

Cheer

Lyrics: Fernando Rodriguez de Falcon and Lyriel de la Foret

Tune: Bird of Prey March by Leslie Fish

Chorus:

Cheer. We'll never live to victory.

Cheer. We'll never live to hear the cannon's roar.

The gold bird of prey, it will carry us away,

And we'll never see our homeland anymore.

March. The Tuchuks aren't as bad as Pavel told you.

Cheer. The Middle King won't piddle us away.

March. They told us there'd be allies right beside you.

Cheer. They promised us that they won't run away.

Chorus

March. 'cause Calon never musters till the horn blows.

Cheer. Cause Drix would never wake us 'fore mid-day.

March. We won't stand in the sun, our helmets baking.

Cheer. They promised us we'll start on time today.

Chorus

March. At Pennsic we have only perfect weather.

Cheer. The Sarengetti's filled with shady trees.

March. This year we won't be crammed in all together.

Cheer. They told we'll have all the room we please.

Chorus

March. They swear they're serving only bottled water.

Cheer. There's really no such thing as Pennsic Plague.

March. The King says he won't lead you into slaughter.

Cheer. They promised us they'll call no holds today.

Chorus

For the Tiger of the East we will make a bloody feast,

And we'll never see our homeland anymore. (slow)

TOP SECRET CALONTIR ARMY SONGBOOK IF CAPTURED, EAT WITH CHICKEN SOUP AND JERKY

VERSION 2.1

2/14/XXXIV

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Raven Banner
Lyrics: Malkin Grey
Music: Peregrynne Windrider

Sigurd the Jarl of the Orkney Isles,
Has called to his banner a Viking band;
And sailed to Dublin to make himself
King of the Irish lands.

But Crowns are never so quickly won,
The Norns, they well know-
The king of the Irish blocks our way.
We must to battle go.

The Raven Banner of the Orkney Jarl
Brings luck in battle, but its bearer dies.
Two men have fallen 'neath its wings today,
But still the raven flies.

The Jarl tells a third man to take it up.
The third man answers, "No!
The devil's your own; take it up yourself,
And back to battle go."

"'Tis fitting the beggar should bear the bag,"
Replies the Jarl, "and I'll do so here."
He fought with the banner tied around his waist,
And fell to an Irish spear.

He died and the Irish broke our line.
We had no chance but flight,
But I'm not hurried, it's a long way home,
I won't get there tonight.

The Norns have woven a bloody web,
A tapestry made of guts and bone,
And parcelled it out to the Orkney host
Our day in Ireland's done.

The grey wolf howls and the raven soars
Above the arrow's flight,
And Odin is waiting beyond the fray
For some of us tonight.

Song of the Shield Wall
Lyrics: Malkin Grey
Music: Peregrynne Windrider

Hasten, O sea-steed, over the swan-road,
Foamy-necked ship, o'er the froth of the sea,
For Hengest has called us from Gotland and Frisia,
To Vortigern's country, his army to be.
We'll take our pay there in sweeter than silver;
We'll take our plunder in richer than gold,
For Hengest has promised land for the fighting,
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold!

Hasten, O FYRDMEN, down to the river,
Dragon-ships come on the in-flowing tide.
The linden-wood shield and the old spear of ash-wood
Are needed again by the cold waterside.
Draw up the shield-wall, O shoulder companions.
Latter, whenever our story it told,
They'll say that we died holding what we call dearest:
Lands that the sons of the Saxons will hold.

Hasten, O HUSCARLS, north to the Dane-law-Harald
Hardrada's come over the sea!
His long-ships he'd laden with bearsarks from Norway
To claim Cnute's crown and our master to be.
Bitter he'll find there the bite of our spear-points;
Hard-hitting Northmen too strong to die old.
We'll grant him six feet-plus as much as he's taller-
Of land that the sons of the Saxons will hold!

Make haste, son of GODWIN, southward from Stamford,
Triumph is sweet, and your men have fought hard,
But William the Bastard has landed at Pevensey,
Burning the land you have promised to guard.
Draw up the spears on the hill-top at Hastings,
Fight 'til the sun drops, and evening grows cold,
And die with the last of your Saxons around you,
Holding the land you were given to hold.

Hal's Song (The man O'war)
Words: Marcus de la Foret

Ohhhh, the Good Queen's Ship Elizabeth
She is a Man O' War (Tammy!)

Chorus:
Hal's gone away aboard a man o'war.
Brave work me boys.
Pretty work I say.
Hal's gone away aboard a man o'war.

