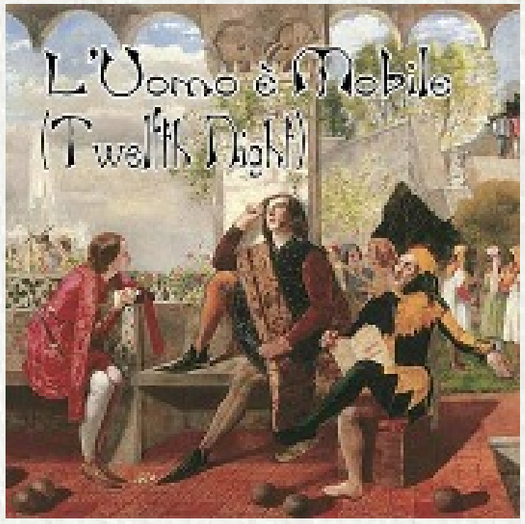


L'Uomo è Mobile (Twelfth Night)

Elizabeth: lyrics.
James: guitars, bouzouki, dulcimer, harmonica.
Nigel: percussion, hurdy-gurdy.
Kris: vocals.

A languid lord laments his love.
Unrequited by his lady fair.
Deep and dark is his despair.
Ne'er will he love again he swears.

Cesario, his beardless page
Is touched by his lord's plaintive sighs
Pretty as a girl, sweet and shy
He listens with lovelight in his eyes

Fickle are men. Superficial too
Youth and beauty are a must
Older women merely shrews
Men's love is often ruled by lust

But things are rarely what they seem
The lord discovers to his surprise
Lovely as the first sunrise
His page is a lady in disguise

Fickle are men. Superficial too
Youth and beauty are a must
Older women merely shrews
Men's love is often ruled by lust

His solemn oaths, the lord forgets
A new and younger love has he
Asks her 'Will you marry me'?
A happy ending there will be

Fickle are men. Superficial too
Youth and beauty are a must
Older women merely shrews
Men's love is often ruled by lust