

ANSTEORRA!

Might as well start with one of the patriotic ones . . .

Tune: Oklahoma!

Nerak la Tisserande

Ansteorra! Where the Mongols sweep down from the plain,
And the Viking fleet lies off the beach,
And the sun comes right behind the rain.

Ansteorra! Where my fair lady will cry,
And cheer for me, in the melee,
While the vultures circle in the sky.

You know we will fight for our land,
If the Middle should get out of hand;
And when we cry, "To the death!"
And, "Let the Middle die!"
We're only saying, "You're going far, Ansteorra!
Ansteorra, Black Star!"

Insert Kingdom of choice

GRINSLEEVES

and move right on into the "otherwise." I think everyone can sympathize with this poor lord.

Tune: Greensleeves (of course!)

Telbyrne Morningstar

Alas, my love, you've done me dirt,
You've sewn green sleeves to my purple shirt.
And then you did the worst of all . . .
You made me go out and wear it.

Chorus: Oh, what a dismal fate,
To be seen at events in this terrible state.
Oh, how I wish I could be late --
Say, seven days after it's over.

Alas, my love, you've done me wrong,
You've made my tunic much too long.
You made it seven feet ten or more . . .
It drags across the floor.

Chorus: Say, seven weeks after it's over.

Alas, my love, I'm born to lose,
You've tied pink bows to my orange shoes.
And done my hair in wave and curl . . .
My mother now thinks I'm a girl.

Chorus: Say, seven months after it's over.

There's more!

GRINSLEEVES (continued)

Alas, my love, we'll have to leave,
Someone just insulted my beautiful sleeve;
And questioned my taste in every way . . .
By God, he said I must be gay.

Chorus: Say, seven years after it's over.

GORY

And then there are war songs, Society-type.

Tune: Loverly (from My Fair Lady)

Nerak la Tisserande

All I want is a war somewhere,
Far away from a mundane care,
With all the knights there --
Oh, wouldn't it be gory!

Oh, so gory swinging swords
from left to right,
After battle we can revel
through the night!

Lots of helmets for me to cleave,
Lots of widows to cry and grieve;
I'm itching now to leave --
Oh, wouldn't it be gory!

Bashing mace into someone's head,
Gunch him good until he's dead.
Oh, see the creek run red --
Oh, wouldn't it be goryious?

FOR THIS MY HOME

This is the first of the serious type, to be sung when you feel like tears.

Tune: Green Beret

Simonn of Amber

Carry me home upon my shield,
Bear me high o'er road and field.
Let me know the touch of cleansing wind
In this my home, in this my home.

And when you carry me through
the square,
Bear me proudly, don't despair!
I gave my life that you could live
In this my home, in this my home.

If loved ones ask you how I fell
Within the fray, I charge you well,
Tell them I fought until the end
For this my home, for this my home.

When at last you bury me,
I want no tears, nor eulogy!
Just let me rest deep in the earth
Of this my home, Of this my home.

Place my sword hilt within my hand.
Though it is broken, understand:
Like me, it gave all it could give
For this my home, for this my home.

ANSTEORRA ANTHEM

And more patriotism.

Tune: Finlandia

Kubric Spelldragon

Dear Land we love, All hail Ansteorra.
Thy honor fields reflect fond memories.
We pledge to thee, our faith and true devotion,
And pray that we bring honor to thee.
Thy revel halls shall ever sing thy glory,
Dear Ansteorra, land that we love.

FAREWELL TO ANSTEORRA

Let us hope none of us ever has to sing this!

Tune: Farewell to Nova Scotia

From *Gesta*
Alaric ap Morgan

Chorus: Farewell to Ansteorra, that sun-blessed land,
Let your hamlets bright and cheery be!
When I am far away over mighty mountains tall,
Will you ever breathe a sigh or a wish for me?

I hate to leave my native home,
I loath to leave my comrades all,
But I must hie away over hill and plain,
For my captain calls, and I must obey.

Chorus

My own true love did bid me stay,
She would not part our company.
But honour calls, "To horse and away,"
For no slight can mar our Princedom free.

Chorus

Red War does cry at every side.
Our swords are broken, bent, or dulled,
But Ansteorra stands as a shield in the Sun,
And Honour and Glory shall e'er be our Pride.

