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THE OFFICIAL MIDDLE KINGDOM SONG BOOK



Unto the Populace of the Known World come greetings from Siobhan Medhbh O'Roarke, Chronicler of the Middle in the first reign of their Majesties Eliahu and Elen.

The book you now hold in your hands is, I must confess, a mystery to me. It was handed to me, wrapped in a plain brown wrapper, by a mysterious figure in purple. Opening said package, I discovered a manuscript, much travel- and tear-stained. The dedicatory page purported to have left the hands of Countess Valmai many years before, but when I contacted that noble lady, she denied any knowledge of it and vehemently refused to accept any blame credit for such a manuscript.*

Despite the mysterious origins of the book, it seemed to me to be of value. Not many days before, the Neos in my home barony had been complaining that "No-one ever sings the old songs any more. How can we learn them?" Thus, the discovery of the mysterious parcel seemed Provident, if not serendipitous. It was a book Whose Time Had Come.

I set about getting it published.

Master Reginald of the Horns, seeing my bewilderment, surrounded by pages of music tossed about in a random manner, graciously offered to rewrite the musical scores in a consistent and pleasing manner. I owe a great debt to him for this labor, for I am confident that the Book would not have appeared in print until Pennsic XX or even later had the task of transcribing the music been left to me.

Thanks are also due to Mistress Greya Ankayrlyn, who took pity on the poor naked manuscript and created a cover for it. Her labors mean more to me than you might imagine.

Now all that is left is for you, dear Readers, to take up this book, cherish it, and SING. Whoever the poor, weary editor of this book may be, I am sure it would gladden his/her heart to hear these songs rising from your campfires and in your revel halls.

In Service,


Siobhan Medhbh O'Roarke

* Soon thereafter she moved and left no forwarding address.

"The Official Middle Kingdom Songbook"

Edited by Countess Valmai Arcalien

Cover by: Mistress Greya Ankayrlyn

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DEDICATION

To Their Most Royal Majesties Eliahu ben Itzhak and Elen o Dynevwr this book is respectfully dedicated.

In addition this songbook was compiled at the direction and under the patronage of The Curia Regis of the Middle Kingdom. It is therefore also dedicated to this sincere and hard-working group of Kingdom Officers who have always in my experience held the good of the Midrealm above personal gain.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This project has been nearly three years in the making. I owe many thanks to many people, and if I were to name them all, it would take pages. The biggest share of thanks goes to Tion Elduath and Bek Tarrant, who worked many long hours typing, retyping, adding, deleting, correcting, and finishing this book. Without their help, I'd still be in the beginning stages of all this.

I would also like to thank all those who contributed songs and moral support, especially Yosef Alaric, Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood, Aed of Avigdore, John ap Wynne, Azarael the Soul-Separator, The Dark Horde, The Shire of Dearnehealde, The Shire of Standing Stones, Fionn MacGiollapadraig, Crag Duggin (who gave up his songbooks to me for months and months and months), The Curia Regis (who instituted this project and nagged it to completion), and Una the Unwashed (who wouldn't leave me alone).

Many thanks also go to Siobhan Medhbh O'Roarke, who enabled this book to be printed quickly and as inexpensively as possible. I am most grateful.

Any project of this type is bound to have inaccuracies and for these I sincerely apologize, especially to any unknown and/or overlooked authors. I hope these mistakes can be corrected in a second, expanded edition, which someone else will do.

Every kingdom has songs. To some extent a Kingdom can be measured by the number and kind of songs its people sing. A book of this sort is necessary not merely for pleasure or to keep these songs from being forgotten over the course of time, but to serve as a record of the Midrealm, its strengths, weaknesses, history, sorrows and joys. I hope this songbook will serve as such a record and will inspire the writing of still more songs of our Kingdom and its people.

In Service to the Middle Kingdom,

Valmai Arcalien N'Ennessiel of Dernehelde

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PART I:

Songs Treating of Kings and Other Notables

"It is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King."

Pirates of Penzance

"I know the Kings of England, and
I quote the fights historical
From Marathon to Waterloo
in order categorical."

Ibid.

LAY OF THE MIDREALM KINGS

By Duke Syr Laurelen Darksbane

Great, though small, the warrior came
To build a kingdom, and so name
The Dragon Realm of which we sing
Sir Cariadoc became a king.

The Treegirtsea sent Knighthood forth
They came to Crown from out the North.
The reign was won and wisely ruled
As Franz in Knightly honor duelled.

The first, now third, came to the Throne
The realm grew strong as castle stone.
Declaring war in regal poem
Sir Cariadoc did after roam.

A pensive man whose reign was tossed
Like ship in stormy sea so lost.
His crown so heavy on his brow,
Sir Iriel, pray rest him, now.

Strength and honor far surpassed
The realm's Knights overborne at last.
The Prince's Crown when all was done,
Sir Andrew's reign was surely won.

A mighty battle at the last,
And humor, wit, and time well passed.
The "mad-King" came to sit the Throne
As Thaid made Kingdom's Crown his own.

Against him came assembled might,
Again, when day had turned to night,
He held a Crown, and long he thought,
Thus Andrew's second reign was bought.

A tree with apples red and gold,
The Arms he bore, this Knight of old.
Reptillian green his surcoat's hue,
Sir Merowald, a King, full true.

The third war in the Pennsic lands,
Battles pitched, his Prince's last stand.
The reign came fully filled, and well,
Of Bearengear this verse does tell.

A Hoardesman come to Knighthood's call
With sword sworn oath to Crown that fall.
Grace and honor, noble pride,
Sir Dagan ruled in measured stride.

A Scot whose clan was owned by none,
He fought a war without the sun.
In meadhall great, on rainsoaked field
Sir Rolac, wisely, power did wield.

An ill-starred reign that came to fail,
A sorry lay, this darkened tale.
New order from the chaos grown,
When Michael relinquished Crown and Throne.

Noble bearing, warrior's pride
As regent, said he would abide.
Dignity a quiet thing,
When Albert came to be the King.

A Knight whose honor bade him fight,
The Crown to wear again by right.
The third to, twice, the Crown so take
As Dagan, Prince the King did make.

Once Eastern King this prowtest Knight,
For MidRealm's Crown he came in might.
His loyalty now sworn and due,
Sir Finnvarr's fame and honor grew.

To furthest North he travelled far,
Again to follow Knighthood's star.
Again his skill and honor shone,
When Merowald made the Crown his own.

A Viking Master came to test
His arms among the MidRealm's best.
A great war's battle all would sing
When Moonwulf wore the Crown of King.

An old King's squire, young and true
Fought strong and well and gained his due.
A quiet man with prowess filled,
Nathan, the Crown, by combat willed.

He came to fight at King's bequest
His Knighthood won within the test.
Dragon Crown o'er golden mail
Sir Laurelen's name adds to this tale.

To win the Crown his fullest quest.
His Knighthood's prowess deemed the best.
The tourney finished in renown,
When Alen won the Prince's Crown.

A new made Knight then full well grown
To win a crown and take the throne.
Victorious King on Pennsic field
Chivalrous honor did Talymar wield.

The quest renewed in storied song
A second reign won true and strong.
The Crown, full circle passed, would bring
Syr Laurelen again as King.

A stone now marked the Pennsic field
Where MidRealm armies would not yield.
His Crown Prince led the charge to glory
As Hugo's reign passed into story.

The ancient throne won by his hand
Renown for prowess his reward.
While winter passed to spring he'd reign
Thus Moonwulf won the Crown again.

The MidRealm Crown, tradition old,
Of noble Kings, the history told.
The Dragon Throne in storied song
Through generations proud and long.

THE KING IS GRAND

CHORUS: Oh, the king is grand, he's the ruler of our land
And to his health we now drink
We speak kindly of his name, so we are not to blame
When they say that the King is a fink.

Now Cariadoc the bowman was a foe so strong that no man
Could ever land a blow upon his helm
Though before him all would tremble we knew he was really humble
He looked up to every subject in his realm. **CHORUS.**

All around the castle keep it was difficult to sleep
When Franz won the throne in all his might
A disturbance from the palace aroused all the people's malice
For no one could make him stop that blinkin' light. **CHORUS.**

When Cariadoc was lord, at the coming of the Horde
Full strong he stood against his people's foe
As he faced them eye to eye, one who's clever could espy
Our protector was forever on his toes. **CHORUS.**

Now the minstrels they do sing of Iriel the King
When Hippogriffs were all the Royal Fad
Though his foemen were persistent he could take a stand consistent
For his crown's the biggest headache that he had. **CHORUS.**

When they joke about his girth we could tell them of his worth
For no one could hold a fiddle
To Andrew of Seldom Rest, the truest and the best
The mighty King of the Middle. **CHORUS.**

Now when Thaid began to rule we all knew that he was cool
Especially the ladies fair
With a wench around to woo he would know just what to do
And we'd find him with half a dozen spare. **CHORUS.**

When Andrew took the throne we all knew it was his own
For it never more was used by other kings
And we all knew he was crowned though his strength which was renowned
And his armor which had magic in the rings. **CHORUS.**

Now Sir Merowald the Dragon fixed the other fighters' wagons
And he won the crown because he thought he'd wanna
So now sometimes you see, we call him Your Majesty
And at other times the Knight of the Iguana. **CHORUS.**

Good Sir Berengaer was reckoned had a place reserved at second
But his memory of the fact was rather cloudy
For he reached the first position, breaking down the old tradition
And the Middle Kingdom's getting rather Raudi! **CHORUS.**

POINTWORK

By Josef Alaric of the Baliset

(Tune: "Lizzie Borden")

Merowald to his fighters said, "To point is impolite,
And the man who uses pointwork will not be allowed to fight.
For safety is my issue, because we all know,
That pointwork is unsafe when you are dealt a killing blow."

So you can't use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,
And then go claim your shortsword was a spear.
No, you can't use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,
Unless the King changes his mind next year.

Now Andrew says that thrusting will hardly ever kill,
Of this ineffective practice he has certainly had his fill.
The King says it's too dangerous to ever let take place -
Besides, it's inauthentic, so we'll mash 'em with a mace!

But you can't use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,
With it your victim will not ever die,
No, you can't use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,
You couldn't even pin a dragonfly.

Certain portions of the body are too delicate to be
Jabbed at with a broadsword or a shortsword so you see,
But you can hit 'em with a halberd, or skewer with a spear,
'Cause when it's on a six foot pole there's nothing to be feared!

But you can't use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,
All swordsmen ever learned was how to slice;
No, you can't use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,
That kind of thing just isn't very nice.

Now, points are still on halberds, and so the pike and spear
And the battle-flails were outlawed for reasons that are CLEAR:
But the man who knows his pointwork, will tell you that it's so -
Without the use of points then Florentine will have to go!

But you can't use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,
And then go blame the damage on a mace;
No, you can't use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,
It ain't the way that they will let you place.

Then a great controversy arose in all the land,
It seems that there are people who doth think that pointwork's grand.
Then Bearengaer, the King, did say, "Upon it I can't frown -
With padding that is adequate you just might win the crown!"

So now you can use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,
The ruling's been changed by the Royal lord;
Yes you can use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,
Middle Kingdom is far cry from the Board!
REPEAT THE LAST CHORUS.

IMPERIUM COMPOUND

(Tune: "Lydia Pinkham's Medicinal Compound")

Here's a story, a little bit gory,
A little bit happy, a little bit sa-a-ad,
About a drink called Imperium Compound
And how the SCA's been had.

CHORUS: We think, we think, we think the king is
 a fink, a fink, a fink,
 A figure of respectability,
 Rules the Kingdom through Imperium Compound,
 The results are plain to see.

Words with Andy, you never should bandy.
He is strong enough to kill a moose.
Drinks copius Imperium Compound
But he can't take jungle juice. **CHORUS.**

Now, David Wilson, he taught us a lesson
And his praises we now si-i-ing.
With the aid of Imperium Compound
Any fool can be a king. **CHORUS.**

Merowald, he was bane of a scald, he
Has no attributes of which to si-i-ing,
Polite and formal, incredibly normal,
Are you sure that man's our king? Not really, **CHORUS.**

Now Berengaer, he was very wary,
And the fighters learned his blade to fe-e-ear.
Dipped his blade in Imperium Compound.
Now your're stuck with him all year. **CHORUS.**

There was Rolac. Some thought him a Polack.
But he was a Scot you see-e-ee.
He took treatments with Imperium Compound.
Now he's as wise as you and me. Not really, **CHORUS.**

Michael of Boar, he did not know the score, he
Had a lot of problems with his queen,
And the shit that he pulled down in Wurmwald
Turned the Midrealm Dragon green. (oh, Boarsy.)
CHORUS: (substitute: He needed a shrink, a shrink, a shrink,)

Master Moonwulf was a very great fighter,
He led us at Pennsic and we did quite well,
But he lost to Imperium Compound,
Now he collects his dues in hell. (He deserved it.) **CHORUS.**

Good King Nathan, some thought him a no one,
But his twilsey was the best around,
Then he drank some Imperium Compound,
Now his twilsey can't be found. (He's on it) **CHORUS.**

Laurelen Darksbane, as a king he is not vain,
As an elf he plays with squirrels in trees,
Then he drank some Imperium Compound,
Now he only needs the trees. (He's nutty) **CHORUS.**

The Board of Directors, styled themselves "The Electors,"
And another con they tried to swing;
Now the BOD drinks Imperium Compound,
So we no longer need a King. **CHORUS.**

The BOD, the BOD, the BOD,
It thinks it's God, it's God, it's God,
The figure of supreme authority,
And if we'd O.D. on Imperium Compound
There'd be no need for royalty.

In Part From: A Songbook of Some Middle Kingdom Favorites

NATHAN

By Thomas von Langenfeld

(Tune: "Banana Boat Song")

CHORUS: Na-than, Na-a-a-than
Nathan von Daritz he want to be king
(repeat)

Six foot, seven foot, eight foot sword
Nathan von Daritz, he want to be king
Big stick scare away big Dark Horde
Nathan von Daritz he want to be king. **CHORUS.**

White Tudor costume from Sartor
Nathan von Daritz, he want to be king
With Tudor costume he never wear sword
Nathan von Daritz, he want to be King. **CHORUS.**

Train in Guatemala for Pennsic War
Nathan von Daritz, he want to be king
Carries sword and shield to even the score
Nathan von Daritz, he want to be king.
CHORUS to fade out (about three times).

MIDDLE KINGDOM FOLK

(Tune: "The Pride of Petrovar")

Bold Sir Andrew, he of Seldom Rest
Of our swords he just might be the best
Great in skill and rather hard to kill
He beats hell out of the Middle Kingdom folk.

CHORUS: Oh, my friends, the revels there will be
From the Cleftland to the Tree-Girt Sea
And for fun and hospitality
There is no one quite like Middle Kingdom Folk.

Lady Ellen teaches us to dance
See the gentry how they skip and prance
She tries hard our culture to enhance
But pruncum-pruncum's favored by the folk. **CHORUS.**

Roland has a book that's coming out
No one knows just what it's all about
One thing sure, it's a sword-and-sorcery rout
That's enough to sell to Middle Kingdom folk. **CHORUS.**

See the Goths all standing in a line
In their armor, Goth, but they look fine
They've a test for those who'd join their games
You can get in if you'll just pronounce their names. **CHORUS.**

For the Dark Horde's favor I should bid
Won't swear fealty to the Kingdom, Mid,
I'll include them just as if they did
'Cause "Horde" won't rhyme with "Middle Kingdom folk". **CHORUS.**

I am told there'll be another war
But my body's still a little sore
And I'm broke from tournaments before
But that's the way of Middle Kingdom folk. **CHORUS.**

TREEGIRTSEA PROVINCE

By Wayland Jenet

(Tune: "Luckenbach, Texas")

There's only four things in the SCA that make it worth joinin'.
That's armor, good food, good swords and free-livin' women.
I don't need my name in the O.P. high;
I've got me a sword, got me a tourney tonight.
Isn't it time we got back to the Basics of SCA?

CHORUS: Let's go back to Treegirtsea Province
With Polly and Franzie and the boys.
This old Renaissance we're leading's
Got me longin' for the old High Gothic joys.
Go back to YTN's Horde songs
And Old Moonwulf's war songs
And lie to the Great Lords far away.
Back in Treegirtsea Province
We'll tourney on back to yesterday.

These tunics and tights are killin' me;
Levis were just fine for me in the good old days.
But now it's kilts and Tudor gowns;
Things ride up and in and down and every way.
We've been so busy keepin' up with those others;
Two alphabets, and we're still addin' on.
Isn't it time we got back to the Basics of SCA?

CHORUS: Let's go back to Treegirtsea Province
With Polly and Franzie and the boys.
This old Renaissance we're leading's
Got me longin' for the old High Gothic joys.
Go back to Azarael's Horde songs.
And Broken Mask's war songs.
And march along that old Inland Sea.
Go back to Treegirtsea Province
And tourney on back with you and me.

From Moonwulf's Still the King!

A GENERAL IN THE KING'S ARMY

(Tune: From "HMS PINAFORE")

When I was a lad, I started out right
As a whipping boy to Iriel the Knight.
I licked his boots and groveled on the floor
And polished up the quillions of his big broadsword.
I polished up the quillions so perfectly,
That now I am a General in the King's Army.

As Iriel's squire I baked him a cake,
As a birthday present, such a sight did make.
It was dark in the middle and encircled a crown,
And atop a hippogriff in flight was found.
He digested the cake so thoroughly,
That now I am a General in the King's Army.

Now the Kingdom of the Middle, was invaded by a Horde,
That was dark, and Mongol, with a Yang for a Lord.
And he stole the Queen, and leered at the King.
And I wanted ever so much his bloody neck to ring.
I wanted with desire so angrily
That now I am a General in the King's Army.

Now the Gothic blood flowing in my veins,
Insighted me to riot during Iriel's reign.
So I before to long the N.G.A. was made.
We trounced the Horde so thoroughly,
That now I am a General in the King's Army.

Now when Andrew took the throne, and the East went down,
And he fought with Berengaer, and won his second Crown.
As he went before King Thaid, to take his place,
I hurled several insults at his royal face.
I insulted the king so calously,
That now I am a General in the King's Army.

