

## Beowulf's there for you

So no-one knew the Danes would suffer in this way  
They built a hall, they drank, then Grendel came to play!  
It was a nightmare that would never end  
Til this man came and told the king that him he would defend!  
Beowulf is here (He'll kill monsters for you)  
Beowulf is here (In a hall or a mere)  
Beowulf is here (He will save Heorot)

So Beowulf killed Grendel, but there's more to say  
But when you kill the son, the mum don't go away  
She came along and she killed a retainer  
So our Wulfie had to go along and also slaughtered her  
Beowulf is here (He'll kill monsters for you)  
Beowulf is here (In a hall or a mere)  
Beowulf is here (He will save Heorot)

Our young lad has become king, since we saw him last  
Fifty years is a long time, but it's gone by so fast  
But strong and stable though his reign has been  
He now has to face his final fight, a dragon has been seen  
Beowulf is here (For his final showdown)  
Beowulf is here (That dragon's going down)  
Beowulf is here (But Beowulf goes down too)

It's all the more sad now, with Wulfie laid to rest  
The king has gone to ground, in his chainmail vest  
The people all lament, as their king ascends  
Cos society has met with such very bitter ends  
Beowulf is dead (What a hero he was)  
Beowulf is dead (But that hero is gone)  
Beowulf is dead (All that's left is this song)

## Age of Migration

A person each with a sign saying Angles, Saxons, Saxons #2, Franks, Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths and Vandals milling around near a nervous looking Roman (in a toga?). A group of Norse are sitting/sleeping in a corner. Huns (with sign) appear.

Huns: Hi guys!

General screaming, running around for a minute, Rome gets knocked over. Eventually settle down, Vandals standing uncomfortably close to Rome, Angles and Saxons #2 off to one side (one of them holding a sign saying 'Jutes???)

Rome: Everyone calm down. Just stay where you are, okay?

Franks: (to Saxons) Not you, move over there. (Forcibly shuffles Saxons around a few paces) All right, that's good. All settled. (Comfortable pause)

Norse stand up excitedly.

Norse: Oh, we're moving? (Runs around barging into every else)

Others: No!

### So Long and Thanks for all the tin

So long and thanks for all the tin  
So sad that we had to give in  
We tried to warn you all but oh dear  
You may not share our intellect  
Which might explain your disrespect  
For the imperial rule  
We imposed upon you  
So long, so long and thanks  
For all the tin

Rome is about to be destroyed  
No point in getting all annoyed  
But don't just let Britannia dissolve (around you)  
Despite those yobs above the wall  
We thought most of you were cool  
Especially those of you who were  
Good at mining

So long, so long, so long, so long, so long  
So long, so long, so long, so long, so long  
So long, so long and thanks  
For all the tin

If I could stay one more day  
I would make those Saxons pay  
If we could just change one thing  
We would all have learned to sing  
Come everyone  
Brit and Roman  
Side by side in life's great gene pool

(oooohhh oooohhh oooaahhhh – ah ahh)  
So long, so long, so long, so long, so long  
So long, so long, so long, so long, so long  
So long, so long and, !Thanks!  
For all the tin!

### Secret Life of the Anglo-Saxon Zoo - part 1

Narrator: We've all been to see the wonders of east, and we all know of the marvellous creatures to be found there. But what happens behind closed doors? Our illuminators will take you where no drawings have been before, to show you the relationships and rivalries of these characterful creatures, their day-to-day dramas, and the lives of the Anglo-Saxon handlers, for whom this is more than just a lifelong-commitment-to-the-monastic-foundation. On today's show, trouble in the Lentibelsinean hen coop...

Handler 1: The hens are escaping!

Handler 2: Catch them!

*Handlers 1 and 2 run around the stage, trying to pick up the (plastic?) hens, but dropping them like hot potatoes each time they touch them.*

Handler 3 (*meanwhile, picking up an egg*): Is this hard-boiled??

Narrator: ...a surprise discovery in the elephant enclosure...

Elephant Handler (*examining an elephant*): By the knickers of Nennius! They *do* have knees!

Other handlers gasp.

Narrator: ...and in the aviary, tragedy strikes.

Handler (*interview pose*): It was horrible. In all my years, I've never seen anything like it. The feathers... the blood... and the birds... it was as if... a great mortality had struck them. (*choking up*) I'm sorry -it's too upsetting -I can't say any more- (*runs off-camera, sobbing*)

Narrator: Welcome, to The Secret Life of the Anglo-Saxon Zoo!

