

# Song of the Minstrels

Lyrics Justin Eiler, Music Melissa Williamson

♩=120



Ha-sten, oh min-strel, run to the Feast Hall, Get there with bare-ly e - nough time to spare! The  
Ha-sten, o min-strel, back to your camp-site Pick up your song-book and in - stru - ments three -.  
Ha-sten, o min-strel, down to the list - field, To write a new song of a mar - tial sort -.  
Ha-sten, o min-strel, off to the re - vel, Fire-light is burn-ing, and mead's go - ing 'round -.



feast - crat has asked for some pe - ri - od mu - sic To add to the mood and to  
Run, through the dark - ness, to your next en - gage - ment And try not to run in - to  
The Ba - ro - ness wants songs of Phoe - nix - 's valor, And, hey, it's a new song to  
Try to com - pete with the doum - becks and bag - pipes, Yet af - ter ten min - utes you



bright-en the air. Your sto - mach is growl-ing a bas - so pro - fun - do You're  
some un - seen tree -. Think, while you're run - ning, and go through your play - list, And  
show off at court -. List to the cheer-ing from all the spec - ta - tors -,  
can't hear a sound. You've fal - len a - sleep in the midst of the re - vel, You've



all out of breath, so you bare - ly can hiss. Sing, though your songs all go  
try to re - mem - ber the words to each verse, For when you get there, you're  
Hear migh - ty blows that will make hel - mets ring. Try to keep track of who's  
run till your brains and your voice have gone numb. Sleep, and your sno - ring may



most - ly un - heed-ed, Ex - cept, don't - cha know, for the notes that you miss.  
sure that some jo - ker Will ask you to sing them the "Moose Song"--or worse!  
win - ning and lo - sing, Ex - cept you're in back, and you can't see a thing!  
drown out the pi - pers, For on - ly a min - strel could be quite that dumb!