Now Middle folk all, whether sane or crazed,
If you want disgrace to follow all your days.
If your looking for excitement, like a torture rack,
My advice will keep you on the track.
Be a thron in the side of his Majesty.
And you all may be Generals in the King's Army.

TAKING CARE OF KINGDOM

By Matthew the Confused & Emeric Wendel

(Tune: "Taking Care of Business")

Well, you get up every new day to the Herald's "Oyez",
 Ride your big white horse into the list;
 It's a noisy shovin' journey, but you've got to judge a tourney
 To make up for all the ones you have missed;
 And, well, the Pale said 'Nine', but they never start on time,
 They'll be half an hour late at the least;
 You get qualified by ten, fight a couple rounds and then,
 It's time to go and change for the feast --

CHORUS: And you'll be takin' care of Kingdom
 (Every day)/(My Demesne)
 Takin' care of Kingdom
 (Every way)/(And the Queen)
 Takin' care of Kingdom
 (All the time!)/(It's all mine!)
 Takin' care of Kingdom
 And workin' all the time./And workin' overtime.

Roll your banner, grab your pack, toss your armour in the back,
 Point your fire-belchin' dragon out of town;
 After eighty miles of drivin', you're no close to arrivin'
 'Cause the Pale put in the map upside down;
 And then the Cops roll by and they pull you to the side,
 And they ask you why you're wearin' a crown;
 When you tell them you're the King, it don't seem to mean a thing,
 But at least you get directions downtown. **CHORUS.**

You've been revelin' and singin' 'til your head has started ringin'
 And the Crown is weighin' heavy on you;
 So you tell 'em, "Nice to see ya, but tomorrow there's Curia,
 And I gotta be up sober by two";
 But, then they fill your cup/stein
 With a brew that stands you up/blows your mind
 So you have another double to two;
 But it's so late that you don't know if it's Rivengut or Drano,
 So they tell you that it's Tullamore Dew! **CHORUS.**

From The Mynndd Seren Shire Hymnal

ANGUS' SONG

By Barak Raz

(Tune: "MTA")

Have you ever heard the story of an earle named Angus?
Went to tourney one fateful day.
Took his lady and his countess,
His claymore and his great ax.
Went to ride on the broad highway.

CHORUS: Did he ever stay home?
No, he never stayed home.
When will he ever learn? (Oh poor Angus!)
He may ride forever on the Eastern highways.
He's the earle who never stayed home.

It was on the Jersey Turnpike, he was doing one-ninety
And his foot was down to the floor,
Said "I've got two hours and five hundred miles,
But they won't let me fly here anymore." **CHORUS.**

On a sunny day, he tears down Route 90
And all's well with the world,
As Angus passes busses and rears by semis
Screaming, "Out of my way. I'm the earle." **CHORUS.**

He was in the peak of physical condition,
With one arm in a sling.
His thigh's in a cast and his ribs are bandaged,
But sure he'll make their helmets ring. **CHORUS.**

He pulled into the campsite as dawn was breaking.
The tourney was set for ten.
When they told him he could sleep for only three more hours,
He screamed, "Dear, sweet God, not again!" **CHORUS.**

He awoke, he bandaged, and he donned his armor,
Did his best to ignore the pain,
Stepped out of his tent into the flowing landscape,
Found the tourney had been called to rain. **CHORUS.**

PLAGUE RAT

By the Barony of Three Rivers

(Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

Our Seneschal gives bad instructions;
The stupid things aren't worth a dime,
And IF we get back to Three Rivers,
He'll get the Plague Rat one more time.

CHORUS: Plague Rat, Plague Rat,
The Seneschal gets in again, again,
Plague Rat, Plague Rat,
The Seneschal gets it again.

We got lost at the Sylvan Vale tourney;
We got lost on our way to two Crowns;
We got lost on our Louisville journey;
Dear Stephen reads maps upside-down. **CHORUS.**

He gets lost in his two by two bathroom
(There's an "EXIT" sign over the door.)
We've been meeting in SUPAC since Christmas,
But he still can't remember what floor. **CHORUS.**

His ox-cart's a rolling disaster
With Kleenex all over the floor;
If you're lucky, the brakes are still working,
But don't try to open the door. **CHORUS.**

His excuses are many and varied;
His lateness he always explains;
He leaves our group nervous and harried,
But the time and the place slipped his brain. **CHORUS.**

At the tourney there was great elation,
For Stephen's opponent had won.
Steve dies at the least provocation;
One blow, and the battle is done. **CHORUS.**

Oh, Stephen's a natural leader,
I must admit: He has got guts.
He goes out to fight with a greatsword
With nothing to cover his...Plague Rat, etc.

Dear Stephen's the bane of the creampuffs;
He stuffs them down with such great flair.
When chided about them, he rebuffs,
"It's alright; they're mostly air." **CHORUS.** (--Eldoreth)

Our Baron is known as a traitor
Who fights for the enemy South,
Whose loyalty's strictly proportionate
To the Lambrusco he puts in his mouth. **CHORUS.** (--Morgana)

The Meridies Master Sergeant
And Zarina's champion, too.
Uncle Steve, don't you think it's amazing
What a little Lambrusco can do? **CHORUS.** (--Morgana)

For victory, just follow Stephen
As he leads you boldly to fray,
Then leads your opponents against you
And treacherously runs away. **CHORUS.** (--Morgana)

Baron Stephen got drunk at Crown Trouney,
And he offered to fight for the South;
So next time we give him the Plague Rat,
Let's stuff the damn thing in his mouth. **CHORUS.** (--Brom)

His shield is built by a lady,
For Stephen that's truly a thrill.
He lends out his sword in Crown Tourney,
And finds out it really CAN kill. **CHORUS.** (--Atackqu'vix)

From: Tales of Baron Stephen Ironhand

This song refers to Stephen Ironhand when he was seneschal of Three Rivers.

PRINCE HUGO'S SONG

By Alison MacKieran Dhu

(Tune: Welsh: "Ton-Ŵ-Rottel")

Gentles, hear a tale of glory,
Knightly valor and honor bright,
When in tourney nobles gathered,
Testing by combat their mettle and might
While brave Brummar kept his vigil,
Grod the Doughty won renown;
Knighted on the field of battle,
Now two knights contest the Crown.

From the lists comes fair Sir Hugo,
Facing him who beat him before;
One to Grod, and one to Hugo,
Now the third fight, then no more
Grod now shieldless, Hugo pauses,
Drops his own for courtesy,
Still Sir Hugo wins the battle:
Crown reward of Chilvary.

From the front cover of the Pale, May XVI.

SEVEN HUNDRED ELVES

(Tune: Adapted from the song by Steeleye Span)

CHORUS: Seven hundred Elves from out the wood,
Tall and grim they were.
Down to the Tyger's house they went,
His meat and drink to share.

There was a Tyger in the East,
And there he chose his ground.
He thought to spend the Winter there,
And brought Tuchuk and Hound.
He brought with him both swords and spears,
And longly meant to stay.
And all the folk who held that land
Had cause to rue the day. **CHORUS.**

He broke his oath, his plighted troth,
The pact no longer stands.
And much was grievous to all else
When walked the stranger there.
He reaved the folk, he reaved the land,
With eager toil and haste.
Then up and spake the Cleftland Elves
"Who's come our land to waste?" **CHORUS.**

Up and spake the greatest Elf,
And grimly flashed his eyes.
"We'll march upon the Tyger's host
And cut him down to size!
He's knocked down the bond we had.
He shows us great disdain.
We'll make him rue the day he's born,
And taste of shame and pain. **CHORUS.**

The Midrealm King said, "Be it so!
Send summons through the land.
Let every warrior gird for war.
Heavy shall fall our hands!"
Then gathered Elves, and Elf-friends all:
Men, Dwarves, Dragons tall,
Wolf, Bear, Raven, Stag, forth they came
To breach the Tyger's wall! **CHORUS.**

All the Elves from out the woods,
Began to cut and swing.
They marched upon the Tyger's host
Behind their rightful King.
The Tyger from his fastness looked
And quickly crossed his breast.
"O woe is me!" the Tyger cried,
"The Elves will be my guests!" **CHORUS.**

At every stand he stove to cross
His hosts appointed doom.
But all to many a bright-eyed Elf
Had come to work his ruin.
He flew to the East, some flew to the West,
Some flew to the northern ways,
And some fell down to Hel's Dark Land
And there forever stayed! CHORUS.

**LADIES, DON'T LET YOUR FIGHTERS
GROW UP TO BE TANIST**

(Tune: "Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies
Grow Up To Be Cowboys")

Tanists aren't easy to love 'cuz they're gonna be King.
They'll soon decide about honors and such other things.
She wants a laurel, and he wants a willow
And each knight has squires that are great.
If you don't always nag him and he don't get drunk,
He'll probably come in real late.

CHORUS: Ladies, don't let your fighters grow up to be Tanist,
Don't let 'em use heaters and fight in them Crowns,
Let 'em be heralds in green and gold gowns.
Ladies, don't let your fighters grow up to be Tanist.
'Cuz they never stay home 'less they talk on the phone
'Bout who should be dubbed as a knight.

Tanists like sweaty old tourneys and late-running revels,
Little blonde chippies and laurels and even some knights.
Them that don't like 'em berate 'em
And them that do just want a new bunch of titles.
He ain't King, he's just Tanist, but he's gettin' offers,
So don't let him outta your sight. CHORUS.

From: Moonwulf's Still the King

THE BARON'S VANITY

By Baroness Arwyn Antarae

(Tune: "The Golden Vanity")

Once there was a group,
And they hosted Crown Tourney,
And the name of the group
Was Three Rivers Barony;
And there came to see our Kingdom
The Crowned Head of Meridies
Who consumed, among some other fiendish things,
A gallon of our finest mead.

Then up spoke King John
To our sodden Uncle Steve;
Bravely said, "I'll extract
A promise on this eve:
If you fight upon my side,
Then a triumph we'll achieve;
We'll drive the MidRealm's forces from our field,
Their shields and helms and guts we'll cleave.

"Well, I will give you silver,
And I will give you gold,
And a member of the King's own Guard
You'll surely be
If you fight against the side
Of the MidRealm enemy,
And lead the Southern side to victory....
And bring Three Rivers Barony!"

"There is only one condition,"
Said the Baron to the King,
"And if it is fulfilled,
Then surely to your side I'll cling:
If the MidRealm force is larger
Than the one you Southrons bring,
I'll leave behind the MidRealm's raiding team,
My own Kingdom abandoning!"

They returned to their drink;
Not another word was said.
They consumed the roast beast,
The soup, the cheese, the bread,
And enough more mead to loosen tongues
Or soften Iron Heads.
King John was smiling, slyly, hands outspread,
Picturing the win he coveted.

So we traveled to the South
To go fight the Border Raid,
And we talked about the tactics
Of an ambushade.
All the tents and banners present
Made it look like a Crusade.
The forces were drawn up in full array,
The Southern border to invade.

So we counted up our ranks,
And to Stephen's great dismay
The MidRealm's force was larger
Than that from Meridies!
He was sworn to fight the MidRealm;
King John's word he must obey!
He cursed the mead and wine consumed that day
That caused his loyalty to stray.

"AND your men," King John said,
"They must follow where you lead!
With the men of your group,
Our numbers will exceed
The forces Moonwulf brought.
Let the battle now proceed!
Master-Sergeant Stephen now our force will lead.
Brother Moonwulf, why don't you concede?"

"WAIT A MINUTE!" shouted Arwyn,
"All these fighters are not his!
These men come from the Horde,
And I'd surely be remiss
If I let them follow Ironhand--
That dreaded Nemesis--
He'd lead them to their deaths through carelessness
Or lose them in some foul abyss!"

Then up shouted Brom,
Always ready for a fight--
"In the MidRealm do I live,
And with them I'll kill and smite!"
"So will I!" cried Hlodoweschssun.
"Even though it may be trite,
I'll strike the Quisling Baron with delight!"
Cried Atackq'vix the Impolite.

"Though I'm not yet of the Horde",
Mused young Chepe L'Oragere,
"I'm not quite as stupid as I may appear!
I would rather lend my sword
To the side that's sure to win,
So to the MidRealm squad I'll volunteer--
I'll not act like a mutineer!"

So then up spoke King John,
And his eyes twinkled with glee.
"There's two squires here, Lord Stephen--
Bring them to our company!
Squire Lothan fights with us
By our Most Royal Decree.
We've heard of Squire Bellwood's chivalry;
He needs some notariety!"

Then Lord William turned quite red,
And Lord William got quite mad.
"Even though treachery
Now seems to be the fad,
I will disobey the Baron
(Even though he calls me 'cad')--
I'll not forsake my MidRealm loyalty,
Like some poor sheep from Trinidad!"

Master Moonwulf raised his voice,
And these were the words he said:
"Traitor Baron of Three Rivers,
I will see you dead!
HEAR YE THIS: I'll give some beer
And my praise unlimited
To the man among our fighters talented
Who brings to me this Traitor's head!"

Then the Raid did commence,
'Midst much shouting thru the trees.
Up the road went our King
To begin the rivalry.
Many deaths did then occur,
But the one necessity
Was to find the Traitor Baron rapidly,
To finish off his treachery!

Now the moral of my story,
(Please listen while I sing)
Is to never trust Lambrusco,
A Baron, or a King!
And the Traitor paid the price
of his drunken perjuring--
We tied him up and left him quivering,
The Baron we all call Quisling!

From Tales of Baron Stephen Ironhand

TO THE GREEN IGUANA

By Yosef Alaric of the Baliset

Said the King to the people of the Middle Kingdom
"I am the Lizard King, my dears."
Said the King to the people of the Middle Kingdom,
"I'll play the tyrant here."

Now the people of the Middle have bowed to many kings,
Some of which they couldn't tell their sex.
So the people of the Middle said to their King,
"Hail Tyrannasaurus Rex!"

CHORUS: So let's all sing for the Green Iguana
 I don't care if he don't wanna.
 Let's all sing for the Green Iguana
 He's been asking for a song.

Gwendelyn said to the minstrels of the land
"Let's hear some music that's proper.
For long I have listened to the music that's at hand,
It isn't worth a copper."

So the cry went out for Medieval songs,
And Medieval minstrels to sing them.
For Gwendelyn likes those Medieval songs,
But she doesn't like the Mongols to sing them.

CHORUS: So let's all sing for the Medieval Queen,
 For she ruled with Sir Merowald the Green.
 Let's all sing for the Medieval Queen,
 She's been asking for a song.

Then the Legion of the Black Fist invaded the land
And said to the King, "We fight for pay.
With any kind of weapons, in any kind of fight,
We would gladly save the day!"

So Angus said to Wilhelm, "Don't you know
Avarice is not a knightly thing?"
So Wilhelm said to King Angus,
"I know, I'm studying to be King!"

CHORUS: So let's all sing for the Mercenary Legion
 Without pay they have no allegiance
 Let's all sing for the Mercenary Legion,
 They've been asking for a song.

Angus and Patri did battle on the field
Two fighters whose prowess was dread.
Against Sir Angus, Sir Patri wouldn't yield,
And Angus, he fell down dead.

So the "BoD Squad" went out to carry him in.
There was a look on his face so forlorn.
They carried him in the feet first direction,
And the "Flasher King" was born.

CHORUS: So let's all sing for the Flasher King,
His words did have a familiar ring
(shouted) Don't Look!
Let's all sing for the Flasher King,
He's been asking for a song.

Baronial meetings can last for hours
Especially when the leaders' minds are set
So Andrew said to the people who were there,
"Has anybody got a cigarette?"

So Lady Jeanette, generously
Gave of her pack to him,
Now everybody knows, that Sir Andrew
And his squires smoke Virginia Slims!

CHORUS: So let's all sing for the mighty Dragonfly,
On the lists he would never ever ever ever
Ever ever ever ever ever ever ever (etc) die.
Let's all sing for the mighty Dragonfly,
He no longer asks for songs.

CHORUS: So let's all sing for the Green Iguana
I don't care if he don't wanna
Let's all sing for the Green Iguana,
He's been asking for it,
She's been asking for it,
They've all been asking for a....Song!

From The Grand, Combined Yosef Alaric/Pre-Dawn Leftist Megafilk Songbook (Volume 1)

A WAR SONG FOR TALYMAR AND VALMAI

By Friar Bertram

(Tune: "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen")

All Hail to Thee, King Talymar, and Valmai your fair Queen,
You rule the Middle Kingdom, finest realm the Known World's seen,
You won the Crown by force of arms, your blade was swift and keen,
Lead us forth into conquering and joy, conquering and joy,
Lead us forth into conquering with joy!

Oh Middle Kingdom Sovereign, our Eastern foes you'll teach -
"Don't get hopes up for Pennsic Wars, for once within our reach,
Yes, when our army's through with them, each one will need a leech!"
Lead us forth into conquering and joy, conquering and joy,
Lead us forth into conquering with joy!

All Hail the Midrealm Champions, you'll show the East who's boss,
The only thing the East could win would be a horseshoe toss,
When we ride roughshod over them, they'll wish they had Blue Cross,
Lead us forth into conquering and joy, conquering and joy,
Lead us forth into conquering with joy!

All Hail to Thee, Meridies, our allies brave and tall,
You travel far to Pennsic Wars - we love to hear your drawl,
If there's no room within each car - you'll come U-Haul, y'all!
Lead us forth into conquering and joy, conquering and joy,
Lead us forth into conquering with joy!

All Hail to Lady Valmai, she's our Queen - a scholar fine,
It is for her we take up arms at Pennsic Number Nine,
And, what's more, her subjects know, she keeps the King in line!
Lead us forth into conquering and joy, conquering and joy,
Lead us forth into conquering with joy!

First performed at the Border Raids, A.S. XV

THEY CALL HIM MASTER MOONWULF

By Earl Sir Alen Elegil
and Sir Grod Gondiris

(Tune: "Fight Song")

They call him Master Moonwulf,
He does his own PR;
Through his songs and through his words,
He's known both near and far.

Oh yes, they call him master Moonwulf,
He's the best you'll ever find;
All the fighters fall before his path,
And all the ladies fall behind.

