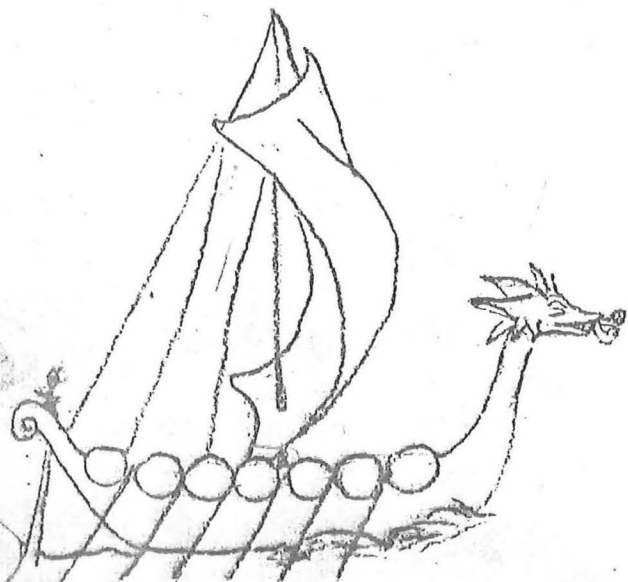
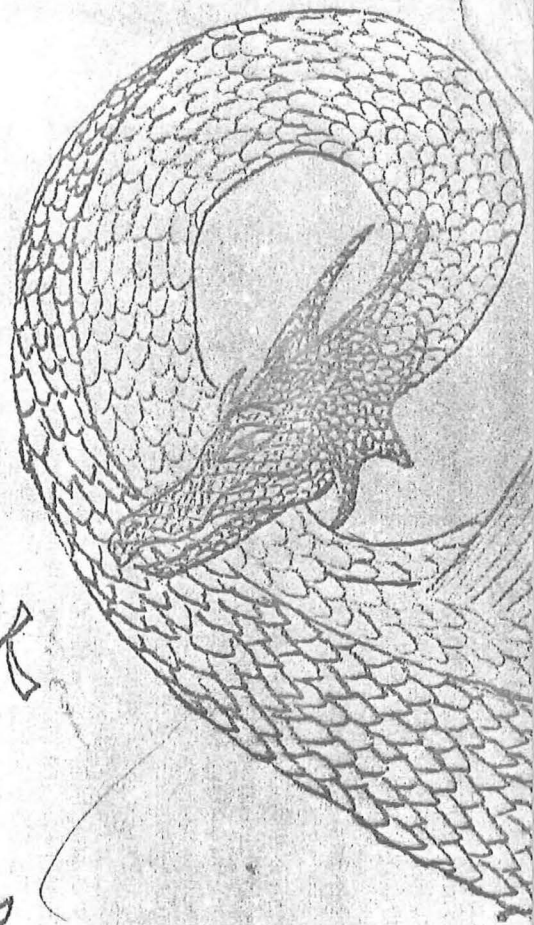


A  
Songbook  
of some  
Middle  
Kingdom  
Favorites



# A SONGBOOK OF SOME MIDDLE KINGDOM FAVORITES

## Table of Contents

Bersark Rag . . . . .	23
Beserking Song. . . . .	31
Big Bad Paul. . . . .	39
Catapult Song . . . . .	30
Causes of Rebellion, The. . . . .	36
Chivalry, The . . . . .	32
Corporation of My Very Own, A . . . . .	40
Dancer's Vanity . . . . .	44
Danegeld. . . . .	8
Early Morning Dew . . . . .	20
Empty Throne, The . . . . .	35
Great God Tyr, The. . . . .	2
Hael's Song . . . . .	14
Imperium Compound . . . . .	24
Jolly Tinker, The . . . . .	43
Little Green Snake. . . . .	42
Lord of the Dance, The. . . . .	49
Middle Kingdom Folk . . . . .	22
Moonwulf's Memories . . . . .	15
Norwegian Viking. . . . .	29
Now We Are Come to Our Kingdom, The. . . . .	6
Ode to Pensic War IV. . . . .	16-17
Odin Loves the Little Vikings . . . . .	29
Patriot Game, The . . . . .	37
Pict Song, A. . . . .	3
Pict's Work, The. . . . .	10
Pointwork . . . . .	38
Polly Von . . . . .	48
Pride of Petrovar . . . . .	46
Prince Lir's Song . . . . .	12
Princess Lir's Song . . . . .	13
Quest, The. . . . .	4
Reason for Politics, A. . . . .	34
Rimini. . . . .	5
Rising of the Moon, The . . . . .	37
Sack of the Gods, The . . . . .	7
Seneschal's Fault, My . . . . .	21
Smuggler's Song, A. . . . .	9
Song of Mithrandiel Mardi . . . . .	41
Song of the Peoples . . . . .	26
Temperance Union. . . . .	23
Three Ravens. . . . .	47
Very Last Day . . . . .	11
Viking Axe, The . . . . .	28
When the Ladies Went to War . . . . .	19
When the Middle Went to War . . . . .	18

## THE GREAT GOD TYR

Once we feared the Beast; when he followed us we ran,  
 Ran very fast 'though we knew  
 That it was not right that the Beast should master Man,  
 But what could we flint workers do?  
 The Beast only grinned at our spears 'round his ears  
 Grinned at the hammers that we made,  
 But now we shall hunt him for his life with the knife  
 And this is the Buyer of the Blade.

Room for his shadow on the grass--let it pass!  
 To the left and right, stand clear!  
 This is the Buyer of the Blade--be afraid!  
 This is the great god Tyr.

Tyre thought hard 'till he hammered out a plan,  
 For he knew that it was not right  
 And it is not right that the Beast should master Man,  
 So he went to the Children of the Night.  
 He begged a magic knife of their make for our sake.  
 When he begged for the knife, they said,  
 "The price of the knife you would buy is an eye."  
 And that is the price he paid.

Tell it to the Barrows of the Dead--run ahead!  
 Shout it so the Women's side can hear.  
 This is the Buyer of the Blade--be afraid!  
 This is the great god Tyr!

Our women and our little fold can walk on the chalk,  
 As far as we can see them and beyond.  
 We shall not be fearful for our sheep when we keep  
 Tally at the shearing pond.  
 We can eat with both our elbows on our knees if we please,  
 We can sleep after meals in the sun,  
 For the Shepherd of the Twilight is dismayed by the Blade;  
 Feet-In-The-Night have run.  
 Dog-Without-A-Master runs away--Aie, Tyr, Ay!  
 Devil-In-The-Dust is done.

Room for his shadow on the grass--let it pass!  
 To the left and right, stand clear!  
 This is the Buyer of the Blade--be afraid!  
 This is the great god Tyre!

A PICT SONG  
From "Puck of Pook's Hill," 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,  
But 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 germ 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,  
But leave us alone and you'll see,  
How we can drag down the State!



4

THE QUEST  
--Kipling

The Knight came home from the quest, muddied and sore he came,  
Battered of shield and crest, bannerless, bruised, and lame.  
Fighting we take no shame; better is man for a fall.