Chorus

I lay me down this night to die.
My wounds are grievous, I've greatly bled,
But Ansteorra's life means more than mine.
For Love and Beauty must ne'er wash away.

Chorus

BALLAD OF THE SILVER HELMS

This is one of the early ones -- but I've lost count of the revisions.

Tune: Green Beret

Nerak la Tisserande

Fighting knights here to try,
Fearless men to challenge and die.
Men who mean just what they say,
The brave men of the SCA.

Trained in court and skilled in game
Are the fighters who've won fame,
But it takes five peers to say
They're worth of K.S.C.A.

Chorus:

Chorus

In silver helms with colored crests,
These are knights, Ansteorra's best.
And all the squires hope someday
To be a knight of the SCA.

Back at home, a lady waits,
Has her lord met his fate?
But here he comes in belt of white,
Her lord now is a knight.

Trained to fight with sword in hand,
And on their honor, they will stand.
Sworn to defend the one who may
Wear a crown of the SCA.

Chorus

Put a silver helm on my son's head,
Teach him to fight or strike him dead.
He'll be a knight, I know some day,
So bring him up in the SCA.

Chorus

BORACHMAN HYMN

With the approval of Franz von Steffans, Warhaft of the Bdrachman.

Tune: The Marine Hymn

Melusine Whitcroft

From the ships beached on Ansteorran shores, to the mountains and beyond,
Tho' we're not aggressive in the least, to threats we will respond.
In hurricane or ice-storm, we will melee with the best.
We are the fighting Borachmen, the first line of defense.

THE HOSPITALLER'S SONG

Very strange, this one!

Tune: The Arts Go Marching One by One
or When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Vargskol Halfblood and the
Bjørnsborg Tacky Songs Guild

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!

Two by two --

A very period thing to do.

Three by three --

I think that's MY hand on my knee!

Of course there's none!

THE HOSPITALLER'S SONG (continued)

Four by four --
On the furniture, on the floor.
Five by five --
With everybody except their wives.
Six by six --
With Ranyart up to his usual tricks.
Seven by seven --
Call in the knights/wenches and
we'll be in heaven.

Eight by eight --
Hurry up, [name], or you'll
be late.
Nine by nine --
I don't know why, it must be
the wine.
Ten by ten --
No one's asleep and it's
morning again.

GOD REST YE FRANTIC AUTOCRAT

*Dedicated to every autocrat of every event ever held in Ansteorra;
most of the incidents mentioned have indeed occurred!*

Tune: God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen

Tivar Moondragon

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 tho' 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,
Tho' 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 frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
Despite the fact that everything
Is going wrong today,
The King and Queen came unannounced,
And God knows who else may:

Chorus

It's not done yet!

GOD REST YE FRANTIC AUTOCRAT (continued)

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 carried 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, tho' 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

ANACHRONIST'S ANTHEM

This came out of Meridies!

Tune: The Marine Hymn

Diarmuid MacSeumas O'Siodhachain

From the windswept halls of Nord-aus-das-Strom, to the shores of the
 Southern Isles,
We journey to the tournaments, and wear medieval styles.
We will be lords and ladies for a too-short weekend,
Feasting and merry-making in a chivalric land of Pretend.

I WANT A WAR

This one did too.

Tune: I Want A Girl

Diarmuid MacSeumas O'Siodhachain

I want a war, just like the wars the knights of old did fight,
When warriors stood and fought, in bloody battle, good and hot,
 Through the day and night.
A good old-fashioned war with lots of blood, Just like Fennsic IV with
 lots of mud.
I want a war, just like the wars the knights of old did fight:

I GOTTA SWORD

Nicely sprightly.

Tune: I Got Shoes

Nerak la Tisserande

I gotta sword, you gotta sword, all us fighters got a sword.
When I get to tourney, gonna take up my sword,
Gonna fight in the melee, melee, melee,
Everybody talkin' 'bout tourney ain'ta gonna win,
Melee, melee, gonna fight in the melee.

I gotta shield . . .
gonna take up my shield . . .

I gotta helm . . .
gonna put on my helm . . .

I gotta bruise . . .
gonna get black and blue . . .

BALLAD OF THE MEN OF THORNWELL

For late nights in the Blue Fly Tavern.

