The Bastard's Tale © 2004 by Eric Schrager
(Drake Oranwood)

In the village I hail from a man met a maid,
(1) He was caught by her unblemished face.
He professed her his love and she flushed and she smiled
And she took him into her embrace.

But the man was a noble of lofty degree
(2) And his duty soon called him to home.
When he told her the truth on the night that he left
She confessed she had news of her own.

He gave her a bastard! They said,
For worthy she wasn't to wife.
(C1) The blood of my childbirth left her with a stain
That she wore for the rest of her life.
The blood of my childbirth left her with a stain
That she wore for the rest of her life.

recorder ditty

So when I was a boy, she would try to explain
(3) Why it was we were always alone.
As I grew into manhood, it harder became
To find ways to keep flesh on our bones.

As my mother grew weak, I worked hard every day
(4) On my strength and my speed and my blade.
When she fell ill, I knocked upon door after door
Seeking pay in an honest man's trade.

Nay, you worthless bastard! I heard.
They all saw that villainous brand.
(C2) My blood boiled within me that I be denied
For a thing in which I had no hand.
My blood boiled within me that I be denied
For a thing in which I had no hand.

recorder ditty

I found other employment to which I was suited—
No pride, but the payment was…good.
(5) So my mother's last days knew a doctor and comfort;
I buried her as a son should.

'Twas a few weeks ago that I spied a young man
In the clothing and manner well-born,
(6) But the badge on his coat was one I'd heard described
And his face, it was much like my own.

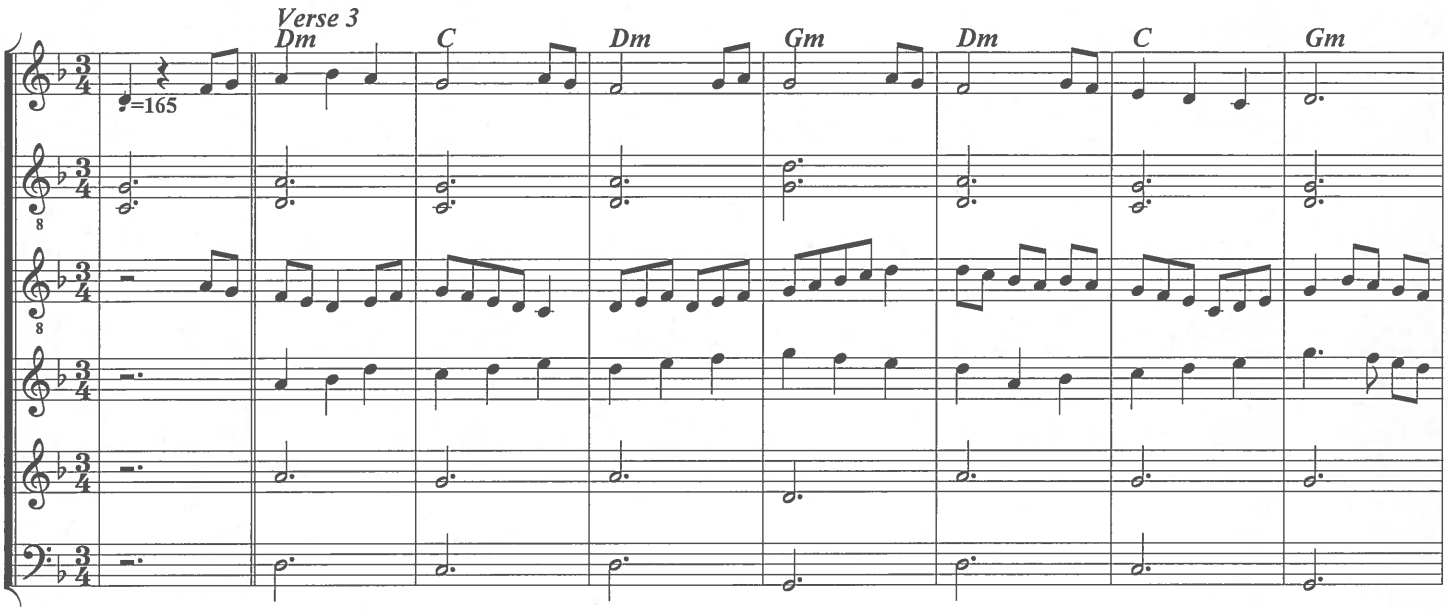
Gods, stand up for bastards! I prayed.
Protect me, and I'll make you smile.
(C3) His blood is no thicker than mine at the source
And the color we'll know in a while.
His blood is no thicker than mine at the source
And the color we'll know in a while.