Merrily borne, the bugle-horn answered the warder's call:

"Here is my lance to mend; here is my horse to be shot;

Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long,

But I paid as good as I got.

"Oh dark and deep their van that mocked my battle-cry.

I could not miss my man, but I could not carry by.

Utterly whelmed was I, flung under, horse and all."

Merrily borne, the bugle-horn answered the warder's call:

"Here is my lance to mend; here is my horse to be shot.

Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long,

But I paid as good as I got.

"My wounds are noised abroad, but theirs my foemen cloaked.

Ye see my broken sword, but never the blades she broke.

Paying them stroke for stroke, good hansom over all."

Merrily borne, the bugle-horn answered the warder's call:

"Here is my lance to mend; here is my horse to be shot.

Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long,

But I paid as good as I got.

"My shame ye count and know. Ye say my quest is vain,

But ye have not seen my foe; ye have not told his slain.

Surely he fights again and again, but when you prove his line

There shall come to your aid my broken blade

In this last, lost fight of mine!

Here is my lance to mend; here is my horse to be shot.

Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long,

But I paid as good as I got."

## RIMINI

(Marching song of a Roman Legion of the Later Empire)  
from Rudyard Kipling's "Songs from Books"

CHORUS: When I left Rome for Lalage's sake  
By the Legions' road to Rimini,  
She vowed her heart was mine to take  
With me and my shield to Rimini  
(Till the Eagles flew from Rimini.)  
And I've tramped Britain, and I've tramped Gual,  
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 Britain, and I've lost Gual,  
And I've lost Rome, 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 for Lagage's sake  
etc.

When you go by the Via Aurelia  
That runs from the city to Gual,  
Remember the Luck of the Soldier  
Who rose to be master of all!  
He carried the shield and the buckler,  
He mounted his guard on the Wall,  
Till the Legions elected him Caesar,  
And he rose to be master of all!

CHORUS: And he left Rome for Lalage's sake  
etc.

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 for Lalage's sake,  
etc.

*The*  
~~NOW WE ARE COME TO OUR KINGDOM~~

Well now we are come to our kingdom  
 The state is thus and thus  
 Our legions wait at the castle gate  
 Little it profit us,  
 Now we are come to our kingdom.

Now we are come to our kingdom  
 The throne is ours to take  
 With a naked sword at the council board  
 And under the throne a snake  
 Now we are come to our kingdom.

Now we are come to our kingdom  
 The realm is ours by right  
 With shame and fear for our daily cheer  
 And heaviness at night  
 Now we are come to our kingdom.

Now we are come to our kingdom  
 But my love's eyelids fall  
 All that I fought for  
 All that I wrought for  
 Pleases her nothing at all  
 My crown is of withered leaves  
 For she sits in the dust and grieves  
 Now we are come to our kingdom.

*Some Middle English*  
*Form*

# THE SACK OF THE GODS

--Kipling

Strangers drawn from the ends of the earth,  
Jeweled and plumed were we;  
I was the Lord of the Inca race,  
and she was Queen of the Sea.  
Under the stars beyond our stars  
Where the new-forged meteors glow.  
Hotly we stormed Valhalla  
A million years ago!

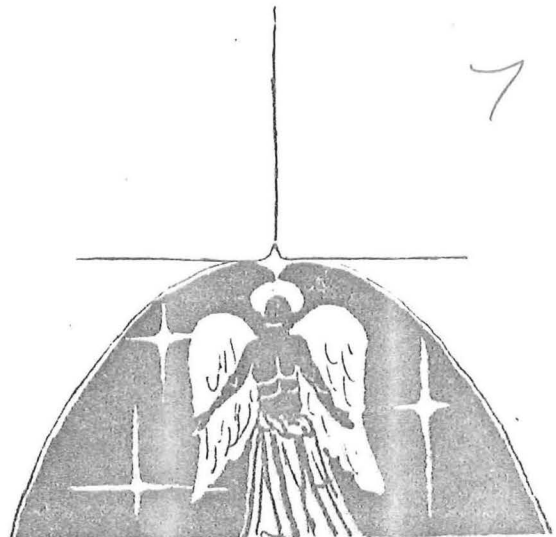
Ever 'neath high Valhalla Hall,  
The well-tuned horns begin,  
When the swords are out in the underworld,  
And the weary Gods come in.  
Ever through high Valhalla Gate  
the Patient Angel goes.  
He opens the eyes that are blind with hate--  
He joins the hands of foes.

Dust of the stars was under our feet  
Glitter of stars above--  
Wrecks of our wrath dropped reeling down  
As we fought and we spurned and we strove.  
Worlds upon worlds we tossed aside,  
And scattered them to and fro,  
The night we stormed Valhalla  
A million years ago!

They are forgiven as they forgive  
All those dark wounds and deep.  
Their beds are made on the Lap of Time  
and they lie down and sleep.  
They are forgiven as they forgive  
All those old wounds that bleed.  
They shut their eyes from their worshippers;  
They sleep 'till the world has need.

She was the star I had marked for my own--  
I with my set desire--  
Lost in the loom of the Night of Nights--  
lighted by worlds afire--  
Met in a war against the Gods  
Where the headlong meteors glow,  
Hewing our way to Valhalla,  
A million years ago!

They will come back--come back again--  
As long as the red Earth rolls.  
He never wasted a leaf or a tree.  
Do you think He would squander soul?



Some Middle English  
Faint

3

DANE-GELD  
from Rudyard Kipling's "History of England"

It is always a temptation to an armed and agile nation,  
To call upon a neighbor and say:  
We invaded you last night--we are quite prepared to fight,  
Unless you pay us cash to go away.

And that is called asking for Dane-geld,  
And the people who ask it explain,  
That you've only to pay 'em the Dane-geld  
And then you'll be rid of the Dane!

It is always a temptation to a rich and lazy nation,  
To puff and look important and to say:  
Though we know we should defeat you, we have not the time to meet you,  
We will therefore pay you cash to go away.

And that is called paying the Dane-geld,  
But we've proved it again and again,  
That once you've paid him the Dane-geld,  
You never get rid of the Dane.

It is wrong to put temptation in the path of any nation,  
For fear they should succumb and go astray,  
So when you are requested to pay up or be molested,  
You will find it better policy to say:

We never pay any one Dane-geld,  
No matter how trifling the cost,  
For the end of that game is oppression and shame,  
And the nation that plays it is lost!

8

A SMUGGLER'S SONG  
from Rudyard Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill"  
music by Moonwulf of Rivenstar

If you wake at midnight, and hear a horse's feet,  
Don't go drawing back the blind, or looking in the street,  
Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie.  
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

CHORUS: Five and twenty ponies trotting through the dark,  
Brandy for the Parson, 'baccy for the Clerk,  
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,  
And watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

Running round the woodlump if you chance to find,  
Little barrels roped and tarred all full of brandy-wine,  
Don't you shout to come and look, nor use 'em for your play.  
Put the brishwood back again--and they'll be gone next day!