Hal, he is the admiral
aboard that man o'war (Tammy!)
Chorus

I wish I were the cannoneer
Aboard that man o'war (Tammy!)
Chorus

Stephen is the helmsman
Aboard that man o'war (Tammy!)
Chorus

If you sail with Calontir
You'll ride a man o'war (Tammy!)
Chorus

Men of Harlech
From: Zulu

Men of Harlech, stop your dreaming
Can't you see, their spear points gleaming
See their war-like pennants streaming
To this battle field

Men of Harlech, stand ye steady.
It can not be ever said ye,
For the battle were not ready.
Welshmen will not yield!

From the hills surrounding,
Cannon balls abounding.
Some of all that's gone before,
This mighty force surrounding.

Men of Harlech on to glory.
This will ever be your story.
Keep these burning words before ye,
Welshmen will not yield

Hotspur
Words and Music: Sir Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood

Squire bring my armor, my sword and my destrier
I've raised an army to break Henry's power
South from the Humbar we march to the Severn
With Douglas of Scotland to join with Glendower
So ready your weapons and don warlike harness
The king rides to great us at Shrewsbury town
He'll pay what he owes me or fight on the 'morrow
The blue lion of Percy will bloody the ground

Hal, Prince of Wales has brought forth an army
To halt us he's planning, he'll bar none to me
Yon rides his father, a king made by Percy
His host in the thousands a hard fight will be
So let loose your clothyards my stout Cheshire yeomen
The hiss of your bowstrings is soft as a sigh
Now kings knights you've halted so up roar the horsemen
We charge for the center, brave Douglas and I

Lay low a sergeant and then slay his master
Rend through the armor and he'll clear away
There by the banner, a king rides before me
I swear by my honor 'tis his final day
But Prince Hal has broken my right wing of battle
And he's for his father a whirlin' around
Now one of his yeomen has sent me an arrow
The blue lion of Percy is pulled to the ground

Squire bring my armor, my sword and my destrier
I'll live forever to spite Bolingbroke
Know then of Hotspit who died by the Severn
And list what was heard when Lord Percy spoke
So ready your weapons and don warlike harness
The king rides to great us at Shrewsbury town
He'll pay what he owes me or fight on the 'morrow
The blue lion of Percy will bloody the ground

Fyrdmen on Campaign
Words and Music by Marcus de la Foret

They say we're just the levee the farmers from the field
But when we form our wall of men we're sworn to never yield

Chorus:
Strike a blow for freedom, then strike one for the land
When a fyrdman strikes a blow, there's iron in his hand
And now you will put down your plow and now your spearhead hone
For when a fyrdman strikes a blow he never stands alone.

Our weapon is but a cheap spearhead upon an ashwood pole
but when we take the field to fight it's victory that's our goal.
Chorus

A viking's chest well sheaths my point as he lifts up his axe.
His eyes beg me for mercy. I grant it with my seax.
Chorus

The yeoman fyrd stand in great rank. Their shafts on sinew taut.
Hardrada's men pay with their lives and lie in land they bought.
Chorus

I don my father's byrnie. 'tis taut across my limbs.
I pray it will do more for me than 'ere it did for him.
Chorus

A Huscarl from the best of us we pay to armor fine.
He lives now for his soldiering with Harald he will dine.
Chorus:
Strike a blow for freedom, then strike one for the land
When a fyrdman strikes a blow, there's iron in his hand
And now you will put down your spear and now you will head home.
Knowing when you're called again you will not stand alone.

Requiem for A Huscarl
Words and Music by Andrixos Seljukroctonis

Swiftly we've striven from slaughter at Stamford,
And yet a new foe we must face.
As sure as Hardrada lies pierced by an arrow,
The Norman will soon know his place.

For I am a warrior of the king's
Huscarls A deep biting axe in my hand.
And as long as God grants me breath in my body
I'll fight to defend the king's land.

For half a score years I served under Edward,
In feast and in bounty did share,
And now with my body I make good the bargain,
I fight to defend the King's Heir. (For)

In the North the King's brother, the base Earl Tostig,
Did seek the King's crown with his swords.
To add to his treason he called 'cross the water
For Sigurthsson's grim-visaged hordes. (But)

At York we did muster and march forth to battle,
They thought they were out of our reach.
Unarmoured they fell there, like lambs at the slaughter,
Their byrnies laid out on the beach. (and)

We've gathered about us the fyrd of the country,
From every shire and hide.
Each bearing an iron-tongued spear hewn of ashwood
And a strong stout saex knife at his side. (but)

We've set up the shields at the top of a hillside,
The locals, they call it Senlac
For hour after hour, they press in amongst us,
But still we repulse thier attack. (And)

At last by our valour, their battle-line's broken
Their horsemen now run in retreat.
And now we pursue them like wolves after cattle.
This part of the battle is sweet. (and)