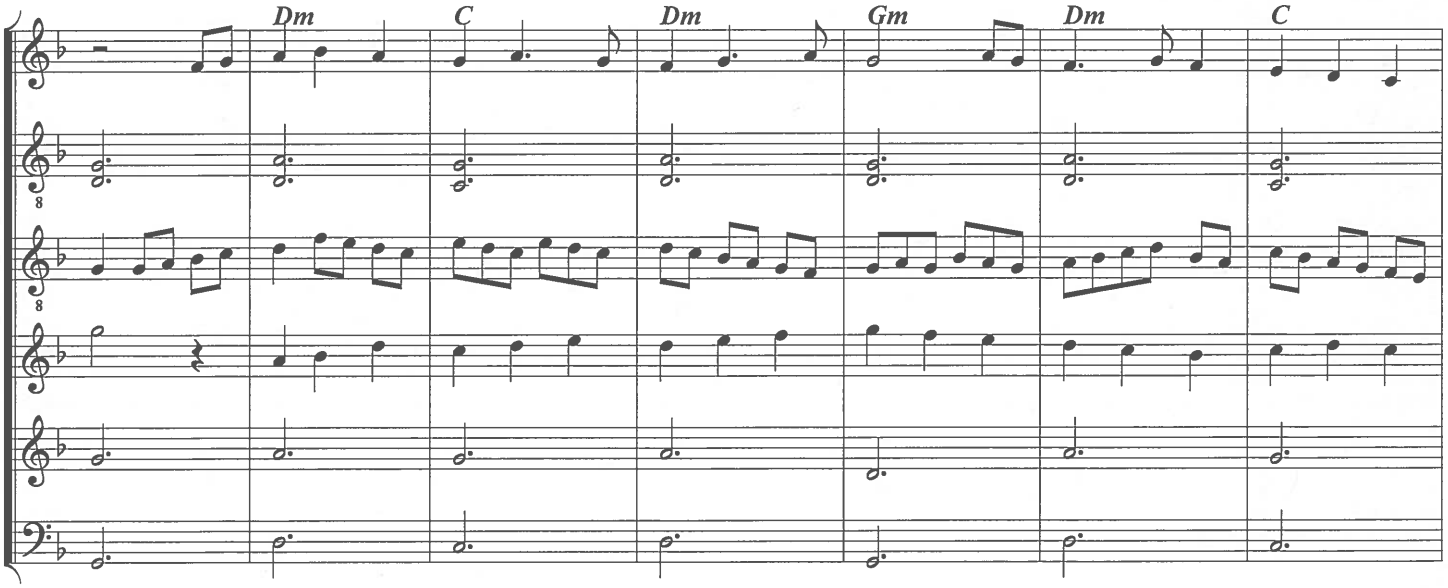
recorder riff

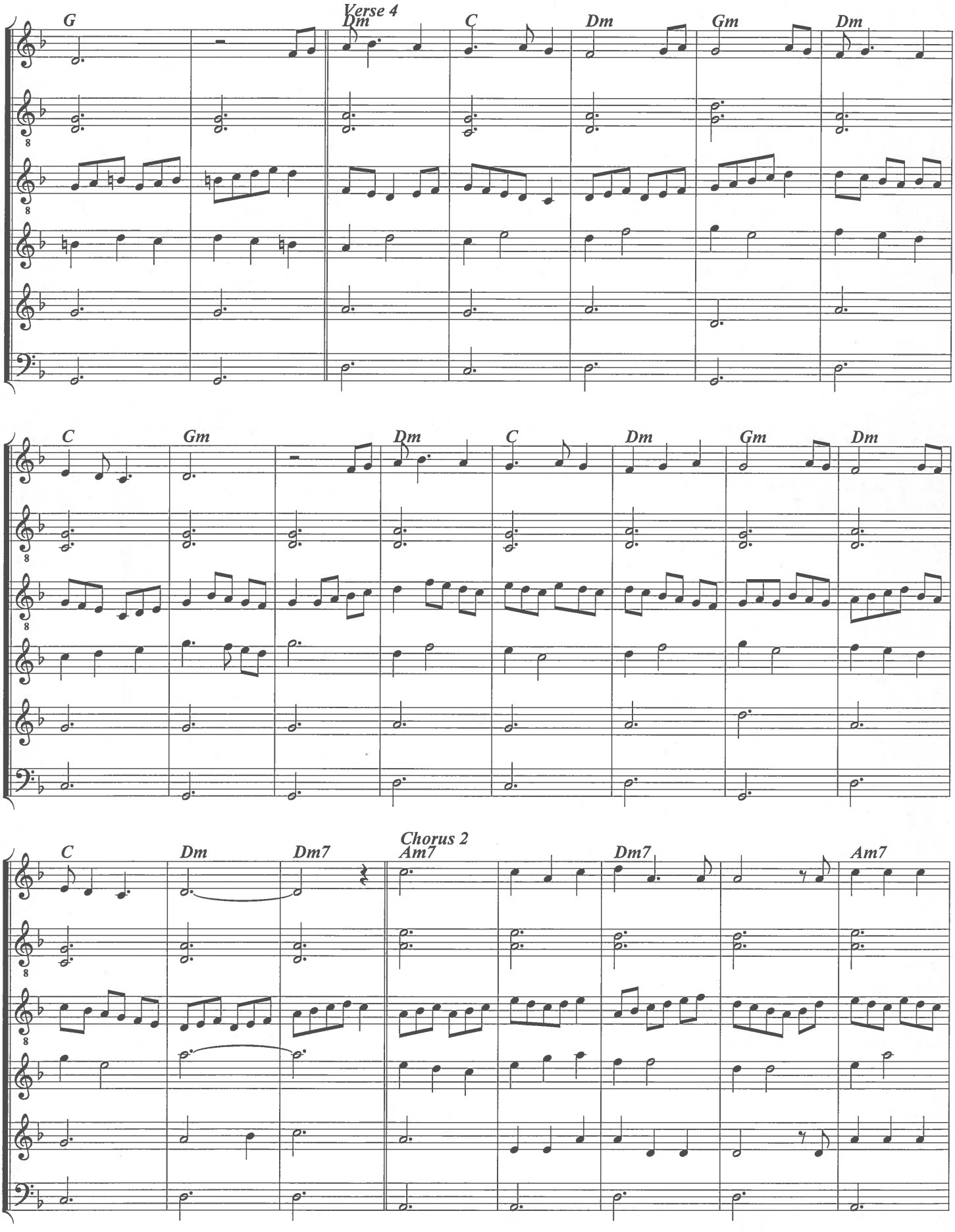
Now the deed, it's been done with professional skill,
(7) And I don't care if I've been fate's pawn;
For my father knows now he has only one heir:
Here I am, on the gallows at dawn. *

Think you I'm a bastard? I ask.
Your answer I know in advance.
(C4) The river can't separate your blood from mine;
That is done on the rocks we call chance.
The river can't separate your blood from mine;
That is done on the rocks we call chance.

