The Knighting of the Sirloin of Beef by Charles the Second

For SATB Voices and Piano

Text Anonymous

Music by Bruce Trinkley

The Knighting of the Sirloin of Beef by Charles the Second

The Second Charles of England Rode forth one Christmas tide, To hunt a gallant stag of ten Of Chingford woods the pride.

The winds blew keen, the snow fell fast, And made for earth a pall, As tired steeds and wearied men Returned to Friday Hall.

The blazing logs, piled on the dogs, Were pleasant to behold! And grateful was the steaming feast To hungry men and cold.

With right good-will all took their fill, And soon each found relief; Whilst Charles his royal trencher piled From one huge loin of beef.

Quoth Charles, "Odd's fish! a noble dish! Ay noble made by me! By kingly right, I dub thee knight --Sir Loin henceforward be!"

And never was a royal jest Received with such acclaim: And never knight than good Sir Loin More worthy of the name.

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Lyrics Anonymous

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from Christmas (1907) Edited by R. H. Schauffler (1879-1964)



+Charles II (1630-1685) was King of Scotland, Ireland and England. He was known as the *Merry Monarch* and was greatly beloved by his subjects. * Chingford: a district of Waltham Forest in Northeast London, once a royal hunting preserve. © 2019 Bruce Trinkley



+Friday Hall: one of the King's residences *dogs: fire dogs, andirons





*Odd's fish: a euphemism for "God's face"; reputedly a favorite exclamation of King Charles II.





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