### Olaf's address to the Norwegian people

Hey I came over the sea,  
Conquered a rival or three  
And now you're all ruled by me,  
I'm gonna get my way

I came from England for this,  
With gold plunder from my ships  
Expect you all to submit  
I'm gonna get my way

I'll be converting  
Pagans, my rule asserting,  
may be disconcerting,  
What d'you think you're doing, heathens?

I just became king,  
And this is crazy  
But I'm a Christian,  
So convert maybe

There's really no choice  
You must obey me  
And I'm a Christian  
So convert maybe

I just became king,  
And this is crazy  
But I'm a Christian,  
So convert maybe

And all the heathens,  
Are gonna hate me,  
But I'm a Christian,  
So convert maybe

I'll build a church or two  
Gonna convert all of you  
Convert or I'll run you through  
I'm gonna get my way

your wealth and land I will steal  
my power, you'll see it's real  
now listen, here is the deal,  
Just don't get in my way

Promise, you won't miss it  
You'll see, it will be lit  
Violent? Just a small bit  
Where do you think you're going heathens?

I just became king,  
And this is crazy  
But I'm a Christian,  
So convert maybe

There's really no choice  
You must obey me  
And I'm a Christian  
So convert maybe

I just became king,  
And this is crazy  
But I'm a Christian,  
So convert maybe

And all the heathens,  
Are gonna hate me,  
But I'm a Christian,  
So convert maybe

Before I came into your life  
you blasphemed so bad  
you blasphemed so bad  
you blasphemed so, so bad

Before I came into your life  
You blasphemed so bad  
I should control that  
You blasphemed so, so bad (bad, bad)

There's really no choice  
You must obey me  
And I'm a Christian  
So convert maybe

I just became king,  
And this is crazy  
But I'm a Christian,  
So convert maybe

And all the heathens,  
Are gonna hate me,  
But I'm a Christian,  
So convert, maybe

Before I came into your life  
You blasphemed so bad  
I'll overturn that

So convert, maybe!

## Old Norse Second Year

Judy, some students and a vat/box. Possibly a yoghurt pot, a text book and some spears.

Judy: Now some of you said you were a bit confused about Islendinga Saga. I thought we would try and choreograph it to help you remember what was happening. Now, you can be Gizurr. (points to Student #1)

Student #2 Narrator: Now Gizurr said to Guðmundr... Go away.

Student #1/Gizurr: (to Student #3/Guðmundr) Go, Guðmundr, leave me! Save yourself!

Jon: Hey guys, the house is on fire, why are we in the dairy?

Gizurr: We can't all get out, leave me. Go and live your lives and be free and happy. Think of me!  
(Jon and Guðmundr shrug and leave)

Narrator: Gizurr flung down away from his the coat of mail. (Gizurr throws off jumper/shirt) and the steel helmet (Gizurr thows hat) so he had only his sword in his hand. (Gizurr wields sword) He went to the skyr vats. (other students bring forward vat/box) and threw his sword into it (Gizurr puts sword in vat) Gizurr saw another vat on the floor with a vat on top of it and space that a man might sit in it. So he got into the vat and sat down in the sour whey in nothing but his linen lingerie. (Gizurr reluctantly does so, some juggling around as they work out how to balance the two vats and keep Gizurr a bit hidden) And the sour whey went up to his nipples. (white cloth/Gizurr's arms show the whey reaching his nipples). It was cold in the sour whey.

Gizurr: Brrrr... Chilly nips.

Narrator: He sat there a short while then heard people say that if he were to be found, three men would be chosen to butcher slowly him to see how he liked it. Hrani, Kolbeinn and Ari were chosen. (3 students step forward). They searched the dairy. (They look around the dairy, look into the vat)

Kolbeinn: Can't see him. (*Moves Gizurr's head aside to look in the vat*) Nope.

Narrator: The four of them (fourth student runs on with spear, looking a little lost) stuck their spears in the vat. (Hrani, Kolbeinn and Ari stick spears in the vat) They gave Gizurr many small wounds.

Gizurr: I'm dying! From papercuts.

Narrator: They didn't find him. Gizurr was so cold that he shivered and the skyr gurgled.

Student: \*odd gurgle\*

Narrator: They left.

