

The sheet music is designed with instrumental from a Lute in mind. Though it holds a rapid and mischievous tone, the content of the piece is something of a warning against challenging this sordid sort. Whether or not the entire ballad was a work of exaggeration or fiction was debatable, but the question of 'what if' was all too enticing, and troubling not to ponder. The introduction comes with vocals in a slower, almost romantic pace.

So, that Vulpera there,
I wonder what went wrong so they ended pinned up on that tree...
Perhaps they tried to claim their neutrality?
Duskwood's not quite so merciful...
And what a shady man,
Just give him half a chance, bet he'll rob you blind if he can,
Can see it in his eyes, eh, that he's got a nasty plan laced with other offences...
And I've seen him with folk of the night,
Muttering whispers and brandishing knives,
They'll do something sordid but he'll be alright,
Cus he's a Blackguard don't you know...?
(Pause)

I said he's a blackguard don't you know!

There is an instrumental bridge here. The ballad erupts with riotous energy of passionate mischief, anger, and underhanded aggression. Befitting the Blackguard, this change should be entirely unexpected. It continues for some time before coloring the rest of the ballad's body with its tone. The singing shifts from melodic to a far more enthused furor.

Although you're trying not to witness,
Avert your gaze and staring all around,
He'll make a subtle proposition,
Seems it's wise to try and turn him down,
But oh he must be up to somethin',
What are the chances? Prob'ly more than likely,
You get a feelin' in your ol' gut,
And start to question what his tale might be,
What his tale might be, Ay!

With the same passion, the song ebbs into its chorus, which is more a half-yelled chant than anything else.

But it all starts to change when the sun goes down!
Twirling steel and casting ice 'pon the ground!
Off hunting beasts and crooks and fairer fowl,
But whyfore? Whyfore?!

No sooner has the chorus ended does the second verse leap in to be sung. It adds more context and sinister mischief to the ballad, all whilst maintaining that rebellious tone.

Now here comes a hooded figure,
Isn't he Mister Inconspicuous,
Standing out there in the daylight,
He's in that stance that means there's trouble,
Yet they're delighted when they see him,
Pushing past and giving them the eye,
Of course she'll bloody tease him,
Cus she knows all the things that the rascal likes,
Don't change his chill like winter, though...

Once more the chorus erupts, with twice the energy as before!

But it all starts to change when the sun goes down!
Twirling steel and casting ice 'pon the ground!
Off hunting beasts and crooks and fairer fowl,
Whyfore?!

Well, it all starts to change when the sun goes down!
A knife in the back then out of town,
Off hunting beasts and crooks and fairer fowl,

But whyfore? Whyfore?! Oh!

Curiously, the romantic tones shift abruptly back into place, as though this little insight into the machinations of The Blackguard were only revealed for as long as it pleased them to display such. Returning to the tone of the beginning, with a more conspiratorial lilt, the ballad concludes.

But what a shady man,
Just give him half a chance, bet he'll rob you blind if he can,
Can see it in his eyes, eh, that he's got a nasty plan,
I pray you're not involved at all...

The ballad concludes with a teasing 'twang', implying there's both far more to this than meets the eye, and that the world will go back to normal despite the seedy under-belly The Blackguard no doubt revels in. The illusion of 'honest hearts and gold-lined pockets' blinding many to the all too common way of things.

The sheet music and lyric for this ballad can be found and purchased in most libraries or musical equivalents for fifty copper.

A footnote by the composer, 'The Rose of Boralus': "'Valentine', as he is known, is a machiavellian sort. Loved by some, feared by far more- but one cannot question the efficiency of the man's methods in securing what many would no doubt consider 'good' ends. Charismatic, callous, deadly, daring. These are fitting words for a man with no loyalties save to himself, 'fate', and the thrill of triumph. One must wonder, however, where the truth bleeds into the veil of lies and rumours about this enigmatic figure. After all, no true falsehood is born without a grain of legitimacy, mmh?"

(OOC NOTE: I claim no ownership over the lyrics this adaption is based on. All credits go to The Arctic Monkey's 'When The Sun Goes Down' and this edit for RP will be taken down if ever requested. Hope you enjoy it!)

Original Song Link: [\(1\) Arctic Monkeys - When The Sun Goes Down - YouTube](#)