Oh yes, they call him Master Moonwulf,
His swords are flashing bright;
But for all his fame and glory proud,
He'll never make a Knight (only Masters).

They call him Master Moonwulf,
The man with iron thighs;
Still all the girls fall at his feet,
To gaze at starry eyes.

Oh they call him Master Moonwulf,
His helm is polished bright;
But with all the rust that's there inside,
He'd better win the fight.

Oh they call him Master Moonwulf,
It's said that he's weak kneed;
For when the ladies dance with him,
It seems they have to lead.

Oh yes they call him Master Moonwulf,
And he's gonna tell us, today!
That he's number one, under the sun,
Master Moonwulf, Hip Hurray!

TAKYA

**By Earl Sir Alen Elegil
and Sir Grod Gondiris**

(Tune: "Come Together")

Here comes Takya;
She is groovin' up slowly;
She's a regal princess;
She's a noble royal;
She's got knights down on bended knees;
Got to be good lookin'
She can rule where she please!
Come do homage,
Right now;
On your knees.

She will be Queen,
And soon she'll rule the Middle;
But she rules it now
Well, maybe just a little;
She'll hold the throne so easily;
Sitting there in court so all the people can see!
Come do homage,
Right now;
On your knees.

Her Prince is Moonwulf;
But she gives the orders;
She can stop a battle,
She will end disorder;
When she asks something quietly;
And bats her eyelids at you, you get weak in the knees!
Come do homage,
Right now;
On your knees!

MOONWULF

By Sioneada O'Curran

(Tune: "Windy")

Who's reaching out to bash your best helm in
Smiling at everybody he kills
Who's gonna swing and take your best arm off
Everyone knows it's Moonwulf

Who's striding out in midst of a melee
Who's gonna crack your sword and your glave
Who's good at crashing right through your shield wall
Everyone knows it's Moonwulf

CHORUS: And when he fights Florentine
The fighters all run and scream
You know there's no in between
It's a gruesome scene
A gruesome scene

Who jumps for joy when slaughtering Tuchuks
Murder them all and everything's fine.*
Who can't remember what the last line is
Everyone knows it's Moonwulf

Who's reaching out to bash your best helm in
Who's gonna crack your sword and your glave
Who can't remember what the last line is
Everyone knows it's Moonwulf
Everyone knows it's Moonwulf

*(no insult to Tuchuks was intended, it just fit the meter--author's note.)

MOONWULF'S STILL THE KING

By Wayland Jennet

(Tune: "Bob Wills is Still the King")

From that coffee house in Wurm Wald to that Barn down in the Flame,
They tell us there's a King some where but won't well who's to blame.
Well I'm a Rivenstarkaan, and I know this one thing:
It don't matter where the sceptor lies, 'cuz Moonwulf's still the King!

I can still remember his charges at the war,
His fightin' with the Tuchuks, his feudin' with the bores,
Hear the guitars strummin' as he began to sing.
Oh, he may forget his lines sometimes, but Moonwulf's still the King!

You can talk about the North Woods and the first of Treegirtsea,
They're the founders of the MidRealm, on that we all agree.
But when you cross that Wabash River, hoss, that just don't mean a thing
'Cuz once you'r talkin' Riven, old Moonwulf's still the King!

Not you might think we Rivens have gone a bit uncouth,
So Trip across to Wurm Wald and get a load of truth.
It's the home of Baron Albert and the home of Moonwulf's queen;
They'll be the first to tell you, that Moonwulf's still the King!

From: Moonwulf's Still the King, courtesy of Damon de Folo

This song was written after Moonwulf's reign by his old friend, Wayland Jennet. It is rarely sung. --editor's note

SONG FOR CORWIN DRAGONSTAR

By Gwendolyn ap Ilewelyn

(Tune: "Suicide is Painless")

'Twas at the MidRealm Summer Crown
That word went up and word went down
That Corwin Dragonstar would fight
To win the throne with skill and might.
The day progressed with grief and mirth,
As valiant knights all fell to earth.
The quarterfinals, they drew nigh,
And Corwin staged his mighty try....

CHORUS: But suicide is painless,
It brings on many changes
And makes some entertainment for the mob.

Brave Corwin turned to face his foe--
The gallant Tonk A'Toi--and so
They both did honor--took their stand--
The marshals moved--the bout began.
Then Corwin moved with speed and skill,
Determined to achieve his will.
He snapped a shot to poor Tonk's head,
But Corwin killed himself instead....

CHORUS: For suicide is painless,
And Corwin must stay reignless.
We guess he didn't really want the job.

From He Went Down Swinging...

HELP ME BRUMMBAR

By Amleth MacAuleth

(Tune: "Help Me Rhonda")

The Atens cornered me, so I couldn't turn and run
They sparred with me before, but now the odds are ten to one.
Oh, Brummbar you fight so fine
Oh, I know it wouldn't take much time
For you to help me Brummbar,
Help me get 'em off of my back.

Help me Brummbar, help, help me Brummbar (repeat)
Help me Brummbar, yeah, get 'em off of my back.

They were gonna take Three Rivers so we were gonna fight
them all.
But the Atens swarm like lemmings and hide behind their
Shield-wall.
Oh, Brummbar you Calon-champ,
We could revel in the Aten camp,
If you'd just help me Brummbar,
Help me get 'em off of my back.

Help me Brummbar, help, help me Brummbar (etc.)

From: Standing Song Stone Book

THE MARVELOUS BEARD

By Mewt the Beggar

(Tune: "The Marvelous Toy")

When I was just a wee little lad
I saw a sight so weird
That I remember to this day
Humpk d'Bohunk's beard.
A wonder to behold it was
Made of steel wool bright
And the moment I laid eyes on it
It became my heart's delight.

CHORUS: It went "splorsh" when he ate
And "drip" when he stopped;
It never did stand still,
And I'll never know the reason why
He kept it full of swill.

It grew right out from the end of his chin
And fell down from his nose,
And when he curled into a ball
It wrapped around his toes.
He used it to strain all his soup
To keep out e'er a bug,
And when he went to sleep at night
He used it for a rug. **CHORUS.**

The years have gone by too quickly it seems
And I have my own little beard,
But no matter how I let it grow
It will not turn out weird.
It stops right at the end of my chin,
It's nowhere near my nose
And another thing that I don't like,
It will not reach my toes. **CHORUS.**

From: The Standing Song Stone Book

*Middle English
Song Book*

PART II:

Songs Treating of Battles Bold and Kingdom Glorious

"When the foeman bares his steel,
Tarantara, tarantara
We uncomfortable feel,
Tarantara."

Pirates of Penzance

"The House of Peers, throughout the war,
Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well."

Iolanthe

THE IMPOSSIBILITY SONG

By Trygve Sophister

(Tune: "Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream")

by Arlo Guthrie

Last night I had the strangest dream
 I'd ever dreamed before
 I dreamt the East had actually
 Won a Pennsic War

And there was ne'er a dispute there
 Who was or wasn't slain
 And I heard all the Gaelics swear
 That they'd never drink again

And each peer gave each commoner
 a welcome and a smile
 And all the maps to that site were
 Accurate to the mile

And no one there gossiped about
 Things they'd not seen or heard
 No Knights Marshal was forced to shout
 And no Count had the last word

And no one of the people there
 Had ever been in debt
 No herald lost his voice, I'd swear
 And nobody's tent got wet

The servers never spilled a dish
 The cooks order did reign
 No one bad mouthed the Eng-I-ish
 And the autocrats were sane

And then the Horde swore fealty
 Unto the humble King
 And there was perfect harmony
 When all the bards did sing

I saw a Noble execute
 A perfect reverance
 And gentles, all of good repute,
 Remembered ev'ry dance

The people there were Christians all
 In tune the bagpipes skirreled
 I knew then what I saw befall
 Was the end of this Known World.

Written: morning before battle
 Sunday, Pennsic X

DIRGE TO P.W. IV

By Yosef Alaric

(Tune: "House of the Rising Sun")

There is a place called Cleftlands
A place where there is no sun
And if you come to Cleftlands
You'd best be on the run

At Spencer's Farm in Cleftlands
Two kingdoms sworn to war
Approached to take the high ground
Then it began to pour

Said Aongais, "Let's start fighting!"
Said Rolac, "Are you mad?"
Said Aongais to King Rolac
"A little rain's not bad!"

The monsoon didst continue
King's Country now a bay
The leaders swore they'd stay there
And fight their war that day

With flood waters surrounding
They fought through blood and pain
The war at last was over
Won by hornets and rain

They put up with the lightning
Contended with the rain
The hornets were mere trifles
Next year they'll try again

There is a place called Cleftlands
A place where there is no sun
So don't wear Madras tunics
Else your colors they will run

From The Grand, Combined Yosef Alaric/Pre-Dawn Leftist Megafilk Songbook (Volume 1)

WHEN THE MIDDLE WENT TO WAR

By Moonwulf

(Tune: "The Rising of the Moon")

Well, the war pipes all were singin', fires burned with yellow light,
As bands of MidRealm fighters traveled Eastward through the night,
We were off to meet the menace of the deadly Eastern horde,
And we all rode hard by moonlight when the Middle went to war.

CHORUS: When the Middle went to war, when the Middle went to war,
We all rode hard by moonlight when the Middle went to war.

The Middle and the Eastern armies marched to meet their fate,
And we met that Eastern Tyger in the lands of Great Debate,
Our archers struck their vanguard, sturdy yeomen by the score,
And the arrows fell like death-hail, when the Middle went to war. **CHORUS.**

Twenty of our finest bladesmen clashed in bridgefight with the East,
And our swords and axes reddened as they made their bloody feast,
Seven men we lost in skirmish, valiant men who fell full sore,
But a single Eastern Tyger lived, when the Middle went to war! **CHORUS.**

Two score ten the MidRealm's heroes gathered on that Pennsic Hill,
Four score strong the Tyger's numbers marched against our lads and still,
They were swelled by hireling mercenary, slave, and black traitor,
But we met that Eastern onslaught when the Middle went to war! **CHORUS.**

Then the dragons of the MidRealm bravely faced that dreadful foe,
With our backs against the forest, we refused to run and so,
With our gallant Dark Horde allies, we turned and clawed and tore,
Every Dragon went down fighting when the Middle went to war! **CHORUS.**

The Eastern Tyger threw his forces on our castle strong,
But the effort bought him nothing, for the Dragons all had gone,
We had pulled the Tyger's whiskers, let him bellow at the door,
Then we pulled back in good order, and the Middle won the war! **CHORUS.**

From The Rivenstar Songbook, Volume One

ODE TO PENNSIC WAR IV

By Moonwulf

(First Verse's Tune: "Rising of the Moon",
Remaining Verse's Tune: "Lizzie Borden")

Oh, last year way out in Cleftlands, Rolac led us forth to war,
So that we could fight the Easterners at Pennsic number Four,
We marched on in with knife and mace and shortened ax and sword,
The Eastern Tygers didn't and that's how we won the War.

'Cause you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
The Eastern Fighters learned to their dismay,
No, you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
That extra steel keeps getting in your way.

Merowald, he led the harriers out to sneak and strike and run,
And to knock off Crown Prince Angus and to have a lot of fun,
They laid their ambush cunningly so they could win the day,
Then they turned around and found the Eastern Army in their way.

You can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
Not even when it's planned as a surprise,
No you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
And an ambushed ambush isn't very nice.

Father Odin raged and thundered down all through that grim campaign,
And showered lightning bolts around, and poured eternal rain,
We thought it quite inspiring as we slogged through bog and fen,
'Til we saw a soggy cinder where the sergeant should have been.

You can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
Especially when you see the lightning spark,
No, you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
Unless you feel like glowing after dark.

We found the Eastern Army drawn up out there in the mud,
And we closed with them and fought it out and turned it red with blood,
Oh, the fighting, it was vicious, as we closed in hand to hand,
And then we hit the beehive, and the corpses jumped and ran.

'Cause you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
If your codpiece stings and swells and turns bright red,
No, you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
The buzzing isn't coming from your head.

The battle finally ended there out in the mud and damp,
We could beat the Eastern Tyger, but we couldn't find the camp,
We finally found our way back and the final figures state,
"Middle Kingdom, three; East, two, and Mother Nature forty-eight."

But you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
And I'm tired of fighting while the rain pours down,
You can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
I don't mind steel but I don't want to drown.

Oh, you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
("Jump like a fish, jump like a porpoise,
Roll in the mud at Pennsic War Fourpus!")
You can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
("I been stung! I been stung!")
You can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
("Lissen, I got fifty bucks here, and if you give me that pair of
dry socks...")
I don't mind steel, but I don't want to drown.

From The Rivenstar Songbook, Volume Two

FARE THEE WELL, MIDDLE KINGDOM (LAMENT OF PW X)

By Moonwulf

Fare thee well, now to Cleftlands, and to Caer Anterth Mor,
Fare thee well, now to Wurm Wald, and to proud Rivenstar,
I march for the MidRealm, her banners I fly,
Fare thee well, Middle Kingdom, for this morning I die.

I see now the foemen, their numbers I glimpse,
As I follow a doomed King, and a dark, dying Prince,
Our valor is great as our numbers are few,
Fare thee well, me dear lady, my love lives with you.

Oh, the battle is joined as we charge to the fray,
And the EastRealm's black hirelings in legions we slay,
And death rides our sword blades, but courage counts small,
'Gainst the numberless foemen, and dying, we fall.

Fare thee well, now to Cleftlands, and to Caer Anterth Mor,
Fare thee well, now to Wurm Wald, and to proud Rivenstar,
Though vengeance shall follow, as years shall pass by,
Fare thee well, Middle Kingdom, this morning I die.

From The Rivenstar Songbook, Volume Two

PW ATE*

WORDS by Neandir, Lady of the Flame
Oscar of Stoneman
Duchess Anne Of Seldomrest

(Tune: "Blowin' in the Wind")

What other group puts their men in the field
And hacks at them till they are dead?
What other people will follow their Lord
Not knowing just quite where they're led?
And how many blows does it take from a sword
To know that you really are dead?

CHORUS: The answer today is join the SCA
The answer is join the SCA

How many wars must the Middle Realm win
Before the East knows that they've lost?
And how many deaths will it take till he knows
That they've got no idea of the cost?
And how many times can the Eastern Realm use
The excuse that they've been double crossed? **CHORUS.**

How many fights does a Lord have to win
Before he is crowned as a King?
How many songs must a person put out
Before people know she can sing?
And how many wars must a person attend
Before he knows just what to bring? **CHORUS.**

How many lines does a song have to have
Before it can come to an end?
What other place can you go just to kill
And know that you'll never offend?
What other place can you not know a soul
And end up with five thousand friends? **CHORUS.**

*Pennsic War VIII

TALE OF PENNSIC VIII

By Lady TSivia bas Tamara v'Amberview

(Tune: adapted from "Rimini")

CHORUS: When I left home for the Pennsic War
And I marched out to win or die,
Our valour made the hills to ring,
For this was our fierce battle cry--
The East cringed at our battle cry:
"Floriat semper Laurelen,
Floriat semper Ithrilliel".

Our archers shot the truest shafts
For they could do no less than win!
The Midrealm knights ripped through the pack
For loss was a terrible sin!
Before long, the Eastern chivalry
Lay dead on the ground after morn:
And many the Eastern lady
Who cried through the night, all forlorn! **CHORUS.**

The battle stretched on through day the first
And into the second as well.
And by the third morning at Cooper's Lake
We all felt assured this was Hell!
Beaten, battered and bloodied
We Followed our Liege Lord once more...
Now raising our splintered shields and
Dragging our bloodied swords. **CHORUS.**

The Eastrealm had massed in a clearing
So we, with our King, did the same.
We surveyed the proud Eastern army,
Like us, both bedraggled and lame.
We marched on the foe with our footmen,
We knew that it was death to fail...
Soon only the Middle was standing,
Soon only the dead told the tale. **CHORUS.**

We left from the site with tales to tell
Of victory, glory and fame.
All who had fought praised Ithrilliel
And heralded Laurelen's name.
Although I was naught but a younger lad
And surveyed the carnage alone,
I'd rather be a Middling soldier
Than sit on an Easterner's throne! **CHORUS.**

AWARD OF EXCELLENCE, PENNSIC WAR VII

SIX FEET OF ANDELCRAG

Words by Baron Aerdigwider von Zauberberg

(Tune: "The Panzerlied")

We'll march into honor through vict'ry in war
We'll fight with the foe 'till he'll stand and fight no more
For honor seeks the victor, the vanquished has been conquered by the sword.
And six feet of Andelcrag shall be his reward!

For strength is our armour and truth is our shield
And prowess the sword which through mighty deeds we wield
And chivalry our standard is, our foe shall see the might
Which we have stored,
And six feet of Andelcrag shall be his reward!

For there is a spirit which burns in our breasts
Which calls us in battle to strive to do our best
Our foes have come to meet their deaths and with their deaths
Our peace shall be restored,
And six feet of Andelcrag shall be their reward!

SEPTENTRIA

Words by Baron Aerdigwider von Zauberberg

(Tune: "O Canada")

Septentria, this is your finest hour.
May those you conquer know your power.
When you march to war you need take no more
Than the honor you command.
When the battles done honor shall have won,
Your vict'ry's in your hands!
Septentria, Septentria, your honor shines out for the world to see,
Septentria, I pledge my life to thee!

MEN OF CALON

By Goodleech

(Tune: "Men of Harlech")

Hark, I hear the foe advancing
Barbed steeds are proudly prancing
Helmets in the sunbeams glancing
Glitter through the trees.

Men of Calon, lie ye dreaming?
See ye not their falchions* gleaming
While their pennons gaily streaming
Flutter in the the breeze?

From the rocks resounding
Let the war cry sounding
Summon all at Kingdom's call
The haughty foe surrounding.

Men of Calon on to glory,
See your banner famed in story
Waves these burning words before ye,
"Middle scorns to yield".

'Mid the fray see dead and dying
Friend and foe together lying
All around the arrows flying
Scatter sudden death.

Frightened steeds are wildly neighing
Brazen trumpets loudly braying
Wounded men for mercy praying
With their parting breath.