Bastard's Tale New Lines



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C
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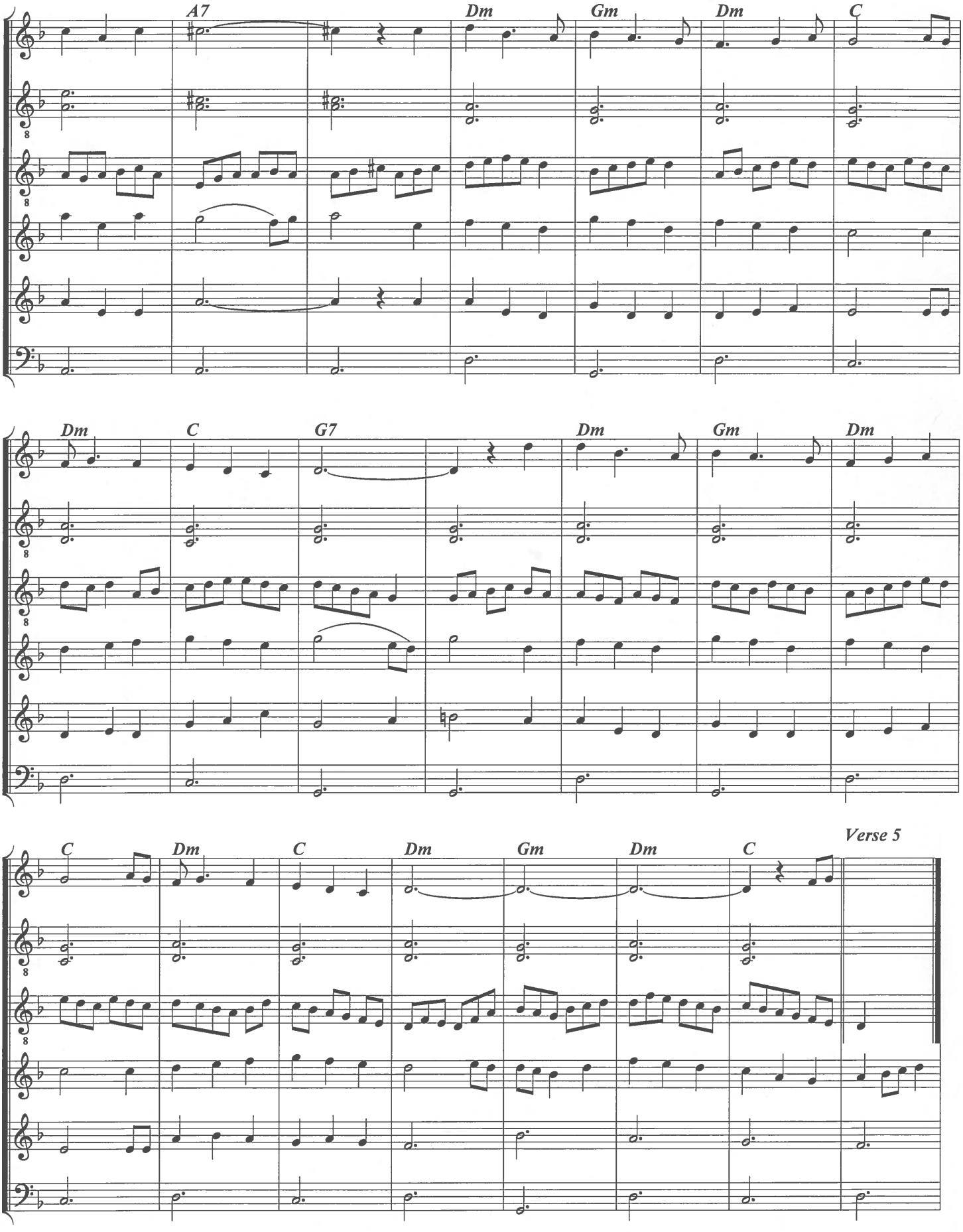
Dm
Dm7
Am7
Dm7
Am7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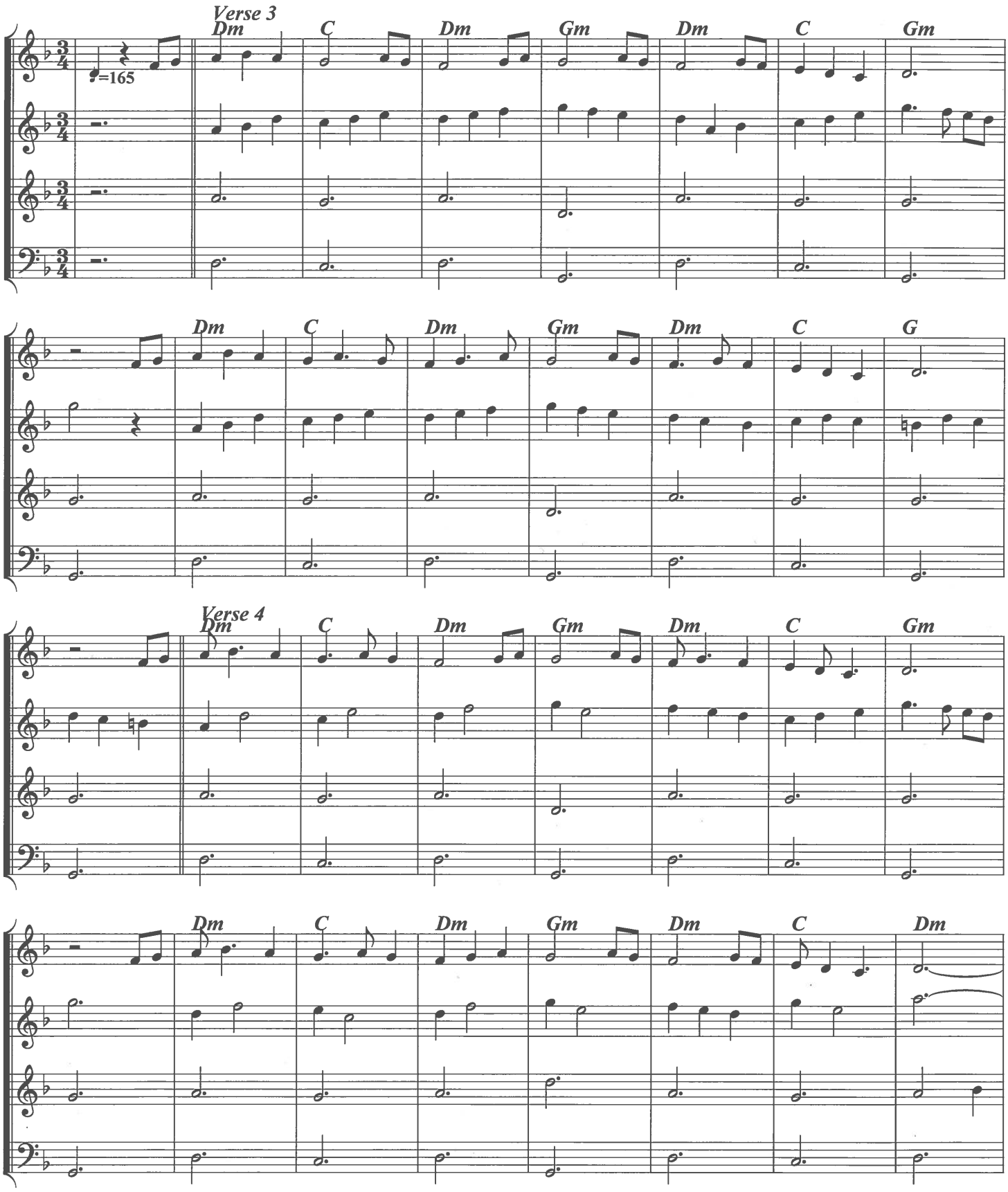
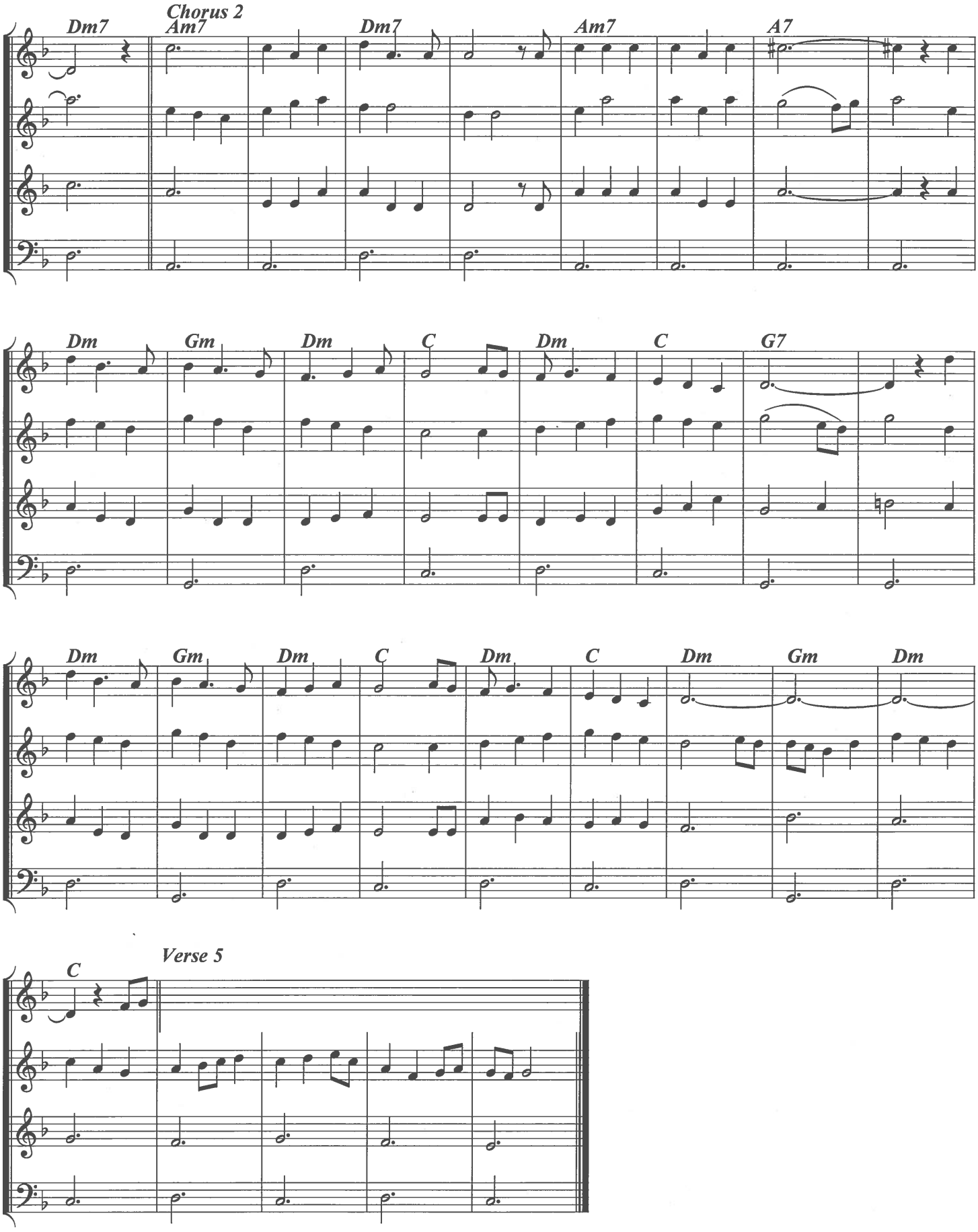
C
Verse 5

