

## Camalot

# "The Simple Joys Of Maidenhood"

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Saint Genevieve, Saint Genevieve  
It's Guinevere, remember me?  
Saint Genevieve, Saint Genevieve  
I'm over here beneath this tree!

You know how faithful and devout I am  
You must admit I've been a lamb

But Genevieve, Saint Genevieve  
I won't obey you anymore  
You've gone a bit to far  
I won't be bid and bargained for  
Like beads in a bazaar  
Saint Genevieve, I've run away  
Eluded them and fled  
And from now on I intend to pray  
To someone else instead!

Oh Genevieve, Saint Genevieve  
Where were you when my youth was sold?  
Dear Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve  
Shan't I be young before I'm old?

Where are the simple joys of maidenhood?

Where are all those adoring daring boys?

Where's the knight pining so for me

He leaps to death in woe for me?

Oh where are a maiden's simple joys?

Shan't I have a normal life a maiden should?

Shall I never be rescued in the wood?

Shall two knights never tilt for me

And let their blood be spilt for me?

Oh where are the simple joys of maidenhood?

Shall I not be on a pedestal?

Worshipped and competed for?

Not be carried of, or better still,

Cause a little war?

Where are the simple joys of maidenhood?

Are those sweet, gentle pleasures gone for good?

Shall a feud not begin for me?

Shall kith not kill their kin for me?

Oh, where are the trivial joys,

Harmless, convivial joys

Where are the simple joys of maidenhood?

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