See, they're in disorder
Comrades keep close order
Ever they shall rue the day
They ventured over the border.

Now the Saxon flees before us,
Vic'try's banner floateth o'er us
Raise the loud exulting chorus,
"Calon wins the field!"

*swords

MIDREALM WAR SONG

Words and Music By Gwendolyn ap Ilewelyn

Day is dawning o'er the MidRealm:
Brightly shines the sun on high.
Golden rays reveal our banners
Standing proud against the sky.
Red for strength and green for valor,
White for honor never soiled--
Thus we march, without a falter,
'Til the Eastern foe is foiled.

Foes! Beware the mighty MidRealm
With its fighters skilled and strong.
Woe to they who seek to conquer
Or to do our kingdom wrong.
Fiercely into battle charging,
Swiftly we strike--and ne'er abstain
'Til our Crown is safe defended
And its final threat is slain.

Day is dawning o'er the MidRealm:
Brightly shines the sun on high.
Through the crystal air of morning
Rings anew our battle-cry.
"Fighters, raise your swords and lances:
Drummers beat, and minstrels sing
For the glory of our MidRealm--
May her praises ever ring!"

From He Went Down Swinging...

ONWARD MIDREALM

Words and Music by Aed of Avigdore

Em Em F#m Bm
 Em G Em Em
 Em Em F#m Bm
 Em G Em Em

Marching onward forward to our glory
 Marching over valleys, fields and stream,
 Ever onward yield to none before us
 Battering our way upon the Green.

Am Am Em Em
 Em G Em Em

CHORUS Onward MidRealm, valiant are your fighters
 Bringing glories to you in war

Sword and buckler, halberds are behind us
 Shield wall bravely facing the East,
 Press then, onward, smite down all opponents
 Then we can retire to our feast. **CHORUS.**

Field and tourney we shall take the honors
 Downing all who gainsay our might,
 Rally MidRealm, gather now together
 We shall get to Pennsic tonight. **CHORUS.**

Wine and women waiting after battle
 Back at our pavillions tonight,
 Rest now warrior, you have won your honor
 Rest now 'til there comes another fight. **CHORUS.**

A MIDREALM HYMN

By Friar Bertram

(Tune: from a traditional Welsh Melody)

The center of the world is ours,
 The midrealm we call home,
 And from this land has come a folk
 Whose exploits rival Rome,
 The dragon banner, it is ours--
 Or, argent, vert and gules,
 So let that standard proudly fly
 Where'er the Midrealm rules!

All hail the Middle Kingdom
 With harp and lute and brass,
 For while the Center doth hold firm
 The glory shall not pass;
 Our knights--they equal Arthur's own
 With sword and lance and shield,
 Insuring Midrealm victory
 Whene'er we take the field!

All hail the Middle Kingdom
 Each Shire and Barony,
 For there is no more splendid realm
 "From sea to shining sea";
 Come Midrealm folk--we set high goals,
 Stive onward without cease,
 The Middle Kingdom is the land
 Foremost in War and Peace!



UP THE MIDREALM

By Brom Blackhand

(Tune: "Song of the Whalers")

When I was a boy of three,
My mom took me to the library
Saw me a picture book of a knight,
Hackin' like hell, gonna win him a fight.

Then I joined the S.C.A.
I learned new games that I could play
Walk around in a shirt of mail
Swingin' a broadsword and packin' a flail.

CHORUS: Tell me, what kind of fools are these
Who get up early on Saturd'ys
Saracens--Mongols--Vikings--and Celts
Fightin' each other and takin' their welts.
Ooay, up the Midrealm
Ooay, up the Midrealm
Ooay, up the Midrealm
Earli in the morning.

Make your helm from a Freon can
And a broadsword from a piece of rattan
Gauntlets, cup and a plywood shield
Next thing you know, you're on the field.

Get out from the shield you cower behind
And keep this object ever in mind:
Drive your opponent from the field
Kill him outright, or make him yield.

You fight near and you fight far
But it doesn't matter how good you are
You come home and you're black and blue,
For the other guy's always better than you.

CHORUS: Tell me, what kind of fools are these
Who get up early on Saturd'ys
In a gym or a college lawn
For glory, and honor, and bruises, LAY ON!
Ooay, up the Midrealm
Ooay, up the Midrealm
Ooay, up the Midrealm
Earli in the morning.

Reprinted from THE THREE RIVER'S SONGBOOK

Page 44

PART III:

Songs Treating of Ease and Small Pleasures

"A source of innocent merriment:
Of innocent merriment."

Mikado

WHITE BELT FROM NORTH WOODS

By Wayland Jennet & Jessica of the Colts

(Tune: "Oakie from Muskogee")

We don't act mundane up in the North Woods.
We don't like the songs the Hordesmen sing.
We don't like the EastRealm up in North Woods.
We like fightin' Crowns and bein' King.

We don't make a party out of melees.
We like bashin' heads and smashin', too.
We don't let our squires get rough and ruly
Like the Masters down in Rivenstar all do.

CHORUS: Well, I'm proud to be a White Belt from the North Woods,
A place where even squires can have a ball.
We still wear gold spurs down at the tourneys,
And white belts are still the biggest thrill of all.

Denim pants are still in style for manly legware.
Hose and silken tunics won't be seen.
The Baron's still the grimmest guy in tourney,
And the men here still respect the MidRealm's Queen.

CHORUS: Well, I'm proud to be a White Belt from the North Woods,
A place where even squires can have a ball.
We still wear gold spurs down at the tourneys,
In the North Woods of the MidRealm, S.C.A.

From Moonwulf's Still the King!

A CALONTIR SONG

BY Baron William Coeur du Boeuf

(Tune: "The Old Gray Mare")

We're not scared to fight with the chivalry
Or the men of TreeGirtSea
Or the Northwoods Barony;
We're not scared of the men of Cleftlands, see?
 We are from Calontir. We are from Calontir.
 We're not scared to fight with the chivalry,
 We are from Calontir.

(Men only)
We can drink champagne with the best of them,
Kumis with the worst of them,
Beer with the rest of them.
We are the Midrealm's big, hairy-chested men,
We are from Calontir.
 We are from Calontir. We are from Calontir.
 We are the Midrealm's big, hairy-chested men,
 We are from Calontir.

(Women only)
We have drunk champagne with the best of them,
Kumis with the worst of them,
Beer with the rest of them,
But our preference is the hairy-chested men--
The men of Calontir.
 The men of Calontir. The men of Calontir.
 But our preference is the hairy-chested men--
 The men of Calontir.

From the CALON SONG SONGBOOK

THE LAND IS VERY FLAT IN CALONTIR

By Friar Bertram

CHORUS: Oh, the land is very flat in Calontir,
Yes, the land is very flat in Calontir,
Elevation's not allowed,
They're flat-landers -- and they're proud,
Oh the land is very flat in Calontir!

You can't run a decent ambush, 'cause the cornstalks aren't that wide,
And the waving of the wheat sheaves would tip off the other side,
In this land there is no cover, so there's only one way how --
If you want to run an ambush, first you've got to find a cow! **CHORUS.**

Oh the winds blow very strongly in the Calontir-y lands,
And I hear they have pet zephyrs that will answer their commands,
When they send them 'gainst their enemies, I hear it's quite a sight,
You don't mess 'round with tornadoes if you want to live to fight! **CHORUS.**

I hear the night-life really swings, up in Coeur d'Ennui,
And I hear the sailing's lovely on your own Forgotten Sea,
And your first and foremost barony, it always tries for more,
I hear this place Three Rivers plans to change it's name to Four! **CHORUS.**

OPTIONAL CHORUSES:

Oh, the mead is very flat in Calontir,
Yes, the mead is very flat in Calontir,
'Cause whenever you unstop
You don't get no fizz or pop,
Oh the mead is very flat in Calontir!

Oh, the ladies are not flat in Calontir,
No, the ladies are not flat in Calontir,
Low cut dresses are allowed,
They get wolf-whistled and WOWed,
Oh, the ladies are not flat in Calontir

This song was written for and first performed at the Feast of Changelings
in Three Rivers, February 9th, A.S. XIV.

LAMENT OF A NOVICE

By Moses ben Eldad

(Tune: "Finnegan's Wake")

Oh, I just joined the SCA,
I'd really like to be a knight,
They said, "Your white belt's on its way,
But first, you'd better learn to fight."
I heard if you don't win a challenge
In the lists you can't compete.
They said, "King Asbjorn there can help you:
Throw a gauntlet at his feet!"
Broken shield and broken helm,
Broken arm -- What can I say?
That's the first mistake I made
The year I joined the SCA.

I asked, "Is there another way?
I couldn't face the King's attack."
They told me, "Join the next melee:
Go hit some people in the back."
Laeghaire just killed me with a sword,
Balin's axe is in my face,
Baron John, he bit my leg,
Eaudimon hit me with a mace.
Bloody nose and twisted fingers,
I don't like the games they play.
That's my second big mistake
The year I joined the SCA.

I said, "For fighting I don't care;
What else is there a knight can do?"
They said, "Attend the ladies fair:
A court of love may smile on you."
They told me, "Come, seduce a maid!"
With eager lust my heart was filled.
They said, "These ladies want a man" --
And brought me to the Virgins' Guild.
Female scream and vicious kick,
I thought she'd be an easy prey.
That's the third mistake I made
The year I joined the SCA.

They filled my goblet to the brim,
 For drinking is a knightly deed;
 The revel grows a little dim:
 I think I had six pints of mead.
 I tried to drink Sir Angus down
 "He can't hold very much", they said.
 I hauled a willing wench upstairs
 And passed out when we hit the bed.
 Fuzzy teeth and aching skull,
 I don't think I'll live through the day.
 That's the fourth mistake I made
 The year I joined the SCA.

Now, armourer's a noble trade,
 But first, I need rattan, of course.
 Eight bucks a yard, the deal I made --
 For Barak was my only source.
 The ninjas sang insulting songs,
 Where lies and slander floated free.
 I said, "To write one can't take long;
 If Yang can do it, why not me?"
 I slandered every knight, and now
 I'll have to fight them all, today.
 That's the last mistake I made
 The year I joined the SCA.

From The Eastern Kingdom Songbook

HARK THE HERALD

By Tamal ibn Vakare

(Tune: "Hark the Herald the Angels Sing")

"Hark!" the Herald AElfgar screams,
 "Don't use blues on top of greens,
 Or and argent, that all right:
 Metals and tinctures do not fight.
 Use a bend, no Highland plaids,
 Keep it simple, please, my lads,
 Azure, vert, purpure, and gules
 Must follow all my Herald's rules.
 "Hark!", the Herald AElfgar screams,
 "Don't use blues on top of greens."

"Hark!", the Herald AElfgar yells,
 "Don't use cars and oilwells,
 Period, we beg you please,
 Tygers we can draw with ease.
 Please don't ask for rubber bands:
 These must pass through Laurel's hands;
 We draw rampant couchant too,
 Dancing the Hustle no can do.
 Hark!", the Herald AElfgar yells,
 "Don't use cars and oilwells."

From The Eastern Kingdom Songbook

MIDREALM LADIES

Words and Music by Moonwulf

I sing the praise of the MidRealm Ladies,
By far the fairest in all the land.
Their grace and beauty of form and figure,
Would charm the heart of the strongest man.

They rise at morning like swans to sunlight,
On wings of beauty into the dawn.
My heart's been lost to the MidRealm Ladies,
A heart once guarded, now stolen and gone.

My mother warned me 'gainst MidRealm Ladies,
"If you go nigh them you'll ne'er return".
My mother spoke true of the MidRealm Ladies,
To know them is all that I ever need learn.

My lords, go find you a MidRealm Lady,
And love her and praise her with all your soul.
Fight for her honor, with death avenge her,
And make her favor your highest goal.

I sing the praise of the MidRealm Ladies,
By far the fairest in all the land.
Their grace, their beauty of form and figure,
Would charm the heart of the strongest man.

From The Rivenstar Songbook, Volume One

LADY MATILDA'S SONG

By The squires of Sir Kinnegrae

(Tune: "I Don't Know How to Love Him")

I don't know how to feed them,
What to do, how to clothe them.
There were four; now there's twelve more.
In these last few months, when I've turned my back
They've lined up by the door.

I don't know how to take this.
I can't see where he finds them.
He's a man. He's just a man.
And he's had so many squires before
I really can't complain.
What's just one more.

Should I roar and frown?
Should I scream and shout?
Should I tear my hair,
Really bawl him out?
I never thought I'd come to this:
What's it all about?

Don't you think it's rather funny,
That I should be in this position?
I'm the one who's always been
So calm, so cool (a bloody fool!)
Running every show.
How could I know?

Yes, if he brings some more home
I'll be lost, I'll be frightened.
I couldn't cope. Just couldn't cope.
I'd turn my back, I'd run away.
I wouldn't want to know!
How could I know?
This wears me so!

SONG OF THE PEOPLES

Traditional

(Tune: "They'll Know We Are Christians")

Oh, they sleep with their ponies and they very seldom wash, (SING TWICE)
And they drink fermented mare's milk and they very often slosh,
And we'll know they are Mongols by their smell, by their smell,
And we'll know they are Mongols by their smell.

Oh, they mount on their ponies and forth they do ride, (SING TWICE)
And whenever they get upwind, the peasants choke and hide,
And we'll know they are Mongols by their smell, by their smell,
And we'll know they are Mongols by their smell.

Oh, they sound like a landslide that is going in reverse, (SING TWICE)
And a trio of tone-deaf mules could hardly sound worse,
And we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs, by their songs,
And we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs.

Oh, they play on an instrument that makes a dead dog flee, (SING TWICE)
And just to hear their music makes a foeman bend his knee,
And we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs, by their songs,
And we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs.

Oh, they set sail for England and arrive south of France, (SING TWICE)
And they stomp on the floorboards and they think that it's a dance,
And we'll know they are Vikings 'cause they're dumb, 'cause they're dumb.
Yes, we'll know they are Vikings 'cause they're dumb.

Oh, they love to loot cattle and rape wenches too, (SING TWICE)
But they sometimes get it backwards and they don't know what to do,
And we'll know they are Vikings 'cause they're dumb, 'cause they're dumb,
Yes, we'll know they are Vikings 'cause they're dumb.

They keep pigs in the kitchen and they eat with their knives, (SING TWICE)
And they take entertainment in the sleaziest of dives,
And we'll know by their manners that they're Huns, that they're Huns,
Yes we'll know by their manners that they're Huns.

Oh, they sleep on the table or you'll find them beneath, (SING TWICE)
And whenever folk get married they will send a funeral wreath,
And we'll know by their manners that they're Huns, that they're Huns,
Yes, we'll know by their manners that they're Huns.

Oh, they drink beer and whiskey and they never sober up, (SING TWICE)
And they smell like rancid stills and their breath can dragons stop,
And we'll know they are Celts by their booze, by their booze,
Yes, we'll know they are Celts by their booze.

Oh, they ferment all their shamrocks and they make some Rivengut, (SING TWICE)
And if you take a real big swig you'll end up on your butt,
And we'll know they are Celtics by their booze, by their booze,
Yes, we'll know they are Celtics by their booze.

Oh they leap upon ladies and they very often miss, (SING TWICE)
And when ladies faint from their bad breath they think that it's their kiss,
And the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan, they're Don Juan,
And the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan.

They spend hours at the mirror and rehearsing all their lines, (SING TWICE)
When their lady yawns from boredom, it's from passion she repines,
And the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan, they're Don Juan,
And the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan.

They wear lace at their collars and they show their legs in tights, (SING TWICE)
And the colours of their clothing would make the darkness bright,
And we'll know they are Tudors 'cause they're fops, 'cause they're fops,
Yes we'll know they are Tudors 'cause they're fops.

They wear tunics so short that they barely cover the gut, (SING TWICE)
And the ladies like to vote on which one has the best butt,
And we'll know they are Tudors 'cause they're fops, 'cause they're fops,
Yes, we'll know they are Tudors 'cause they're fops.

From The Eastern Kingdom Songbook

THE VIKING CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Gwendolyn ap Ilewelyn

(Tune: "The Wassail Song")

Here we come a'pillaging
Among the leaves so green.
Here we come a'robbing,
So bold to be seen.

CHORUS: Rape and fire come to you,
And to all your country too.
And we'll send you some Vikings
And a horde of Huns this year --
And we'll send you a horde of Huns this year.

We are not small-time raiders --
We sack from shore to shore:
And we have rabblers
Whom you have seen before. **CHORUS.**

From He Went Down Swinging...

GOD REST YE, FRANTIC AUTOCRAT

By Master Tivar & Lord Moondragon

(Tune: "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen")

God rest ye, frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember that your great event
Is still a month away,
Don't panic yet, there's lots of time
And don't get swept away.

CHORUS: And sing ye in chorus :
"Never again, never again",
And sing ye in chorus:
"Never again!"

God rest ye, frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember that your great event
Is still two weeks away.
The site is grand, though if it rains
It just might wash away. **CHORUS.**

God rest ye, frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember that your great event
Is still a week away.
The music's fine if only they
Remember how to play. **CHORUS.**

God rest ye, frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember that your great event
Is still three days away.
The feast is planned, the food's been bought
Though God knows how you'll pay. **CHORUS.**

God rest ye, frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
Despite the fact your great event
Is scheduled for today.
The tourney's grand, the rain won't last
For very long, they say. **CHORUS.**

God rest ye, frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
The herald's lost his voice, and he
Can't even cry "oyez",
The list-field's under water;
A tornado's on the way. **CHORUS:**

God rest ye, frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
The ants have eaten half the food
And dragged your tent away,
Some mundane called the cops, and they
Took all the knights away. **CHORUS.**

God rest ye, frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
It's getting cold, it just might snow,
You'd better start to pray.
The fire won't start, the food will spoil
So serve it anyway. **CHORUS.**

God rest ye, frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
The feast was grand, though half the court
Is dying of the plague.
The revel would have been great, but
The tavern blew away. **CHORUS.**

God help ye, frantic autocrat,
You'd better run away,
The Queen is mad, her tent and King
Have both been washed away.
It might be wise to change your name
And quit the SCA. **CHORUS.**

(Last verse courtesy of Varg):

God help ye, frantic autocrat,
Now hide ye while ye may,
The gentry loved that damned event
That ended yesterday.
They're asking for another one;
The King hopes you'll obey.

