

College of Sainte Katherine
Song Book

The College of Sainte Katherine's Song Book is a collection of songs and poems assembled by Samuil Glukhoi.

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The Kates' Drinking Song

Siobhan ni hEodhusa

'Cross the faces of the tower
Hands too quickly push the hour;
Forces of the mundane glower
 Just outside the safe old gate —
 Soon enough comes tedious fate
 All too great in power.

Temper classtime oft with pastime;
Revel now while we are young!
So much thinking wants more drinking
Ere the final bell be rung.

Clever, graceful turns of phrases,
Dissertations of the sages,
And the hand that turns the pages,
 Time shall turn them all to dust.
 Strive to turn him though we must,
 Chronos tithes our wages.

Temper classtime...

Seize the chance before it passes,
Ere your life be lost in classes —
Seize your partners, lads and lasses,
 While there's music, shake a leg!
 Time to tap another keg —
 Scholars, charge your glasses!

Temper classtime...

To The West

Siobhan ni hEodhusa

The hawk soars high o'er yonder hill
The stag bells in the glen
The whale chants wild in water's chill
The bear dreams in her den
They call me to return again
They set me on my way

Chorus:

Where the twilight seals the day,
To the West, to the West,
I am summoned as the dreamers come before
With my wounds all healed away,
Like the sun I will rest
Where my vision leads,
Along the Western shore.

Chorus

My eyes shall see my fortune clear
My tongue shall rightly tell
My heart shall hold my dreaming dear
My hands shall build it well
The land they sought, where now we dwell
Is ever on the way

Chorus

(C) Leigh Ann Hussey, 1992

I'll bless the bonny ship that brings
Me leave and liberty
To wend the ways of saints and kings
And souls across the sea
I'll seek the voice that sings to me
And calls me on my way

Fair Mistland

Linda von Braskat-Crowe

I beg your indulgence my lords, a moment please bear
You've asked of my homeland far - the colors I wear.
Well its long I've been travelling from that sunny clime
But her vision still stays by me, through all of time.

And now my thoughts turn again to foothills green
A sapphire bay and sky, a jewel for a queen.
Her fields full of golden flowers that blanket the land
Cradle of kingdoms, fair Mistland.

I was only 15 years old, when I left my home
The wanderlust strong in me—far lands I would roam.
But my road now grows weary, & I fain would lie
'Neath the bay trees that crown her hills & reach to the sky.

And now my thoughts turn again to foothills green
A sapphire bay and sky, a jewel for a queen.
Her fields full of golden flowers that blanket the land
Cradle of kingdoms, fair Mistland.

Though I've passed through many realms, seen many grand sights
From canyons of rainbow hue, to the far northern lights
I'd trade all their spendor to once more be
Where the morning mist cloaks the earth in soft mystery.

And now my thoughts turn again to foothills green
A sapphire bay and sky, a jewel for a queen.
Her fields full of golden flowers that blanket the land
Cradle of kingdoms, fair Mistland.

Yes I would come home again, to where time began
Cradle of kingdoms, fair Mistland.

Fair Mistlands was written by Linda-Muireall von Katzenbrasse
for Duke Frederick of Holland.

Pearl of the West

Siobhan ni h'Eodusa

Where the young sun leaps from cover
So to rule the growing day,
I first looked on the beloved --
I will never look away.
Clad in green, crowned in gold,
Rich in grace manifold.
I fell captive in the springtime,
By the ever-sounding bay.

While the heart beats in my breast,
I must pledge it, and my hand,
To the Pearl of the West,
Where the seas kiss the land.

Where the day's eye, in his splendor,
Oversees the swelling corn,
I swore faith and tender friendship --
I will never be forsworn.
As the bright banners flew,
I wore silver and blue,
And I burned with summer's ardor
Underneath the flowering thorn.

While the heart...

Where the sunset bleeds in scarlet
Over ricks of tawny sheaves,
I rejoiced there in my darling --
I will never have to grieve.
Duties part us a while;
Though between us stand miles,
I read messages of favor
In the autumn's crimson leaves.

While the heart...

Where the midnight burns like diamonds
Scattered by a hidden hand,
I stood fast in floodtides climbing --
I will never fail to stand.
Though the storm rage and sigh,
One shall be true as I,
As the live oak through the winter:
My beloved, my Mistland.

While the heart...

April 1999, Leigh Ann Hussey

In 1983, when Brandon d'Arundel was Prince of the Mists and Siobhan was his Bard, he commanded her to write a song that would stand for the West as *Fair Mistlands* stands for the Mists. Twelve years later, that song emerged as *To the West*. In the Fall of 1998, right after Maeren became Princess of the Mists, she asked Siobhan to write a song that would stand for the Mists as *To the West* stands for the West, that song became *Pearl of the West* and was first performed at Spring Coronet 1999.

The Black Swan

Siobhan ni hEodhusa

We came, strangers to this land, with nothing but our will;
Our hands were open and deeds were put therein.
Stone surrendered to our skill,
Sweat made barrens yield our fill,
We wrought in ice and fire, a home to win.

Now the Black Swan rises and she spreads her wings
O'er the hearths of heroes and the halls of kings.
By the valley's richness, by the mountain's snow,
This is our Cynagua - we have made it so!

Blood and spirit bind us to the hills & to the soil -
Our hands were open to do and not just try.
Faint heart never won the spoil -
Boldness makes the cauldron boil.
We'll feast with Fate, and dare her to reply!

Now the Black Swan rises ...

Welcome, stranger, to our home, the feasting board is laid.
Our hands are open to all who come as friends.
Share our pride in what we've made
But come not with a foeman's blade
For what the Swan has built, the Swan defends.

Now the Black Swan rises ...

(C) Leigh Ann Hussey, 1992.

This song is also known as Black Swan Rising

The Black Duck Chorus

Samuil Glukhoi

Now the Black Duck's falling it has broken wings
For there's a dearth of heroes to defend the thing.
From the Mists above it, its eternal foe,
That is their Cynagua - they have made it so!

I Dreamed of Garb

Tune: I Dreamed a Dream (Les Mis)
Samuil Glukhoi and Max

There was a time when cloth was kind,
When its touch was soft
And it was inviting.
There was a time when thread could bind
And my clothes were a song
And that song was exciting.
There was a time.
Then it all went wrong.
I dreamed a dream in time gone by
When hope was high
And cloth worth sewing
I dreamed my garb would never die
I dreamed the size would be forgiving.
Then I was young and unafraid
And cloth was made and used
And wasted
There is no seam that hasn't frayed
No string unstrung
No line untrace-ed.
But the damn moths come at night
With their wings as soft as thunder
As they tear your clothes apart
As they turn your garb to shame.
It spent a summer as my pride
It filled my days with endless wonder
It had embroidery on its side
But it was gone when autumn came.
And still I dream of garb for me
And I will sew the years forever
But there is garb that cannot be
And there are seams just not together..
I had a dream my garb would be
So different from this hell I'm wearing
So different now from what it seemed
Now life has killed
The garb I dreamed.

My Thing is My Own

A filk of a period song by the same name
Samuil Glukoi, Max, Natasha Ivanava

Chorus:

My thing is my own and I keep it so still,
Though all the young lassies may want what
they will.
My thing is my own and I keep it so dear,
Though all the young ladies may want to
come near.

Along came my seamstress
my trousers to make
My inseam she sought
and measurements take

We summoned a spinster
with thread in her hand
Not many know this
But she's much in demand

Chorus

Along came a cook
with her a fair chick
She seeks a sauce
That will do the trick

There was a lady
awake in the keep
Though others were sleeping
She wanted no sleep

Chorus

I saw a young nun
in her habit so neat
She says it's her habit
To be off her feet

Feel free to add verses, please tell me about them

Johnny Be Fair

Traditional

Oh, Johnny be fair, and Johnny be fine, and wants her for to wed.
And she would marry Johnny, but her father up and said,
“I must now tell you, daughter, what your mother never knew:
For Johnny, he is a son of mine, and so he’s kin to you.”

Oh, Billy be fair, and Billy be fine, and wants her for to wed.
And she would marry Billy, but her father up and said,
“I must now tell you, daughter, what your mother never knew:
For Billy, he is a son of mine, and so he’s kin to you.”

Oh, Danny be fair, and Danny be fine, and wants her for to wed.
And she would marry Danny, but her father up and said,
I must now tell you, daughter, what your mother never knew:
For Danny, he is a son of mine, and so he’s kin to you.”

There never was a lass in town as mournful as she was.
The boys in town, her brothers all, her father was the cause.
If this were to continue, she would die a lone single —
She went to find her mother complain to her of this!

