

Don't Ever Love

Words and music by Rhonwen y Llysieuyddes
(m.k.a. Julia H. West)

G D7 G C D7
Don't ever love a fighter: He'll care more for his sword.
C G A7 D7
And while he's out there fighting you're on the sidelines, bored.
G C G C D7
And even when you're snuggled close and have him in your arms
C D7 G C D7 G
He's much too bruised and tired to appreciate your charms.

Don't ever love a bard, for he'll care more for his song.
He'll often go a-roaming and won't take you along.
And even when you've got him home beside you in your bed
Your beauty makes him get up and write a song, instead!

Don't ever love a scholar: he'll care more for a book.
He'll leave you for a hist'ry without a second look.
And even when you coax him with your most seductive air
He goes on with his studies as if you were not there.

Don't ever love a dwarf lord: he'll care more for his gold.
While he's out late to seek it you're home alone and cold.
And even when you turn his thoughts to lust for you, instead,
You'll find he will not leave it--he brings the gold to bed!

Don't ever love a merchant, a sailor, or a thief;
And 'specially not a peasant--they'll only cause you grief.
They're all too busy working to give you the love you need.
Their thoughts are always elsewhere: on wares, or ships, or seed.

But if, despite these warnings, you take a fancy to
A male of the species there's something you can do!
A way I've found to ease the pain, and help you carry on:
Enjoy him while you've got him--seek others when he's gone!

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"Don't Ever Love" is pretty easy to add verses to, either for SCA or SF. Here are some of the verses written by other people in an SCA context. Try your own (and send the good ones to me).

Don't ever love a herald: his duties never cease;
When he's not in a meeting he's heralding a feast.
And if you should, with pun sublime, entice him to your bed,
He will not take advantage; he'll warrant you, instead!

--Keridwen of Montrose

Don't ever love a Baron, don't love a Prince or King;
Their duties never leave them any time for better things.
And when, at last, with candle burning, up the stairs you creep,
You'll find their chambers chilly and you'll find them fast asleep!

--Elfwynn Gyrthesdohtor