From *Gesta*

Tune: The Ballad of the Trades

Suleszka von Pferdenthal

Here's to the brave men of Thornwell,
Well known for their prowess in fights,
But it's only the ladies who know you the best
When the time comes to put out the lights.

Here's Orm, a lusty strong fellow,
Makes many men tremble with fear,
But his knees start to shake and he's heard to meow,
When a purring young kitten comes near.

And Turpin, our scholarly Turpin,
His prowess at chess it is great,
He knows all the gambits for taking a piece;
Three moves and he's ready to mate.

Oh, Ranyart, he's famed as a wench,
You've heard of his name far and wide,
And just when you think that your lady's alone,
You'll find Ranyart there by her side.

And Gyllan's a mighty strong archer,
His arrow's shot straight to the mark,
And his aim's just as true, with a lass in his arms,
When he's loosing his shaft in the dark.

That's not all!

MEN OF THORNWELL (continued)

And Matthew, that red-haired young devil,
He's thought to be quiet and staid,
But he's rowdy enough to be raising some hell
When he's seeking the charms of a maid.

Stephen, he's known as a poet,
His ballads are sometimes risqué,
But there's many a maiden for miles hereabout
Who'll swear he excels at the lay.

Here's to young Raimond the Moon-Bear,
Though some think him naught but the Foole,
But he's clever enough with a wench in his arms,
And he knows French they don't teach in school.

Here's to Sir Jan called the Eagle,
Unhorsing him many have tired,
But his lance is still stout, and there's many a lass
Who'll go with Sir Jan for a ride.

And Tanasan, Lord of House Thornwell,
He's proud and he conquers at will,
If it's out on the field, or in some lady's bed,
He handles his weapon with skill.

So here's to the brave men of Thornwell,
Be you scholars or fighters or lords,
But it's only the ladies who know you the best,
For your best thrusts aren't made with your swords.

HOW MUCH IS THAT RATTAN IN THE GARAGE?

The first line of this was sung by His Majesty Johann of Atenweldt upon returning from garage of the Bordenmarch Baronial Manor. By the way, in order to fit the tune, "garage" is "gay-rarj," and "rattan" is "rat'n."

Tune: How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?

Nerak la Tisserande

How much is that rattan in the garage?
The eleven-foot Manowen stave?...
How much is that rattan in the garage,
The one that's intact, not shaved?

I heard of a tale of a dark lord
With a saber that's made out of light.
I need a greatsword to protect me,
And scare him away with one fight.

I don't want pine or balsa,
I don't want a baseball bat,
I don't want five-foot pieces,
'Cause you can't make a greatsword from that!

*No tune to this one; it's a very lovely poem on a historical topic.
This is Chivalry.*

Suleszka von Pferdenthal

A hundred knights in the cold grey dawn
With hot blood in their veins;
A thousand liv'ried men-at-arms,
Lie hidden in the lanes.

The fog is thick upon the ground,
The sun we cannot see;
No banners waving in the sky
To show the enemy.

We hear the horses neigh and snort,
The ground it starts to shake;
Across the heath and up the hill
The foe our line to break.

The whine of arrows through the air,
The cries of men in pain,
The clash of swords on mail and plate;
We hold against the strain.

The drifting fog begins to lift
To show, upon our flank,
The Sunne of York in splendor flown
To crush upon our rank.

Our hearts are filled with panic fear
As we strive to hold the field;
We press in close to guard our lord
From blows of bloodied steel.

Our men retreat now to a brook
Whose waters run with blood;
Our wounded fall with piercing cries
As we trample through the flood.

We know not why we fight these wars
For Red rose or for White;
We owe our service to our lord
For wrong cause or for right.

The devices of the warring sides
Fly out across the sun;
We know not which will hold the field
When this hard day is done.

The knight and the baron have no fear,
Their mounts are strong and fast;
We yeomen stand upon the ground,
And fight until the last.

BARNET 1472 (continued)

We have no gold to ransom us,
There is no way to yield,
We cannot run so hard and swift --
So we die upon the field.

We are strong and simple men,
We've pledged unto our lord;
And hard we fight for the oath we swore
On the relics in his sword.

If York should win, then we will die,
With our traitor lord attainted;
We wear his livery and his badge,
With his arms our coats are painted.

God grant me now a final wish --
Their arrows sigh around me --
Return my soul to my freehold land,
Let the peace of earth surround me.