“Oh, come and sit upon my knee; I’ll dry your eyes, my child.
Your father sowed those oats of his when he was young and wild.
He may be father to all the lad there are in town, but still—
[dramatic pause]
He’s not the one who sired you, so marry whom you will!”

Lost Keys

Liadan ingen Orthanaich

It seems the worst has come to pass, I lost my keys at War,
Upon the chain a teddy-bear, two metal disks, and more,
A suite key, and a room key, and a key to Katherine's sign,
So if you found this chain of keys, return it please, it's mine.

Another way that you could help (for you've sufficient grounds)
Would be to help me get in touch with this war's lost-and-found.
An e-mail, or a number, or perhaps a street address,
So when my roommates aren't at home, I'm able to ingress.

Liadan lost her keys at West-CAID war in April A.S. 32. She looked high and low for her keys in the car, but couldn't find them. At Mists Spring Investiture, she performed this piece at the Arts competition. A few days later Liadan found her keys in Samuil's car.

Green Grow the Rushes, Oh

Traditional British

I'll sing you ten, oh

Green grow the rushes, oh
What is your ten, oh?

Ten the ten commandments
Nine the nine bright shiners
Eight the eight bold rangers
Seven the seven stars in the sky
Six the six proud walkers
Five for the symbol at your door
Four for the Gospel makers
Three, three, the rivals
Two, two, the lily-white babes
Clothed all in green, oh
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so

Ah, Robin

—William Cornyshe

“Ah, Robin, gentil Robin:
tell me how thy leman doth,
and thou shalt know of mine.”

“My lady is unkind, y-wis;
Alack! Why is she so?
She loveth another better than me,
and yet she will say no.”

“I cannot think such doubleness,
for I find women true;
in faith, my lady loveth me well,
and will change for no new.”

The Cutty Wren

[Traditional, from the singing of Holly Tannen]

Where are we going?” says Milder to Melder.
Where are we going?” says the younger to the
elder.
We may not tell you,” says vassal to foe.
Away to the green wood!” says John the Red
Nose.

What shall we do there?”
What shall we do there?”
We may not tell you,”
Hunt for the Cutty Wren!”

How shall we shoot her?”
With bows and with arrows,”
That will not do, then,”
With big guns and with cannon!”

How shall we fetch her home?”
On four strong men’s shoulders,”
That will not do, then,”
In oxcarts and in wagons!”

How shall we cut her up?”
With forks and with knives,”
That will not do, then,”
With hatchets and with cleavers!”

How shall we cook her?”
In pots and in kettles,”
That will not do, then,”
In a bloody great brass cauldron!”

Who’ll get the spare ribs?”
Who’ll get the spare ribs?”
We may not tell you,”
We’ll give ‘em all to the poor!”

The SCA Happy Birthday Song

tune: "Volga Boatmen"

Chorus:

Happy Birthday! (UHH!) Happy Birthday! (UHH!)
Death and gloom and black despair
People dying everywhere
Happy Birthday! (UHH!) Happy Birthday! (UHH!)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Now you are the age you are
Your demise cannot be far | 14 Birthdays come but once a year,
Marking time as Death draws near |
| 2 May the candles on your cake
burn like cities in your wake | 15 Now you've lived another year,
And your death is drawing near. |
| 3 Burn the Castle and storm the keep
Kill the Women but SAVE THE SHEEP! | 16 Raise your cup of bitter cheer,
Make the barman eat his ear |
| 4 May your deeds with sheep and yaks
equal those with sword and axe | 17 Fear and gloom and darkness but
no one found out YOU KNOW WHAT |
| 5 Your servants steal, your wife's untrue
Your children plot to murder you | 18 You're a period cook, its true
ask the beetles in the stew |
| 6 They stole your gold, your sword, your house
They stole your sheep, but not your spouse | 19 Now your jail-bait days are done
let's go out and have some fun! |
| 7 So you're 29 again
don't tell lies to your good friend | 20 You must marry very soon
baby's due the next full moon |
| 8 So another year has passed
don't look now they're gaining fast! | 21 Were I sitting in your shoes
I'd go out and sing the blues |
| 9 Black Death has just struck your town
you yourself feel quite run-down | 22 Tho you're turning 29
age to you is like fine wine |
| 10 We brought linen, white as cloud
Now we'll sit and sew your shroud! | 23 Now you've lived another year
age to you is like stale beer |
| 11 So far death you have bypassed
Don't look back it's gaining fast | 24 Long ago your hair turned grey
now it's falling out, they say |
| 12 I'm a leper, can't you see
Have a birthday kiss from me | 25 It's your birthday never fear
You'll be dead this time next year |
| 13 Burn, then rape by firelight
Add -romance- to life tonight! | 26 See the wrinkles on your face
Like the pattern of fine lace |

27 Indigestion's what you get
From the enemies you 'et

28 This one lesson you must learn
FIRST you pillage, THEN you burn

29 While you eat your birthday stew
We will sack a town for you

30 Death will come before the dawn
Now's the time to party on!

31 People starving on the earth,
Go ahead, eat your dessert,

32 Rape the horses while they sleep,
See the women wail and weep

Against Women Unconstant

Geoffrey Chaucer

Madame, for your newefangelnesse
Many a servaunt have ye put out of grace.
I take my leve of your unsteadfastnesse,
For wel I wot, whyl ye have lyves space,
Ye can not love ful half yeer in a place,
That newe thing your lust is ay so kene.
In stede of blew, thus may ye were al grene.

Right as a mirour nothing may impresse,
But, lightly as it cometh, so mot it pace,
So fareth your love, your werkes beren witsnesse.
There is no feith that may your herte embrace,
But as a wedercok, that turneth his face
With every wind, ye fare, and that is sene;
In stede of blew, thus may ye were al grene.

Ye might be shryned for your brotelnesse
Bet than Dalyda, Creseyde, or Candace,
For ever in chaunging stant your sikernesse;
That tache may no wight fro your herte arace.
If ye lese oon, ye can wel tweyn purchase;
Al light for somer (ye woot wel what I mene),
In stede of blew, thus may ye were al grene.

The Complaint of Chaucer to His Purse

Geoffrey Chaucer

To yow, my purse, and to noon other wight
Complayn I, for ye be my lady dere.
I am so sory, now that ye been lyght;
For certes bu yf ye make me hevychere,
Me were as leef by layd upon my bere;
For which unto your mercy thus I crye,
Beth hevychere ageyn, or elles mot I dye.

Now voucheth sauf this day or hyt be nyght
That I of yow the blisful soun may here
Or see your colour lyk the sonne bryght
That of yelownesse hadde never pere.
Ye be my lyf, ye be myn heretes stere.
Queene of comfort and of good companye,
Beth hevychere ageyn, or elles moot I dye.

Now purse that ben to me my lyves lyght
And saveour as doun in this world here,
Out of this tounne helpe me thurgh your myght,
Syn that ye wole not ben my tresorer;
For I am shave as sye as any frere.
But yet I pray unto your curtesye,
Beth Hey agen, or elles moot I dye.

Lenvoy de Chaucer

O conquerour of Brutes Albyon,
Which that by lyne and free eleccion
Been verray kyng, this song to yow I sende,
And ye, that mowen all oure harmes amende,
Have mynde upon my supplication.

This poem is a mock love complaint, written between 30 September 1339, when Henry was accepted as King, and 3 October (a mistake for 13 October), when the new king granted Chaucer a pension of 40 marks.

Jolly Good Ale and Old

William Stevenson, 1530?-1575

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead;
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold;
I am so wrapp'd and thoroughly lapp'd
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare, &ct

And Tib, my wife, that is her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she troll to me the bowl
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, 'Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.'
Back and side go bare, go bare, &ct

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have that bliss
Good ale doth bring men to;
All all poor souls that have scour'd bowls
Or have them lustily troll'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whither they be young our old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

The Great Selchie of Sule Skerry

I heard a mother lull her bairn,
and aye she rocked, and aye she sang:
she took so hard upon the verse
that the heart within her body rang.

“O cradle row, and cradle go,
and well sleep thou, my bairn within!
I ken not who thy father is,
nor yet the land he travels in.”

And up then spake a grey Selchie
as aye he woke her from her sleep:
“I'll tell where thy bairn's father is:
he's sittin' close at thy bed's feet.

“I am a man upon the land;
I am a Selchie on the sea,
and when I'm far from every strand
my dwellin' is in Sule Skerry.

