

Knights "Fie On Goodness!"

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Fie on goodness, fie
Fie on goodness, fie

Eight years of kindness to your neighbor
Making sure that the meek are treated well
Eight years of philanthropic labor
Derry down dell, damn, but it's hell

Oh, fie on goodness, fie
Fie, fie, fie

It's been depressing all the way
Derry down, derry down
And getting glummer every day
Derry down, derry down

Ah, but to burn a little town
Or slay a dozen men
Anything to laugh again

Oh, fie on goodness, fie
Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie

When I think of the rollicking pleasures
That earlier filled my life
Lolly lo, lolly lo
Like the time I beheaded a man
Who was beating his naked wife
Lolly lo, lolly lo

I can still hear his widow say
Never moving from where she lay
"Tell me what can I do, I beg, sir, of you
Your kindness to repay"

Fie on goodness, fie
Fie on goodness, fie

Lechery and vice have been arrested, arrested
Not a maiden is evermore in threat
Virgins may wander unmolested, unmolested
Lolly lo let, gad, it's a sweat

Oh, fie on goodness, fie
Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie

How we roared and brawled in Scotland
Not a law was e'er obeyed
And when wooing called in Scotland
We'd grab any parsing maid

Ah, my heart is still in Scotland
Where the lasses woo the best
On some bonny hill in Scotland
Stroking someone's bonny

Fie on Scotland, fie
Fie on Scotland, fie

No one repents for any sin now
Every soul is immaculate and trim, immaculate
No one is covered with chagrin now
Lolly lo lim, gad, but it's grim

Oh, fie on goodness, fie
Fie, fie, fie

There's not a folly to deplore
Derry down, derry down
Confession Sunday is a bore
Derry down, derry down

Ah, but to spend a tortured evening
Staring at the floor
Guilty and alive once more

Oh, fie on virtue, fie
Fie on mercy, fie
Fie on justice, fie on goodness
Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie

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