

King Arthur's Last Round-Up

By TOM BROWN

Full many a lung hath been left on the lame
From recounting mad tales of this guy and his
dame,

And many a paralyzed thumb hath been had
By writers expounding on this doughty lad—
Who had an old table, of shape it was round,
And who with fair Genivieve would go to town.

Poor Tennyson squatted, gnashed teeth, and dripped
ink

About this young bird who was quite a hot gink,
As he courted the ladies and ratted around
To the tune of chain armour and talk that
astounds

The most of us simple but innocent mugs,
Who're content with our p'roxided blonds and
our jugs.

But I know an epic on that fair-haired boy
That you scandal mongers would likely enjoy.
Sit tight in your seats and I'll give you the works,
Although it must come in short snatches and
jerks,

For I'm wet on the gab, as you prob'ly can see
But climb on you sinners, and leave it to me.

"Old gal," quoth fair Arthur one sunshiny day,
"I've got to go off for a very short stay.
I've got to go up and play hell with some Danes
Who to me and all British are nothing but pains.
So be faithful, sweet wife, while I am away
And I'll bring back some perfume from France on
my way."

Now young Genivieve fair was a frisky wombat
Who needed her lovin', her this, and her that,
So when Arthur rode off on his stallion of white,
The poor gal faced nought but a dark lonely night.
But "Nuts!" cried our lady; she donned a new gown,
Made ready to take off and start into town.

But on her way there she chanced to meet up
With young Lancelot bold, who was deep in his
cups.

She told the young shavetail her dark lonely life
And he straightway said, "Darling, I'll make you
my wife."

"To King Arthur I'm wed, and you're drunk at this
time,
But why'n't ya come up tonight sump time?"

She dined that night at a swell French cafe
And after she'd finished a snooty entree,
A young masher joined her and sat by her side,

But after nine passes the fair dame replied:
"Big boy, I don't know you, but it ain't such a crime,
So why'n't ya come up tonight sump time?"

"Odds-bodkins, King Arthur, I forgot to say
That your new suit of armour was finished to-
day!"
Cried a man on the march with our Heav'n-blessed
king.

"Avaunt thee, thou vassel, else I make thee sing!
Turn the column about and make every horse prance!
We're returning once more for my new pair of
pants!"

Our Queen was not lonely that harrowing night;
Sir Lancelot came and they turned out the light.
So the moon could come in through the window above.
And aid ol' Sir Lancey with his violent love,
Till a knock on the door came—the knight jumped
six feet.

With sweat on his brow he rose out of his seat.

"Quick! Climb to that window and hang on outside
While I answer the door and let him inside.
I'll get rid of this boob just as soon as I can.
So hurry, hon. I'll be put on the pan."
The knight hung outside; she opened the door,
And there stood the masher she'd toyed with be-
fore.

Well, to tell you the truth, she liked this young skunk,
Although he's a bounder, a prig, and a punk,
So she lets him take up where ol' Lancey left off.
The bimbo breaks down and says, "Baby! Hot
stuff!"

He's tight in the grip of sweet Cupid when then
Comes a knock at the same oaken panel again.

Now our lady, the Queen, was getting nigh fed,
But she hollers, "Quick, honey, crawl under the
bed!"

She opened the door up and there stood his nibs,
King Arthur the First, from main sail to jibs!
He looked around once and then roared like a bull,
"What the hell kind of stuff are you trying to
pull!"

For he'd spied Sir Lancey's tin pants on the floor.
He turned around twice and then bellowed once
more.

"By God I'll find that villanious scud,
And when I do his name will be mud.
I come back for my pants, and what do I find?
My wife entertaining some underdog swine!"

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