

Arne Babenhauserheide, to the melody of Dawson's Christian, capo 5

Jason ^eDrowsy was a hunter known to ^Gcook a burning stew,
and he turned to be a pagan in the ^Dhunt of eighty two.

Now that ^epagan was the finest cook of the royal twins
and the ^Dstew of Jason Drowsy smelled like ^esins.

In the hunt for the kings wedding, waiting for the royal son,
he then saw a regal steed who was equal to no one,
as the royal son came by him, and he rode out for a prize,
Jason Drowsy knew too well whom he must slice.

No one talking saw the battle, though the guard was quick to leave,
when they reached the site they found a scene no sane man could believe.
Dead in grass there lay the princeguard, cut to ribbons all around,
but no sign of Jason Drowsy could be found.

There are ^Gstories of the ^enightwatch and the ^Gents and dragonwood,
there are ^Dstories of the unicorn with a lady at his foot,
but the ^Gtale that warms my spirit more because I know it's ^etrue
is the ^Dtale of Jason Drowsy and his ^estew,
yes the ^Dtale of Drowsy pagan and his ^estew.

- break for music -

I was second scout for heras dream, the escort was all mine,
we were shipping precious metals and a carriage with wine,
It was in the second week of the most uneventful ride,
when the cold and snow froze all our breath at night.

Now to me there was no question, for there was nowhere to run,
and you just can't keep moving when you never see the sun,
so we stopped and built a campsite for a time in freezing snow,
when in underbrush a light began to glow.

First we thought it a predator, but the color was all wrong,
then we thought it might be rescue, but no sound of horn did come,
when noone answered hailing we all felt an unknown dread,
then the fire grew and started burning red.

Now a glow came from that fire that is known by very few,
and we never knew a meal could smell just like that special stew,
never fearing our numbers then a figure left the wood,
and he carried a huge bowl which smelled too good.

Drowsy Pagan (and his stew)

And that pagans stew burned hotter than all stew I ate before,
and its taste would melt to easily the heart of any whore,
as the meal then filled our stomachs and we searched for some more shreds,
all the fear of cold was wiped from our heads,
all the fear of cold was wiped from our heads.

Just as quickly as we started all the feasting then was done,
for the cold inside had vanished and the strangers stew had won,
though we tried to call and thank him, not an answer could we draw,
then he dropped the bowl and this is what we saw.

It had markings there all over and an emblem on one side,
and we knew that every owner but that pagan had long died,
for the markings spoke of royalty, and deep inside we knew,
we all ate from Drowsy pagans fabled stew.

But instead of staying with us, he then simply walked away,
but came back each night with more stew tasting as if made by fey,
when at last the cold did lift, deep inside us each one knew,
we were saved by Jason Drowsy's burning stew,
yes, we were saved by Drowsy pagans burning stew.

- *Chorus 1* -