“Now foster well my wee young son,
and aye for twal'month and a day,
and when that twal'month's fairly done
I'll come and pay the nourice fee.”

And when that weary twal'month gaed,
he's come to pay the nourice fee:
he had ae coffer fu' o' gowd,
and anither fu' o' the white money.

“Upon the skerry is thy son;
upon the skerry lieth he.
Sin thou would see thine ain young son,
now is the time to speak wi' he.”

“But how shall I my young son know
when thou ha' ta'en him far frae me?”
“The one who wears a chain o' gowd:
'mang a' the Selchies shall be he.

“And thou will get a hunter good,
and a right fine hunter I'm sure he'll be;
and the first aye shot that e'er he shoots
will kill baith thy young son and me.”

The Unquiet Grave

Anonymous

Cold blows the wind o'er my true love,
cold fall the drops of rain.
I never had but one true love,
and in Camville he was slain.
I'll do as much for my true love
as any young girl may:
I'll sit and weep down by his grave
for twelve months and one day.

But when twelve months were done and past,
this young man he arose.
"Why do you weep down by my grave?
I cannot take repose."
"One kiss, one kiss of your lily-white lips:
one kiss is all I crave,
One kiss, one kiss of your lily-white lips,
then return back to your grave."

"My lips, they are as cold as clay;
my breath is heavy and strong.
If thou wert to kiss my lily-white lips,
thy days would not be long."
"O, don't you remember the garden grove
where we were wont to walk?
Go pluck there the fairest flower of all:
'twill wither to a stalk."

"Go fetch me a nut from a dungeon deep,
or water from a stone,
or white milk out of a maiden's breast
that babe bare never none;
go dig me a grave both long and deep,
as fast as e'er ye may:
I'll lie down in it and take one sleep
for twelvemonth and a day."

We gets up in the morn

Anonymous

Oh we gets up in the morn and we sound the harvest horn
Our master has orders for to mind
But first thing we takes in hand is the stopper from the can
So each man can drink until the bottom he finds
Each man will take his part as he works with hand and heart
While the glorious sun do shine, do shine...while the glorious sun do shine

Oh the master brings the can he's a jolly hearted man
Come me lads and take a drop of the best
But dont'cha stand and prattle when you hear the wagons rattle
For the sun he is a grow'n to the west, to the west...
for the sun he is a grow'n to the west

Oh the farmer's daughter dear is brew'n us plenty o strong beer
Which is enough to cheer up any soul
And all will drink and say heaven bless the happy day
When we crown the harvest with the flowing bowl, flowing bowl...when we
crown the harvest with the flowing bowl

Corn that Springeth Green

Siobhan ni hEodhusa
First Verse is Traditional

Now the green blade rises from the buried grain:
corn that in the dark earth many days hath lain.
Love lives again that with the dead hath been;
love is come again like corn that springeth green.

In the grave they've laid him, earth above his head.
Mighty oaths they've sworn there, vowing he was dead,
but he arose so fairly to be seen;
love is come again like corn that springeth green.

With their scythes they've cut him 'til he could not stand.
To the cart they've bound him, wheeled him o'er the land,
stabbed him and flayed him, yet his will was keen;
love is come again like corn that springeth green.

He was pressed and broken by the mighty stones.
In an iron cauldron boiled his blood and bones,
yet he arose, so fairly to be seen:
love is come again like corn that springeth green.

Raise your glass and praise him, all who love him well:
send the brown bowl 'round that all may drink their fill.
From death to life he leadeth all between;
love is come again like corn that springeth green.

Sumer is y-Cumen In

Anonymous

Sumer is y-cumen in;
Lhude sing cucu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
and springeth the wude nu-
Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Louth after calve cu;
Bullock sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing cuccu!

Cuccu, cuccu, well singest thou, cuccu:
Ne swike thou naver nu;
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu Sing cuccu, nu!

A Coronet For His Mistress

George Chapman (1595)

Muses that sing love's sensual empery,
And lovers kindling your enraged fires
At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
Blown with the empty breath of vain desires;
You that prefer the painted cabinet
Before the wealthy jewels it doth store ye,
That all your joys in dying figures set,
And stain the living substance of your glory;
Abjure those joys, abhor their memory,
And let my love the honour'd subject be
Of love, and honour's complete history.
Your eyes were never yet let in to see
The majesty and riches of the mind,
But dwell in darkness; for your god is blind.

Regulus

Siobhan ni hEodhsa

Long the Plough in nightly circle
carved its furrow in the sky;
now the Sun will grip the sickle
curved around the Lion's eye.
Mill of heaven, every hour
grinding seasons out as flour
high above the harvest plain,
turns in beauty, never slowing
as the rigs of corn are growing
tawny as a lion's mane.

And life shall triumph as the barley is cut
down,
and the night dissolve inside the cup we pass
around.
Ale is flowing and bestowing
wonder and delight on us.
Leo rises and advises
Sol now rules through Regulus.

Ah...

Slashed and broken, burned and boiled,
Barley dies four times in all.
Yet is death's dominion foiled
when it's drowned in alcohol.
Barley's blood is joy in measure,
first-fruits are the Lion's treasure,
drunkenness the Lion's price.
Who accepts the Lion's ration
knows full well the pain and passion
in the barley's sacrifice.

And life shall triumph...

Furze is blooming in the meadow
luring bees to their desire;
gold becrowns both sun and furrow,
splendid with the Lion's fire.
We will dance to pipe and tambour,
deep we'll drink in gold and amber,
drench our limbs in Eros' brine.
Warm hearts in the Lion's favor
shall the dregs of summer savor
heady-sweet as honey wine.

And life shall triumph...

Regulus is so named for the star of the same name. It was commissioned by Stephan of Pembroke, who was Prince of Cynagua at the time. He asked Siobhan, a fellow Leo, to write a song about Leos.

My Love in Her Attire

Anonymous

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, or summer.
No beauty doth she miss,
When on her clothes are on:
But Beauty's self she is,
When all her clothes are gone.

The Comet's Up

Dorothea of Caer-Myrddin

tune: "The Hunt is Up"

The comet's up, the comet's up,
It shines as bright as day,
And Stephen our King, with cheers ringing,
Has crowned his Heir with bay.

Prince Alden stands, and in his hands
He holds the victory:
Of all the West he proved the best
Of so great a company.

From regions far the hairy star
Has ventured near at hand,
And fortune rare casts through the air
To shower upon our land.

As once upon Cynagua's fields,
He triumphs once again,
With roses red upon her head
To crown fair Madeleine.

Among the Dipper's stars it shines,
And long before it sets
With great amaze it turns to gaze
At our glittering coronets.

The comet's up, the comet's up,
It shines as bright as day,
And Stephen our King, with cheers ringing,
Has crowned his Heir with bay.

This song was inspired by the Crown Tourney that was attended by all the Princes and Princesses of all the Principalities of the West. There was a comet overhead at that momentous Crown Tourney. John Theophilos, tongue in cheek, asked what the portent in the sky meant. James Greyhelm, tongue at least as far in cheek, pointed out that it usually presages some great change, such as a change in reign.

Here's what Dorothea wrote Saturday night, when it was nice and clear and you could actually see the Comet.

Whiskey, Beer, Pear Cider and Wine

Hannah, Liadan, Dmitriy, Samuil, and Archibald of the Kates

tune: Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme

Are you going to camp with the Kates?
Whiskey, beer, pear cider and wine.
We'll sit by the keg and drink till it's late.
We can't really sing but we have a good time.

Have you met our indecency whore?
Whiskey, beer, pear cider and wine.
Behind the privies you're sure to score!
She will be my true concubine.

We stopped for an orgy and that made us late.
Whiskey, beer, pear cider and wine.
But what do you want from a car full of Kates?
Make love before war is a motto of mine!

We won't sing of Merlin or that which he lost.
Whiskey, beer, pear cider and wine.
We'll not spread the tale at any cost.
About how he lost his jock strap that time.

We'll run off with pirates and look at their
swords.
Whiskey, beer, pear cider and wine.
We'll do it with ladies and do it with lords.
The top of the Oliphant feels just fine.

Will you please stop hitting on me?
Whiskey, beer, pear cider and wine.
I don't like girls! Why can't you see?
I just wanna shop and have a good time.

Glowing green liquid is not fit to drink.
Whiskey, beer, pear cider and wine.
Your urine will glow in the privies that stink.
So watch out what you put in your stein.

Sheep sheep sheep, sheep sheep sheep sheep
sheep.
Whiskey, beer, pear cider and wine.
Sheep sheep sheep, sheep sheep sheep sheep
sheep.
Baaaa baa baa, baa baby you're mine.

