

# The tale of Sir Robin

Monty Python

Bravely bold Sir Robin rode forth from Camelot  
He was not afraid to die, O brave Sir Robin  
He was not at all afraid to be killed in nasty ways  
Brave, brave, brave, brave Sir Robin

He was not in the least bit scared to be mashed into a pulp  
Or to have his eyes gouged out and his elbows broken  
To have his kneecaps split and his body burned away  
And his limbs all hacked and mangled, brave Sir Robin

His head smashed in and his heart cut out  
And his liver removed and his bowels unplugged  
And his nostrils raped and his bottom burnt off and his penis..  
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Brave Sir Robin ran away  
Bravely, ran away...away...  
When danger reared its ugly head  
He bravely turned his tail and fled  
Yes, brave Sir Robin turned about  
And gallantly he chickened out  
Bravely taking to his feet  
He beat a very brave retreat  
Bravest of the brave, Sir Robin