CHORUS: And they're singing in chorus:
"Do it again, do it again",
And they're singing in chorus:
"Do it again!"

THE HOSPITALLER'S SONG

By Lord Vargskol & the Bjornborg Tacky Songs Guild

(Tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")

The gentry are sleeping one by one, oyez, oyez,
The gentry are sleeping one by one, oyez, oyez,
The gentry are sleeping one by one,
It's very restful, but not much fun.
The gentry are sleeping anywhere they can.

The gentry are sleeping two by two --
A very period thing to do... etc.

The gentry are sleeping three by three --
I think that's MY hand on my knee... etc.

The gentry are sleeping four by four --
On the furniture, on the floor... etc.

The gentry are sleeping five by five --
With everybody except their wives... etc.

The gentry are sleeping six by six --
And Ranyart is up to his usual tricks... etc.

The gentry are sleeping seven by seven --
(Ladies:) Call in the knights and we'll all be in heaven... etc.

The gentry are sleeping eight by eight --
Hurry up, Sir Randall*, you're gonna be late!...etc.

The gentry are sleeping nine by nine --
A little bit crowded, but mighty fine... etc.
(or: "I don't know why, it must be the wine...etc.)

The gentry are sleeping ten by ten --
No one's asleep and it's morning again ... etc.

* "Sir Randall" may easily be replaced by the name of someone known to your group, whom you'd like to immortalize.

From The Eastern Kingdom Songbook

BACK IN THE SCA AGAIN

By Wayland Jenet

(Tune: "On the Road Again")

Back in SCA again
Just can't wait to get back in SCA again
I found I love to be medieval with my friends
I can't wait to get back in SCA again

Back in SCA again
Go to Baronies I've never been
Meeting friends that I may never meet again
I can't wait to get back in the SCA again

Back in SCA again
With the Horde and Gypsies we go down to touney
We might flunk again, but gafiatin' bored us in a hurry
So don't worry
'Cuz we're back again
Just can't wait to get back in SCA again
I found I love to be medieval with my friends
I can't wait to get back in SCA again

Back in SCA again
For the Pale and T.I. we'll send out our money
I'll buy rattan again, and even wear the hose that feels so funny
So funny

Back in the SCA again
Just can't wait to get back in SCA again
I found I love to be medieval with my friends
I can't wait to get back in SCA again
And I can't wait to get back in SCA again

From Moonwulf's Still the King!

THE CHIVALRY

(Tune: "The Invalids")

We're all men touched by royal steel
We wear a white swordbelt
And whether on or off the field
Our presence will be felt.
One warning we would give to all
Please listen what we say
Unless you also wear the belt
Best not get in our way.

CHORUS: For we are called the Chivalry
Our swords are very strong
And while our steel controls the field
Well, we can do no wrong!

Our ranks are filled by the elite
The rest are cannon fodder
And as for social graces, well,
We never have to bother
For in this Current Middle Age
We're royalty, not servants
And if your armor's strong enough
Who needs to be observant? **CHORUS.**

We're proud of being barbarous
Our manners are alarming
But if your arm's as strong as ours
Why bother being charming?
If someone dares to criticize
In word or deed or song
We'll challenge him to trial at arms
And show the world he's wrong! **CHORUS.**

If someone rises in the field
To challenge our control
He doesn't bother us a bit
However brave or bold.
This man will not be such a threat
He won't create a fuss
We'll just give him a belt like ours
And then he's one of us! **CHORUS.**

MY SENESCHAL'S FAULT

(Tune: "My Favorite Things")

Tourneys that start late and courts that are too long,
Fighters that fall 'cause they tied their own shoes wrong,
Buttons that fall off and soup without salt,
We know these things are our seneschal's fault.

Weather that's rainy and dirt on that new gown
Lists that go on until just after sundown,
Armor that's broken and girls who say halt,
We know these things are our seneschal's fault.

When my sword breaks,
When the soup's cold,
When I'm feeling lame
I simply remember Fiona's her name and that she's the one to blame.

Schedule revisions and banquets with cold food,
Kings who are irate and conduct that is lewd,
Unwritten reports and beer without malt,
We know these things are our seneschal's fault.

Rotten performers and mixed-up reporters,
Captions with wrong names and off-key recorders,
Favors not returned and fields of basalt,
We know these things are our seneschal's fault.

When I'm injured,
When the map's wrong,
When I sing off-key,
I simply remember Fiona's her name and that she's the one to blame.

From A SONGBOOK OF SOME MIDDLE KINGDOM FAVORITES

DESCENT OF THE DRAGON

By Donal MacRorie

(Tune: "Johnnie O' Braidislee")

The dragon-ships cam sailin doon
Wi' the stars above tae steer;
The seas were calm in the midnight breeze,
And the moon was shinin clear, clear,
And the moon was shinin clear.

The clansmen gathered on the ridge
As the rovers neared the shore;
The Scots had near a thousand men,
But the Northmen had still more, more,
But the Northmen had still more.

The longships beached in the morning swell
As the tide cam sweepin in,
And the rovers stormed upon the shore
Wi' their steel bright and grim, grim,
And their steel bright and grim.

The clansmen met them on the beach
Wi' claymore, axe, and targe,
And they drove the Northmen frae the shore
As the pipes they skirled the charge, charge,
As the pipes they skirled the charge.

The Danish axe and the claymore met
In that deadly clash of steel;
The berserks carved a bloody path,
But still the Scots were leal, leal,
But still the Scots were leal.

The fight was long upon the beach
As the sun crossed o'er the sky,
And Odin laughed in his golden hall
As he watched the warriors die, die,
As he watched the warriors die.

Now ravens circle in the sky
And the beach is heaped wi' dead.
The sun now hides behind the hills,
And the tide is bloody red, red,
And the tide is bloody red.

The dragon-ships are sailin hame
Wi' the booty they bought dear,
And raiding they will gang no more
When the moon is shinin clear, clear,
When the moon is shinin clear.

THOR'S SON

Words by Robert E. Howard

Music by Baroness Arwyn Antarae

Serpent prow on the Afric coast
Doom on the Moorish town;
And this is the song the steersman sang
As the dragonship swept down:

I followed Asgrimm Snorri's son around the world and halfway back,
And 'scaped the hate of Galdjerhrun who sank our ship off Skagerack.
I lent my sword to Hrothgar then; his eyes were ice, his heart was hard
He fell with half his weapon-men to our own kin at Mikligard.

And then for many a weary moon I labored at the galley's oar
Where men grow maddened by the rune of row-locks clacking evermore.
But I survived the reeking rack, the toil, the whips that burned & gashed;
The spiteful Greeks that scarred my back & trembled even while they lashed.

They sold me on an Eastern block; in silver coins their price was paid;
They girt me with a chain & lock; I laughed and they were sore afraid.
I toiled among the olive trees until a night of hot desire
Blew me a breath of outer seas and filled by veins with curious fire.

Then I arose and broke my chain and laughed to know that I was free,
And battered out by master's brain and fled and gained the open sea.
Beneath a copper sun adrift, I shunned the proa & the dhow,
Until I saw a sail uplift, and saw and knew the dragon prow.

Oh, East of sands and sunlit gulf, your blood is thin;
Your gods are few;
You could not break the Northern wolf and now the wolf has turned
On you.
The fires that light the coasts of Spain fling shadows
On the Eastern strand.
Masters, your slave has come again with torch and axe in his red hand!

Reprinted from THE THREE RIVER'S SONGBOOK

SIXTEEN KNIGHTS

By Goodleech

(Tune: "Sixteen Tons")

Some people say a knight is made out of mud
But a fyrdman is made out of muscle and blood.
Muscle and blood, plate and mail
A mind that's weak and an arm that's hale.

CHORUS: You fight sixteen knights, what do you get?
Another bruised shoulder and deeper in debt.
St. Moonwulf don't you call me 'cause I can't go
I owe my soul to the armorer's store.

Well I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine
I picked up a broadsword and I went to the line.
I found sixteen knights to pulverize
And the Earl Marshal cried "Authorized!" **CHORUS.**

Well, I was born they say in the drizzling rain
Fighting and trouble is my middle name.
Raised in a cane-break by an old mama lion
No high born woman makes me toe the line. **CHORUS.**

If you see me coming better step aside
A lot of knights didn't, a lot of knights died.
I can fight any style and make my kill
If my broadsword doesn't get you, then my bastard will. **CHORUS.**

Well, I'm thirty years old and a Master, too.
I won Crown Tourney, it was easy to do.
I'm a Duke thrice over, give me my due,
If you don't cow tow, I'll whup on you! **CHORUS.**

Also
in the
book
Songbook

LITTLE SAXONS

By Morgana bro Morganwyg

(Tune: "Little Boxes")

Little Saxons on the hillside,
Little Saxons made of ticky-tacky
Little Saxons on the hillside,
And they all look much the same.

There's a kite shield, and a round shield,
And a barrel helm and a conical,
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky,
And they all look much the same.

And the Vikings from the Dragon Ships
Come charging and hit the Saxon lines
With a war ax, and broad sword,
And a bastard and a mace.

And the Saxons they all tumble down
And roll down the hillside,
And they're all cut to pieces,
And they all look just the same.

And the Vikings take the village,
And carry off all the gold,
And they rape all the maidens
And burn the village just for fun.

There's a smoking mound and smoking mound
And a smoking mound and a smoking mound,
And there's nothing left but smoking mounds
And they all look just the same.

Little Saxons on the hillside,
Little Saxons made of ticky-tacky,
Little Saxons on the hillside
And they all look just the same.

There's a kite shield and a round shield,
And a barrel helm and a conical,
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky
And they all bend just the same.

Little Saxons on the hillside,
Little Saxons made of ticky-tacky,
And they're all hit by the Vikings
And they all die just the same.

LITTLE GREEN SNAKE

Made famous by TarKhan Perygen Northhymbr, O.W.

Have you seen my green snake, my little green snake?
Was he standing on the ceiling like a fly does?
Did he wipe away a tear and ask where I was?
In his heart, he's such a friendly little cuss.

Did you see the green man, and the tattooed Indian?
Now did you know their names were Mudd and Merkle?
I know this 'cause I'm in the Inner Circle....
I am one of them, and, now, you're one of us....

Oh, the flying alligators are delightful;
I would often seen those fellows in the hall,
And when I was in my cups,
They'd lick my hands like pups,
But the one I miss at twilight most of all

Is my little green snake in the little blue tree.
When my thoughts get kind of hazy,
There's one question drives me crazy:
When my little snake gets drunk, does he see me?

From: The Rivenstar Songbook, VOL. I

BEARSARK RAG

(Tune: "Muskrat Ramble")

I just read in my T.I. that we should all prepare to die
For you must fight within the Lists as though there's steel within your fists.
When you get out there to fight, you swing with all of your might
For it's one--two--three--why do we strike full force?
Don't tell me that it's absurd, I follow Bearsark's word
And it's five--six--seven--open up the pearly gates
Well, our is not to question why,
Whoopee! We're all gonna die!

Walk across the people bunchin', listen to those bones a-crunchin',
See the fighters start to hurt, watch the blood fall out in spurts,
Be the first one on the floor to get yourself all covered with gore!
And it's one--two--three--(etc.)

Splinter temples and sever arteries, shatter craniums, hit 'em harder, please,
Hit so hard they'll hear in Donnegal, but list your injuries with your senechal
If you can't knock off his head, then smash his kidneys instead
And it's one--two--three--(etc.)

Set your sword against the slim one and get pounded by the grim one
If you think that you're the best, go and challenge Seldomrest
Be the first Knight on your block to send your squire back home in a box!
And it's one--two--three--why do we strike full force?
A rule we can't afford, that's why I joined the Horde!
And it's five--six--seven--answer this if you will...
Would you like to be the first to die?
Or, maybe...the first to kill?

From: A Songbook of Some Middle Kingdom Favorites

A SONG FOR MAIDENS GREEN FROM ENVY OR OTHER CONDITIONS

By Sion Andreas o Gwenydd

(Tune: "Waltzing Matilda")

Once a jolly maiden stepped into the fighting list.
Armored in finely wrought carpet was she,
And she smiled, and she laughed, and she called a challenge loudly out,
"Come, oh my lords, come and fight with me!"

CHORUS: "Come on, I dare ya!
Come on, I dare ya!
Come, oh my lords, come and fight some with me!"
And she smiled, and she laughed,
As she swung her rattan 'round about,
"Come on! I dare ya to fight with me!"

Up jumped a squire from a-playing with his lego set.
"Now, my good maiden, your mettle we'll see!"
So they fought, and he died, as the maiden laid her well about.
"Come, oh my lords, come and fight with me!"

CHORUS: "Come on, I dare ya!
Come on, I dare ya!
Come, oh my lords, come and fight some with me!"
So they fought, and he died,
As the maiden laid her well about.
"Come on! I dare ya to fight with me!"

Up jumped a baron with his white wolf and his basket hilt.
"Fluffikins!" the maiden announced with glee.
So they fought, and he died, as she dealt another blow so stout.
"Come, oh my lords, come and fight with me!" **CHOURS.**

Up jumped a duke with his gold shield and red dragonfly.
"A humbug! The outcome is plain to see!"
So they fought, and he died, as the maiden did in triumph shout,
"Come, oh my lords, come and fight with me!" **CHORUS.**

Up jumped a duke who'd been many times a Western king,
And all but the bravest before him did flee.
So they fought, and he died, and rose calling for a second bout.
"Come, oh my lords, come and fight with me!" **CHORUS.**

Up jumped the maiden, confronted by a cloved fruit,
Brutally snatched from her reverie.
She partook, and complained, and later she was heard to pout,
Wait 'til I'm qualified and then they'll see!" **CHORUS.**

SPLENDOUR OF THE CRUSADES

By Salamis of Cyprus

(Tune: "Kisses Sweeter than Wine")

When I was a young man with time on my hands
I got to thinking over how to get lands.
So I took the cross and I bought me a sword
And went way across the ocean to snatch my reward.
Oh, oh, splendour of the Crusades.
Oh, oh, splendour of the Crusades.

I travelled to Venice where I looked for a ship
Nearly sold my honor to pay for the trip.
We stopped in Cyprus, and lived the good life
Did a little fighting and the King took a wife.
Oh, oh, splendour of the Crusades.
Oh, oh, splendour of the Crusades.

When we reached the City of Ancient Renown
They barely restrained us from sacking the town.
We looted and we pillaged and we all got a share
The country was Christian---but we didn't care.
Oh, oh, honour of the Crusades.
Oh, oh, honour of the Crusades.

We put seige to Acre with a few thousand men
We raped all the women and killed off the men.
We fought some more with Saladin and treated for peace.
The Lion-Hearted's interest was beginning to cease.
Oh, oh, tired of the Crusades.
Oh, oh, tired of the Crusades.

Now I am old and quite settled down
I run the cheapest hospice this side of town.
Got a taste for spices, got a Saracen wife
And I'm happy 'cause I got me an indulgence for life.
Oh, oh splendour of the Crusades.
Oh, oh splendour of the Crusades.

From The Mynndd Seren Shire Hymnal

A VIKING CHRISTMAS IN WALES

By Mattew the Confused

(Tune: "Deck the Halls")

This a Viking's yuletide cheer,
Slit some throats from ear to ear,
Kill their soldiers and their chattel,
Rape their girls and then their cattle.

This a Viking's Christmas pleasure,
Take some civilized folks' treasure,
Take their stronghold and their village,
Show them how to burn and pillage.

Strike the harp and join the chorus,
Drench their town with white phosphorus,
Sing a song and strike the lyre,
Tell them all it was Greek Fire.

(This verse courtesy of Miles Atherton De Grey:)

Rape and pillage, burn and murder,
This time in the proper order,
Split the men from top to bottom,
Smoke their corn fields, if they got 'em.

Now, we're gone, it is a pity,
But there's no gold in your city,
Now you need no longer fear,
But we're coming back next year.

From The Mynndd Seren Shire Hymnal

SIDEWAYS

By Yosef Alaric of the Baliset

When I was but a lad of three,
My father up and said to me,
"Son never trust a Monarchy, and never get involved with a B.O.D."
And yet somehow it seems today, I'm a paid up member of the SCA
With Kings and Queens and a B.O.D.'ay
And this is what I have to say...

CHORUS: Poohbah! Up the Imperium
Poohbah! Up the Imperium
Poohbah! Up the Imperium,
Up the Imperium....Sideways.

Now Sir Paul Belatrix, in the "Page", says we gotta grow up, act our age,
By the Moon and Stars and even Sun, we gotta start to learn,
'n stop having fun.
Says the SCA is not for fun, and we must learn this, everyone
Says it won't do no good to pout, if you don't conform you should
get out. **CHORUS.**

Now from the past I do recall, BoD's not Imperial at all
"We're no Imperium", they say, "We govern matters as mundane"
Yet in the East, my own true home, we had two pretenders to the throne
BoD ruled for one on one fine day, if we don't agree,...G'bye SCA. **CHORUS.**

Now, if you've been thinking all along this song's been coming on too strong
SCA's been a Hobby, right or wrong? Which is the point of all my song.
But hobbies should be all in fun and not a load on anyone
If the SCA were just a ball, I'd not have written this at all, so...

CHORUS: Poohbah! Up the Imperium.
Poohbah! Up the Imperium.
Poohbah! Up the Imperium.
Up the Imperium....End over end.

From The Grand, Combined Yosef Alaric/Pre-Dawn Leftist Megafilk Songbook (Volume 1)

DON'T ASK THAT QUESTION HERE

By Maegril Elentur o Amon

(Tune: "All for the Best")

1:

When you're in pain
Face down in the dust
Your brand-new chain
Is covered with rust
Your lady's moaning, groaning,
As her favor she's disowning
Broadsword is cracked, your shield is hacked,
Your spangenhelm's ready to bust
Your thighs overnight
Have turned a deep blue
You'd bet that knight
Used lead pipe on you--
And you wonder
Just what does it take to be a peer?
Don't ask that question here!

