

The Wizard's Lament

Am C D F Am C E E Am C D F Am E Am E

am C D F
There is a pub in Ankh-Morpork

am C E
They call the Mended Drum

am C D F
And it's been the start of many a poor boy

am E am E
And, Gods, I know I'm one.

My Father was a fighting man
He stomped his enemies flat.
My mother was a working girl
Who came from cold Sto Lat.

Now my father, he had downed a few
Then said, "Let's have some fun."
And all night they shook the floorboards
loose
Upstairs in the Mended Drum.

At dawn he went down to light a fag
Twelve crossbows were aimed at him
He lost his life to the city guard
For malicious lingering.

Now my mother did not cry at all
For she was unaware
That inside her working lady's womb
A baby she did bear.

When nine months, they had come and gone
My mother did give birth
She asked her friend, the sausage man
"What's this snapper worth?"

Now the greedy sot was tempted
And did some research fine.
But for the family holdings
Dear dad was eight in line.

What little he would get, of course,
Was sure to never be mine
For ahead of this poor bastard son
Were seven brothers fine.

Now it did not take my mother long
To see what she could reap
So came the morning Modo found a babe
On top his compost heap.

So here I sit upon my stool
And to the barman I do confide
With my pint of scumble at my hand
And an ape perched by my side.

But Death, I see him coming for me
My life he plans to claim
I know I'll never last till morn'
And this pub will be the same.

So tonite before I leave I swear
A keg, I'll finish one!
And end my days where they began
In that pub called the Mended Drum.