Ban The Fencers!

HL Thomas Bordeaux

Here in the Western Kingdom,
We're inclusive as can be.
We'd never rain on your parade
Just 'cause we don't agree.
There's lots of ways to play the game,
We want you to have fun.
We'd never tell you what to do,
Or what should not be done.

If you are of the Nipponese,
Well that's alright with us.
We'll let you be a samurai,
And we'll not make a fuss.
Sure, Western Europe's more our style,
But you're free to play your game.
We'd never want to hem you in,
For it's really all the same.

But ban the fencers!
They're all hopeless thugs and thieves.
They're dangerous, too brightly dressed,
And recreating sleeze.
Let's ban the fencers!
For with us they don't belong,
And if you should see to disagree,
Then you'd best move along.

And if you don't like costumes,
And sewing is a bore,
Just come to Court in worn-out jeans,
We'd never ask for more.
It's more important what's inside,
Than what you won't put on.
We'd never tell you differently,
For that would just be wrong.

Now if you are of the Mongol Horde
You need not come to Court.
What does that matter anyhow?
With you we'll still consort.
And if you call us chugwa,
Well that just means "not tribe".
We're mindful of your hopes and dreams
Which we would not deride.

But ban the fencers!
They're all hopeless thugs and thieves.
They're dangerous, too brightly dressed,
And recreating sleeze.
Let's ban the fencers!
For with us they don't belong,
And if you should see to disagree,
Then you'd best move along.

Now when it comes to music,
Just play what'ere you will.
Beatles filks are quite alright,
We never get our fill.
Don't worry 'bout those "period" songs,
Or about the way they're made.
We'd rather hear the raunchy ones,
About the girls you've laid.

So if you come out to the West,
You know we'll treat you right.
We'll party till the cows come home,
Bark at the moon all night.
We'll tell you, "Welcome to the West,
Now please take off you clothes".
But leave your rapiers behind,
We'll not put up with those.

We'll ban the fencers!
They're all hopeless thugs and thieves.
They're dangerous, too brightly dressed,
And recreating sleeze.
Let's ban the fencers!
For with us they don't belong,
And if you should see to disagree,
Then you'd best move along.

Yeah, ban the fencers!
Who are they to act like Knights?
And that White Scarf just makes me barf,
We'll soon set things to rights.
Let's ban the fencers!
For with us they don't belong,
And if you should see to disagree,
Then you'd best move along.

The Champion

Edward Zifran

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Chorus:

Oh, the Champion, he is brave,
And the champion, he is bold.
He fights for the lady's honor,
And never for the gold.
He asks not the lady for her hand,
For he could not be so bold;
That's not the way of a champion,
Or so I have been told.

The Champion fights for the lady
For that's his only way,
He asks not for the Lady's love,
Just that she smile his way.
But deep inside his lonely heart
He pray on day by day,
That the lady loves him as he loves she,
And bids the Champion stay.

Chorus

But the Champion knows as he turns to gray
There'll be a younger man,
Who will enter into the lady's life,
And ask her for her hand.
She'll ask the Champion, 'My friend,
Would you mind if I wed this man?'
He'll avert his eyes, and say,
'Your happiness is all I can demand.'

Chorus

So the Champion stands off to the side,
He never says a word.
And though he loves the lady so
His heart is never heard.
So the Champion resigns himself
To a love that can't be cured
As the lady takes herself a lord,
The Champion's eyes are blurred.

And The Flower in Her Hair

by: Samuil Glukhoi

tune by: Colin MacLear

I saw a lass, upon a hill
She wasn't far. The distance still
Was more than I could bear

I looked to her, across that space
To see the beauty of her face,
And the flower in her hair

Then I traveled, 'cross the plain
And up the hill, for I would fain
Hold fast that lady fair

Upon that hill, where both we were
I a few short steps from her
And the flower in her hair

Up she looked, gave me a smile
I was in heaven for a while
For she was standing near

Then I looked and found a rose
Pulled her near 'till she was close
Put a flower in her hair

I saw a lass, upon a hill
She is so close. The distance still
Is all than I can bear

Tune:

FFGA EEFG
GGAB^b FFGA
FGFFE^F

ACCB^b AB^bAG
GB^bB^bA GAG^F
FGFFE^F

The Selkie Song

Branwen Cryccthegn Deorcwuda

I am a woman, I come from the sea,
But a man from the land has a hold on me,
For on the shore he laid claim to my skin
And reft me away from my kin.

With this man on land I did make my home,
But each night by the waves I did roam,
For my home under the sea I did yearn,
And yet I could not return.

Chorus:

For the sea is calling, the sea is calling
The sea is calling me home;
The sea is calling, the sea is calling
The sea is calling me home.

At tourney where he did fight for me,
I pleaded with him then to set me free,
For I found him alone, holding my skin,
But he would not to me give in.

“Oh stay with me and a queen you will be,
For you are desire and love to me,
I know that this day I shall take the field;
Your skin I cannot yield.”

Chorus

That day he was mighty, his fighting bold;
He won the banner of green and of gold.
I stood by the field watching him fight
Until the last evening light.

Chorus

That night at court he did give me a choice:
Said he “I was wrong not to head your voice.”
He held my skin and the wreath of the West:
“I grant you now your request.”

“If you wish to go, I shall not resist,
I know now that honor cannot exist
If what you call love takes your freedom away;
I merely ask you to stay.”

Chorus

Four times have I reigned as queen by his side;
I hold my own skin, I have my own pride.
Both on land and in sea do I live,
With love that I choose to give.

Each tourney time I return to the land
To stand at his side, to give him my hand,
And when the day comes for his last tourney,
I will bring him home with me to the sea.

For the sea is calling, the sea is calling
The sea is calling us home;
The sea is calling, the sea is calling
The sea is calling us home.

Praise of Women

Robert Mannyng of Brunne 1288-1338

No thyng is to a man so dere
As wommanys love in gode manere.
A gode womman is mannys blys,
There here love right and stedfast is.
There is no solas under hevene,
Of alle that man may nevene,
That shuld a man do so moche glew
An a gode womman that loveth trew.
Ne dere is none in Goddys hurde
Than a chaste womman with lovely worde

A Mirror

Colin MacLear
tune: Heretic Heart

I can see by the way you hold your sword I'm a better man than thee
And your shield hangs crooked upon your arm, a pathetic sight to see
I have no doubt I can pummel you with a hand tied behind my back
In a snap or two I'll beat you to the ground and show you the skills you lack

On the tourney field I'm fearsome, be it with one sword or two
With axe or mace I will put you in your place and your bruises you will rue
Your feeble attack is hopeless and you cannot make it stick
'Tis a tip or a glance or a light, light blow for my armor is inches thick

And I'll swear it before your lady, and I'll swear it before your knight
You're unworthy to sit in the hall with me, don't you know that might makes right
And whether my boasts are fulfilled or not, 'tis plain for all to see
By my spurs and my chain and my white, white belt I'm the essence of chivalry

Now my song, is not directed to the noble chivalry
Who with courtesy and honor treat everyone they see
But watch for your few brothers called by verses to atone
For this dream is easily shattered by a knight with skill alone

Praise of Queen Osa

Samuill Glukhoi

Whilom there was a worthy wight
A Western Kyng and new a knight
Hes hight and myght the greatest in all of
Christianie
Hes konnyng sword hes brilliant chivalrie
Brought hem to the field a crown to winne
With skille and strenght did he beginne
Uther hey is yclept

The Kingdome not claimed by myght aloon
Was secured by beautie and insparation
Tourney won by kyndness and by gentilitie
hes sword swung by her generositie
She is hes suster and our Queene
New she weares goold and greene
Osa is she yclept

Myghty valour on the field
Suster's loyalty hes shield
Heroes valour from hers been
In her beauty it is seen
To youw me queen and to no other oon
Do I address on this anoon
Beauty, grace, and courtesy yclept

This was performed at the first Bard of the West competition, Their Majesties of the West were Uther and Osa. It was begun before the event, but fit well with the three words that his Majesties requested we write on.

Brom's Reign

by Brom Blackhand

Well the feast's done and evening is falling
And the air it is charged with fear
The BoD is sleeping, the Witan is weeping
"Oh God please save Calontir"
And the populace is in a ruckus
And many of them have fled
And they're all crying, "He's gonna fuck us
Once they put that damn crown on his head."