## Do you want to learn Old Irish?

Do you want to learn Old Irish?  
Come on, come help me try  
Palatalise these consonants  
They make no sense  
I think I want to cry...  
We used to learn together,  
And now we don't.  
Why don't you tell me why?  
Do you just hate Old Irish?  
It doesn't have to be Old Irish.  
Go away!  
Okay bye...  
Do you want to learn Old Irish?  
Or study its philology  
We could read some Thurneysen  
And maybe then  
I'll finally see!  
(Hang in there, Rudolf)  
It gets a little lonely  
All these compound verbs  
Just watching the hours tick by  
(Tic-Tock, Tic-Tock, Tic-Tock, Tic-Tock, Tic-Tock)  
Please, I know you're in there  
Máire's asking where you've been  
They say "have courage," and I'm trying to  
I don't know what to do, just let me in  
We only have each other  
And also Thurneysen  
What are we gonna do?  
Do you want to learn Old Irish?

## Bake-Off – ASNaC Week

*[begin w/ Mel and Sue standing at the front w/ contestants standing at their tables behind them w/ Paul & Mary]*

**Mel:** Phew, is it just me Sue, or is it hot in here?

**Sue:** Well, you know what they say Mel... if you can't handle the heat, get out of the cauldron! That's right, it's ASNaC Week.

**Mel & Sue:** Welcome to the Great British, Irish & Scandinavian Bake-Off!

**Mel:** Ready,

**Sue:** Set,

**Mel & Sue:** Bake!!

*[M & S move off to the side behind the curtain – still to do voice-over from behind]*

**Mel:** Alfred, our first contestant is a king hailing from 9<sup>th</sup> century Wessex, although he is temporarily unemployed...

*[P & M move over to Alfred's bench]*

**Paul:** So, Alfred, what are you making for us today?

**Alfred:** Well Paul, I'm just making some cakes, I'm not sure what exactly is in them, but all I have to do is take them out of the oven in time...

**Mary:** Well it sounds like you have it sorted, I'm sure they'll be *great!*

*[P & M move away to MDT's table, Alfred goes off-stage]*

**Sue:** So, while Alfred sneaks off for a cup of tea, we meet our next contestant; Mac Da Thó who runs a hostel in fictional pre-Christian Ireland.

**Mary:** So, what have you prepared for us, it certainly looks filling?...

**MDT:** Well Mary, I do have 40 oxen prepared, but I've also... *gone the whole hog.*

**Paul:** So how were you planning to divide this for us?

**MDT:** Actually, I wasn't ... *[look nervous like Paul Hollywood just told you you're shit at baking]*

*[band of irish warriors run on and ambush MDT]*

**Warrior 1:** I'm the hardest warrior!

**Warrior 2:** No, I am!

*[warriors exit, taking MDT & the pig with them]*

*[P & M look unconcerned, move on to Thor's station]*

**Mel:** Our third contestant, rather new to baking, is Norse deity Thor Odinson...

*[cue Thor beginning to knead his bread with his hammer]*

**Paul:** My god...

**Thor/Flashheart:** Yes, I suppose I am.

**Mary:** What are you doing with that bread?

**Thor:** Well, I'm pounding my bread, bet you're jealous, you old saucepot ... Woof! My bread won't be the only thing with a rise on it when I'm done ...

**Paul:** Well, we'll be interested to see how that turns out...

*[P & M walk away, heading towards PMC's table – Thor continues what he's doing]*

*[Alfred comes back from his tea break and pulls his burnt cakes out of the oven and sinks to his knees in despair]*

**Sue:** And as we approach our final contestant, 20<sup>th</sup> century Celtic scholar Prionsias Mac Cana, he seems to have already completed his bake.

**Mary:** Ooh these look lovely, what have you made for us?

**PMC:** These are sovereignty goddesses.

**Paul:** Those are just cookies...

**PMC:** No, they're sovereignty goddesses. Look, there's Medb, Ethne, Rhiannon, Ériu, Banba, Fódla, Bóann, Branwen...

*[Paul interrupts]*

**Paul:** Let's give them a try shall we!

*[P & M each try a cookie, Paul looks dissatisfied, Mary looks like she could do with some gin]*

**Mary:** I'm afraid that these seem rather half-baked ...

*[Lights dim – end of sketch with a smackdown of the concept of sovereignty goddesses]*

## All Star Alan Barbetourte

Gourmaelon once told me the world is gonna roll me,  
I ain't the richest count on the coast,  
It was looking kind of glum with the Vikings and the Franks  
Raiding us - seemed like Brittany was toast