Bastard's Tale New Lines

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Gm
Dm
Verse 5
C

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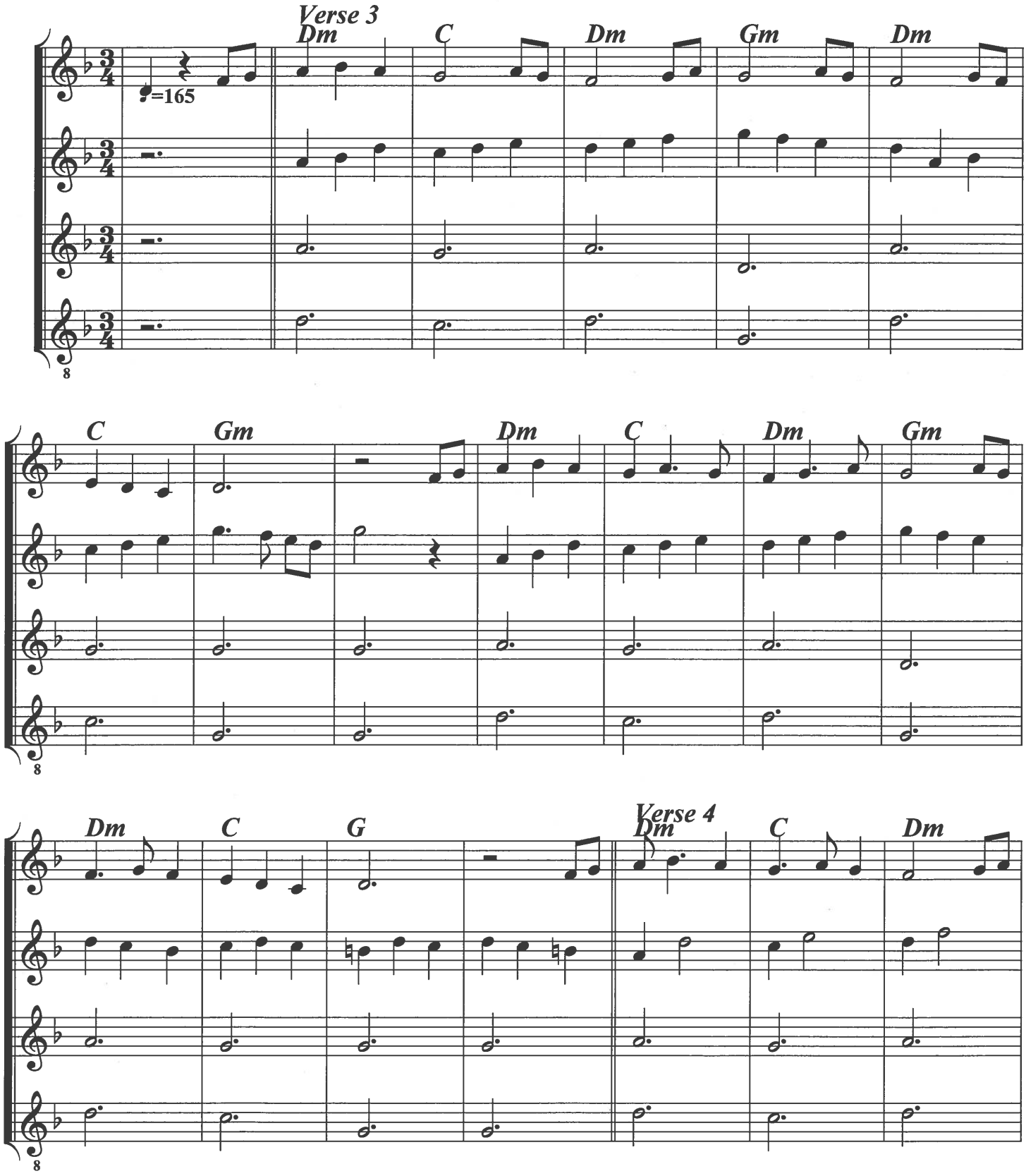