Chorus:

Do me wey hey, Oh you'll rue the day
A barbaric bastard like me
Did show up to fight, here where might still
 makes right
Oh just stick around and you'll see
Do me wey hey, I'll go all the way
In plundering poor Calontir
You pissed me off royal, and made my blood
 boil
Now you'll see just what I hold dear

First I'll get all your treasury's money
That money you've worked for so hard
And I'll piss it away on my new defense budget
In other words swords for my guard
Well I think rattan is for pussies
From now on we'll only use steel
And to keep every fight from lasting an hour
I'm also outlawing the shield

Chorus

And the feasting will be done at Arby's
'Til the manager's countenance sours
Then I'll hold drunken court in the basement of
 Steelholm
And make sure it goes on for hours
To our fighters give rubberband crossbows
To our poets give crackerjack rings
But I'll give Uncle Stephen a Pelican
'Cause I like the way the man sings

Chorus

I'll send letters to various kingdoms
Call the kings perverts and the queens whores
There's a ten dollar site fee this year boys
Guess who owns the site for the war
'Ere the battle starts I'll twist my ankle
So I'll sit on the side and swill beer
And make book on the odds for that novice
That dumbfuck who borrowed my gear

Chorus

And when my reign's finally over
And the time's come for me to step down
Your next sucker won't look so regal
Since I went and pawned off the crown
Now I've stepped down a thousand bucks richer
Though it's cost me a couple of friends
But they say if I'm good for another six months
I can come back and do it again

Chorus

P.P.F.U.F. Forever

by Master Gerhardt von Nordflammen
tune: The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Oh we charge against their machine guns
With lance and with bow
Though they shoot a million of us
Still our righteous numbers grow.
Soon they will run out of bullets,
Then we'll let the burghers know:
Feudalism makes us strong!

Chorus:

PPFUF forever, PPFUF forever,
PPFUF forever,
Feudalism makes us strong.

Oh the burghers try to tell us
Feudalism is no more.
But we don't believe these liars,
They're all rotten to the core.
They will know the truth and tremble
When they hear our mighty roar:
Feudalism makes us strong!

Chorus

Oh the burghers with enclosure
Forced serfs by machines to stand.
Now they're facing social unrest
But they still don't understand
That the serfs are only happy
When the serfs are on the land.
Feudalism makes us strong!

Chorus

Oh we scorn the burghers' "freedom"
And their jingo loyalty.
We will give them all a lesson
In truth and reality
For the only freedom we know
Is an oath of fealty.
Feudalism makes us strong!

Chorus

We will follow kings and barons;
It's in them we place our trust.
We'll unsheathe our swords, string longbows
Fight until the final thrust
We will overthrow the burghers,
We will smash them all to dust.
Feudalism makes us strong!

Chorus

With the holy feudal order
We shall free the human race.
All shall dwell in peace and freedom
In a state of endless grace.
With a place for every person,
Every person in their place.
Feudalism makes us strong!

Chorus

My Awards Go Jingle Jangle Jingle

by Gerhardt von Nordflammen
tune: My Spurs go Jungle Jangle Jingle

Chorus:

My awards go jingle jangle jingle
As I go strutting pompously along.
Oh I see you've only got a single,
If you think that I'll talk to you, you're wrong.

I've got a leaf.
A laurel too.
And if you don't have one, then fuck you.
I've got a QOG,
And a pelican.
And I'll be an Arts King when I can.

Oh I'm a peer,
Yes I'm a peer.
If you don't outrank me don't come near
But if you do,
Yes if you do,
And you give me something, I'll love you.

Chorus

Oh I don't fight.
Or come to blows.
But if I did I would be the best god knows.
I'll take a shield,
I'll take a sword,
When just touching them will take awards.

Chorus

Oh there's the Queen,
Yes there's the Queen.
I'll run up to her ass and lick it clean
And there's the King,
Yes there's the King.
Let me put my lips around his thing.

Chorus

At the grand march,
Now don't forget.
Announce my name and then half the alphabet.
My greatest joy:
Titles and name,
Take heralds half an hour to declaim

Chorus

And there's the Dukes.
Yes there's the Dukes.
I'll go fawn upon them 'till they puke.
And there's the earls.
Yes there's the earls.
But we mighty peers don't talk to churls.

Chorus

Awards aren't cheap.
Buzz off you creep.
There's no more room at the top of the heap.
Now I've got mine,
'Tis my design
To make all you bozos stand in line.

Chorus

Edward the Bloody Bastard

Master David of Bagulay

Hail to the prince of mighty An Tir
Hail to the prince, ye peasants cheer
While I sing of the name that we all fear
Of Edward the Bloody Bastard

Prince Edward so mighty rides all about
Looking so regal in robes so fine
Jack at the plow first cheers then shouts
"Aww, it's only Edward the Bloody Bastard!"

Chorus:

See how he rides with his nose in the air
And his wrist so limp, and his crown in his
hand
And all the people cringe and they shout,
"Have a care,
For it's Edward the Bloody Bastard!"

Jock, the husky smith, says "Me daughter's been
violated!"

In the background Edward tiptoes by
"Tell me who he is, and I'll see him annihilated"
And his loyal subjects cry "'Twas Edward the
Bloody Bastard!"

Chorus

*Viscount Sir Master Master Edward Ziffran of Gendy

Prince Edward walks by with a virgin on each
arm

I stops and I says "How could you, Sir?"
He says "Don't worry, they'll do no harm
To Edward the Bloody Bastard."

Chorus

At the edge of the battlefield Edward stews
He cannot spur his horse to war
'Cause spurs won't fit on the green tennis shoes
Of Edward the Bloody Bastard!

Chorus

In the midst of the battlefield Edward stands
With bagel in mouth and cup in hand
So civilized a foeman, who could stand
Gainst Edward the Bloody Bastard?

Chorus

Now let's toast to the Prince, for when dies he'll
never fear it
The angels will sing and their harps will play
Though it's really too bad, for where he'll be he'll
never hear it
This Edward the Bloody Bastard!

Lemming Mighty, Lemmings Daring

Vittoria Aureli

Lemmings mighty, Lemmings daring
See ye not our enemies glaring?
Through the hostile ranks go tearing,
Onward to the cliffs!

See our splendid force advancing,
As if a pavane we're dancing,
Their swords off our shields glancing,
Onward to the cliffs!

Battling on the field,
We refuse to yield,
Led by Fates, the mighty Kates
Do ready stand with sword and shield!

Lemmings mighty, on to glory
See your exploits famed in story,
Keep this war-cry still before ye:
Onward to the cliffs!

To the tune of "Men of Harlech," traditional Welsh

Constance's prolog to the Mist Bardic Tales

Constance of Linconshire

When that September with its hurried ways
hath banished August's languid, lazy days
And Ducal's heat hath boiled flesh off the bone
And left men with no money of their own
And 'fore thoughts turn to hectic weeks in store
Of tournaments, collegiums, and war
then folk do long to gather unrestrained
to eat and dance and be well entertained.

And so it is that this glad company
Are Pilgrims in pursuit of chivalry

There are some gentles who might play a role
In aiding with achievement of our goal
Let me describe in terms both clear and frank
Their manner, and condition, and their rank:
[[The contestants stood as their rank was called]]

Flieg

A Duke there is from far off days of yore
He'll gladly share his wisdom and his lore
At many Mists events he does preside
His 'normous goblet ever at his side
with which he readily will make a toast
to praise the generosity of th' host
And when he a tale of love or war does tell
He can transfix you as'if by magic spell.

Lucky

A Count there is whose fame is well deserved
For many years his kingdom he has served
Bringing chivalry where'ere he roams
He has great skill with writing fighter poems

Sir John Theophilous (didn't compete)

A Knight there is of utmost courtesy
No other can outmatch his chivalry
He oft appears in heraldic tabard dressed
Bearing heart and cross upon his breast
I have a weakness here it must be said
I love to cause his face to turn quite red.

Meg

A Baroness there is whose youth belies
Accomplishments too great to itemize
She beat this bard with passion, skills, and more
and won the title Esfenn troubadour
But of this maid I've heard we should beware
She keeps pet monsters underneath the stair

Dorothea

A laurel passionate beyond compare
with flashing eyes and flowing coal black hair
Entertaining folk for many year
Her songs and stories a delight to hear
When asked to write a poem or other piece
?? (I don't remember the last line written
onsite)

Alessandro

A tenor with a voice of golden tone
which could find a welcome place by any throne
Italian born, though long since from that place
Raven hair does frame his perfect face
And I confess I love to hear his quips
Which fly like notes from his melodious lips

O what a fine and noble, worthy crowd
Of copious talent with wit well-endowed.
T'would be such a shame if we were to forsake
Amusements grand as we this feast partake
Here is my plan (to speak both short and plain)
Each bard can take a turn to entertain
Five times upon these gentles I'll prevail
to entertain us with a song or tale
And then their Highnesses will then assist
the Gold-Branch Bards choose th'next Bard of
the Mists
Good luck to all and may the best one win!
Duke Frederick, kind sir, would you begin .

