The Song of the Nefarious Impure Knighte (or the wages of debauchary)

The Vagabond Scholar

St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote
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The mist hung on the autumn trees with rusty leaves and yellow. The night receded endlessly beyond the rolling vapor; the streetlamp’s light had filtered through the mist and softly settled on the road. I heard my footsteps echo off the houses locked and curtained and I watched the woman walking enveloped now in darkness but emerging into sight as her silent shadow raced her past the lights.

I imagined that she smiled, that she hesitantly stopped me to ask for help in finding the hotel where she was staying. I said I know the way, I’m staying there myself I’ll walk with you if you don’t mind. Nights like this are maddening when alone.

We talked of all the people and the things that were last summer A deserted beach in Suffolk and a cabin in the Catskills. We learned and loved and learned from that and spent the night together in her room. But my mind had only wandered and I saw her there before me: As I reached out in the darkness to touch her sweatered shoulder she recoiled from my hand and faded into the midnite and I whispered to her asking why she walked the night Alone.

Victor Russell

The Song of the Nefarious Impure
Knighte (or the wages of debauchary)

A castle rose once bye the Sienne With towers big and longe And there with all his merrie menne Lived Gahad the Strong Reknowne throughout the countrie he For gallantrie not smalle And thought without a doubt to be The purest Knighte of alle

But being pure became a bore a little fun he craved and in a seven month or more The prince was quite depraved Wild feasts and orgies all he gave In short— he had a balle You’d never think that once he was The Purest Knighte of alle

But a knock one day came at the door ‘Twas his girlfriend ‘Twas his girlfriend Fanny She sayed (as tears felle to the floor) “I’m going to have a babie” “Marry me you must” sayed she “The babie’s due in Fall” Poor Gahad then wished he’d stayed The Purest Knight of alle

The Knighte, my friends, took all the blame but punish mente was to be falle They wed; and Fanny soon became Alas! Quite frigide after alle And every nighte thereafter seemed The Purest Night of alle

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