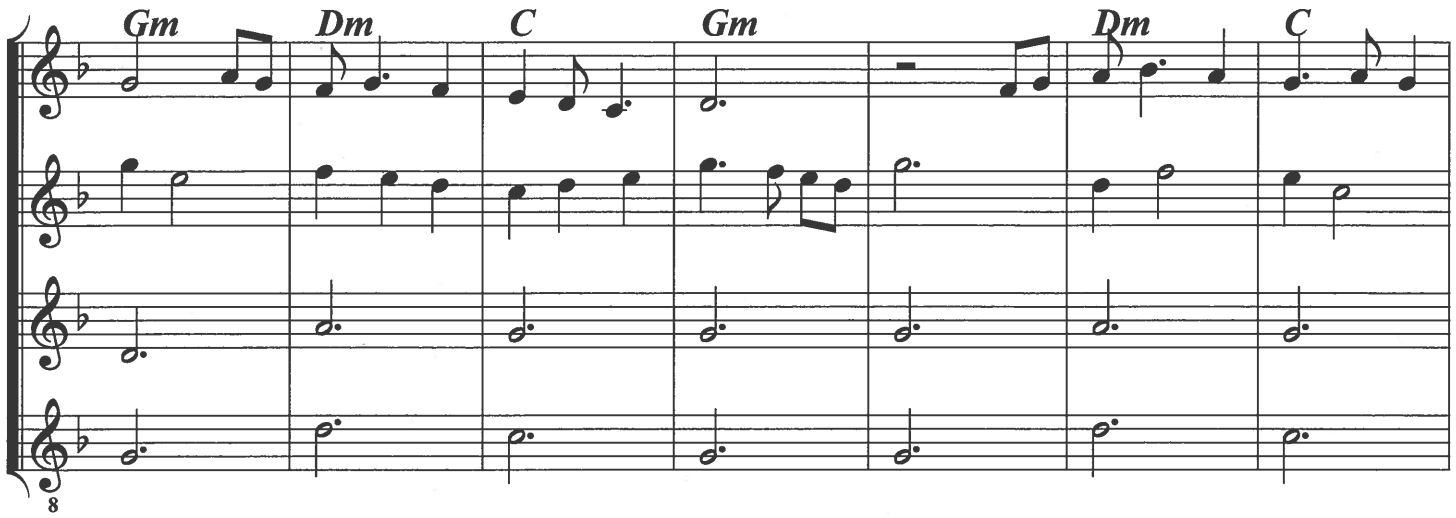
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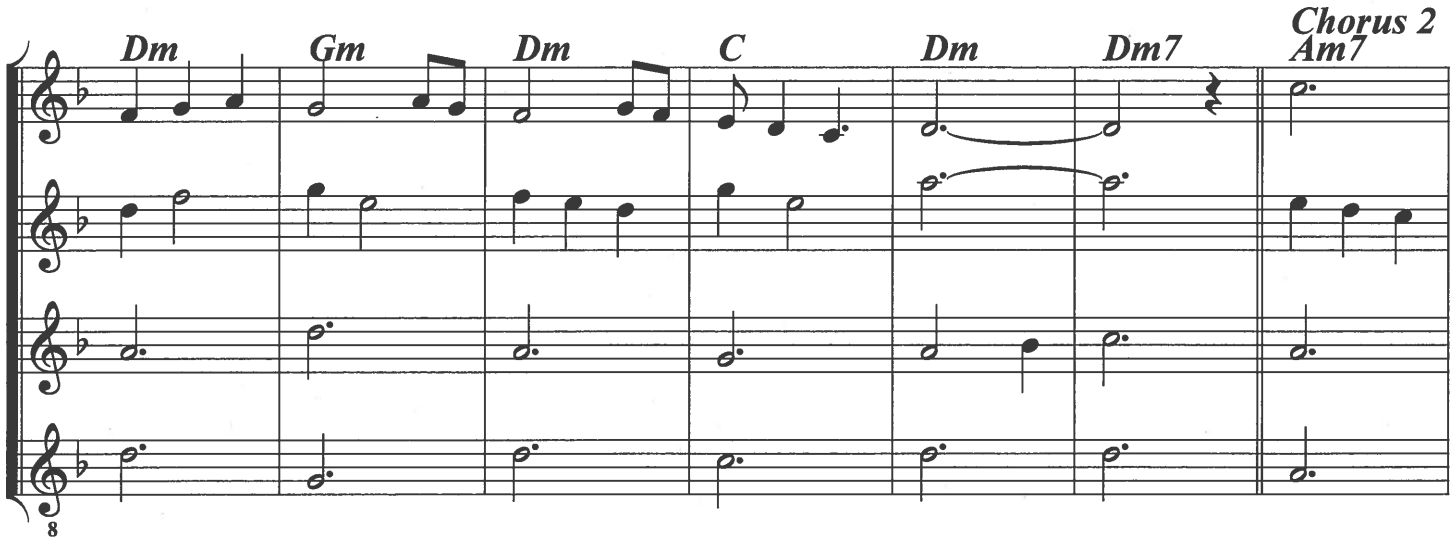
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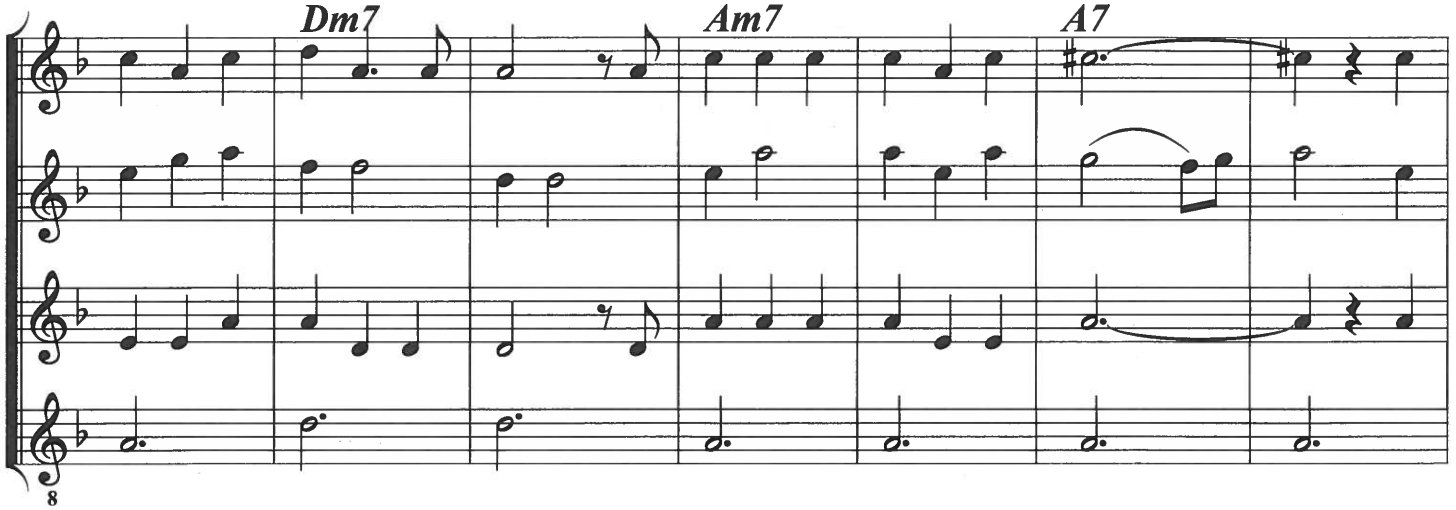