An Introduction to the Competitors for Mist Bardic 1997

The Twa Corbies

Anonymous

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame;
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;
Wi ae lock o his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
Oer his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

Scott's Minstrelsy: Original Text Reference.
Composition Date: unknown. Publication Date: 1803.
Ed. (text): N. J. Endicott; (e-text): I. Lancashire.
Rep. Poetry 2RP.1.77.

Notes for Twa Sisters o' Binnorie

Original Text: The Ballad Book: A Selection of the
Choicest British Ballads, ed. William Allingham (London:
Macmillan, 1864). AR DeLury Collection (Fisher Rare
Book Library) First Publication Date: 17th cent. Repre-
sentative Poetry On-line: Editor, I. Lancashire; Publisher,
Web Development Group, Inf. Tech. Services, Univ. of
Toronto Lib. Edition: RP (1912), ed. W. J. Alexander and
W. H. Clawson, pp. 12-15; RPO 1997. © I. Lancashire,
Dept. of English (Univ. of Toronto), and Univ. of Toronto
Press 1997.

Three Corbies

Anonymous

There were three corbies sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hay downe, hay downe
There were three corbies sat on a tree,
With a downe
There were three corbies sat on a tree,
They were as blacke as they might be.
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe,
downe.

The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"

"Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

"His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they can their master keepe.

"His haukes they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare him come nie."

Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yong as she might goe.

She lift up his bloody hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herselfe ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman,
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.

Ravenscroft 1971: Original Text Reference. Composition
Date: unknown. Publication Date: 1611. Ed. (text): N. J.
Endicott; (e-text): I. Lancashire. Rep. Poetry: 2RP.1.76.

This version is a composite of multiple sources, primarily
Ravenscroft. Ravenscroft uses ravens instead of corbies,
other sources call them corbies.

Twa Sisters O' Binnorie

Anonymous

There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r;
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
A knight cam' there, a noble wooer,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
The eldest she was vexed sair,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And sair envied her sister fair,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
Upon a morning fair and clear,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie !)
She cried upon her sister dear,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
'O sister, sister, tak' my hand,'
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'And let's go down to the river-strand,'
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And down they went to the river-strand
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
The youngest stood upon a stane,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The eldest cam' and pushed her in,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
'O sister, sister, reach your hand!'
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'And ye sall be heir o' half my land'--
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
'O sister, reach me but your glove!'
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'And sweet William sall be your love'--
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Till she cam' to the mouth o' yon mill-dam,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie
Out then cam' the miller's son
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And saw the fair maid swimmin' in,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
'O father, father, draw your dam!'
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)

'There's either a mermaid or a swan,'
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
The miller quickly drew the dam,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And there he found a drown'd womàn,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
Round about her middle sma'
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
There went a gouden girdle bra'
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
All amang her yellow hair
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
A string o' pearls was twisted rare,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
On her fingers lily-white,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The jewel-rings were shining bright,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
And by there cam' a harper fine,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Harpèd to nobles when they dine,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
And when he looked that lady on,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
He went into her father's hall,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And played his harp before them all,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
And sune the harp sang loud and clear,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'Fareweel, my father and mither dear!'
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
And neist when the harp began to sing,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'Twas 'Fareweel, sweetheart!' said the string,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
And then as plain as plain could be,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'There sits my sister wha drownèd me!
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.'

The Lemmings of the West

Kellyn Firesinger

© Joan W. Rosel, 1998 Mist Investiture 11/21/98

Say not the West no science doth know!
At Mists Investiture
Did **Martin Grey of Griff's Hill** show
An alchemy so pure
It did astound the populace
And every royal wight
For he a Bestiary did
Create that very night.

Now you must know St. Katherine's
A noble feast did hold
With many a wondrous subtlety
Tricked out with herbs and cookerie
As in the Age of Gold.

When sudden on the festive board
To our immense surprise
The Lemmings poured, a flock, a horde
With almond tails, by art conjured,
And golden raisin eyes.

Huzzas acclaimed those lemmings then
As folk chose each a beast
And with a reverent Amen
(All honor to their ancestral fen!)
Prepared on them to feast.

But Martin's eyes did sparkle, for
He held a larger view:
A nobler fate did he descry –
These should not but fare forth and die
As lemmings often do.

No they should be changed, their fame resound!
And first* of all came forth
Speldridge, the Orange-Nosed, antler-crowned!
"A beginning only," Martin frowned,
And set him in the North.

Again he wrought, and thence was born
To grace this noble feast
The Uni-Lemming with magic horn!
But still did Martin look with scorn,
And set him to the East.

Once more did Martin labor, and made
Of all his works the best –
The Fat-Tailed, Flop-Eared Lemming Hare,
A marvelous beast of presence rare,
Which round the hall on high they bare
And, bowing low before King Jade,
With fanfare and with cannonade,
They set him in the West.

So praise to Martin Grey, King's Squire,
Hail him with chant and rhyme!
Let Archimedes now retire,
Let Leonardo no more aspire,
But yield the palm for creative fire
To the Merlin of our time!

*We count not the Failed Experiment –
Allow our hero one accident,
Which to the lowly South was sent.

Johnnie o' Braidiesleys

Anonymous

Johnny arose on a May mornin'
called cold water to wash his hands
Says: 'come lowse to me my good greyhounds
That lie bound in iron bands
That lie bound in iron bands.'

Johnny shouldered his good bent bow
His arrows one by one
And he's gane doon by the good greenwood
For to ding the din deer doon

The din deer lap, and Jonnie fired
And wounded her on the side
And between the waters, and the woods
The greyhounds laid her pride.

Johnnie skinned his good din deer
Took out her liver and her lungs
And fed his dogs on the venison
As gin they were Earl's sons.

They ate so much of the venison
And drank so much of the blood
That they all lay on the plain
As gin that they were dead.

Then by there cam' a silly auld man
And an ill death may he dee!
For he's ga'en doon to Islington
Where the seven foresters do lie.

Says: 'As I am doon by bonny Monymusk
An doon among the scrogs
The fairest youth that ever I saw
Lay sleepin' amang his dogs.'

And then outspake the head forester
He was forester o'er them a'
Gin this be Johny o'Braidiesleys
It's unto him we'll draw.

But then outspake the second forester
A sister's son was he
'Gin this be Johnnie Braidiesleys
We'd better lat him be.'

The first shot that the forsters fired
It wounded him on the knee
And the second shot that the foresters fired
His heart's blood blinded his e'e.

Now Johnnie awoke him out of his sleep
And an angry man was he
Says: 'Ye nicht hae awaked me out o' my sleep
Ere my heart's blood blinded my e'e.

'But gin my bent bow prove true to me
An' seldom it proves wrang
I'll mak' ye a' rue the day
That I dang the din deer doon.'

He leaned his back against an oak
His foot against a stone
And fired at the seven foresters
An' shot them all but one.

An' he's broken three of this one's ribs
Likewise his collar bone
And laid him twafauld owre a steed
Bade him carry the tidings home.

Johnnie's gude bent bow is broke
And his twa grey dogs is slain
And his body lies in Monymusk
And his huntin' days are dune.

From Emily Lyle's Scottish Ballads a Scott's version of Childe Ballad no. 114 "Johnie Cock"

Lyle's notes:

The previous ballads (she mentioned several versions of Johnnie Cock) deal, however personally, with events at the national level, but there are also ballads that tell of episodes of small-scale raiding and rescue. Here the theft is the poaching of the kin's deer in which the sympathy of the ballad lies with the poacher as in the English cycle of Robin Hood ballads. This episode has not been identified historically and it is located in different places in different versions.