2:

Some fighters do it all with ease,
Killing who they please
Wear a happy smile while they're swinging
Never in a rout
Never lose a bout
Make a sword appear by your ear
They always fight at Crown
Always knock 'em down
Always have a good chance to be King:
They're not called "Your Grace" yet,
But give 'em a year!
They've got their ladies at the call
Coronets and all
Never catch 'em dead at a filk-sing
Summers at the Wars
Which are always bores
'Cause they always lead from the rear
But who are the belts for,
And never the welts for?
You can't ask that question here!

1 & 2 slow:

When you're in pain
Face down in the dust

swinging

Your brand-new chain
Is covered with rust

Your lady's moaning, groaning
As her favor she's disowning

Broadsword is cracked,
Your shield is hacked,
Your spangenhelm's ready to bust
Your thighs overnight
Have turned a deep blue (yessir!)

You'd bet that knight
Used lead pipe on you

And you wonder--
Just what does it take to be a peer?
Don't

Ask that question here!

1 & 2 fast, then:

Just what does it take to be a peer?
Don't

Ask that question--

If you hold your body dear...

Don't

Ask that question--

Don't

Ask that question--

You really want to see next year?

Some fighters do it all with ease
Killing who they please
Wear a happy smile while they're

Never in a rout
Never lose a bout
Make a sword appear by your ear
They always fight at Crown
Always knock 'em down
Always have a good chance to be King
They're not called "Your Grace" yet,
But give 'em a year!

They've got the ladies at their call
Coronets and all
Never catch 'em dead at a filk-sing
Summers at the wars
Which are always bores
'Cause they always lead from the rear
But who are the belts for,
And never the welts for?
You can't

And never the welts for?
You can't

You can't

If you have a shred of fear...

You can't

DON'T ASK THAT QUESTION HERE!

From: Songs of the Northern Kingdom, lyrics copyright 1983 Jeff Howe

IF YOU'RE SCA

By Jahn Malkin aMalkin

(Tune: "If You're Happy and Know It")

(This song is a pantomime song. The words in ()'s are spoken, and the sections in between the /'s are the gestures that go with the lines. The beginning and ending are set, but you can play with and add to the rest of the verses to your heart's content, and audience's patience.)

If you're SCA and you know it, join my song, (Join his song)
/point at self/
If you're SCA and you know it, join my song, (Join his song)
/point at self/
If you're SCA and you know it, then you really out to show it,
If you're SCA and you know it, join my song, (Join his song)
/point at self/

| | | |
|------------|-------------------|--------------------------------|
| Royalty | doff your crown | (My crown) /doff crown/ |
| a Knight | show your belt | (My belt) /thumbs in belt/ |
| a Master | show your baldric | (Baldric) /thumbs in baldric/ |
| a Fighter | draw your sword | (My sword) /draw sword/ |
| a Viking | swing your ax | (My ax) /swing ax over head/ |
| Armigerous | display your arms | (My arms) /unroll scroll/ |
| Armed | shout clear! | (Clear!) /draw belt knife/ |
| Hoarde | show your cord | (My cord) /hands holding cord/ |

If this song has gone too long, say enough, (Enough!)
If this song has gone too long, say enough, (Enough!)
If this song has gone too long, say enough, then you shouldn't sing along,
If this song has gone too long, say enough! (Enough!)

From The Mynndd Seren Shire Hymnal

I AM A DANE

By Gwyneth Espicier

(Tune: "I Am a Rock")

Out at sea
In a dragon-prowed warship
I am alone,
Thinking of the plunder
I will get today
As I rape and burn
And pillage on my way.
I am a Dane.
I am a Viking.

Don't talk of fear.
I've heard the word before
But never quite understood
what it meant
I've never feared a foeman,
I just hack them in two,
If you're in my path
I'll probably kill you.
I am a Dane.
I am a Viking.

I built this ship
To carry me to England,
From there to France and Germany
There I will raze hamlets,
Towns and cities, too.
I'll make your village
One big barbecue.
I am a Dane.
I am a Viking.

I have my charms
And Odin to protect me.
I have my shield and my armor.
Riding in my scow,
Standing in the prow,
I dream of standing
Ankle-deep in blood.
I am a Dane.
I am a Viking.

And a Dane feels no pain.
And a Viking never cries.

JINGLE HELMS

By Barak Raz

(Tune: "Jingle Bells")

Dashing through the fray,
With a double-bitted axe,
O'er the field we go,
Killing all the way,
Swords on helmets ring,
Making sparks so bright,
O what fun it is to sing
A slaying song tonight.

Bash a helm, smash a helm,
Kill a man today,
O what fun to profit
As you pillage rape and slay,
Bash a helm, smash a helm,
Kill a man today,
O what fun to profit
As you pillage rape and slay.

From The Eastern Kingdom Songbook

THE KUDA-YARI MAN

Words by Baron Aerdigwiddler von Zauberberg

(Tune: "The Royal Forrester")

I am a vet'ran of many wars, the Pennsics and the rest,
I've fought with many weapons, still I think that spear's the best.

CHORUS: With my kuda-yari, my kuda-yari, my kuda-yari in hand.

And with it I've killed knights in chain, and with it I've killed kings,
Yes with it I've left hundreds slain and done many wondrous things. **CHORUS.**

Some call me Nariakira, some call me Shimazu,
But all my friends call me Bahadur and you can call me that, too. **CHORUS.**

I've fought with many weapons and I've gone to many realms
I've pierced many breastplates and I've cloven many helms. **CHORUS.**

So I ask you to lay down your swords and take up your good spears,
For the weapon that's the longest is the one the enemy fears. **CHORUS.**

A GERMAN BEER SONG ASPIRING TO BECOME A NATIONAL ANTHEM

Words by Baron Aerdigwiddler von Zauberberg

(From: "The Star Spangled Banner")

Won't you come sit with us and enjoy a cool beer
For in just a short while there will be battle here.
Yes, we all like to fight with a pole or a spear
And when a melee is called you will see us drawing near.
Fighting in the hot sun 'till the battle is won
Seems awf'ly hard work, so for now let's have fun!
Let's toast to our host for we're drinking all his beer
And when the battle is joined we'll be passed out right here.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF DUCAL

By William the Watchful, Audeline de Rheims & Ragangytha Ormsdottir

(Tune: "Twelve Days of Christmas")

A campsite with no tree.
Two Port-A-Johns,
Three pounds of beef tongue,
Four questors questions,
Five hours of rain,
Six goats for Menlinde,
Seven caber tosses,
Eight kinds of oatmeal,
Nine nuts cavorting,
Ten scouts a-screaming,
Eleven autocrats hiding,
Twelve roman candles.

From The Mynndd Seren Shire Hymnal

HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CRUSADE

By Barthel aus Pennswald

(Tune: "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas")

Have yourself a merry little Crusade, let your heart be light.
From now on, we all must be prepared to fight.
"Have yourself a merry little Crusade," you can hear us say,
Even though our homeland is so far away.
Here we are in the Holy Land and the Holy Land is ours.
Rescue it and expel from it all the Infidels once more.
Through the fight we all will be together and we do avow
To hang their bloody heads upon the highest bough
And have ourselves a merry little Crusade now.

"Have yourself a merry little Crusade," did my lady say
As I locked her belt and took the key away.
"Have yourself a merry little Crusade, make salvation yours
And rescue the Holy Land from all the Moors.
As you go to Jerusalem, royal city of our Lord,
Faithfully I will wait for you--let me keep the key, my Lord!"
"Though you say you always will be faithful and will keep your vow,
I'll keep this key so that I can remember how
And have myself a merry little Crusade now!"

From: A Year in Calontir

ZORABB'S SONG

By Brummbar von Schwarzberg

(Tune: "Winter Wonderland")

Slave chains ring....are you listening?
In the air, whips are whistling
What a beautiful sight, a flogging tonight!
Traveling with a slave caravan.

Gone away is their freedom
Sell 'em to whoever needs 'em.
We sing a war song as we go along,
Traveling with a slave caravan.

In the meadow we can burn the village;
We can burn it right down to the ground!
Then we'll rape the women and we'll pillage...
Or maybe it's the other way around?....

Later on, we'll conspire
Dividing loot around the fire.
To face unafraid the enemies we made,
Traveling with the slave caravan.

MONGOL NIGHTS
For Arwyn Antarae

By Morgana bro Morganwyg

(Tune: "Moscow Nights")

On the castle wall where the guardsmen walk,
The Noble stands alone with his fears,
When the morning comes, then the Mongols ride,
And for him it is the end of years.
When the morning comes and the Mongols ride,
For him it is the end of years.

In the castle keep where the women pray,
The priest can give no ease for their pains,
When the next night comes they may all be dead,
Or captured, enslaved, in chains.
When the next night comes they may all be dead,
Or captured, enslaved, in chains.

On the facing plains where the campfires gleam
Mongol raiders wait for the dawn,
When the first light glows, then they mount and ride,
Nothing stands whole when they move on.
When the first light glows, then they mount and ride,
Nothing stands whole when they move on.

When the next nights moon rides across the sky,
Where a fortress stood is a ruin,
The Lord and fighters dead, and the women gone,
Lonely winds sing a mournful tune.
The Lord and fighters dead, and the women gone,
Lonely winds sing a mournful tune.

FAVORITE THINGS

By members of Mynndd Seren Shire

(Tune: "Favorite Things")

Freon tank helmets and big wooden swords,
Raping and looting by huge Mongol hordes.
Revels that last until Angelus rings,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Thick shaggy carpet and mattress pad armor,
Belt it down tightly and say you won't harm her.
Staring at road maps and losing the way,
Getting there early--sometime the next day!

Eating strange dishes with only your fingers,
Listening to music by amateur singers.
Being an autocrat, what do you get?
Ulcers, but maybe your own Purple Fret.

When the helm dents,
When the sword breaks,
When I'm feeling bad.
I simply reach out,
For my favorite drink,
And then I don't feel -- so bad.

From The Mynndd Seren Shire Hymnal

PART IV:

Authentic and/or Original Songs

"Faint heart never won fair lady:
Nothing venture, nothing win --
Blood is thick, but water's thin --
In for a penny, in for a pound --
It's Love that makes the world go round."

Iolanthe

TO DUCHESS ZARINA

Words and Music by Johanna of Dendermonde

Farewell then since thou art resolved
To leave those who so long have honored thee.
And know that where'er thou mayst journey
Our love and our good will shall go with thee.

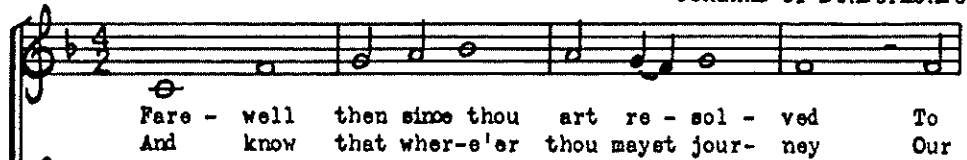
Noble lady, valiant queen,
Thy name shall in our hearts remain,
All Midrealm doth thy praises sing
And prays thou wilt return again, Zarina,
Zarina, Midrealm remembers thee, Zarina.

(For music, please see page 80A & B)

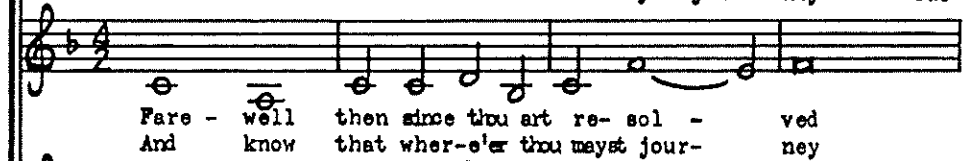
To Duchess Zarina

words and music by
Johanna of Dendermonde

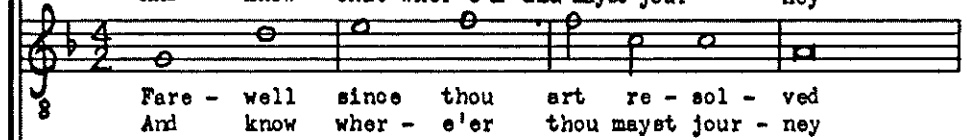
soprano



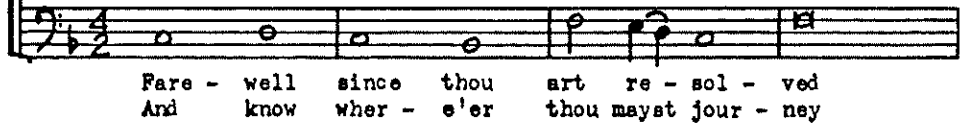
alto



tenor



bass



leave those who so long have ho-nored thee
love and our good will shall go with thee. 0

To leave those who so long have ho - nored thee
Our love and our good will shall go with thee. 0

To leave those who so long have ho - nored thee
Our love and our good will shall go with thee. 0

To leave those who so long have ho - nored thee
Our love and our good will shall go with thee. 0

no-ble la- dy, va-liant queen, Thy name shall in our hearts re-main, All
Mid-realm doth thy prais-es sing And prays thou wilt re- turn a-gain, Ze-

no-ble la- dy, va-liant queen, Thy name shall in our hearts re-main, All
Mid-realm doth thy prais-es sing And prays thou wilt re- turn a-gain, Ze-

no-ble la- dy, va-liant queen, Thy name shall in our hearts re-main, All
Mid-realm doth thy prais-es sing And prays thou wilt re- turn a-gain,

no-ble la- dy, va-liant queen, Thy name shall in our hearts re-main, All
Mid-realm doth thy prais-es sing And prays thou wilt re- turn a-gain,

ri - na, Za- ri - na, Mid-realm re-mem-bers thee, Ze- thee.

ri - na, Za- ri - na, Mid-realm re-mem-bers thee, Ze- thee.

Za- ri - na, Za- ri - na, Mid-realm re-mem-bers thee, thee.

Za- ri - na, Za- ri - na, Mid-realm re-mem-bers thee, thee.

LIONS AND LEOPARDS, OR AMBERVIEW

Words and Music by Ly. TSivia bas Tamara V'Amberview

My cell it is small and too hot, never cheerful,
The guards at my door, "to protect me", are eight.
I stand at the window and look for my saviour,
But hopes of brave princes cannot change my fate.

Alas! For the days scented full with Scotch heather,
The air of my homeland is stronger than wine.
But now I breathe only the odour of England.
Tho' pleasant to some, it shall never be mine.

Ah, where are the moors, and the glens, and the corries,
The mist in the hills after sweet summer rain?
My window now looks over dull English landscape --
The serfs, and the livestock, and tall amber grain.

The feel of the peat underfoot as I scampered
O'er land which was Father's, both hilltop and glen,
Was soft and embracing, like love of a mother...
Please God! Just allow that I see it again.

They came in the night after Father had left us
To fight with the Bruce, for our King and our law.
They burned and they pillaged, those "brave English soldiers",
Few lived to retell the carnage we saw.

House carls lay bleeding in stairs and in chambers,
Women were raped in the frenzy of war.
My home they then fired, and as we went a'running
They slew us like chaff -- I know none got too far.

Mother they slew, thinking her but a hand-maid,
I heard one lament at her ransom now lost.
I snatched up a dirk from a body I knew once...
How could I know what that action would cost?

The time since the death of my home, it is plenty,
And many's the day I have cried in this room.
They hold me for gold from the Baron, my father...
But they tell me naught which would lighten my gloom.

Gone is my home, and my friends, and my mother.
And gone is the Barony once to be mine.
Gone too is my youth, like the sun in the winter,
Gone are my riches, my dresses so fine.

I wait for the day my prince charming shall greet me
And once he has freed me the church bells will chime.
But I am too old for the tales of my nanny,
Fairy tales told to the bairns at naptime.

Now I must wait for the day of my freedom.
I pace in a room which is draughty and cold.
I sit, and I watch, like the Lion of Scotland...
One day I shall fight, like that Lion of old.

Still I keep watch, for a strong Scottish army
With Robert the Bruce as my King, at her head.
And each night I pray for the soul of my Father
For hielantmen whisper... 'the Baron is dead...'

January 30 A.S. XV...Written for the Baronial Poet Laureate Contest

My cell it is small and too hot ne- ver cheer- ful. The
guards at my door to pro- tect me are eight. I
stand at the win- dow and look for my sav- ior, but
hopes of brave prin- ces can- not change my fate.

THE DRAGON SONG

Words & Music by John Cohen

Am G Mountains top in misty cave
Am E Safe within his keep,
Am C Weary from a playful night
D D Here the dragon sleeps.

CHORUS:

A A A Dragon flies on freedom's wings
E A A Crying through the night,
A A D Magic darting 'cross the sky
E A A Chasing lightning's flight.

In the Valley rides a man
His sword glints in the sun,
Icy features hid behind
A helm that speaks to none;

Traveling far and riding long
To boast this final quest,
The man looks to the mountain peak
And knows he soon will rest. **CHORUS.**

Dragon startled from peaceful dreams
An evil presence near,
Darkness flashes from sorcerous eyes
Incantations strike his ear;

His helm removed, the menace stands
Pulsing sword held high,
Eyes meet eyes a power flies
And thunder rips the sky. **CHORUS.**

As thought meets thought and memories bare
And magic reaches peak,
Pure pity fills the dragon's mind
The man vanishes with a shriek. **CHORUS.**

THE ROGUE

Words and Music by Aed of Avigdore

| | |
|-------------|--|
| Am Em Am Am | I saw a maiden fair one day who by the roadside lie |
| Am Em Am Am | And asked her what misfortune had been there to make her cry |
| Am Em Am Dm | She said "I saw my man today, a courtier by his side |
| Am Em Am Dm | It broke my heart for yesterday I was to be his bride |
| Em Am | but I am just a rogue." |

I said to her "young maiden fair, I need one such as you
To do a thing in rebel cause no man could ever do
I need someone to enter in the Master's fortress tall
And wait until the day when we will summon by our call
In short, I need a rogue."

She looked at me in quick dismay, and then she looked surprised
And then a look of cunning, sharp, came on into her eyes
She said, "If I can help the ones who are hurt worse than I
I shall then join your cause, oh sir, until the day I die
For I am just a rogue."