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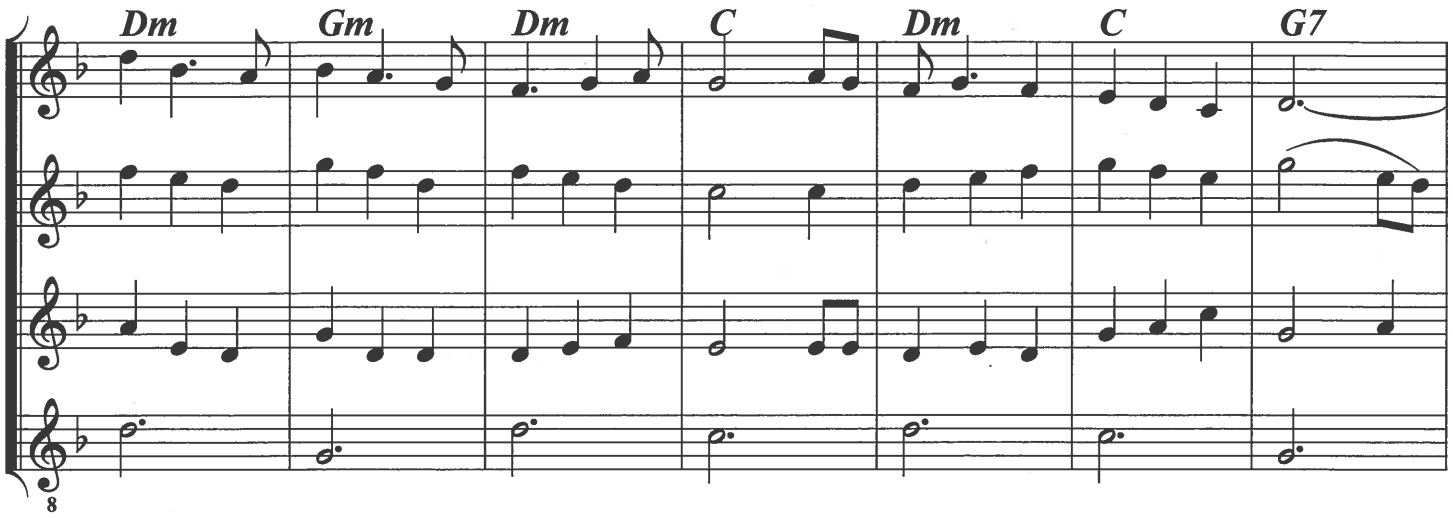
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C
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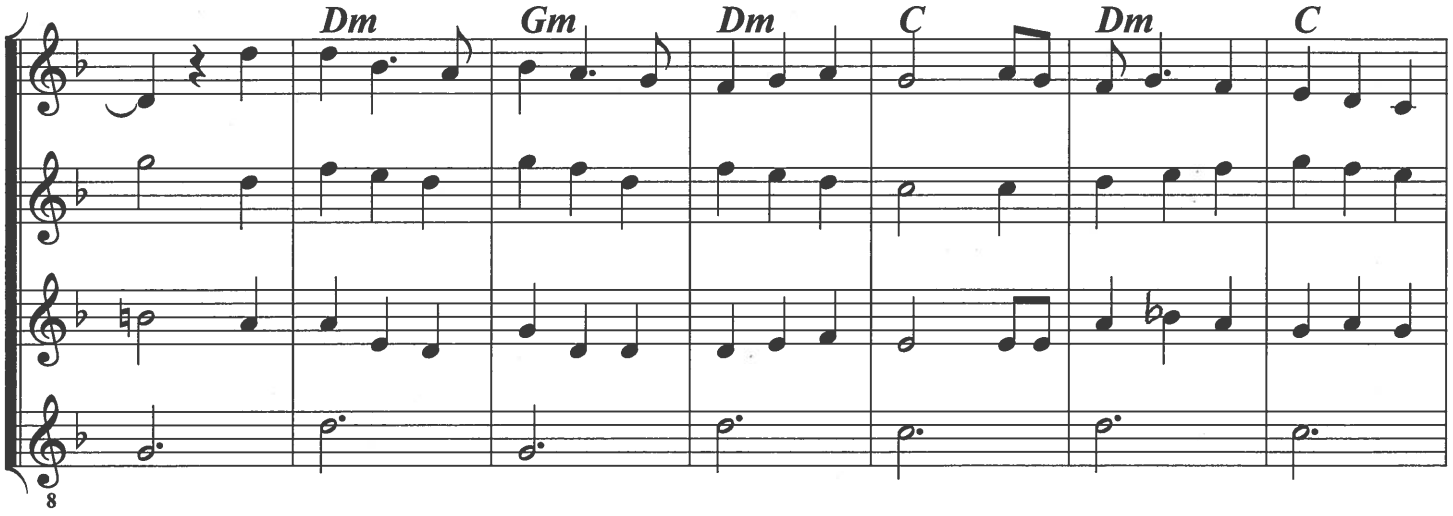