CHORUS

If you see a stable door setting open wide,  
If you see a tired horse lying down inside;  
If your mother mends a coat that's cut about and tore;  
If the lining's wet and warm--don't you ask no more!

CHORUS

If you meet King George's men, dressed in blue and red,  
You be careful what you say and mindful what is said,  
If they call you "pretty maid," and chuck you neath the chin,  
Don't you tell where no one is, nor yet where no one's been!

CHORUS

Knocks and footsteps round the house--whistles after dark--  
You've no call for running out till the housedogs bark.  
Trysty's here and Pincher's here and see how dumb they lie--  
They don't fret to follow when the Gentlemen go by!

CHORUS

If you do as you've been told, likely there's a chance,  
You'll be give a dainty doll that's all the way from France,  
With a cap of Valienciennes, and a velvet hood--  
A present from the Gentlemen along o' being good.

Five and twenty ponies trotting in the dark,  
Brandy for the Parson, 'baccy for the Clerk,  
Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie--  
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!



9

Some Middle Ages  
Favorites



THE PICT'S WORK  
by Rudyard Kipling

When Rome was rotten-ripe to her fall,  
And the scepter passed from her hand  
The pestilent picts leaped over the wall  
To harry the English lands.

The little dark men of the mountain and waste,  
So quick to laughter and tears  
They came panting with hate and haste  
For the loot of five hundred years.

They killed the trader, they sacked the shops  
They ruined temple and town--  
They swept like wolves through the standing crops  
Crying that Rome was down.

They wiped out all that they could find  
Of beauty and strength and worth  
But they could not wipe out the Vyking's wind  
That brings the ships from the North.

They could not wipe out the north-east gales  
Nor what their gales set free  
The pirate ships with their close-reefed sails  
Leaping from sea to sea.

They had forgotten the shield-hung hull  
Seen nearer and more plain,  
Dipping into the troughs like a gull  
And gull-like rising again.

The painted eyes that glare and frown  
In the high snake-headed stem  
Searching the beach while her sail comes down  
They had forgotten them.

There was no Count of the Saxon shore  
To meet her hand to hand  
As she took to the beach with a grind and a roar  
And the pirates rushed inland!

(Repeat first verse as refrain.)

VERY LAST DAY  
by Reginleif the Unruly

Oh the wolves are gonna bay on the very last day  
When you hear that horn call you to the fray  
Oh the wolves are gonna bay at the heavens on the very last day.

Oh you can sing about the wisdom of Odin  
And you can talk about the prowess of Thor  
When the Gjallarhorn calls they all will fall  
They each will rise no more  
    Thor fighting, Maul in hand  
    Seeking 'gainst the Worm to stand,  
    Get ready, warriors, for that day.

Oh the wolves are gonna bay on the very last day  
When you hear that horn call you to the fray  
Oh the wolves are gonna bay to the heavens on the very last day.

Oh one day soon all men will arm  
As to the battle giants swarm  
And Frey bemoans his bartered blade  
Forever lost to the Aesir's aid  
    Othin fares the Wolf, to meet  
    To his fate on Sleipnir fleet  
    Warriors fight your best upon that day.

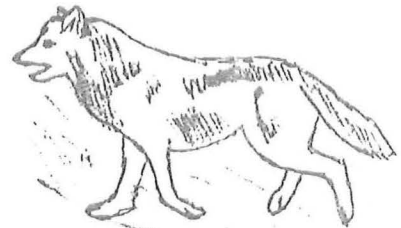
Oh the wolves are gonna bay on the very last day  
When you hear that horn call you to the fray  
Oh the wolves are gonna bay at the heavens so the poets say.

Then Loki's band will burst in twain  
And to the battle the dire ship sails  
Loki steers the host of Niflheim  
In that ship of dead men's nails  
    Faring from the hellworld dire  
    Ice-clad ship bearing sails of fire  
    The Aesir meet their weird upon that day.

Oh the wolves are gonna bay on the very last day.  
When you hear that horn call you to the fray  
Wolves will eat the sun and moon on the very last day.

And on that dark and dreadful morn  
When Heimdall blows that fateful horn  
All order then will pass away  
With men and Aesir on that day  
    All that is will then be past  
    Ragnarok has come at last  
    You will fight your final fight that day.

Oh the wolves are gonna bay on the very last day.  
When you hear that horn call your soul away  
That horn will shake the worlds on the very last day.



## PRINCE LIR'S SONG

(Tune: The Ash Grove)

From The Last Unicorn by Peter S. Beagle

When I was a young man, and very well thought of,  
 I couldn't ask aught that the ladies denied.  
 I nibbled their hearts like a handful of raisins  
 And I never spoke love--but I knew that I lied.

But I said to myself, "Ah, they none of them see  
 The secret I shelter and savor and save:  
 I wait for the one who will see through my seeming,  
 And I'll know when I love by the way I behave."

The years drifted by me, like clouds in the heavens,  
 The ladies went by me like snow on the wind.  
 I charmed and I cheated, deceived and dissembled,  
 And I sinned, and I sinned, and I sinned, and I sinned.

But I said to myself, "Ah, they none of them see  
 There's a part of me pure as the whisk of a wave,  
 My lady is late, but she'll find I've been faithful,  
 And I'll know when I love by the way I behave."

At last came a lady, both knowing and tender,  
 Saying, "You're not at all what they take you to be."  
 I betrayed her before she had quite finished speaking,  
 And she swallowed cold poison, and jumped in the sea.

And I say to myself, when there's time for a word,  
 As I gracefully grow more debauched and depraved,  
 "Ah, love may be strong, but a habit is stronger,  
 And I knew when I loved by the way I behaved."

PRINCESS LIR'S SONG  
(Tune: Ash Grove)

When I was just a young girl and very well though of,  
I couldn't ask ought that the Knights would deny.  
I nibbled their hearts like a handful of raisins,  
And I never spoke love, but I knew that I lied.

But I said to myself, "Ah th y none of them see  
The secret I shelter and savor and save,  
I wait for the one who will see through my seeming  
And I'll know when I love by the way I behave."

The years drifted by me like clouds in the heavens,  
The knights went by me like snow in the wind,  
I charmed and I cheated, deceived and dissembled  
And I sinned, and I sinned, and I sinned, and I sinned.

But I said to myself, "Ah they none of them see  
There's a part of me pure as the whisk of a wave,  
My lord is late, but he'll find I've been faithful,  
And I'll know when I love by the way I behave."

At last came a Norseman both knowing and tender,  
Saying you're not at all what they take you to be.  
I betrayed him before he had quite finished speaking,  
And he swallowed cold poison and jumped in the sea.

And I said to myself, when there's time for a word,  
As I gracefully grow more debauched and depraved,  
"Ah, love may be strong, but a habit is stronger,  
And I knew when I loved by the way I behaved."

14

## HAEI'S SONG

I sing for the wood and the merry, merry doe;  
I sing to a maiden of beauty-o;  
I sing to the love of honour over all.  
And the clear strong call of duty-o.

Glad is my heart for the rising of the sun,  
And glad is my heart for the evenfall;  
And gladness holds me still in the bright clear light of day,  
When the trumpets of morn again to battle call.