THE BARBARIAN SONG

Remember First Barbarian Invitational, A.S. XII? This will remind you!

From *Gesta* and *The Phoenix*
Sesto Marco Vareccio de CrucedeRosas

Lively molto marcato

Chorus Oh we all sit at court, and talk of the sport of lopping off ev'ryone's

head so we'll cheer till we're spent and we'll not be content until

ev'ry last fighter is dead.

Freely

Verse 1. I play on the lute and sing of a brute a Behemoth called Hogan by name

He's known for his might and although he's not bright his

THE BARBARIAN SONG (continued)

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The first staff is labeled 'A Tempo' and 'D.S. al Fine'. The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Below the staff is the lyric 'mass puts Goliath to shame, Oh we'. The second staff is labeled '*Fine' and contains the notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Below the staff is the lyric 'ev'ry last fighter is dead.'

2. Lord Ranyart, it seems, is the subject of dreams,
Of maidens, both portly and lean.
They all beat a path to help with his bath,
A cleaner man never was seen.
3. A lady can thrill with equestrian skill,
I speak of Suleszka, of course,
You may steal her Lord Jan, her house and beyond,
But don't lay a hand on her horse.
4. A man's ne'er been seen such as Lord Evergreen,
They say he's a gentleman born,
Though he's known for his manner, he's one of those planners
Who'll be in your tent before morn.
5. May all the saints bless the dear Lady Tess,
We love to bring red to her cheeks.
She's a beautiful sight, and wed to a knight,
But at Moondragon's treasure she peeks.
6. To the newest of peers, let's all give three cheers,
We sing of the battles he's won,
He's now joined the knights, but the hardest of fights
Is still keeping track of his son.
7. The ladies think much of Lord Tivar's touch,
They say he has talented hands.
The work of his fingers brings pleasure that lingers,
But what of the work of his glands?
8. And now, to be sure, I must sing to Fleur,
A charming and buxom young lass.
She's well put together, and the men don't know whether
To stare at her face or her -- eyes.
9. Sir Randall can fight, and with all his might,
He whacks them again and again,
And when it's all done, and the battle is won,
He finds that he's killed his own men.
10. A few had a whim to go for a swim
(They were beginning to roast),
A few came to look, and clothing they took
To see who had reason to boast.

THE BARBARIAN SONG (continued)

11. A lady's been seen, whose color is green
(Tis probably something she ate).
You may answer her riddle, but don't try to fiddle
Or you'll meet with an unpleasant fate.
12. Take care not to fall to the Siren's sweet call,
To do so would cost you your life.
If you go, my good man, you will die by her hand
If not by the hand of your wife.
13. Oh, we sing of the fall of Amethyst Hall
Of hangings, and warm sunny skies.
Though we all came prepared, it must still be declared,
That victory belonged to the files.
14. I could sing of Jan, and Lord Tanasan,
Of Orm and the rest of the throng,
And avoiding the clench of the dread tavern wench,
But my song is already too long.

DWARVEN INVITATIONAL

Don't Dwarves remind you of . . . Well, maybe not all of them!

Tune: Teddy Bear's Picnic

Melusine Whitcroft

If you go out on the field today, you'd better not go alone.
It's lovely out on the field today, but nicer to stay at home.
For every Dwarf that ever there was is gathered there for certain because
Today's the day the Dwarves have their toruney.

Dwarven Invitation! -- They're having a lovely time today.
See them bash and gunch and slay to have a good time on their holiday!
See them toss the rock about, they love to roar and shout,
They're happiest when at war.
At sundown their Mothers will come and take them home to bed
Because they're tired, little, six-foot Dwarves.

ALMOST A LIMERICK

*The subject of this one has also been compared to a teddy bear -- but don't
wake him up in the middle of the night!*

anonymous

A Samurai-Viking named John
Met four burglars with his katan'
The one's chest he cut,
Stabbed the other in the butt,
And the other two took one look at him in his dirty grey socks
and ran like hell!

THE EAGLE RIDES OVER THE BORDER

Apparently the lady likes writing poems, even when there's no tune to go with it. Nice of her, I think.

From *Gesta*
Suleszka von Pferdenthal

The horses are taken in from the green fields
The braches all howl at the moonrise,
The shutters are bolted up tight and secure,
The goodwives all tremble and cover their eyes.