Well, the Danes start coming and they don't stop coming  
Armed to the teeth and I hit the coast running  
Didn't make sense not to take it back  
Your Church gets poor when you're under attack  
So much to build, so many slayed  
So what's wrong with taking English aid?  
You'll never know if you don't go  
You'll never rule if you don't go

Hey now, you're a Breton, gird your sword on, go raid  
Hey now, you're a Celt star, Armorican, [beard braid]  
And all the Franks lose their gold  
Only Breton counts break the mould

It's a cold place and they say it gets colder  
You think you're safe now, wait till I get older  
But the monasteries beg to differ  
Judging by the hole in the manuscript picture  
The lands we rule are getting pretty wide  
The Danes are running scared, Aethelstan by my side  
My land's on fire, how about yours?  
That's the way I like it and I never sell swords

[CHORUS]

[INTERMISSION]

[CHORUS]

Count Hugo once asked could I spare some troops for war  
"I need to get these Danes away from this place"  
I said yep, what a concept  
I could use a little peace myself  
And we could all use [a well-armed troop]

[CHORUS]

Mysterious Ticking Noise

ALFRED:           Hmmm.... What is that mysterious clanging noise?

ENSEMBLE:

Great Great Alfred the Great

Great Great Alfred the Great

Great Great Alfred the Great

Æthelstan!

Great Great Alfred the Great

Æthelstan!

Great Great Alfred the Great

Æthelstan!

Ed Ed King Edgar

Great Great Alfred the Great

Æthelstan!

Ed Ed King Edgar

Great Great Alfred the Great

Æthelstan!

Ed Ed King Edgar

Unready

Unready

Great Great Alfred the Great

Æthelstan!

Ed Ed King Edgar

Unready

Unready

Unready

Great Great Alfred the

Great

Æthelstan!

Ed Ed King Edgar

Unready

-

Unready

The Confessor! The Confessor! ugh The Confessor! The Confessor! Yeah!

Great Great Alfred the Great

Æthelstan!

Ed Ed King Edgar

Unready

-

Unready

The Confessor! The Confessor! ugh The Confessor! The Confessor! That's me!

Will! Edward! Will! Edward! Will! Edward! Will! Edward! Will! Edward! Will! Edward!

Will! Edward! Will! Edward! Æthelstan!

Unnnnready. Æthelstan!

Great Great Alfred the Great

Æthelstan!

Ed Ed King Edgar

Unready

-

Unready

The Confessor!, Edward the Confessor!

Great Great Alfred the Great

Æthelstan!

Ed Ed King Edgar

Unready

-

Unready

I'm The Confessor!, Edward The Confessor!

Singing our song, all day long in England!

ALFRED:           I found the source of the clanging, it's an invasion!

ALL:               Yaaaaay!

(Explosion)

MWAHAHAHAHA

WILLIAM:         William, William, ooh Willy William the Conqueror!

[Alfred the Great = Severus Snape, Æthelstan = Dumbledore, King Edgar = Ron Weasley, Unready = Hermione, The Confessor = Harry Potter. But not in the SnapeHarrySnapeHarry bit where I changed it. William the Conqueror = Voldemort, obviously.]

## Secret Life of the Anglo-Saxon Zoo - part 2

*We see a camel (two people covered in an orange sheet?) standing on two chairs, wailing in fear of something on the ground. Handlers desperately try to coax it down.*

Narrator: Welcome back, to The Secret Life of the Anglo-Saxon Zoo. In the Desert Division, handlers Noel and Carol are having difficulty calming Reginald the camel.

*Noel and Carol attempt to reassure the camel, who moos in distress.*

Narrator: Although Reginald's behaviour looks comic, it is rooted in the camel's dark history. The treasure-hunters who first bought him separated Reginald from his family, tied him up, and abandoned him to draw away the exoskeletal guardians of the desert gold.

Carol (*interview pose*): If we hadn't rescued him, Reginald would have been eaten alive. All these years later, we're still seeing the effects this abuse has had on him. Being tied up and left as bait for giant ants is an extremely traumatic experience for male camels. If he catches sight of even small ants, he panics.

*The handlers stop fussing around the camel and confer. Noel runs off to grab a cardboard box labelled 'ANT POISON'.*

Narrator: Meanwhile, the handlers have adopted other tactics.

*Noel pretends to pour powder from the box around the base of the chairs.*

Narrator (cont.): The spread of ant poison seems to calm Reginald, (*Reginald is indeed calmer, and with the help of the handlers, gets down from the chairs*) and the handlers can now safely return him to his herd. Another disaster has been averted.

