "Ah! ah!" cried the other, delighted, "I knew I

should win my wager!" "Stop, sir," said the umpire; "As for you, you cannot sing at all!"

✧

"Tell your mistress that I have torn the curtains," said a gentleman to his landlady's servant, who replied, "Very well, sir, mistress will put it down as *rent*."

✧

A gentleman having occasion to call on Elminster, found him at home in his writing chamber. He remarked on the great heat of the room, and said it was hot as an oven. "So it ought," replied the great sage, "for 'tis here I make my bread!"

✧

A friend asked what breed my dog is, and I told him he is half-hunter and half-setter; he hunts for beef when hungry, and sets by the stove when satisfied.

✧

A little girl was in one of the Baldurs Gate cemeteries and reading one after another the paragraphs on the tomb-stones, each one of which spoke of the virtues of the departed spirits, said: "I wonder where all the sinners are buried!"

✧

A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude, standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends thought it was the very picture of him. An old farmer only dissented, remarking that "the portrait would look more like him if he had his hand in another man's pocket."

✧

A dramatist, speaking of the thinness of the house at one of his own plays, said he supposed it was owing to the war. "No," replied a bystander, "it is all owing to the *piece*."

✧

Someone asked if I were a popular man in my old village. I replied that I think I must have been, for a large number followed me when I left, including the sheriff and half a dozen constables."

✧

"Is your house a warm one?" asked a man in search of a tenement. "It ought to be; the painter gave it two coats recently!" was the reply.

COMMON WISDOM

As they say...

- An ill life, an ill end
- As sings the old bird, so sings the young one
- As you brew, so you must drink
- It is easy to find a thousand soldiers, but hard to find a good general
- As distance tests a horse's strength, so does time test one's character
- An old warhorse in the stable still longs to gallop a thousand miles
- It is no use digging a well after the house has caught fire
- What was hard to bear is sweet to remember
- Pearls are of no value in a desert
- A burnt child dreads the fire
- A book is like a garden carried in the pocket
- A bald man needs not a comb
- A drowning man will clutch at a straw
- Everything is beautiful in its season
- Great men are not always wise
- One that swells in prosperity will shrink in adversity
- When people work as one they can move mountains
- A feather will tell which way the wind blows
- A friend in need is a friend indeed
- A fool's bolt is soon shot
- A fall in the pit, a gain in your wit
- A good conscience is the best friend
- Failure is the mother of success
- Dripping water pierces a stone
- All is not gold that glistens
- Follow the river and you will get to the sea
- A new broom sweeps clean
- Don't bargain for fish that are still in the water
- Those convinced against their will are of their own opinion still
- Flowers may bloom again but youth never returns
- A poor excuse is better than none
- A place for everything, and everything in its place

- A penny saved is as good as a penny earned
- Experience is the best schoolmaster
- Happiness is the best cosmetic
- A straight foot fears not the crooked shoe
- A spoken word cannot be called back
- After a storm there comes a calm
- Better suffer wrong, than do wrong
- Cut your coat according to your cloth
- Better a hundred enemies at the gate than one within
- Adversity makes one wise not rich
- Poverty makes thieves like love makes poets
- Advice sharpens a rusty opinion
- Never stand in front of a judge or behind a donkey
- A word to the wise is sufficient

LOVE POETRY

Over the mountains

Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves,
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Valkur obey
Over rocks which are the steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly,
Where the gnat dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay,
But if Love comes, he will enter,
And will find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might,
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight.
But if she, whom Love doth honor,
Be concealed from the day
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined
Some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist.
You may train inveigle
The Phoenix of the east.
The lioness, you may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover;
He will find out his way.

The Good Morrow

Part, clouds, away! and welcome day.
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft! mount, larks, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To bid my love good-morrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-red-breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow:
And from each hill let music shrill,
Give my sweet love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet and cock-sparrow;
You pretty elves, among yourselves
Sing my fair love good-morrow!

Hence comes my love

HENCE comes my love? O heart, disclose;
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my woe, as freely own;
Ah, me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Sune's fire;
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Tis naught doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek—
Yet not a heart to save my pain?
Oh, Sune! take thy gifts again!
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

CUTTING INSULTS

You are a -

- puking, shard-borne varlot
- lumpish, fen-sucked giglet
- bootless, folly-fallen joithead
- paunchy, sheep-biting gudgeon
- venomed, motley-minded bladder
- bawdy, sheep-biting flax-wench
- fobbing, milk-livered miscreant
- mewling, flap-mouthed mammet
- vain, hell-hated ratsbane
- bootless, base-court pignut
- artless, hell-hated strumpet
- bootless, shard-borne pumpkin
- unmuzzled, unchin-snouted vassal
- spleeny, weather-bitten boar-pig
- surly, shard-borne flax-wench
- villainous, doghearted haggard
- ruttish, reeling-ripe flax-wench
- mangled, base-court puttock
- froward, pox-marked hedge-pig
- cockered, beetle-headed lewdster
- droning, fat-kidneyed minnow
- fobbing, rump-fed dewberry
- currish, clay-brained harpy
- mammering, clapper-clawed giglet
- wayward, rude-growing hugger-mugger
- infectious, unchin-snouted dewberry
- froward, ill-breeding pigeon-egg
- churlish, guts-gripping measles
- jarring, clay-brained baggage
- venomed, beef-witted horn-beast
- dissembling, doghearted pigeon-egg
- wayward, guts-gripping puttock

- mammering, sheep-biting moldwarp
- bootless, shard-borne malt-worm
- cockered, milk-livered vassal
- surly, beetle-headed flax-wench
- reeky, half-faced ratsbane
- mangled, earth-vexing lout
- dissembling, dread-bolted mammet
- errant, reeling-ripe joithead
- wayward, knotty-pated harpy
- yeasty, rude-growing coxcomb
- reeky, fat-kidneyed foot-licker
- droning, sheep-biting lewdster
- villainous, fat-kidneyed pignut
- cockered, ill-nurtured vassal
- fawning, tickle-brained miscreant
- spongy, weather-bitten haggard
- cockered, milk-livered joithead
- gorbellied, pottle-deep gudgeon

CREDITS & LEGALS

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