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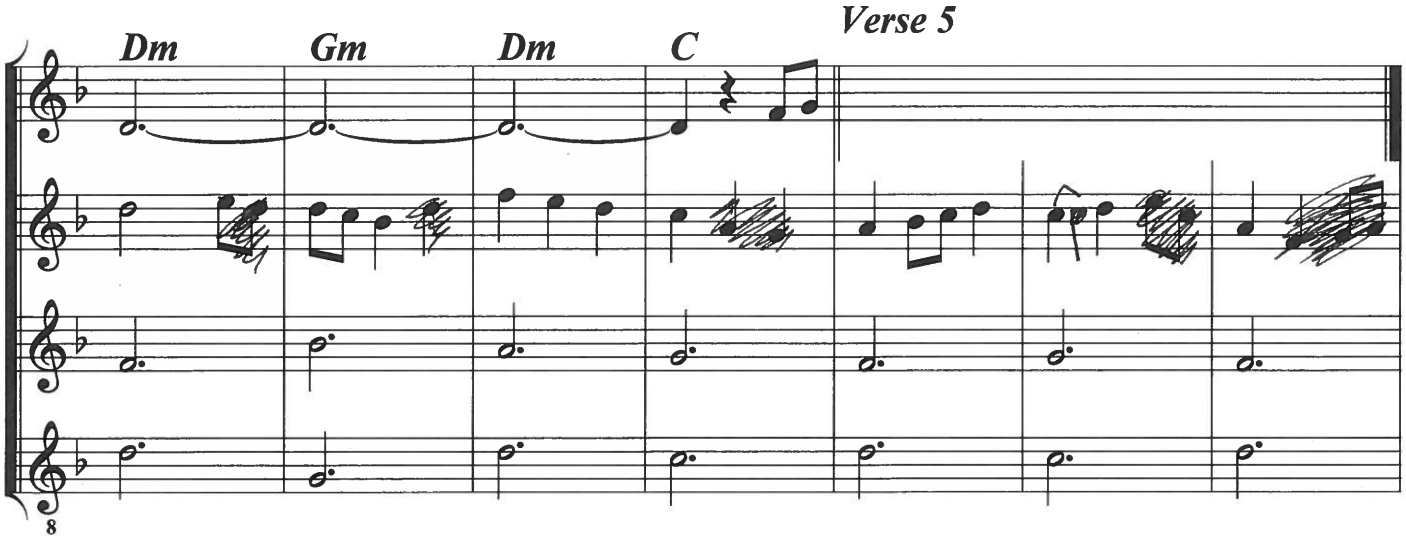
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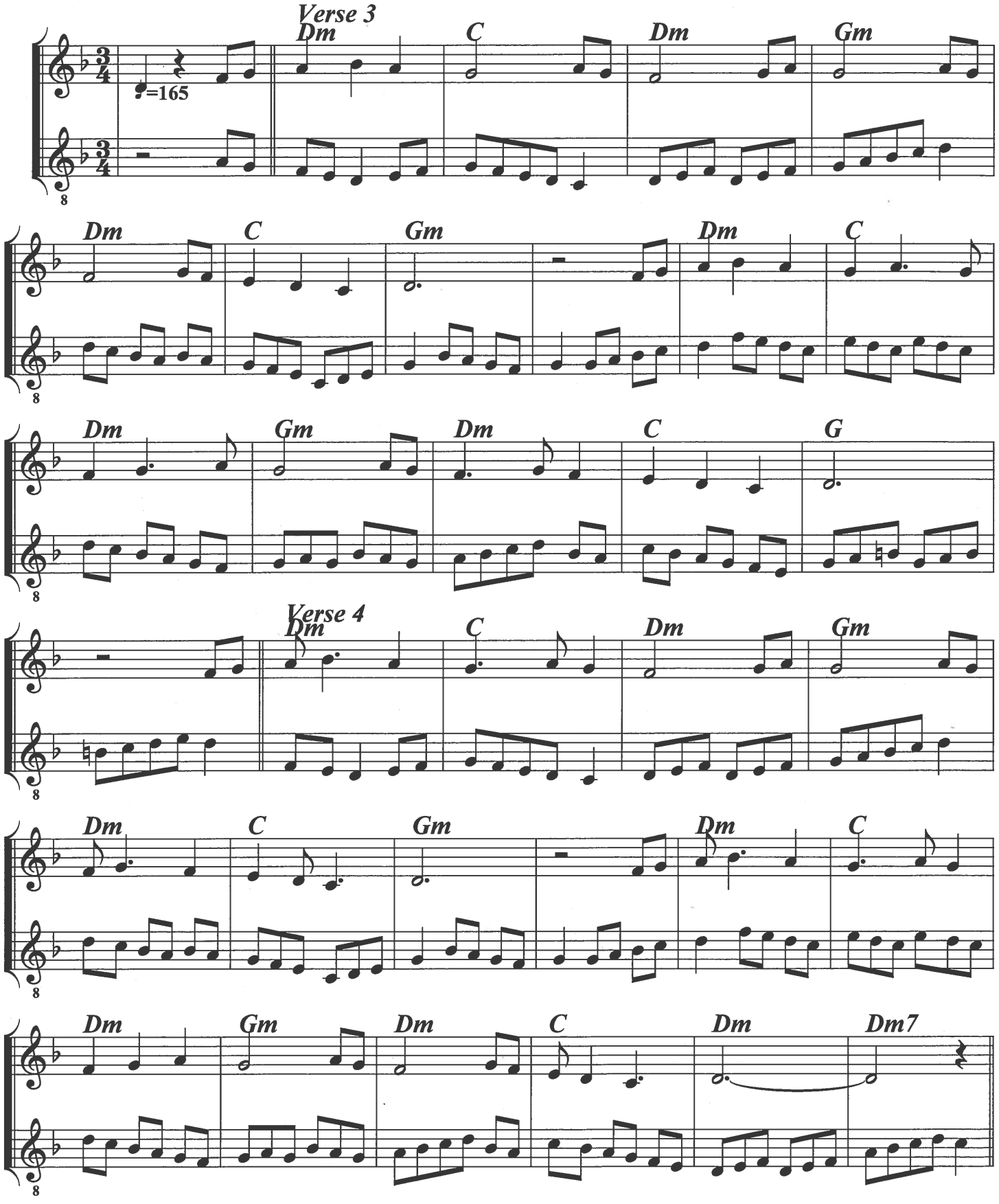