## Reach for the Schwas

*(Philology LECTURER is pointing at IPA flipchart as a STUDENT looks on, confused)*

LECTURER:

And that's it! The vowel notation of the International Phonetic Alphabet. All make sense?

*(Students look confused, there is embarrassed looking at laps and each other and some shaking of heads)*

STUDENT: *(unconfidently)*

Ugh, sorry, I just don't really get, well, much of it at all. What was that on in the middle, the, er, mid-central, um, unrounded vowel?

LECTURER:

Ah, that's one of my favourites. Let's see if we just can't make this a little more exciting!  
*(music starts, and in run singers!)*

SINGER 1 = LECTURER:

When you've got an unstressed syllable,  
Need to reduce that vowel, it will be there for you.

SINGER 2:

When it seems that /i:/s too far up high  
Or /ɑ:/ too back and low, this vowel will help you

ALL:

T'articulate /æ/ takes effort  
This vowel will leave you in comfort  
Never ever forget the  
Mid-central unrounded vowel, yes,

Reach for the schwas!  
Unrounded and amazing  
Reach for the schwas  
The first sound in "amazing"  
Reach for the schwas  
And when that best of vowels comes out of you,  
That's when your dreams have all come true.

SINGER 3:

/ɔː ɜː ɪ/, /ɒ ʊ ʌ/, /ɑː iː uː/  
/æ/ in "cat" and /ɛ/, then the diphthongs too

BACKING SINGERS:

oooh... (/ɑː iː uː/)  
oooh...

SINGER 4:

/ɛɪ aɪ ɔɪ/, /aʊ əʊ/, that's them done

oooh... (/ɛɪ aɪ ɔɪ/ ... that's them done)

Now wasn't that such fun?

*oooh...*

SINGER 4 + THE BACKER:

The modern English vowel system.

ALL:

But wait, there's still one vowel more  
For our phonological encore  
Never ever forget the  
Mid-central unrounded vowel, yes,

Reach for the schwas!  
Unrounded and amazing  
Reach for the schwas  
The first sound in "amazing"  
Reach for the schwas  
And when that best of vowels comes out of you,  
Linguistic dreams have all come true.

SINGER 5:

Irish used to have five unstressed vowels  
But by 1000 – no I don't know how –  
They'd merged to just one sound and it wasn't /aʊ/  
Yep, you know just what it was,  
Just can't get away from schwas! I said:

SINGER 6:

ALL:

/ə/!

Old English did it  
Merged unstressed short vowels  
But then we have Welsh where...  
Schwa can be a stressed sound!

/ə/!

/ə/!

ALL:

Reach for the schwas!  
Unrounded and amazing  
Reach for the schwas  
The first sound in "amazing"  
Reach for the schwas  
And when that best of vowels comes out of you,  
Linguistic dreams have all come true!

## Make Mercia Great Again – Sketch

*[We begin in a press-conference style lay-out]*

**Retainer 1:** So, my lord Offa, how does it feel to have become king?

**Offa:** Well, it. Everybody knows my rule, I'll have the best rule. I'll rule the whole country. I've had a beautiful, I've had a flawless campaign. Historians will be writing books about this campaign. I'm the most popular king Mercia has ever had. I could stand in the middle of Tamworth and murder king Ethelberht of East Anglia, and I wouldn't lose any support, okay? It's, like, incredible. We are going to have an unbelievable, perhaps record-setting turnout at my coronation, and there will be plenty of Frankish emissaries.

**Retainer 2:** What about the people protesting your right to be king over Kent?

**Offa:** Any negative reviews are fake news, just like the Chronicle and Charters. They don't write good. They have people over there, they don't know how to write good. They love me in Kent, and I should know. My IQ is one of the highest — and you all know it! Please don't feel so stupid or insecure; it's not your fault. I know more about Kent than their earldormen do. Believe me. I will rule the shit out of them. One of the key problems today is that politics is such a disgrace. Good people don't go into the witan. People are liars, I am the ruler in Kent.

**Retainer 2:** How do you respond to the claims that the pope is unhappy with you creating a new archbishopric at Lichfield?

**Offa:** I would say that is fake news. Sorry, people want less Canterbury and a new archbishopric. Papal legates are really non-negotiators, people who don't negotiate with kings on lots of other things. But we have to negotiate great deals. I would get the best, guys. Our pope doesn't have a clue; he's a bad negotiator. Sorry haters, I'm going to make an archbishop, and it's going to be really, really good.