But lo, now a sharp barb has pierced through my armor,
I fear that my days now are done.
Yet as I lie dying, I take final comfort,
For it seems that battle is won.
And I was a warrior of the king's Huscarls

The Legend of Altenhair (Knight's Leap)

Words:

Tune:

Well, the foemen have fired the gates, men of mine
And the water is spent and gone
So bring me a cup of the Red Ar Wine
I shall never drink but this one
So bring my harness and saddle my horse
And lead him around by the door
He must make such a leap tonight perforce
As a horse never took before

Chorus:

I have fought my fight I have lived my life
I have drunk my share of wine
From Trier to Cologne 'twas never a knight
Lead a merrier life than mine

Well, I've lived in the saddle for years two score
And if I must die on a tree
This old saddle-bow which has born me of yore
Is the properest timber for me
Then tell to Bishop, to Berger, to Priest
How the Altenhair hawk can die
If you smoke the old falcon out of his nest
He will take to his wings and fly
Chorus

So He harnessed himself in the pale moonlight
And he mounted his horse at the door
And drained such a cup of the red Ar Wine
As a man never drank before
Then he spurred his old war-horse
Held him tight and leapt him over the wall
Out over the cliff out into the night
Three hundred feet to fall
Chorus

He was found next morning below in the glen
With never a bone in him whole
Say a mass or a prayer good travelers all
For such a bold rider's soul
Chorus

Strongest and Best

Words and Tune: Andrixos Seljukroctonis

Muster is called now, the Warhorn is sounding
Each heart is pounding with thirst for the frey
Draw up the lines now, salute every foeman
We wear our own omen, the gold Bird of Prey
Chorus:

Strongest and Best of the Lords of the Battle
Staunchly we stand with our sword, axe and spear
Purple and gold wave our banners above us
No heroes among us
Hold Fast Calontir

Summon the levy, the knights, lords and squires,
From cantons and shires and six baronies
Well trained and ready to fight any season
Whatever the reason in hills, rocks and trees

First rank is kneeling, behind them more shieldmen
Seeing none of the field when the call comes to fight

Foemen are reeling 'neath polearms and spearmen
The Huscarls and Fyrdmen, the Novice and Knight
Chorus

Summon the levee of Knights, Lords and Squires
From Cantons and Shires and six Baronies
Draw up the lines now, Salute every foeman
We wear our own omen, the gold bird of prey
Chorus

A Grazing Mace
Tune: Duh!
Words: 1 st verse traditional
2 nd – 4 th Mistress Jenna of Southwind

A Grazing Mace how sweet the blow
That slayed a wretch like me
I once was up, but now I'm down
A grazing mace killed me

My knight has promised help for me
He'll save my ass for sure
He will my shield wall anchor be
As long as life endures

That mace has killed ten thousand foes
All sweating in the sun
I'd no more grace to duck that mace
I was ten thousand one

A Grazing Mace how sweet the blow
That slayed a wretch like me
I once was up, but now I'm down
A grazing mace killed me

NON NOBIS for the Latin impaired

NOAN NO BEES DOM IN AY, DOM IN AY
NOAN NO BEES DOM IN AY
SAY NO ME KNEE
SAY NO ME KNEE
TWO OH DAH GLOR EE UHM

For Crown and for Kingdom
Words and Tune: HG Conn MacNeil

Fierce men at arms to their brothers are banding
Fearlessly shoulder to shoulder are standing
Blood and bone sundered in tribute demanding
For Crown and for Kingdom 'gainst the foes of our land

Chorus
Hey Oh for the falcon whose banner flies o'er us
Hey Oh for the King marching mighty before us
Hey Oh Calon Warrior sing out your chorus
For Crown and for Kingdom 'gainst the foes of our land

Hearken bold fyrdmen the King calls a levee
The foes thow hast slain in his battles are many
Slake thirsting spearpoints on what's 'neath the byrnee
For Crown and for Kingdom 'gainst the foes of our land
Chorus

Huscarl drain fully the horn filled to brimming
Lead now the war host in battle song singing
Lead into slaughter with wild weapon swinging
For Crown and for Kingdom 'gainst the foes of our land
Chorus

Knight gird the sword belt for nigh draws the hour
The slain and the wounded bear witness your power
To fealty's fulfillment rides chivalry's flower
For Crown and for Kingdom 'gainst the foes of our land
Chorus
Slowly:
For Crown and for Kingdom 'gainst the foes of our land

Drums
Words: Nasir al Tawil
Tune: Scotland the Brave

Drums in my heart are drumming I hear my kingdom calling,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.
Some Kingdoms have great sons ours has the greatest ones,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.
We'll meet 'em at the shore wade through the blood and gore,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.
Drums in my heart are drumming I hear my kingdom calling,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.