Oh, gie me a lance, and gie me a sword,  
And I'll once more into battle go.  
'Til our foes are overcome, and our land is free again,  
And a man can live in honour-o.

Farewell, ye green hills and ye bright flowin' streams;  
Farewell, a' ye maids of the countryside.  
I'm goin' off to war for to fight the Eastern king.  
'Tis the end for his jest and his foolish pride.

Our men, they are strong; and our men, they are swift.  
Our men, they are fighters of bravery.  
We will turn back the march of the Eastern chivalry,  
And sell a' their women into slavery.

Oh, brave will we fight, and long will we fight,  
'Til our enemy falters beneath our hands.  
Then we'll ally with our foes, and we'll bind them to our cause;  
And we'll turn our eyes to the Western lands.

Here's a health to our king, and a health to ourselves;  
Here's a health to the men we will slaughter-o.  
When we've laid them in their graves, we will raise them up again,  
And toast them with never any water-o.

We'll drink 'til the night, and we'll drink til the dawn;  
And we'll drink the day into night again.  
For the brotherhood of those that love honour over all,  
We'll lift our voices in a glad refrain.

We'll sing for the wood and the merry, merry doe;  
We'll sing to a maiden of beauty-o.  
We'll sing for the love of honour over all,  
And ignore the call of duty-o.



MOONWULF'S MEMORIES  
by Moonwulf

CHORUS: Today while the blossoms are all turning brown,  
We'll pillage your village, we'll burn down your town;  
A million tomorrows will all pass away,  
Ere we forget all the gold that is ours today.

Well I'll be a Northman, and I'll be a rover;  
You'll know who I am by the things that I do;  
I'll laugh in the battle, I'll brag in my mead cup,  
While swilling down Monk's Liver Stew.....

CHORUS

We're raiders from Wulfhaven, drunkenly vicious  
We'll knock up your daughters and burn down your hall;  
We're rowdy, unruly, and somewhat lascivious,  
And up the White Wolf is our call.....

CHORUS

I can't be contented with yesterday's plunder;  
I can't live on ransom notes winter to spring;  
But show me a woman, and soon she'll go under,  
She'll scream, and she'll cry, while I sing.....

CHORUS



## ODE TO PENNSIC WAR IV\*

(You Can't Swing a Broadsword When You're in the Forest)

By Moonwulf of Rivenstar

(Tune: "Lizzie Borden")

c. 1975, Michael Longcor--used by permission only

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 axe 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 took 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 fought through bog and fen,  
 Till we saw a soggy cinder where the sergeant should have been.

And 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 fish, jump like a porpoise,  
 Roll in the mud at Pennsic War Fourpus!")  
 I don't mind steel but I don't want to drown.

#### SOME PENNSIC WAR IV DITTIES

Oh, the fourth Pennsic War, it was plain,  
 Gave everyone there quite a pain,  
 For it rained and it rained and it rained,  
 And it rained and it rained and it rained.

--attributed to Hael of the Broken Mask

Damp and icky, damp and icky,  
 Pennsic Four, Pennsic Four,  
 Slosy slurpy mudholes,  
 Slosy slurpy mudholes,  
 Pennsic War, Pennsic War!

--Folo and Moonwulf, to the tune of "Frere Jaques"

\*During the four-day period comprising P. W. IV, it rained a total of  
over (count 'em) nine inches, setting an all time high for that area.  
 I honestly tried to write a brave, stirring song of this way. No way.

\*\*Prince Angus was also noted in P. W. IV annals for falling down and  
 getting his pig-faced basinet stuck in the mud.



WHEN THE LADIES WENT TO WAR  
(Tune: The Ship Titanic)

CHORUS: Oh it was sad, (it was sad)  
It was sad (so sad)  
It was sad when the Ladies went to war  
Husbands fought wives, knights and squires lost their lives  
Oh it was sad when the Ladies went to war.

The word came from the Crown that to our pleas they'd yield  
And that Ladies would be allowed to take the field  
Our men gave dericive cries, but they got a big surprise.  
Oh it was sad when the Ladies went to war.

CHORUS

Lady Fern, she was the first one to be qualified  
And where e're she went her foemen swiftly dies  
And the men soon ceased to laugh as their bodies strewed her path  
Oh it was sad when the Ladies went to war.

CHORUS

Gentleness upon the field was swift nipped in the bud  
For where a man may fight for glory, a lady fights for blood  
And on the field it's all one if you're a stranger or her son  
Oh it was sad when the Ladies went to war.

CHORUS

The moral of this tale is one to make men quail  
And it is, though you're wed, 'tis still to no avail  
For on the field, in her eyes, you're the same as other guys  
Oh it was sad when the Ladies went to war.

CHORUS

EARLY MOURNIN' DEW  
 (Tune: Leaving on a Jet Plane)  
 by Mary Taran of Glastonbury

Oh, your shield is hacked from many a blow,  
 I'm standing here, though you don't know,  
 I hate to wake you up to see you die;  
 But the shieldwall's breaking, it's battered and torn,  
 The herald's calling, he's blowing his horn,  
 Already I am mourning for your hide.

CHORUS: (So) wake up and fight for me,  
 Tell me that you'll die for me,  
 Hurry and get armoured up and go;  
 You'll go out there and get slain  
 -- Don't know if you will fight again --  
 (Oh) my Lord, you have to go.

There's so many times they've knocked you down,  
 So many times you've lost a round,  
 I tell you now: they don't mean a thing;  
 Every battered helm is worn by you,  
 Every mace they swing, they swing at you,  
 If you come back, I'll mend your chain mail rings.

CHORUS

Now the time has come to wake you,  
 One more time must I shake you,  
 You soon will be deep within the fray;  
 Think about the days to come,  
 While you go out there all alone,  
 About the time I won't have to say:

CHORUS

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 Cleftlands 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

22

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band,  
On the right side of temperance we do take our stand.  
We don't use tobacco because we do think  
That the people who use it are likely to drink.

CHORUS: Away, away with rum by gum, with rum by gum, with rum by gum.  
Away, away, with rum by gum,  
It's the song of the temperance union.

We never eat fruitcake because it has rum  
And one little bite turns a man to a bum,  
Can you imagine a sorrier sight  
Than a man eating fruitcake until he gets tight?

CHORUS

We never eat cookies, they make them with yeast,  
And one little bite turns a man to a beast.  
Can you imagine such a sorry disgrace,  
As a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

CHORUS

We never drink Pepsi, it's made from cocaine,  
And you might as well shoot it right into your vein.  
Can you imagine a sorrier bind,  
Than rotting your teeth while blowin' your mind?

CHORUS

We never drop tea 'cause it comes from a pot,  
And that could be evil as likely as not,  
We don't mind the taste, but it's really bad news,  
To get busted for holding what Tom Lipton brews.

CHORUS

We don't step on grapes because that's making wine,  
And one single stomp turns a man to a swine.  
Can you imagine a fouler defeat,  
Than a man getting stonkered by licking his feet?

