

TV Theme Songs

"Black Adder"

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The sound of hoof beats 'cross the glade
Good folk, lock up your son and daughter
Beware his deadly flashing blade
Unless you want to end up shorter
Black Adder, Black Adder, he rides a pitch black steed
Black Adder, Black Adder, he's very bad indeed
Black: his gloves of finest mole
Black: his codpiece made of metal
His heart is blacker than a hole
His pot is blacker than his kettle
Black Adder, Black Adder, with many a cunning plan
Black Adder, Black Adder, you horrid little man.

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