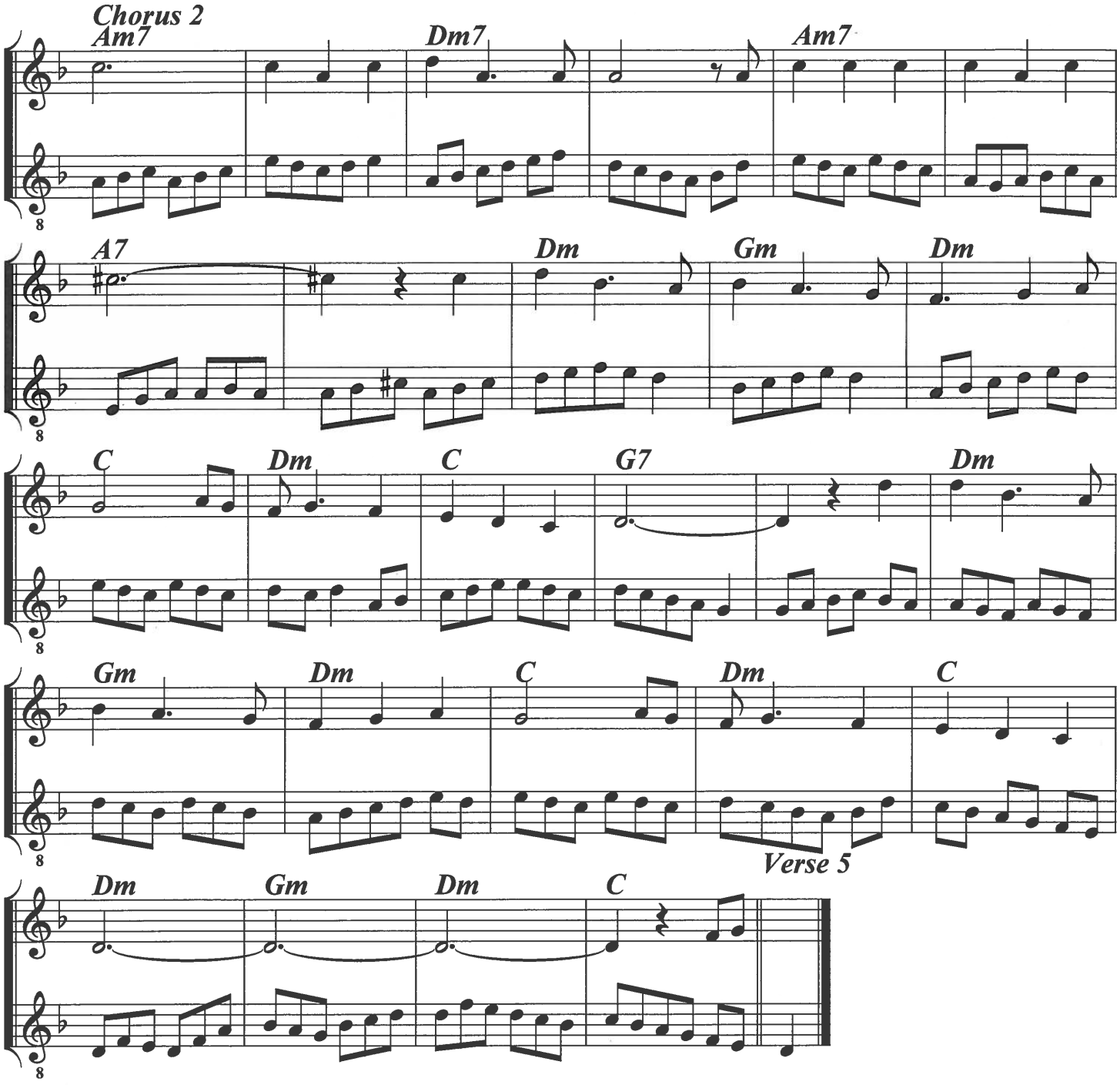
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Dm
C
Verse 5
Dm
Gm
Dm
C