The men are all silent out in the dark woods,
Their hearts are not ready for slaughter.
They hold fast their bills and axes and flails
For the Eagle rides over the border.

The Eagle rides hard and the Eagle rides fast --
In his train ride pillage and evil,
Oh he's fought seven years the ravaging Turk --
And the fighting has made him a devil.

The valley folk pray at the sound of his name
And reach for the good Holy Water,
For horses and cattle and lives will be lost
When the Eagle rides over the Border.

His name and his deeds have reached far and wide
As those of Vlad the Impaler.
He's driven the Heathen back over the plains
And keeps him locked out like a gaoler.

They hang up the garlic outside their front doors,
Silver crosses they hang on their daughters.
The men go to fight by the light of the moon
When the Eagle rides over the Border.

He's hunted the Turks past the great Iron Gates,
And the Emperor gave him a castle.
He's got holy relics all blessed by the Pope,
And he's taken the Turks for his vassals.

They listen afeared for the sound of his horse,
The blood in their hearts turns to water --
They creep away hangdog all home to their huts
As the Eagle rides over the Border.

He gallops abroad in his fine silver mail,
All crimson and white is his tabard.
And many a Turk he has reuded and slain
With the great sword that hangs in his scabbard.

With the rise of the sun they count all their herds,
They embrace their goodwives and daughters.
They give thanks to God that the Devil has gone --
And the Eagle rides over the Border.

I'M GOING TO WAR IN THE MORNING

You know, when you're going to a Society war in a couple of days, you can find yourself singing these aloud in a crowd of mundanes!

Tune: I'm Getting Married in the Morning
(from My Fair Lady)

Nerak la Tisserande

I'm going to war in the morning, with all the knights in a line.
See the barbarians, the weapons they're carryin' --
Oh, get me to the war on time.

I've got to be there in the morning, Shined up and wearin' all my mail,
Yellin' a cry, to win or to die --
Ansteorra cannot fail.

When they attack us with trumpet sound,
That's when we'll pound them into the ground!

There is a war in the morning, Send out the heralds through the land.
We'll show the West, Ansteorra's best --
With Atenveldt, we'll make our stand.

IN MELEE

Doesn't everyone have second thoughts?

Tune: Yesterday

Telbyrne Morningstar

In melee --
All my troubles seem to start that way,
When I take the field to fight and slay --
Now I want to turn and run away.

Suddenly, I'm not half the man I used to be --
There's an axeman standing over me.
I'd love to turn my back and flee.

Why I had to fight I don't know -- Prince didn't say.
I did something wrong, now I long to run away.

From melee --
All my troubles seem to start that way;
Well, I think I'll stay and fight today --
I love to fight in big melees.

IT'S A SMALL SHIELD AFTER ALL

Embarrassed the poor knight to incoherency with this one!

Tune: It's a Small World

Nerak la Tisserande

It's a shield of black with a Tau cross white,
It's a shield that's seen many a fight,
Though it's perfectly round, and it weighs twenty pounds,
It's a small shield after all.

Chorus: It's a small shield after all, it's a small shield after all,
It's a small shield after all --
It's Sir Sean's small shield.

When borne in battle against a foe,
That little shield seems to grow.
To the left and the right, and then high and then low,
Till it covers from head to toe.

Chorus

WAR!

Absolutely had to use at least one tune from Camelot!

Tune: It's May (from Camelot)

Nerak la Tisserande

It's war! It's war! The lusty state of war!
That lovely game of armed conflict
That every knight waits for.

It's here! It's here! That bashing time of year!
When clouds of wicked arrows in flight
Suddenly appear.

It's war! It's war! So blow the horn of war
And charge the West
See them retreat
Isn't it neat --
Just watch the Hippo's feet.

It's time to do a sneaky thing or two.
And we'll make each counter attack something the West will rue.

It's war! It's war! It's what we've traveled for,
While we boast
Of our great host
Raising our tankards
In a last toast
To the blessed state of War!

HAIKU

Reminiscent of every tourney the summer of A.S. XIII!

From *Gesta*
Balthazar of Endor

Lady, lost in black velvet darkness,
Brought back to me
By mosquitoes.

COMMERCIAL

Razors, swords -- they're both sharp.