CHORUS

Shun girls who are witty and pretty and kind,  
There's nothing like love for corrupting your mind.  
At least in our circle it just isn't done,  
Our kids are adopted, we never have fun.

CHORUS

So drinking and eating and loving you see,  
Are bound to destroy Spi-ri-tu-al-i-ty.  
Our tastes are austere and our virtue is sure.  
We don't have much fun, but our honor is pure.

CHORUS



IMPERIUM COMPOUND  
(Tune: Lydia Pinkham's Medicinal Compound)

Here's a story, a little bit gory,  
A little bit happy, a little bit sad,  
About a drink called Imperium Compound,  
And how the SCA's been HAD! (pass the bottle)

CHORUS: We think, we think, we think  
The King is a fink, a fink, a fink,  
A figure of respectability  
He rules the kingdom with Imperium Compound  
The results are plain to see.

Duke Tregirtsea, was known for his courtesy,  
And his fighting prowess was well-renowned  
Took a thimble, of Imperium Compound,  
And the poor Duke nearly drowned. *still swimming*

CHORUS

Words with Andy, you never should bandy,  
He is strong enough to kill a moose,  
He drinks copious, Imperium Compound  
But he can't take Jungle Juice! (the sissy)

CHORUS

Merewold, he's the bane of a skald, he  
Has no attributes of which to sing,  
Polite and formal, incredibly normal,  
Are you sure he was the king? (boing, boing, boing)

CHORUS

Bearengaer, he lived solitary  
From his presence folks would hide in fear,  
Dipped his blade in Imperium Compound,  
And we were stuck with him that year.

CHORUS

Thaid Mak Tlessown, he taught us a lesson,  
And his praises now we sing:  
With the aid of Imperium Compound,  
Any fool can be a king. (in Northwoods)

CHORUS

Azarael, a melodious fellow,  
Sings a song both sweet and terse,  
After drinking imperium Compound,  
He gets verse, and verse, and verse! (he wrote this)

CHORUS

Hakan Redbeard, we thought it a bit weird,  
 We thought that Vikings all were six foot four,  
 Bathed his beard in Imperium Compound,  
 And he shrank right through the floor.

# CHORUS

There was Rolac, some thought him a Polack,  
 But he was a Scot, you see.  
 He took treatments of Imperium Compound,  
 Now he's as wise as you or me! (not likely)

# 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. *never happens*

CHORUS: The BOD, the BOD, the BOD,  
 It thinks it is 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!



*Morder Moonwalk was a very great warlord*

*He led us to Bonnisic and we did very well  
 But he lost to Imperium Compound  
 Now he collects his dues in hell*

*(he should stay there)*

*(dunno's biding)*

## SONG OF THE PEOPLES

(We'll Know They Are Mongols By Their Smell)

(Tune: They'll Know We Are Christians By Our Love)

Oh, they sleep with their ponies and they very seldom wash,  
 Oh, they sleep with their ponies and they very seldom wash,  
 And they drink fermented mares milk and they very often slosh  
 And we'll know they are Mongols by the smell, by the smell.  
 Yes, we'll know they are Mongols by the smell.

Oh, they mount on their ponies and forth they do ride,  
 Oh, they mount on their ponies and forth they do ride,  
 And whenever they get upwind, the peasants choke and hide,  
 For they know they are the Mongols by their smell, by their smell,  
 Yes, they know they are Mongols by their smell.

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

Oh, they plan on an instrument that makes a dead dog flee,  
 Oh, they play on an instrument that makes a dead dog flee,  
 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,  
 Yes, we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs.

Oh, they set sail for England and arrive south of France,  
 Oh, they set sail for England and arrive south of France,  
 And they stomp out 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 to rape wenches too,  
 Oh, they love to loot cattle and to rape wenches too,  
 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,  
 They keep pigs in the kitchen and they eat with their knives,  
 And they take their 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,  
 Oh, they sleep on the table or you'll find them beneath,  
 And whenever told 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,  
Oh, they drink beer and whiskey and they never sober up,  
And they smell like rancid stills and their breath could stop a dragon  
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 ferment all their shamrocks and they make some Rivengut,  
Oh, they ferment all their shamrocks and they make some Rivengut,  
And if you take a real big drink 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,  
Oh, they leap upon ladies and they very often miss,  
And when Ladies faint from their bad breath, they think it is their kiss  
And the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan, they're Don Juan,  
Yes, the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan.

They spend hours at the mirror and rehearsing all their "lines"  
They spend hours at the mirror and rehearsing all their "lines"  
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,  
Yes, the Frenchmen all think they're Don Juan.

THE VIKING AXE  
(Tune: The Marvelous Toy)  
by Jondo Oakenshield

When I was just a wee Viking lad, full of health and joy,  
My father homeward came from raid, and he gave to me a toy.  
A wonder to behold it was, made of steel so bright:  
The moment I laid eyes on it, it became my heart's delight.

CHORUS:

It went swish when it moved, and SPLAT when it stopped,  
It never did stand still. A Viking axe is what it was,  
And it was made to KILL!

The first time that I picked it up, I had a big surprise,  
'Cause I swung it--then it swung me! I couldn't believe my eyes.  
It first swung once, then swung twice, then whirled over my head,  
And when I went on my first raid, this is what it did:

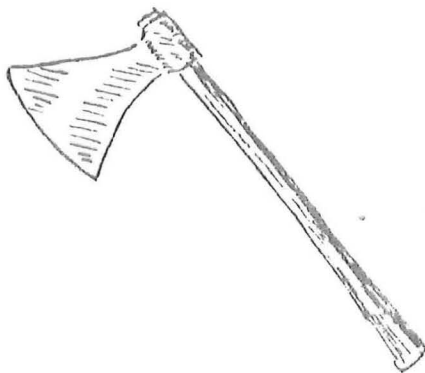
CHORUS

It first slashed left, and then slashed right, then flew out of my hand,  
And when I looked where it had gone, not an enemy did stand.  
I found that it had slashed right through a hundred warrior's heads,  
And when I picked it up again, the Chivalry was dead.

CHORUS

The raids have gone by too quickly it seems, and I have my own little brat,  
And yesterday I gave to him my marvelous Viking axe.  
His eyes nearly popped right out of his head, and he gave a sneer of glee,  
Neither one of us knows just why it is, but he loves it just like me!

CHORUS



Some Middle Kingdom  
Fanciers  
28

## ODIN LOVES THE LITTLE VIKINGS (Tune: Jesus Loves the Little Children)

Odin loves the little Vikings  
All the Vikings of the world  
Whether drunk on ale or mead  
In a boat or on a steed  
Odin loves the little Vikings of the world.

Odin loves the little Vikings  
All the Vikings of the world  
If you're drunk and thrown in jail  
Odin - and your axe! - are bail  
Odin loves the little Vikings of the world.

Odin loves the little Vikings  
All the Vikings of the world  
Offer up an ox or two  
And he'll be in debt to you  
Odin loves the little Vikings of the world.