(Chorus)
Drums, drums, drums, drums.

Drums in my heart are drumming I hear my kingdom calling,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.
Swords off of helms are ringing we're in the battle singing,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.
We'll stand and never fall behind the shield wall,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.
Drums in my heart are drumming I hear my kingdom calling,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.

(Chorus)

Drums in my heart are drumming I hear my kingdom calling,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.
We'll greet 'em on the field we'll fight and never yield,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.
We'll rise above the clamor FIGHT FOR THE FALCON BANNER!
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.
Drums in my heart are drumming I hear my kingdom calling,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.

(Chorus)

Drums in my heart are drumming I hear my kingdom calling,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.
Our army loves a warrin' waste not a minute whorin'
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.
MY LORD I HIT YOUR HEAD! YOUR SO FUCKIN' DEAD!
my bonnie Calontir is calling to me.
Drums in my heart are drumming I hear my kingdom calling,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.

Drums, drums, drums, drums, drums, drums..... [fading]

Hit 'em Again
Words: Marcus de la Foret
Tune: Paddy on the Railway

At first in AS twenty-one
They hit our shield war at a run
And that is how the war's begun
Fightin' in the shield wall.
Chorus:
Hit 'em again until they fall.
Hit 'em again until they fall.
Hit 'em again until they fall.
Fightin' in the shield wall.

And then in AS twenty-two
We adorned our helms with tape of blue
The King of Caid knew what to do
He fought inside the shield wall
Chorus

And then in AS twenty-three
The King of Calontir honored me.
He said a fyrdman you will be
For Fightin' in the shield wall.
Chorus

And then in AS twenty-four
We headed east to the Pennsic War
At falcon's bridge each slayed a score
From safe inside the shield wall.
Chorus

And then in AS twenty-five
I found myself more dead than alive
Curse the luck that I survived
Get back into the shield wall
Chorus

And then in AS twenty-six
We had to fight those tuchux pricks
They'll die to guns but not to sticks
Fightin' against the shield wall
Chorus

And then in AS twenty-nine
I earned a rest behind the line
They gave me a harp and wings devine
For fightin' in the shield wall
Chorus

And then in AS twenty ten
I found myself back on it again
Between a knight with a bodhran and a baldric'd wren
Fightin' in the shield wall.
Chorus

Roland
Roslinde Jehanne of Paradox Keep

The fairest flower of Chivalry to bloom in all the land
And the noblest of all the knights of Charlemagne

Was Roland, Roland King Charles' sister's son
Renowned throughout the Frankish lands for battles you have won
In council you Ganelon make plea to go to war
To aid the rebel Saracens against their rightful lord

Oh Roland, Roland you call this plan ill-made
But none the less does Charlemagne agree to send them aid
Ganelon requests for you a post most perilous
And willingly do you accept as honor deems you must

Oh Roland, Roland the rear guard you command
With Oliver your loyal friend to ride at your right hand
'Til at the Vale of Roncivale, your doom is now a' nigh
The Saracens do hold the pass and will not let you by

Oh Roland, Roland you know now you're betrayed
But in your heart is courage and your voice is not dismayed
Face you now grim battle lift your shield and raise it high
With honor you have lived your life, with honor you will die

Oh Roland, Roland sound your mighty horn
Try to call the men back who rode out just yester morn
The King has heard your call afar, but Ganelon says nay
'Tis only our young Roland out hunting on this day

Oh Roland, Roland sound your horn again
Meanwhile the battle rages through the valley and the glen
Again the King has heard your call. Again the traitor lies
And none will come to aid you since your peril he denies

Oh Roland, Roland sound your final blast
While all around you men at arms lie dying in the pass
Last of all is Oliver by swordsmen overthrown
And you of all the Frankish host must stand alone

Oh Roland, Roland black the die you died
With slain foes all around you and your sword there by your side
They found you on a hilltop with your face turned to the foe
And never has there been a day of such great woe

Oh Roland, Roland your name will live in song
Whenever brave men take up arms to right a grievous wrong
The fairest flower of chivalry to bloom in all the land
And the noblest of all the knights of Charlemagne

We Be Soldiers Three
Traditional 1609

Chorus:
We be soldiers three,
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie
Lately come forth from the low country
with never a penny of money
(repeat chorus)

Here good fellow I drink to thee,
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie
To all good fellows wherever they be,
with never a penny of money.
(Chorus)

Here good fellow I'll sing you a song.
Sing for the brave and sing for the strong.
To all those living and those who have gone
with never a penny of money.
(Chorus)

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie.
Pays for the shot whatever it is
with never a penny of money.
(Chorus)

With never a penny of money.