

Hoist With His Own Petard
(Merry Wives of Windsor)

Elizabeth: lyrics.
James: guitars, banjo, whistle.
Nigel: percussion.
Kris, et al: vocals.

To Windsor town came riding
Paunchy Sir John Falstaff
Down on his luck, he sought a host
Whose food to eat, whose ale to quaff
In short, somebody to sponge off
Somebody to sponge off

Two Windsor wives attracted
Raunchy Sir John Falstaff
He hatched a plan to woo them both
Two selfsame letters was his plan
Turned out this was a great big gaffe
This was a great big gaffe

Devious, scheming Falstaff
With a veneer of bonhomie
Courted, and planned to blackmail,
Mistress Ford and Mistress Page
Poor, deluded Falstaff
Thought he was such a card
Outwitted by the women
Hoist with his own petard

Mistress Ford and Mistress Page
Were the best of friends
She who laughs last, laughs best, they said
On Falstaff vowed to take revenge
String him along for their own ends
For their very own ends

Devious, scheming Falstaff
With a veneer of bonhomie
Courted, and planned to blackmail,
Mistress Ford and Mistress Page
Poor, deluded Falstaff
Thought he was such a card
Outwitted by the women
Hoist with his own petard

In a basket of smelly washing
Falstaff had to hide
From the so jealous Mr. Ford
Tumbled out on the riverside
With no damage but to his pride
No damage but to his pride

Devious, scheming Falstaff
With a veneer of bonhomie
Courted, and planned to blackmail,
Mistress Ford and Mistress Page
Poor, deluded Falstaff
Thought he was such a card
Outwitted by the women
Hoist with his own petard

In the forest of Windsor town,
Who all turned out to mock,
Tricked into wearing false antlers,
Chivvied and chased among the oaks,
Falstaff became a laughing stock
Became a laughing stock

All's well that ends well,
so I heard, In some other play.
There is no moral to this tale
Did Falstaff learn his lesson? Nay!
He lived to fight another day
Lived to fight another day

Devious, scheming Falstaff
With a veneer of bonhomie
Courted, and planned to blackmail,
Mistress Ford and Mistress Page
Poor, deluded Falstaff
Thought he was such a card
Outwitted by the women
Hoist with his own petard

A poet Sir John Falstaff?
Upon my word, that's a laugh!!
Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,
JOHN FALSTAFF.