She took position in the house and as maid-servant stayed
Until the summon came to her and woke her where she lay.
She slipped then quickly past the guard and caused the gate to raise
And as the rebel army came, they shouted all their praise
To this one, single rogue.

She left the buttress quickly then, and went to take her stand
Against the one responsible for the losing of her man
She came upon the Matriarch with rapier in hand
And said, "Madam, I know that you will never understand
That I am just a rogue."

The Matriarch then blocked her strike and swiftly rammed her through
Now all the rebels gathered 'round to see what they could do
They swiftly caught the Matriarch and brought her up then to
A trial for the murder of the lovely woman who
Had claimed to be a rogue.

The lovely maid laid in the blood and quietly did cry
"Oh why, my God, is it you hurt me 'til the day I die?
Answer me, I do implore, please tell the reason why!"
Quietly she mumbled then, in seeming self reply,
"Because, I am just a rogue."

We picked her up then quietly when death had crossed her face
And buried her beneath the sod in honored resting place
And through all time and distance as I go along my way
I always, in my memory, will see how she did lay
That one, innocent, rogue.

DIRGE

Words and Music by Aed of Avigdore

Am Em Am Dm Am
 Am Em Am Dm Am
 Am Em Am
 Am Em Am

DIRGE Why must we go to the hills, oh lord, why?
 Why must we hide in the hills, oh lord, why?
 Why can't we fight our foe?
 Why must we go?

OVER SONG

Listen, my people, you know we can't stand
 Against the cold steel their men have in hand
 Why would you stay?
 Would you die today?

Oh, my people, I see all your scars
 Burns, the cold steel lift deep, deep in your hearts
 Would you rather stay
 Would you die today. **DIRGE**

Now my people I see what you want
 Yes, I know now, why it is you chant
 You would rather stay
 Even to die today

Oh, my people, we won't go to the hills.
 No, my people, we won't hide in the hills.
 Yes, we shall stay,
 And will fight today.

Am Em Am Am
 Am Em Am Am
 Am Em Am Am
 Am Em Am

Now we won't go to the hills
 Now we won't hide in the hills
 Now we can fight our foe
 For we won't go.

(Music goes with song on next page)

I sit by your side as the last em-bers glow. Though
 sun- light be dawn- ing, still time pas- ses slow. The
 night leaves an odd chill, cold wa- ter feels warm. The
 wait- ing, the watch- ing, 'tis hard to be bourne.

THE SCOUT AND THE ELF MAID

Words and Music by Lady TSivia bas Tamara v'Amberview

I sit by your side as the last embers glow,
Tho' sunlight be dawning, still time passes slow.
The night leaves an odd chill, cold water feels warm.
The waiting, the watching, 'tis hard to be borne.

Soon daylight will part us -- you'll answer the call...
Sharp horns and bright drummers shall waken them all.
The bows shall bend back: the scouts run so fleet --
To horses! Don armour! The battle we'll meet!

Your pennants and banners will glow in the sun,
And only those standing will show us who won.
A field green and red-daube with carnage and gore
Will mark the last battle where peace was no more.

But war has its place, too...and this is not it.
Not 'round the lone scout fire where you and I sit.
Your helm lies beside you, a face without eyes.
This morning you'll wear it to muffle my cries.

You wear naught but padding which tells of no rank.
Your hauberk you'll don soon to guard the Kings's flank.
But now, rest beside me...talk of your home lands.
Tell me of your loved ones, and cradle my hands.

My heart will soon break as you must needs depart,
So treasure and hold dear these words I impart --
Remember the jewels I wore in my hair;
Remember my smile, my skin soft and fair...

Remember my large eyes, my breasts soft and small...
Remember my prayer: in war you'll not fall.
Remember my wishes, my kisses, my love.
Remember my prayers to God high above.

Please think of these things as the embers burn low,
For I will soon leave you...to war I can't go...
A banner I'll give you of oak, ash and thorn...
A token so special to bear on this morn.

Now hark! In the distance they open the list...
I must needs depart now to fade into mist.
So stare at the embers and smell the smoke rise...
Dream well as you slumber -- your heart told no lie....

AWARD OF EXCELLENCE, PENNSIC IX

A PICT SONG

By Rudyard Kipling

Rome never looks where she treads.
Always her heavy hooves fall
On our stomachs, our hearts or our heads;
And Rome never heeds when we bawl.
Her sentries pass on -- that is all,
And we gather behind them in hordes,
And plot to reconquer the Wall,
With only our tongues for our swords.

We are the Little Folk -- we!
Too little to love or to hate.
Leave us alone and you'll see
How we can drag down the State!
We are the worm in the wood!
We are the rot at the root!
We are the taint in the blood!
We are the thorn in the foot!

Mistletoe killing an oak --
Rats gnawing cables in two --
Moths making holes in a cloak --
How they must love what they do!
Yes -- and we Little Folk too,
We are as busy as they --
Working our works out of view --
Watch, and you'll see it some day!

No indeed! We are not strong,
But we know Peoples that are.
Yes, and we'll guide them along
To smash and destroy you in War!
WE shall be slaves just the same?
Yes, we have always been slaves,
But you -- you will die of the shame,
And then we shall dance on your graves!

We are the Little Folk -- we!
Too little to love or to hate.
Leave us alone and you'll see
How we can drag down the State!
We are the worm in the wood!
We are the rot at the root!
We are the taint in the blood!
We are the thorn in the foot!

With gratitude & acknowledgement to the Rudyard Kipling Foundation.

RIMINI

By Rudyard Kipling

CHORUS: When I left Rome for Lalage's sake,
By the Legion's Road to Rimini,
She vowed her heart was mine to take
With me and my shield to Rimini --
(Til the Eagles flew from Rimini --)
And I've tramped Britain, and I've tramped Gaul,
And the Pontic shore where the snow-flakes fall
As white as the neck of Lalage --
(As cold as the heart of Lalage!)
And I've lost Britian, and I've lost Gaul,
And I've lost Rome and, and, worst of all,
I've lost Lalage!

When you go by the Via Aurelia,
As thousands have travelled before,
Remember the Luck of the Soldier
Who never saw Rome any more!
Oh, dear was the sweetheart that kissed him,
And dear was the mother that bore;
But his shield was picked up in the heather,
And he never saw Rome any more! **CHORUS: And he left Rome...**

When you go by the Via Aurelia
That runs from the City to Gaul,
Remember the Luck of the Soldier
Who rose to be master of all!
He carried the sword and the buckler,
He mounted his guard on the Wall,
'Til the Legions elected him Caesar,
And he rose to be master of all! **CHORUS: And he left Rome...**

It's twenty-five marches to Narbo,
It's forty-five more up the Rhone,
And the end may be death in the heather
Or life on an Emperor's throne.
But whether the Eagles obey us,
Or we go to the Ravens -- alone,
I'd sooner be Lalage's lover
Than sit on an Emperor's throne. **CHORUS: We've all left Rome...**

With gratitude & acknowledgement to the Rudyard Kipling Foundation.

GHOST OF GRIPPEN LAKE

Words and Music by Lady TSivia bas Tamara v'Amberview

This dame from Grippen Manor oh
 Did love a fair young man.
 Their days were spent so fairly oh
 By strollin' on the sand.
 Their love was true and deeper oh
 Than any love could be
 But then foul news of war came oh
 To take him o'er the sea.

CHORUS: And aye, the Grippen Ghostie walks
 With a candle in her hand
 And hears the bells, those dyin' bells
 That took her frae the land.

A tryst was made between them oh
 And sealed with a kiss.
 That while he stayed near Grippen oh
 No meeting would they miss.
 A signal they arranged oh
 Their rendezvous to keep
 That he would sound a brass bell oh
 Across the lake sae deep. **CHORUS.**

And she would hold a candle oh
 So high above her head,
 That he could paddle to it oh
 And creep into her bed.
 So every week her lover oh
 From camp would sneak away,
 To spend his nights in love's embrace
 Yet be back 'ere it be day. **CHORUS.**

The time did come one evening oh
 That he left with the drum
 He had no time to tell her oh
 That to her he'd no come.
 So as had been their pattern oh
 Her candle glowed so bright
 And as time passed she wondered oh
 If something was not right. **CHORUS.**

It stood out like a beacon oh
 Her candle's quiet hiss
 And as she stood she wondered oh
 If something was amiss.
 Then she did hear a bell ring oh
 Across the lake sae clear;
 But this bell had no brass ring oh
 And she did shake with fear. **CHORUS.**

Her candle burnt her soft hands oh
But she no longer cared
She walked back to her manor oh
Without her landsome laird.
She got into a white gown oh
To put herself to bed
But 'ere she slept an hour oh
She knew her love was dead. **CHORUS.**

While still asleep she got up oh
And picked a candle new.
She walked out of her manor oh
Into the morning dew.
She drifted to the lakeside oh
And gave a mournful sigh -
She held her light aloft although
She knew her love had died. **CHORUS.**

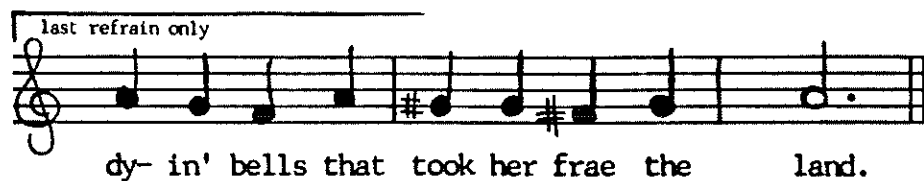
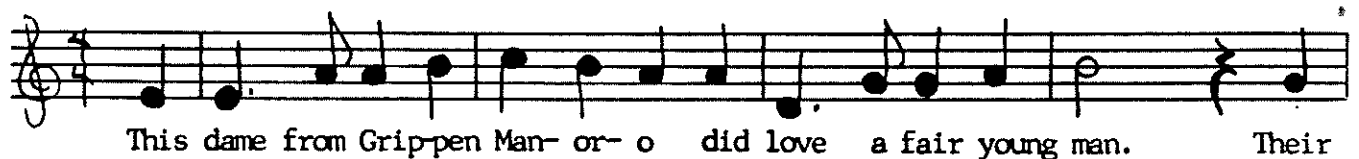
Her toe slipped in the shallows oh
Although the lake was cold
And 'ere her knees were wetted oh
Her stride grew much more bold.
Her light shone like a beacon oh
As water kissed her thighs
And soon it hugged her small waist oh
For it began to rise. **CHORUS.**

Bold Grippen cupped her small breasts oh
Much like her love now gone
And tho' it raped her body oh
Still must she struggle on.
The lake than bit her shoulder oh
And pulled her by the hair
But still she strode full heedless oh
Out to Poseidon's lair. **CHORUS.**

The waters filled her mouth up oh
With a cruel wet embrace
But soon her candle sputtered oh...
Her body left no trace. **CHORUS.**

They say she knew the instant oh
That her true love was dead
For she heard no brass bell ring oh
But only grave-cold lead.
They say she still carries a candle oh
O' the side of Grippen Lake
And she's still true to a promise oh
Made for her true love's sake. **CHORUS.**
CHORUS.

Note: Middle Kingdom Poet Laureate Contest. Winner 1st Place -
Category II, Medieval Form.



MALCOLM'S RIDE

Words and Music by Alison macKieran Dhu

"Arise, arise, my bonny boy,
Prepare yersel' for flight;
An hour past the king was slain:
Ye're no' a prince this night.

"Ye're no' a prince this night, lad,
Nor king shall ever be
If he who slew your father
Should turn his hand to thee.

"So I will saddle up the brown,
And ye shall have the black,
For we must ride to England,
And dinna ye look back."

Across the darkened land they rode,
For mile on hardpressed mile,
And seven times seven doughty men
Were on their heels the while.

Ever on the twain they rode;
It lacked an hour to dawn
When Donal cried, "My bonny boy,
I fear I canno go on."

He fell upon the rocky ground;
The blood ran down his side.
"O, I will hold them here awhile,
But onward ye must ride.

"And dinna let yersel' be ta'en,
Though ye be wearied sore,
For they're the men o' the man who
washed
His hands in your father's gore.

"Ride on, ride on for England,
And when ye are fu' grown,
Return again to Scotland
And claim what is your own."

The boy rode till the black horse fell,
All lamed upon a stone;
Unbridled him, and left him there,
And then ran on alone.

He came at last to a crofter's gate
When he could run no more;
"Awake! Arise! O, let me in,
O, do not bar your door.

"Awake! Arise! O, let me in,
I beg your courtesy;
I'm hunted by a band of men
Who seek to murder me.

The goodman rose and took the boy
And hid him in the loft
And covered his all up wi' straw;
And men came to the croft.

"O, have you seen an outlaw lad
That through these hills doth flee?
O, you shall have a fine reward
If you'll give him up to me."

"O, how old is this outlaw lad
And wherefore does he run?"
"O, he is full nine years of age,
And treason has he done."

"O, treason is a wicked deed;
I'm sure there is no thing
That I would do to aid a man
Who would betray his King.

"But I have here no traitor lad,
As ye may plainly see;
Should such a one come to my croft,
I'd gladly give him to thee.

"But there are caves in the western hill,
Where hunted men may hide;
If you would find your traitor lad
It's westward you must ride."

The sound of the horses hooves had died
Ere the honest crofter stood
And cried, "Come down, my little outlaw,
They are not gone for good,

"I do not know your name or style,
But noble ye must be,
So swear to follow Scotland's king,
And I will succor thee."

The boy slid from beneath the straw,
And, blinking in the sun,
Young Malcolm, son of Duncan, gazed
At Malcolm, Friskin's son.

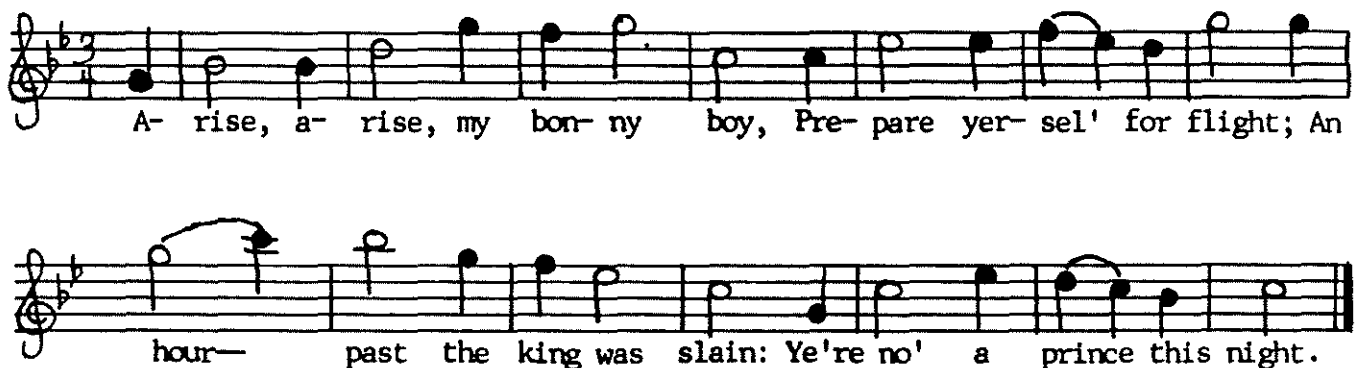
"Ye little know what deed ye did,
When ye protected me,
But when I come into my crown,
I will remember thee.

"For I am Malcolm, Duncan's son,
And Malcolm King shall be,
Though Macbeth hath my father slain,
And now seeks after me.

"And ye shall be the Cunninghame,
Wi' title, lands, and a',
And ye shall have the fork for arms
That covered me wi' straw."

Now twice ten years did pass before
Young Malcolm king became,
But he remembered his true oath
And knighted Cunninghame.

Note: First place winner...A Ballad in the Scottish manner...contest held at the sumer Ceilidh July AS XIV.



MAIDEAN I MBEARRA

Traditional Irish Song

(Tune: "Danny Boy")

I se mo caoi, gan mise maiden aerach
 Amuigh i-mBearra, am sheasamh ar an dtraigh,
 Is guthna n-ean, am tharraing thar na sleibhtibh
 Cois na fairrge, to Ceim an Aitinn,
 Mar a mbionn mo gradh;
 Is obann aolbhinn aiteasac an t-aer ann,
 Do rithfinn saor a anabhroid an tslais,
 Do thabharfainn druim le scamailibh an tsaoghal seo,
 Da bhfaighinn mo leir dhothain d'amharc ar mo
 Caoimh shearc bhan.

Is e mo dhith bheith ceangailte fo faoin lag,
 Is neart mo chleibh da thectac annsa sa tsraid,
 An fhad ta reim na h-abhann agus gaoth glan na fairrge
 Ag glaoch, 's ag gairm ar an gcroidhe seo'm lar;
 Is milis brioghmhar leathan bhog an t-aer ann,
 Is gile o'n ngrein go fairsing ar an mban.
 Is ochon a Ri-bhean banamhail na gcraobh-fholt,
 Gan sinn araon i measac an aitinn mar do bhimis trath.

(PHONETIC VERSION:)

I se mo cwi, gan misha mei-den ay-rach;
 Amoi imbyarra, am hesav ar an dree;
 Is gonanyon, am harreng gar na slytiv,
 Cois no ferr-ig-gah, to Cem an Aitinn,
 Marra moin ma grah.
 Is oban aevin aiteasac an tyre-ann;
 Do re-on saer, o anroid an slah-ees;
 Do tharfyn droo-eem, le scamailiv an tailshah
 Do vyin mo lairhothan da-harc ar mo,
 Cwi hyar vahn.

Is eh mo hith, veith congailtah go fwahn lag,
 Is nart mo chlavy da, hectac annso sa trad;
 An fad ta ream, na havan agus gwath glan, na ferr-ig-gah,
 Aggloch, sag gairm ar ang creeve shahm lar.
 Is milis bro-ar leathan vog an tyre-ann;
 Is geelon grain, go farsing ar ann ban;
 Is ocon ah, Ri-van bonail nag cravholt;
 Gan shinn arown i measac an Aitinn mar do vimis trah.