The Unco Knicht's Wouing

Anonymous

There was a Knight ridin' frae the East
--Sing the claret banks tae the bonny broom
Wha had been woin' at mony a place
--An' ye may beguile a young thing sune

He cam' unto a widow's dore
An' speir'd whare her three dochters war'

The auldest ane's tae a washin' gane
An' the second's tae a bakin' gane

The youngest ane's tae a weddin' gane
An' it will be night ere she be hame

He sat him doun upon a stane
Till these three lasses cam' trippin' hame

The auldest ane's tae the bedmakin'
An' the second ane's tae the sheet spreadin'

The youngest ane was bauld an' bright
an' she was tae lye wi' this unco Knight

Gin ye will answeers me questions ten
Tomorrow ye shall be my ain

O what is heigher than the tree
An' what is deeper than the sea

Or what is heavier than the lead
Or what is better than the bread

O what is whiter than the milk
Or what is safer than the silk

Or what is sharper than a thorn
Or what is louder than a horn

Or what is greener than the grass
Or what is waur than a woman's curse

O Heav'n is heigher than the tree
an' Hell is deeper than the sea

O sin is heavier than the lead
the blessing's better than the bread

The snaw is whiter than the milk
An' the down is safer than the silk

Hunger's sharper than a thorn
An' shame is louder than a horn

The Peas are greener than the grass
An' the Fiend is waur than a woman's curse

As sune as she the Fiend did name
He flew awa in a fierie flame

Slaying in the Rain

Andrew of Riga & Robert of Westmarch

I'm slaying in the rain,
Just slaying in the rain.
What a glorious feeling ,
I'm happy again!
I'm laughing at blood
So dark on the field,
My sword's in my hand;
I never shall yield!

Let the bloody dukes chase,
Every foe from the place;
Just hand me my mace,
I've a smile on my face.
From Angels to An Tir,
Strike terror far and near.
I'm slaying—— just slaying in the rain.

My Favorite Things

Sir William the Lucky

Heaters and broadswords and targets and maces,
Winces of pain on my enemies' faces,
Ladies whose praises a noble bard sings,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Chorus:

When the mail breaks, when the helm rings;
When I'm feeling sad,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And then I don't feel so bad!!

Winning in melees, avoiding a fair fight,
Revels that last until well after midnight,
Cutting down nobles and princes and kings,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Chorus

Watching my foemen as they tumble down,
Fighting for money or winning the Crown,
Looting the fallen of their golden rings,
These are a few of my favorite things;

Chorus

The Farmer's Curst Wife

Anonymous

The auld Devil cam to the man at the pleugh,
--Rumchy ae de aidie
saying, I wish ye gude luck at the making o yer
sheugh.
--Mushy toorin an ant tan aira.

'It's neither your oxen nor you that I crave;
It's that old scolding woman, it's her I must
have.'

'Ye're welcome to her wi a' my gude heart;
I wish you and her it's never may part.'

She jumped on to the auld Deil's back,
And he carried her awa like a pedlar's pack.

He carried her on till he cam to hell's door,
He gaed her a kick till she landed on the floor.

She saw seven wee devils a sitting in a raw,
she took up a mell and she murdered them a'.

a wee reekit deil lookit owre the wa:
'O tak her awa, or she'll ruin us a'.'

'O what to do wi her I canna weel tell;
She's no fit for heaven, and she'll no bide in hell.'

She jumpit on to the auld Deil's back,
and he carried her back like a pedlar's pack.

She was seven years gaun and seven years
coming
And she cried for the sowens she left in the oven.

I believe the stars represent where the manuscript was
burned or otherwise destroyed.

A Cheerful Battle Song

Frederick of Holland, July XXXIII (1998)

Refrain:

Go forward into battle, and raise the banner high
Go forward into battle, though some of us must die
Though some of us must die, our foemen we will kill,
So forward into battle, to do our Captain's will

Flieg Hollander

Go for - ward in - to bat - tle and raise the ban-

- ners high Go for - ward in - to bat - tle though some of us

must die Though some of us must die, Our foe - men we

will kill So for - ward in - to bat - tle to do our cap-

- tain's will

Our Captain he is mighty, he leads us without fear
Our Captain he is mighty, he drinks a lot of beer
He drinks a lot of beer, and then begins to shout
Our Captain he is mighty, he drives the foemen out.

The drummer he is crazy, he hasn't sword or shield
The drummer he is crazy when he leads us to the field
He leads us to the field with the beating of his drum
The drummer may be crazy but he's got them on the run.

We really like the archers with their bows of finest yew
We really like the archers because their aim is true
Because their aim is true they hit when they let fly
We really like the archers -- we just watch our foemen die
(Refrain: Repeat first verse.)

When we come to a castle it's the sappers turn to shine
When we come to a castle they dig down and start to mine
They dig down and start to mine 'till they're underneath the wall
When we come to a castle, we sit back and watch it fall.

The spearmen stand behind us with their shafts held in their hands
The spearmen stand behind us, but we are not un-manned.
We are not un-manned for when they begin to play
The spearmen stand behind us; 'tis the foe in front they slay.

The cavalry is ready on the flanks to either side
The cavalry is ready, o'er the foemen they will ride
O'er the foemen they will ride, and break their ranks in twain
Then the cavalry stands ready, to do it all again.
(Refrain)

We're really very happy that the cook is on our side
We're really very happy that he does his work with pride
He does his work with pride, and each day we praise his skill
We're really very happy that he don't know how to kill.

The doctor has a saw and knife and buckets for the gore
The doctor has a saw and knife and potions by the score
And potions by the score, to ease us when we bleed.
The doctor has a saw and knife we hope he doesn't need

The teamster yells and curses at the horses and the cart
The teamster yells and curses because they're hard to start
Because they're hard to start, he's bringing up the rear.
The teamster yells and curses, but he carries all the gear.
(Refrain)

The serjeant says we're lazy and we don't know how to fight
The serjeant says we're lazy and he might even be right
He might even be right, but that's just his point of view
The serjeant says we're lazy, but there's nothing left to do!

We carry shields and weapons as we form into the line
We carry shields and weapons and we like our job just fine
We like our job just fine - there's no other we would choose
We carry shields and weapons which we never have to use.

We're the men behind the shieldwall when the enemy comes near
We're the men behind the shieldwall but we have naught to fear
We have nothing to fear, our comrades guard us well
We're the men behind the shieldwall; on the other side is hell.
(Refrain)

(Last Verse)
Go forward into battle, for the company's complete
Go forward into battle, for there's no one we can't beat
There's no one we can't beat, with our courage and our skill.
So, forward into battle, to do our Captain's will.

(SCA Verses - only one so far - feel free.)
Don't ask about the shoppers; we don't know why they're here
Don't ask about the shoppers; they don't even buy beer
They don't even buy beer but they shop the livelong day
Don't ask about the shoppers; this is the S - C - A

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The Wren Song

Anonymous

Our King is well dressed
In the silks of the best
In ribbons so rare
No King can compare

We have traveled many miles
Over hedges and stiles
In search of our King
Unto you we bring

We have powder and shot
For to conquer the lot
We have cannon and ball
For to conquer them all

Old Christmas is past
Twelfth tide is the last
And we bid you adieu
Great joy to the new

A Drinking Song

Frederick of Holland, August XXXI

Ale, wine or beer all in the cup
We drink to bring us plea-a-sure
An empty glass doth cause a sigh
So draw another mea-ea-sure

CHORUS:

So lift your glasses high
We'll drink until they're dry
Then fill them up again
Here's to surcease of pain
And blessings on the brewer.

We raise a song and loud we sing
The hills send back resounding
Let all join us in praise of beer
On table tankards pounding.

CHO

All day we toil to gain our bread
In stable, field, or ha-a-ll
Come eventide we'll drink our fill
And respite gain witha-a-ll

CHO.

Good company will share a glass
Blithe song and conversation.
But best of all the one who makes
The barkeep pour libation.

CHO

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The tune of "A Mighty Fortress is Our God", written by Martin Luther in the 16th C. in German as "Ein Feste Berg is Unser Gott" and translated into English somewhat later, was originally that of a German drinking song. The drinking song must not have been all that good, for it died out and only the hymn was left. For many years I knew this and wished to write a drinking song to the tune. The Ducal Prize "Hymn Filk" competition gave me my impetus and the result can be treated as the "English translation of the original lost German drinking song." Eventually Elsa von Thuringen will get around to back-translating it into German, "correcting" the mis-translations which are undoubtedly present.

Why I Joined The SCA

by Frederick of Holland (a.s.xi)

Tune: "Once I had a Little Dog"

-- Peter, Paul and Mary.