-----

## NORWEGIAN VIKING (Tune: Yankee Doodle Dandy)

I'm a good Norwegian Viking  
I drink mead with every meal  
A real live nephew of my Uncle Thor  
Ready to rape, burn, and steal.  
I've got a good Norwegian sweetheart  
She's my Norwegian pride and joy.  
All good Vikings go to London  
Just to steal the ponies  
Keep your eyes on those horny-hatted boys.





## THE CATAPULT SONG

(Tune: Jesus Loves Little Children)

by Heinrich Palantin

Sue of the Silver Horn

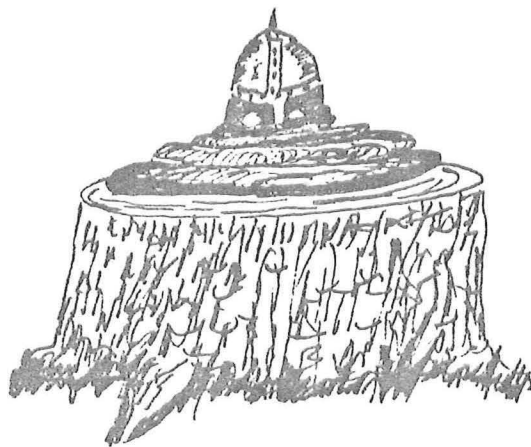
Zoltan Kovacs

Cristobal degli Gilicine

They thought it was a joke,  
When my catapult, it broke,  
And they said it would not fire beyond the wall,  
So the Captain came to look,  
And I pulled the trigger hook,  
And my catapult, it caught him in the jaw.

Flip, flip, flip, my Captain's flying,  
High up o'er the Norman camp,  
And he landed with a thump  
And he crumpled in a lump  
With his head between his legs upon a stump.

Yippee-yea, my catapult's working,  
Yippee-yea, we'll have a ball,  
We'll load it up again  
With another Captain  
And we'll fire the bloody bastard o'er the wall!



BERSERKING SONG  
by Daemon the Damned

CHORUS: I am a fine Berserker;  
Keep out of my way.  
The English come from miles around  
Just to see me slay.

With great axe, with great axe;  
I love to slay with great axe:  
Whoosh-whoosh-whoosh!  
Whoosh-whoosh-whoosh!  
Whoosh-whoosh-whoosh-whoosh-whoosh-plop.....

CHORUS

With broadsword, with broadsword,  
I love to slay with broadsword!  
Stab-stab-stab!  
Stab-stab-stab!  
Stab-stab-stab-stab-stab-drip.....

CHORUS

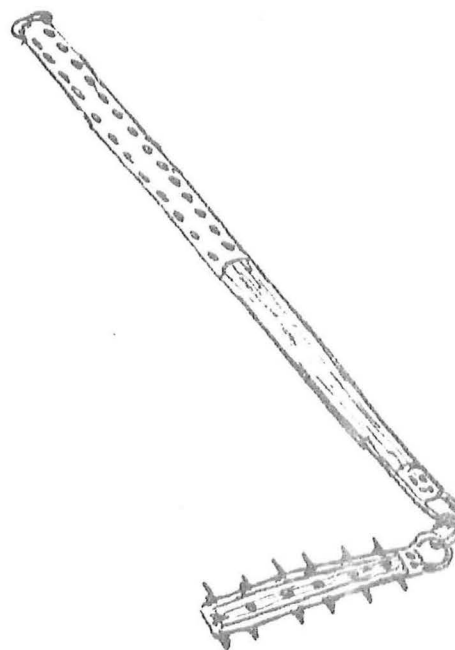
With my flail, with my flail,  
I love to slay with my flail:  
T'whip-t'whip-t'whip!  
T'whip-t'whip-t'whip!  
T'whip-t'whip 'wow-wow-wow-wow-smash.....

CHORUS

In shield walls, in shield walls,  
I love to slay in shield walls:  
Clump-clump-clump!  
Clump-clump-clump!  
Clump-clump-clump-clump-clump-stab.....

CHORUS

On long ships, on long ships,  
I love to slay on long ships!  
Hack-hack-hack!  
Hack-hack-hack!  
Hack-hack-hack-hack-hack-splash.....



THE CHIVAIRY  
(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

32

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, ours is not to question why,  
Whoopie! 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 its 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?



A REASON FOR POLITICS  
by Astra of the Grey Shadows

What is the worth of a crown and throne  
What is the price that a man will pay  
To sit in state and give commands  
And know that all will then obey?

How can the price of power be shown,  
How can we rank the pain of pride,  
Except as each man ranks himself?  
--And each man must in the end decide.

Here is a man who is great in love,  
Here is a man who is very small.  
Here is a man who holds honour high,  
Here is a man who has none at all.

Pride will pay the least he can,  
Hate will levy a kingdom's strife.  
Honour gives duty for duty proffered,  
And love will offer his very life.

What is the worth of power and pomp  
To those who never seek the throne?  
Why should they weigh the worth of a man  
Who wants no thing that they would own?

And why should we strive in the revel hall  
To steer what we would not claim our own,  
And fight on the field and the King's own court  
To hold some power o'er the power on the throne?

Why? For the throne is of great worth  
To those who will never there sit down:  
For we put our lives and our liberty  
In the hands of the man who wears the crown.

THE EMPTY THRONE  
(Tune: Brittish Grenadiers)

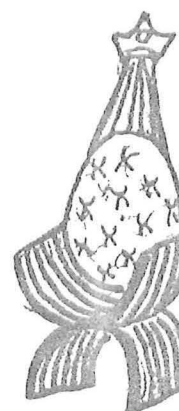
Some kingdoms rest on a horseshoe  
And some rest on the sand  
Our kingdom rests on an empty throne  
Tis by the king's command, my lords,  
Tis by the king's command.

For the kings are but of little worth  
They change from day to day  
But the symbol of an empty throne  
Will stay with us always, my lords,  
Will stay with us always.

Our gold is safe, our lands are safe,  
And now we may take wives  
There's no first night for an empty throne,  
It has no need for tithes, my lords...  
It has no need for tithes.

We have no orb or scepter  
Which our respect might claim  
We'll make our oaths to an empty throne  
Let it be the king in name, my lords...  
Let it be the king in name.

So all hail to Sir Thaid  
For he has taught us well  
We'll all bow down to the empty throne  
And the king can go to hell, my lords...  
And the king can go to hell.



THE CAUSES OF REBELLION  
(Tune: Retreat Along the Wabash)

Tell the truth to a lord you trust,  
More truth to a lord you hate;  
Lie to a lady if lie you must,  
But since the nobles sit far away,  
And will not heed what the people say,  
Lie, lie, lie to the council, lie to the heads of state.

Where the low hills sit by the foggy bay,  
And the ground all shakes with fire,  
The High Lords sit in council today;  
Let them consider the price they pay  
For calling a man a liar.

With title comes a certain power,  
And a much more certain schooling.  
A child may play in a castle tower.  
But the lord who does soon sees the hour  
He hasn't a land worth ruling.

For there isn't a man but has his doubts  
Of the worth of them that rules him;  
But the good ones he will not turn out  
Unless he finds he's pushed about  
Or thinks they're trying to fool him.