(TRANSLATION:)

'Tis sorry I am not to be standing on the strand
At Bearra on a beautiful morning, with the birds'
Song wafting to me across the mountains by the sea,
To Ceim an Aitinn where my love dwells. There the
Air is light and lovely, and I would be free of
Cares and shun the dark gatherings of this life,
Could I but see my gentle love.

It is my loss that I am bound here without life,
As the strength of my body is smothered here in the town,
While the sound of the river and clean wind
Of the sea calls to the heart within me. There the
Air is sweet and the sun shines on the plain. Oh,
Queen of the curling hair, if only we were there amongst the heather,
Where we were long ago.

From A Celtic Songbook

TALYMAR'S LAMENT

Music by Anna Maria von Liebezeit
 Lyrics by Francis of the Silver Quill

My lord my King a man I be,
 Eighteen years from my mother's womb.
 I offer my shield and arms to thee
 A sword to defend the crown.

CHORUS: I am a man not ready to be wed
 No son have I to carry my name
 But I have a maid at home who waits
 Return my heart to her.

O keep my heart safe for her,
 Safe from these times of war.
 Through fields of men fallen to the sword
 Of sons never to return. **CHORUS.**

Bold were the horns, brave were the men,
 That charged with me this final day.
 We count our losses and measure our gain
 And keep the promises to hearts now dead. **CHORUS.**

My lord, my king, a man I be, eight- teen years from my
 mo- ther's womb. I of- fer my shield and arms to thee, a
 sword to de- fend the crown. I am a man not
 read- y to be wed, no son have I to car- ry my name. But
 I have a maid at home who waits; re- turn my heart to her.

1000

LLWYN ON

(Tune: "The Ash Grove")

I.

An manus gwyn ungeen, twer dreeg ay pen dedig
 Teh bay ay des-gwire, ach ard-re deh lod;
 A ti-an ee enith, a anweg un enig
 A hino ler hanoos, oi iriss ay hod.
 A cwa yad yu gwellid, an hod ehr per lin-ken
 Own coid me es-gwire, an arad aggairch;
 Ee saeth year ef genoom, an gwer if ay leen-in;
 A yair ay en wegan, ee vun waas ay vairch.

II.

A weel ad ay canoo, es thigh ehr ee feen in,
 Fer gonchair es malu, fen wehlu uh gwon.
 But goth yen thigh glay-teh, tri galu ee then-ken,
 On nee-ray ni conra, en fweed yor ee von.
 Roy ee golli dy dorthba, eh hay un can oon-ad,
 Uh golli atha weth-een, on iris ad hownt;
 Moi weth cen ee walu, tri ergee von har-yed,
 Na bine a na goled, an alus ni nowd.

(NOTE: The above lyrics are meant to be a phonetic transcription
 of Welsh. The translation is below:)

I.

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
 Where twilight is fading, I pensively roam.
 Or at the bright noontime, in solitude wander,
 Down by the green shades of the lovely ash grove.
 T'was there while the blackbird was cheerfully singing
 I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;
 Around as for gladness the bluebells were ringing;
 Oh, then little thought I how soon we would part.

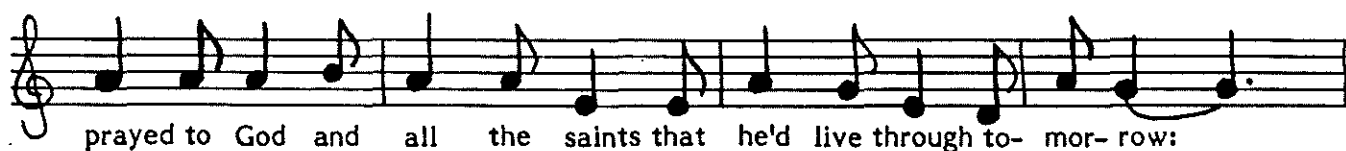
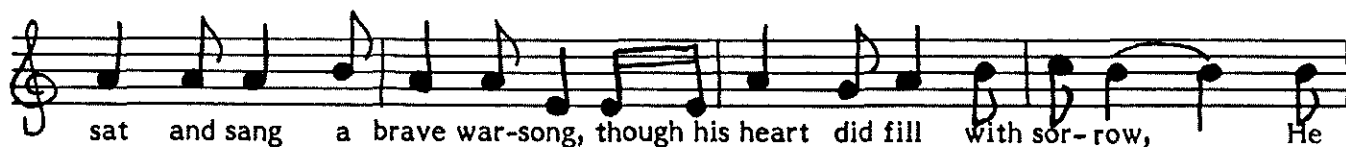
II.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain;
 Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;
 Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
 But what are the beauties of nature to me?
 With sorrow, deep sorrow my bosom is laden;
 All day I go mourning in search of my love;
 Ye echoes, Oh tell me, where is the bright maiden?
 She waits 'neath the green trees, down by the ash grove.

From: A Celtic Song Book

THREE BARGAINERS

Words and Music by Andrew of Wollenwood



The greedy knight was in his tent, his gold and jewels before him
 He'd robbed it all from pilgrims rich, the guilt he felt it tore him,
 He knew to take the battle field would mean his death for certain,
 He sent a prayer to heaven then in hopes to ease his burden:
 "Don't let it be me, oh Lord, the gold I will repay it,
 If you have made your judgement, Lord, I do pray that you stay it,
 A chapel fine I will build high, upon my soul I swear thee,
 If I live through tomorrow, Lord, your servant knight e'er I'll be."

The king sat high upon his throne, a-brooding, beard in hand,
 His peasants did all starve and die, he'd overtaxed his land,
 His greed for wealth did cloud his eye, his war-lust filled his heart,
 He saw it clear so sent a prayer before the battle's start:
 "Don't let it be me, oh Lord, the taxes I'll bring down,
 I'll ease the peasants' burden, Lord, in shire, wood and town,
 Don't let it be me, oh Lord, the land does need its king,
 Bring us victory tomorrow, Lord, your praises for to sing."

The battle it went well, they say, but for the other side,
 The squire, knight and king, they fought, and bravely did they die,
 Back to back and shield to shield they slew many a mighty foe,
 Till a brutal charge of mounted knights laid three bargainers low.

COME AWAY

Words and Music by Aed of Avigdore

D Dm
 Am Am
 D Am D D
 D D
 Am Am
 D Am D D

CHORUS: Come away
 Come away
 Lady wait by the sea.
 Come away
 My lady gay
 Say that you'll wait for me.

D D Am Am
 D Am D D
 D D Am Am
 D Am D D

The sea has been a-callin'
 Lady come away by the sea;
 And you must know that I have to go
 Still I'll come back for thee.

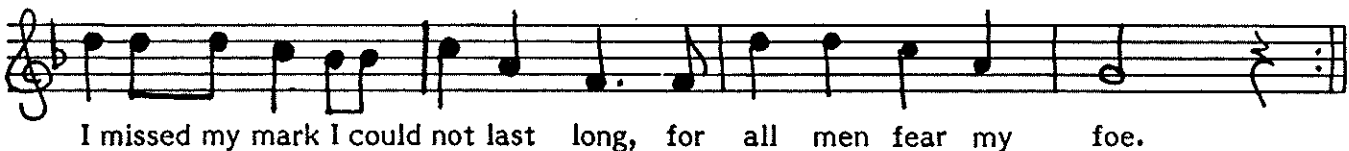
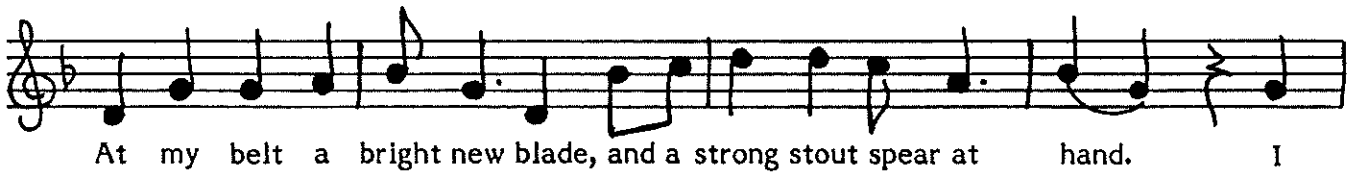
My ship's in the harbor, I have to go
 Lady come away by the sea;
 You'll spend my voyage praying I know
 Praying a watch over me.

The sea winds layed open the gates in my heart
 Lady come away by the sea;
 And now more then ever I know I'll do my part
 When I sail back home to thee.

We're sailing to port now there I see your home
 Lady come away by the sea;
 Now let us marry, I've had my roam
 And it proved how much I love thee.

HELL SPAWN

Words and Music by Andrew of Wolvenwood



My snapping hounds did charge and bay, my huntsmen they did ponder
 In search of our elusive prey 'pon royal land we wandered,
 My foe he carried two white blades and armor all of leather
 He led us over paths unknown and into foul weather.

Before the rain washed scent away my dogs found more than traces.
 They flushed him from his wallow hide and into open spaces.
 I'd found an enemy cruel and strong, while my spear alone did go,
 I missed my mark I could not last long for the boar no mercy shows.

He faced me with a gleaming eye, I braced myself to meet him
 With his tusks he slashed my thigh, while my spear it pierced his breast.
 I fell to ground all blood and pain and know I'd reached my death
 For the boar still stood with tusks prepared to kill with his last breath.

My huntsmen they did grasp their bows in haste and hopes to save me
 Before they'd even nocked arrows the boar, he lay shot dead.
 Then stepped to view the King's yeomen from all the woods around us
 And seven knights from Henry's house did ride out and surround us.

The knight in charge was Syr William, the Marshall of all England.
 He said my huntsmen were to die for poaching on the King's land.
 And then the Marshall turned to me, "Now you, young knight," he said,
 "By law ye should be hung and drawn, a rope should be your bed.

"But I see you you've paid with one good leg for hunting Henry's course,
 And to show a heart of chivalry, I'll only take your horse."
 They rode away and left me there, alone with that dead boar,
 And though my leg it burned like fire, the shame it pained twice more.

Now I'm a poor man wandering in village and in town,
 And since Syr William took my horse I limp along the ground.
 Now I've no horse and I've no sword, and gold I've not a speck,
 But I've the tusks of that hell-spawn boar strung around my neck!

THE UNICORN

Words and Music by Aed of Avigdore

D D Am D
 G C C D
 D D Am D
 G C C D

There is a place in the woods you can go
 To find all the answers to questions you know.
 There, by the pool, if you wait for a day
 A wandering Unicorn may pass your way.

G A D C
 D C C D

CHORUS: And magic is there and magic will stay
 As long as the Unicorn passes your way.

Go to the pool in the woods in your heart
 Maybe the Unicorn will play her part.
 Don't be afraid and don't get alarmed
 Unicorn knows that she will not be harmed. **CHORUS**

Wait by the pool, just sit quietly
 That's when the Unicorn will come to see.
 If you're siting there by yourself all alone
 Then, the Unicorn will slip her way home. **CHORUS.**

Remember the time that you spent in the wood
 And know that all people try to do good.
 If you do this then I'm sure you know
 In meeting each one of us, Unicorn grows. **CHORUS.**

OLAF'S LEGACY

Words and Music by Andrew of Wolvenwood

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes.

The strange south ern god has King O laf em braced and struck out at Thor in the

tem ple, And to all our old gods he has closed Nor way's doors, to

O din and Frey a and Thor O din and Frey a and Thor.

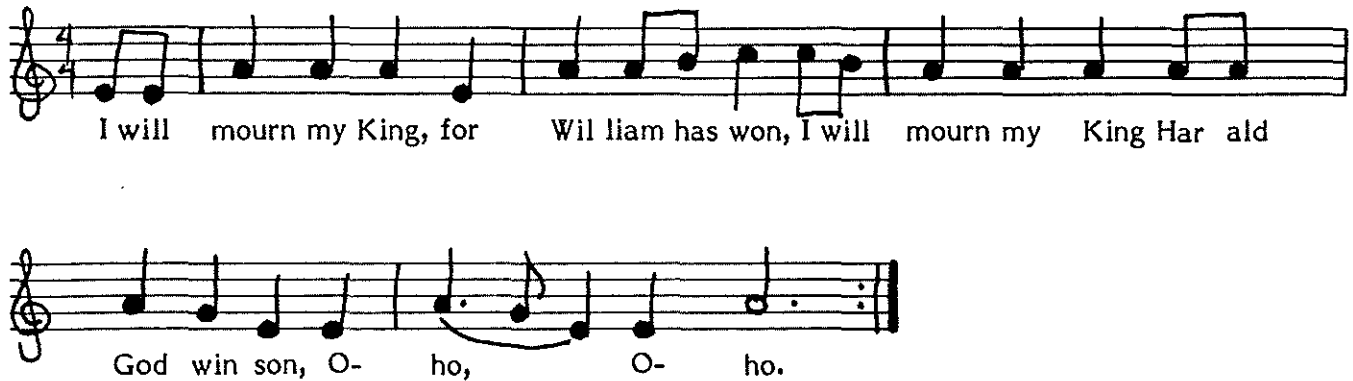
The foul Saxon priests, they wander our land
 Their conquest great as any war,
 With a book in their left, and our King and right hand
 I'll pray to great One-eye no more,
 Pray to great One-eye no more.

Now I've a stout ship and a full crew of men
 But I'll to deep sea go no more,
 No, I'll not raise a sail, and I'll not ship an oar
 Without Odin and Freya and Thor,
 Odin and Freya and Thor.

The new Christian god with our words we obey
 But our minds are the same as before,
 And deep in our hearts the old temples remain
 For Odin and Freya and Thor,
 Odin and Freya and Thor.

**I WILL MOURN MY KING
(BRAND WINTERWULF'S DEATH SONG)**

Words and Music by Andrew of Wolvenwood



When Hardrada came upon the North,
The King called out and we rode forth.

At Stamford Bridge, Hardrada fell;
The Norse sailed home and all seemed well.

Then southward we strove upon fey news;
At Pevensey Cove, William ran loose.

On a Hastings hill we formed our wall
With sword and shield, axe and maul.

I fought for my king, axe in hand,
I fought for my king and I fought for England.

Through arrows fletched and oaken shields
I saw Harald stretched upon the field.

A Norman sword had cleft his side;
In battle stormy he did die.

Now all folk know that Harald fell,
And with him fell the realm as well.

And now have we a bastard king,
His Norman hand wears the signet ring.

My wounds still run, they will not heal;
I slew my foes yet felt their steel.

So here die I, a Saxon proud;
I follow Harald's pure white shroud.

I will mourn my King, for William has won;
I will mourn my King, Harald Godwinson.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

This is a partial bibliography, containing a list of those songbooks which were given to me to use for this publication. As much as possible, I have tried to annotate the sources of the songs in The Official Curia-Approved Middle Kingdom Songbook.

A Calontir Peoples Song Grimoire Vol. 1.

Eds: Cedric of Colchester and Erich Hlodowechsson. Contains about 40 songs from all over.

The Celtic Songbooks volumes 1-4

John ap Wynne. Available from Michael Wynne Wright, 1626 Marborough Lane, Indianapolis, Ind. 46260. Each songbook includes authentic folksongs in the original with phonetic transcriptions and translations.

The Coeur d'Ennui Letchers Guild Songbook

Ed: William Coeur du Boeuf. Available from the Barony of Coeur d'Ennui, P.O. Box 1931, Des Moines, IA 50306. A collection of bawdy folksongs.

The Eastern Kingdom Songbook, 3rd ed.

Eds: Barak Raz, Lisa Goldenstar, Aristotle Herakleides, Katya the Half-Handed, and Alizaunde de Breguf. Available from Barak Raz, c/o Emil M. Stechen, 82 Caryl Ave., Yonkers, NY 10705. Contains about 100 pp., mostly filk. \$1.25.

He Went Down Swinging...Song for Corwin Dragonstar and Other Works

Gwendolyn ap Llewelyn. Available from Denise Pytlik, Barony of Rivenstar, W. Lafayette, Ind. 14pp. of filksongs.

Moonwulf's Still the King! The Collected C&M Songs of Wayland Jenet

A delightful collection available from Folump Enterprises, 805 E. Green #1, Urbana, Ill. 61801.

The Mynydd Seren Shire Hymnal

Address inquiries to Mary Peralta, 208 E. 2nd St. #3, Bloomington, Ind. 47401. About 20 pp. of filksongs. \$1.00.

The Nordskogen Songbook Part II

Eds: Brynalf Kraagsdatter and Alison macKieran Dhu. Authentic folk tunes, many of which are period. Contains words and music and chording for guitar.

Obnoxious Songs to Kill Your Enemies By

Steven MacEanruig and Sir William the Lucky. 18 pp. of some very fine songs from another Kingdom.

The Grand, Combined Yosef Alaric/Pre-Dawn Leftist Megafilk Songbook Vol.1

Yosef Alaric of the Baliset, c/o Jonathan E. Feinstein. Some classics of Middle Kingdom history.

Rivenstar Songbooks

Available from Baron Moonwulf c/o Michael Longcor, W. Lafayette, Ind. Barony Rivenstar. These contain many Midrealm favorites.

Songs of the Dark Horde and the Middle Kingdom vol. 1

An old collection of filksongs, some with science-fiction overtones, 40-50 pp.

The Standing Song Stone Book & Supplement

Eds: Crag "Goodleech" Duggin and Donal MacRorie, Shire of Standing Stones, Columbia, Mo. Filk songs primarily of Calontir, as well as a few traditional folksongs. 59 pp.

A Songbook of Some Middle Kingdom Favorites.

An old collection, very good.

Tales of Baron Stephen Ironhand

Barony of Three Rivers, St. Louis, Mo. 20 pp. about the "Traitor Baron."

The Three Rivers Songbook

Barony of Three Rivers, St. Louis, Mo. An old collection of Calontir favorites.

Ye Olde Christmas Caroles Songbook of the Barony of Three Rivers

Barony of Three Rivers, St. Louis, Mo. About 16 songs, heavily Norse.

A Year in Calontir: Filksongs by Barthel aus Pennswald

Barony of Three Rivers, St. Louis, Mo. Songs primarily about Calontir notables. 20 pp.