**Retainer 1:** What are you going to do about protecting your people?

**Offa:** Believe me, the way to protect people is to defend ourselves against Wales. When Wales sends its people, they're not sending the best. They're not sending you, they're sending people that have lots of problems and they're bringing those problems with us. They're bringing violence. They're bringing war. They're Welsh. I can never apologize for the truth. So, I will build a great wall — and nobody builds walls better than me, believe me — and I'll build it very inexpensively. I will build a great, great wall on our western border, and I will make Wales pay for that wall. Mark my words. Eventually we're going to get something done and it's going to be really, really good. I am going to make Mercia great again!

*[Lights dim – the end]*

## Periodic table of ASNC names

*Lights come up to two parents looking utterly exasperated.*

PARENT 1:

My God, this baby name choosing business is impossible!

PARENT 2:

I know, it's so bloody difficult!

PARENT 1:

Well... I know we promised not to, but... we *could* always give it an ASNaC name, there are rather a lot of them.

*(Music starts and on come singers.)*

There's Æthelflæd and Æthelburh and Æthelstan and Æthelwulf  
And Æthelthryth and Cynethryth and Cyneheard and Cynewulf  
Hygelac Wealhþeow and Grendel's mum and Beowulf  
Edwin, Edmund, Edwy, and then Edward, Edgar, and Sexwulf

There's Muirchetach and Macc Dathó and Conchobar and Adomnán  
There's Fergus, Medb, Ailill, Étain, Ferdia and Mannanán,  
Cú Chulainn, Suibhne, Brigid, Pádraic, Conall, Finn McCool, Colmán, *(pause)*  
And Níall, Brían, Diarmait, Domhnall, Sneachta, Áed and Pangur Bán.

*(bridge)*

There's Haraldr and Eiríkr and Ingibjörg and Sigurðr  
And Óðinn, Þórr and Loki, Freyja, Frigg, Þórdís and Þórólfr  
And Guðrun, Kjartan, Bolli, and there's Gunnlaug and then Óláfr  
And Óláfr and Óláfr and Óláfr and Óláfr!

*(long bridge)*

There's Arthur and Rhiannon and there's Culhwch and Efnisien,  
Matholwch, Ysbaddaden, Lleu and Rhodri and just Nisien,  
Blodeuwedd and Aranrhod, Llywarch, Heledd, and Taliesin  
Rhonabwy and Geraint, Branwen, Pryderi and Aneirin

And now it's time for Pictish names I'm sure you can see where this goes  
It's Bridei, Bridei Bridei, Bridei and that Bridei with the nose,  
And Bridei, Bridei, Bridei, Bridei, Bridei, Bridei, Bridei 2  
*(pause)*

And Bridei, Bridei, Bridei, Bridei, Bridei, and there's Bridei too.

*(bridge)*

And then of course there are those who make sure that all this stuff we know  
The lecturers and teachers who make all of this department go:  
There's Ros and Disco, Ali, Prussell, Rowe and Debby Banham  
And Britt'ney, Rory, Máire, Judy, Simon Keynes and Lauren.

We've given you now over eighty names that you can choose from,  
But in the end they're all quite weird, so maybe let's just call him John.

O Little Monk of Lindisfarne

O little monk of Lindisfarne  
You better run and hide  
If you're not tough or fast enough  
We'll spear you in the side.  
Although you'll be like Jeeesus  
I think it just might hurt.  
We'll kill your cooks and steal your books  
And we'll never convert.

For gold is found in monasteries,  
And we need loads of cash,  
God won't need gold or so I'm told  
So all your heads we'll smash.  
Now, know, we'll burn your monastery  
If any should resist:  
Each Norseman loves to push and shove,  
And be an arsonist.

How murderously, how murderously  
We'll end your useless lives.  
Your skulls we'll cleave and then we'll leave  
We'll gut you with our knives.  
No ear will hear us coooming,  
Killed as you run away,  
So with my axe I'll slice your backs,  
Your last day is today

O holy monk of Lindisfarne,  
Soon holey you will be,  
You'll be afraid when shaft and blade  
Have pierced your neck and knee.  
We've heard you all love martyrdom,  
We'll happily oblige.  
Stab you in bed, cut off your head,  
So bye-bye, brother Nige.  
(Stab you in bed, cut off your head,  
So bye-bye, brother Nige.)