Oh, when I was a little boy
I thought those tales so fine,
Of Arthur and his noble court,
Of Bors and Sir Gawaine.
And all the Kings and Princes,
And nobles stern yet ruth,
And now I've joined the SCA,
And all of it's the truth.
Sing derry-oh day, Sing
Autumn to May

Oh, when I was a little boy
I read of righting wrongs,
Of villains base and Knights so brave
The noblesse of the strong.
I read of griffins, dragons foul,
Of unicorns so fair.
And now I've joined the SCA
And all of them are there
Sing derry-oh day, Sing
Autumn to May

Oh, when I was a little boy
I wished to be a Knight,
To fight beside my King in War,
Break spears at tourneys bright.
To be the King myself one day,
Hold Court in the High Hall.
And now I've joined the SCA
And I have done them all.
Sing derry-oh day, Sing
Autumn to May

Oh, when I was a little boy
I longed for a lady fair
With neck so white and eyes so bright
Her love would be my air.
I met her at a tourney,
Her favor's on my sleeve.
Ah, now I've found the SCA
I'll never, never leave.
Sing derry-oh day, Sing
Autumn to May

The Lay of the Pirate Lass

Caelinn Rowan Seelie of Skye

From time to time I fall in love,
It happened thus to me.
He was not on the tourney field,
It was not spring nor yet in court.
But it was at the Winter Ball
when love did strike my heart.

A Scottish pirate lass I am,
and he a noble man?
So what to do, I need advice
that I might have a chance with him!
Courage and Honor are my guide,
my loved one's heart to win.

I asked the queen then for advice:
What shall I do for him?
She bade me be a lady fair,
be gentle, sweet and dress up fine.
I answered, nae, your Majesty,
I'd rather drink the wine.

A knight nearby heard my lament,
and gave me some advice:
Walk straight the path that serves the right,
then offer him a marriage ring.
I answered: "Noble Sir, who said,
I want to marry him?"

The royal bard was next in line.
And this is, what he said:
"A poem write, a song compose,
adore him with thy every word!"
"Oh, Bard", I answered, "that's not me,
I'm better with the sword."

At last came by a motley fool,
a--capering with glee.
"Now this is easy", so he said,
"a trifle for a fool", laughed he.
"A pirate woman, brave and bold,
and that's what you should be!"

We Scots, we are a stubborn folk.
And hold fast to our ways.
Our spirits strong to work our will.
With hearts of love and mischief, too.
By night I go and visit him
and steal a kiss or two.

To War For the West

Colin MacLear

Will you go to war?
Will you fight as one?
Will you honor the Crown of the West?

The ship of the warrior is yet to sail

Will you go to war?
Will you fight as one?
Will you honor the Crown of the West?

A tale we'll bring of a fallen king
The ship of the warrior is yet to sail

Will you go to war?
Will you fight as one?
Will you honor the Crown of the West?

At cannon's blast we'll break their line
And a tale we'll bring of a fallen king
The ship of the warrior is yet to sail

Will we go to war?
Will we fight as one?
Will we honor the Crown of the West?

At the castle siege we'll lay them low
At cannon's blast we'll break their line
And a tale we'll bring of a fallen king
The ship of the warrior is yet to sail

Will we go to war?
Will we fight as one?
Will we honor the Crown of the West?

At battle's end our banner flies
At the castle siege we'll lay them low
At cannon's blast we'll break their line
And a tale we'll bring of a fallen king
The ship of the warrior is yet to sail

We will go to war.
We will fight as one.
We will honor the Crown of the West.

A fearsome foe takes up the field
But at battle's end our banner flies
At the castle siege we'll lay them low
At cannon's blast we'll break their line
And a tale we'll bring of a fallen king
The ship of the warrior is yet to sail

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff contains the lyrics: "Will you go to war? will you fight as one". The second staff contains the lyrics: "will you hon- or the Crown of the West The ship of the warrior is". The third staff contains the lyrics: "yet to sail yet to sail". Above the first staff, there are time signature changes: 4/4, 3/4, 4/4, 3/4. Above the second staff, there are time signature changes: 4/4, 3/4, 4/4, 4/4, 3/4. Above the third staff, there are time signature changes: 1.2.3.4.5. and 6. The word "Repeat" is written above the second staff, and "Repeat as needed for verse" is written above the second staff. The word "Repeat" is written above the second staff, and "Repeat as needed for verse" is written above the second staff.

The Earl of Rosslyn's Daughter

Anonymous

The Lord of Rosslyn's daughter gaed through the wud her lane,
And there she met Captain Wedderburn, a servant to the king
He said unto his livery-man, Were't na agen the law,
I wad tak her to my ain bed, and lay her at the wa.

'I'm walking here my lane,' she says, 'amang my father's trees;
And ye may lat me walk my lane, kind sir, now gin ye please.
The supper-bell it will be rung, and I'll be missd awa;
Sae I'll na lie in your bed, at neither stock nor wa.'

He said, My pretty lady, I pray lend me your hand,
And ye'll hae drums and trumpets always at your command;
And fifty men to guard ye wi, that well their swords can draw;
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'll lie at the wa.

'Haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray let go my hand;
The supper-bell it will be rung, nae langer maun I stand.
My father he'll na supper tak, gif I be missd awa;
Sae I'll na lie in your bed, at neither stock nor wa'.

'O my name is Captain Wedderburn, my name I'll ne'er deny,
And I command ten thousand men, upo yon mountains high.
Tho your father and his men were here, of them I'd stand na awe,
But should tak ye to my ain bed, and lay ye neist the wa'.

Then he lap aff his milk-white steed, and set the lady on,
And a' the way he walkd on foot, he held her by the hand;
He held her by the middle jimp, for fear that she should fa;
Saying, I'll tak ye to my ain bed, and lay thee at the wa.

'O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray ye lat me be,
For I'll na lie in your bed till I get dishes three;
Dishes there maun be dressd for me, gif I should eat them a',
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.

'T is I maun hae to my supper a chicken without a bane;
And I maun hae to my supper a cherry without a stane;
And I maun hae to my supper a bird without a gaw,
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa'.

'When the chicken's in the shell, I am sure it has na bone;
And whan the cherry's in the bloom, I wat it has na stane;
The dove she is a genty bird, she flees without a gaw;
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'll be at the wa'.

'O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray ye give me owre,
For I'll na lie in your bed, till I get presents four;
Presents four ye maun gie me, and that is twa and twa,
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.

"T is I maun hae some winter fruit that in December grew;
And I maun hae a silk mantil that waft gaed never through;
A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn, this nicht to join us twa,
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa'.

'My father has some winter fruit that in December grew;
My mither has a silk mantil the waft gaed never through;
A sparrow's horn ye soon may find, there's ane on evry claw.
And twa upon the gab o it, and e shall get them a'.

'The priest he stand without the yett, just ready to come in;
Nae man can say he eer was born, nae man without he sin;
He was haill cut frae his mither's side, and frae the same let fa;
Sae we'll baithe lie in ae bed, nad ye'se lie at the wa'.

'O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray don't me perplex,
For I'll na lie in your bed till ye answer me questions six;
Questions six ye maun answer me, and that is four and twa,
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.

"O what is greener than the gress, what's higher than the trees?
O what is worse than a women's wish, what's deeper than the seas?
What bird craws first, what tree buds first, what first does on them fa?
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.'

'Death is greener than the gress, heaven higher than thae trees;
The devil's waur than women's wish, hell's deeper than the seas;
The cock craws first, the cedar buds first, dew first on them does fa;
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'se lie at the wa'.

Little did this lady think, that morning whan she raise,
That this was for to be the last o' a' her maiden days.
But there's na into the king's realm to be found a blither twa,
And now she's Mrs. Wedderburn, and she lies at the wa.

This is Childe Ballad no. 46 "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship" B, from the Kinloch MSS, Clydesdale.

On the Loss of Our Founders

Linda of the Lakelands

Nov. 97

Long have we loved the great oak tree
for it has given us shelter when we needed it,
and for many years have we played
among its great limbs and leafy bowers.

Many are the acorns that have fallen,
and many are the young trees
that have grown from its seed.

But slowly, very slowly
and un-noticed-
the leaves have begun to fall.

A poem in requiem for John Lefcort (Dog)

— Frederick (Flieg) Hollander, 19 May 1998

I knew a young man for a little time, now through,
A few brief hours of both our times we gave.
I bethought to know him better in a year or two,
But these brief months now find him in his grave.

A man he was in form, yet round him, overall,
There was the feeling of a playful hound,
Eager to please and friendly, quick to sieze the ball,
Then eager to pursue what lay around.

A puppy's happy days are measured in brief hours.
Dog months are measured by our passing days.
Our human years pass slowly; his — swift Time devours.
Yet still I thought to walk with him a ways.

But I can hope that in some boundless, sunny mead,
Full of marvels, both for dog and man,
My friend will find pursuit to fill his every need,
While I below will mourn him as I can.

(Coincidentally, each pair of lines is 12 and 10 syllables
long, summing to 22.)