There's many a man in the lands of the East  
And a few in the West and Middle  
Who hold a lord sits last to the feast,  
Thinks first of his men, their lands, their beasts,  
And then of his pride--a little.

Now what a man says and what a man does  
Are controlled by laws and reason,  
But half the cause of all men's fight's  
What one man calls his natural rights  
And another man calls treason.

So take care all ye who sit in state:  
Take care when you come to judge:  
The cost of a word in anger is great,  
But greater still in lasting hate  
Is the cost of holding a grudge.

So you tell the truth to a lord you trust,  
More truth to a lord you hate;  
Lie to a lady if lie you must,  
But since the nobles sit far away,  
And will not heed what the people say,  
Lie, lie, lie to the council, lie to the heads of state.

Some  
Mx  
Fav

36

Come all you young rebels and list while I sing,  
For the love of one's country's a terrible thing.  
It banishes fear with the speed of a flame,  
And makes us all part of the patriot game.

My name is O'Hanlon and I've just gone sixteen,  
My home is in Monighan where I was weaned.  
I learned all my life through that England's to blame  
And so I'm a part of the patriot game.

It's nearly two years since I wandered away  
With the local battalion of the bold IRA.  
I read of our heroes and wanted the same---  
To play my own part in the patriot game.

This island of ours has for years been half free,  
Six counties are under John Bull's tyranny,  
So I gave up my boyhood to drill and to train  
To play out my part in the patriot game.

And now as I lie here, my body all old,  
I think of those traitors who bargained and sold.  
I wish that my rifle had given the same  
To those Quislings who sold out the patriot's game.

-----

#### THE RISING OF THE MOON

Oh, then, tell me, Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?  
"Hush me darlin', hush and listen," and his cheeks were all aglow.  
"I hear orders from the Captain: 'Get you ready quick and soon,  
For the pikes must be together by the risin' of the moon.'"

CHORUS: By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon!  
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.

Oh, then tell me, Sean O'Farrell, where the gatherin' is to be.  
"In the one spot by the river, right well-known to you and me."  
One more word, for signal token, whistle up the marching tune  
With the pike upon your shoulder, by the rising of the moon!

CHORUS

Out of many a mudwall cabin, eyes were watching through the night;  
Many a manly heart was throbbing for the coming morning light.  
Murmurs ran along the valley like the banshee's lonely croon,  
And the thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon!

CHORUS

There beside the singing river, that dark mass of men was seen;  
Far above their shining weapons hung their own beloved green.  
Death to every foe and traitor! Forward! Strike the marching tune!  
And HURRAH, me boys, for freedom! ~~This~~ the rising of the moon!

T.S.



## POINTWORK

(Tune: Lizzie Borden)  
by Josef Alaric of the Baliset

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 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 a far cry from the Board!

/repeat last chorus/

BIG BAD PAUL  
 (Tune: "Big Bad John")  
 by Kevin Perigryne

Every morning at the Tourney, you could see him arrive  
 He stood six-foot-one and weighed one-ninety-five  
 Kind of broad at the sword and round at the shield  
 And everybody knew that you better yield to Big Paul.  
 Big Paul, big Paul, big bad Paul.

Mistland was said to be where Paul called home  
 But he'd beaten all their fighters, so he had to roam  
 He didn't say much, just gave a big toothy grin  
 And if you spoke at all, you said: "Ouch! You win." to Big Paul.  
 Some said that at a Tourney in far Caid  
 With his strength of arm he did a mighty deed  
 When a crashin' blow from his spikey mace  
 Changed a fellow's blazon from erect to erased, Big Paul.  
 Big Paul, big Paul, big bad Paul.

Then came that day in the Grand Melee  
 When the shield wall cracked and the flanks gave way  
 And Knights were dyin' and Masters bled  
 And everybody thought that they were surely dead, 'cept Paul.  
 Through the killing and the carnage of this man-made Hell  
 Stalked a giant of a Duke that the fighters knew well  
 With a sword in his hand he waded into the fray  
 And slaughtered every infidel that got in his way, Big Paul.  
 Big Paul, big Paul, big bad Paul.

And with a mighty shout he began to charge  
 And an enemy yelled: "There's a Duke out at large!"  
 And twenty warriors reformed on their would be grave  
 And charged right in behind him, 'cause they had to save Big Paul  
 With their axes and maces they were gonna swing  
 But the dust was so thick they couldn't find one thing  
 When the dust cloud cleared they looked on aghast  
 Their foes had all been killed, right down to the last, by Big Paul,  
 Big Paul, big Paul, big bad Paul.

In that place they buried all his dead in one pit  
 And raised a barrow mound above to cover it  
 On a stone they carved these runes by hand:  
 "Underneath this barrow lies the work of one man, Big Paul."  
 Big Paul, big Paul, big bad Paul.

A CORPORATION OF MY VERY OWN  
 (Tune: Ruler of the Queen's Navy,  
 from HMS Pinafore)  
 by Linda-Muireall von Katzenbrasse  
 Elspeth O'Byrne  
 SvH

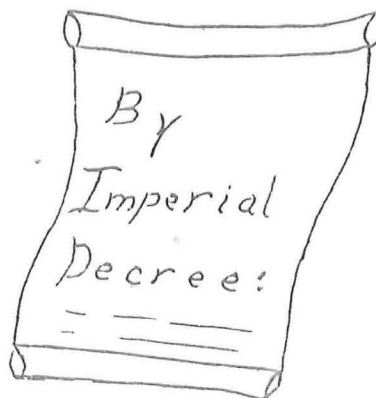
The S.C.A., says Jon de Cles,  
 Is a toy I gave my wife to use a thousand ways,  
 To further the medieval arts  
 And to prove that she's a lady of assorted parts  
 (To prove that she's a lady of assorted parts)

Her partisanship she has shown,  
 Now I've got a Corporation of my very own,  
 Her partisanship she has shown,  
 Now I'm Emperor of all that I can see or own.

So...Stick close to your house, ignore tourney day,  
 And you all may be Directors of the S.C.A.,  
 Stick close to your house, ignore tourney day,  
 And it's possible Serenity will come your way.

The kingdoms now are making a fuss  
 They don't seem to like the things we do--or us,  
 They want to change the Imperium  
 Which we of course regard as sheer delirium  
 (Which we of course ignore as sheer delirium)

We'll keep on as we are, continue on the Board,  
 And tomorrow there will be more members of the Horde,  
 If we keep on as we are, and continue on the Board,  
 Tomorrow will belong completely to the Horde.



SONG OF MITHRANDRIEL MARDI  
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Welcome to the Shire of Mithrandriel Mardi  
Keep your hand upon your wallet and a door where you can see  
And do not let your lady fair stray far away from thee  
For you're in Mithrandriel Mardi.

CHORUS: Hurry, hurry hide your daughter  
She'll unlearn all that you've taught her  
Run away is what you oughter  
In the Shire of Mithrandriel Mardi.

You can trust a Mardian as far as you can throw a truck  
And if you've got a dirty job, they'll gladly take your buck  
But if you think they'll follow thru, will you be out of luck!  
In the shire of M. M.

At your private table they will sit them down to dine  
And I will say naught of Mickey Finns but do not drink their wine  
For they'll never say "what's mine is yours" but "what's yours is mine"  
In the Shire of M. M.

Tis a place where all the ladies hide a dagger in their sleeves  
And if unwanted suits are pressed, there's cause enough to grieve  
For a close part of you will stay with her, although the rest may leave  
In the Shire of M. M.

Oh you can't trust them as neighbors, nor even next of kin  
For if the price is high enough, they'll gladly do you in  
Cause their leader'd pawn his mother, if he thought he'd get a 'fin'  
In the Shire of M. M.

Go ahead and pick a quarrel with one, if troubles you should lack  
And you'll find his ladie's dagger pricking holes into your back  
As she whispers soft, "You'd better lose, or you'll be in a sack  
Courtesy of M. M."

If you take your lady with you on a visit to the Shire  
You had better keep her close at hand and twixt you and the fire  
Or you'll later find her on the block, for sale, or lease, or hire  
Property of M. M.

If by chance you catch their eye and they decide that you're a friend  
Then I promise you some stranger times than even those I've penned  
But they stick by their people and your problems they will end  
All but those of Mithrandriel Mardi!

LITTLE GREEN SNAKE  
made famous by Tarkhan Perygen Northhymbr, O.W.  
from RIVENSTAR SONGBOOK VOL. I

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 see 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 his 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?

42

## THE JOLLY TINKER

As I was walkin' down the lane on a door I chanced to knock,  
"Have you any pots or kettles with rusty holes to block?"  
"Well, indeed I have, don't you know I have,  
Tell me right-fa-lor-a-laddie, well indeed I have."

Well, the Missus met me at the door and she bid me to come in,  
Said "Hello, me jolly tinker, and I hope you brought your tin."  
"Well, indeed I did, don't you know I did,  
Tell me right-fa-lor-a-laddie, well indeed I did."

Well, she led me through the kitchen and she led me through the hall,  
And the servant cried "The devil! Has he come to block us all?"  
"Well, indeed I have, don't you know I have,  
Tell me right-fa-lor-a-laddie, well indeed I have."

She led me up the stairs, me lads, to show me what to do,  
And she fell on the feather bed, and I fell on it, too.  
Well, indeed I did, don't you know I did,  
Tell me right-fa-lor-a-laddie, well indeed I did.

She then picked up a frying pan and she began to knock,  
For to let the servants know, me lads, that I was at me work,  
Well, indeed I was, don't you know I was,  
Tell me right-fa-lor-a-laddie, well indeed I was.

She put hand into her pocket and she pulled out twenty pound,  
Said, "Take this, me jolly tinker, and we'll go another round."  
"Well, indeed we will, don't you know we will,  
Tell me right-fa-lor-a-laddie, well indeed we will."

I've been a jolly tinker. now, for fourteen years or more,  
But such a rusty hole as that I've never blocked before,  
Well, indeed I have, don't you know I have,  
Tell me right-fa-lor-a-laddie, well indeed I have.



DANCERS VANITY  
(Tune: Golden Vanity)

Once there was a group and it fought with Tree-girt-sea,  
And the name of the group was The North Woods Barony,  
And they feared they would be taken by the Mongol enemy,  
As they marched along the Inland, Inland, Inland--  
Marched along the Inland Sea.

Then up spoke a Dancer with her little sister, she,  
Bravely said to the King: "Sir, what would you give to me  
If I dance along the side of the Mongol enemy  
And turned them from The North Woods Barony  
In their march along the Inland Sea?"

"Well, I'll give you silver and I will give you gold,  
And my own chosen Queen each of you in turn shall be,  
If you dance along the side of the Mongol enemy,  
And turn them from the North Woods Barony,  
In their march along the Inland Sea."

So she rode to the camp of the Mongol enemy,  
To the camp of the Horde, fierce warriors, proud and free,  
"Please take me to your leader, or your Warlord, if you please.  
I'm sure that he will speak with me."

Then she let drop her cloak, and in dancer's garb stood she,  
And she said to the Warlord: "All that you can see  
And that which you cannot, I would freely give to thee  
If you overlook The North Woods Barony  
In your march along the Inland Sea."

"Well, well do I like plunder and well do I like gold,  
And the trust of my men is the thing most dear to me,  
But when I am confronted by a beauty such as thee,  
The Devil take the North Woods Barony;  
We'll overlook them eagerly!"

She returned--the next morn--to the North Woods Barony,  
And she said to the King: "We've achieved a victory!  
We have turned aside the march of the Mongol enemy.  
Now where is the reward you promised me,  
The treasures of our barony?"

"Well, some kind of fool you must take me for to be,  
If you think I would give reward to such as thee,  
Who has openly consorted with the Mongol enemy  
As they failed to reach the North Woods Barony,  
In their march along the Inland Sea."

44

## "POLLY VON"

I shall tell of a hunter whose life was undone  
By the cruel hand of evil at the setting of the sun;  
His arrow was loosed, and it flew through the dark  
And his true love was slain as the shaft felled its mark.

But she'd her apron wrapped around her, and he took her for a swan,  
And it's oh and alas, it was she, Polly Von.

He ran up beside her and found it was she  
He turned away his head, for he could not bear to see  
He lifted her up, and found she was dead  
A fountain of tears for his true love he shed.

But she'd her apron wrapped about her, and he took her for a swan,  
And it's oh and alas, it was she, Polly Von.

He bore her away to his home by the sea  
Cryin, "Father, oh Father, I've murdered poor Polly!  
I've killed my fair love in the dawn of her life;  
I'd always intended that she be my wife.

But she'd her apron wrapped about her, and I took her for a swan,  
But it's oh and alas, it was she, Polly Von.

He rode near the place where his true love was slain;  
He wept bitter tears, but his cries were all in vain.  
As he looked on the lake, a swan glided by  
And the sun slowly sank in the grey of the sky.

But she'd her apron wrapped about her, and he took her for a swan,  
And it's oh and alas, it was she, Polly Von.





# THE LORD OF THE DANCE

When She danced on the waters and the wind was Her horn,  
The Lady laughed and everything was born.  
And when She lit the Sun and the light gave Him birth,  
The Lord of the Dance then appeared on the Earth!

CHORUS: "Dance, dance, wherever you may be,  
For I am the Lord of the Dance," said He.  
"I live in you, as you live in me,  
And I lead you all in the dance so free!"

I dance in the circle when the flames leap up high.  
I dance in fire and I never, never die.  
I dance in the waves on the bright summer sea,  
For I am the Lord of the Waves' Mystery!

CHORUS

I sleep in the kernel and I dance in the rain.  
I dance in wind and through the waving grain.  
And when you cut me down, I care nothing for the pain--  
In the spring I'm the Lord of the Dance once again!

CHORUS

I dance at your meetings when you chant out the spell.  
I dance and sing that everyone be well.  
And when the dancing's over, do not think I am gone;  
To live is to dance--so I dance on and on!

CHORUS