Tune: The Gillette Razor Song

Nerak la Tisserande

It looks sharp, and the edge is too,
A broad sword that is right for you.
It's good steel, so give a cheer --
The blade from Kirby Wise is here!

HERR OTTO'S TRAGEDY

A nice medieval theme!

Tune: Sir James the Rose

From *Gesta*
Suleszka von Pferdenthal

Herr Otto's on his great war-horse,
And to the East he's riding,
For he has gone to fight the rogues
On the Border where they're hiding.
And he has taken men-at-arms
And seven stalwart squires,
And they'll be home within the week
To sit beside their fires.

Dame Sula stood upon the wall
To wave to him in parting,
But he has turned to face the East
So eager he's for starting.
When the night began to fall
And Autumn's chill came creeping,
A knock was heard upon the door
That set the hounds a-leaping.

A stranger stood outside the door,
His garb all stained and muddy,
To beg for a night's lodging there --
And they saw his hands were bloody.
Dame Sula's heart was kind and good,
But alas! she was not clever,
For she has gone to let him in,
And doomed herself forever.

She's bound his wounds in linen fine
And he's told her his story,
Set upon by cutthroats vile --
Abandoned, robbed and gory.
He said he'd travelled far and wide
In search of wealth and pleasure,
He's told her tales of many lands
And wonders beyond measure.

She gave him meat and hearty broth
And brought some wine to warm him.
She made a bed where he could sleep
And sure that none would harm him.
She bade him good-night and went up
And kissed her babes a-smiling,
For now she's gone up to her bed
For sleep was now beguiling.

When all was dark and quiet there,
And the hounds were soundly sleeping,
The stranger drew his cold steel blade
And to her room went creeping.
She could not cry out ere he struck
But her eyes grew wide with pleading.
He heeded not, and plunged the knife,
And left her dead and bleeding.

Not over yet.

HERR OTTO'S TRAGEDY (continued)

He wiped his knife upon her robes
And down the stairs was stealing,
When open burst the great front door
And the wild shouts came a-pealing.
Herr Otto's lost the leader rogue
But by his blood he's found him.
He's called out to his squires bold
To go up and surround him.

The stranger laughed a madman's laugh,
And Otto feared disaster.
He's ridden hard back to his keep,
'Twas sad he rode no faster.
He's climbed the stairs to seek his wife
And in her blood he's found her.
He's cried his grief aloud to God
And he's wrapped his cloak around her.

The rogue he's dies a savage death
But Otto's heart was riven.
They've laid him down beside his wife
As soon as he was shriven.

SIXTEEN TONS

Wasn't it obvious?

Tune: Sixteen Tons

Nerak la Tisserande

A man-at-arms is made out of mud,
A squire is made out of muscle and blood,
Muscle and blood and you add some steel,
Then you've got a knight and you know that he'll
 Weigh sixteen tons, that's what you'll get,
 With a knight in armor and you can bet
 It'll take twelve men-at-arms with a winch and chain
 Just to lower his helm down over his brain.

He's a gentleman fighter for the SCA,
Doesn't understand how he got that way,
Learned how to fight with a sword and shield
And defend his honor out on the field,
 A-wearin' sixteen tons . . .

He was a crude barbarian a-fightin' out in the rain,
Till someone draped him with a belt and a chain,
Now he's a peer and a knight, they say --
We lose more good barbarians that way.
 He's wearin' sixteen tons . . .

AN ATENVELDT KING

The envelope on this one had no return address -- guess the author isn't interested in his free copy of the Songbook!

Tune: The M.T.A.

C. Flavius Censor

(The Man Who Never Returned)

Let me tell you of the story of an Atenveldt king
Who decided to levy a tax.
He said, "Seneschals, don't argue; just send me that lithe,
Or prepare your heads for the axe."

Shall we pay him or no, shall we pay him no?
'Twas discussed both high and low --
From the newest hanger-on to BoD Almighty,
The debate raged to and fro.

Now upon Atenveldt the West declared war,
Many miles did the fighters fare.
When they got there the monarch told them, "Field maneuvers."
An official event he did declare.

Arrows and flails, Oh, arrows and flails --
It never, never falls.
We'll have no war while he's on the throne,
So goodbye to arrows and flails.

And a revel was held in the Steppes Barony;
All night did the guests stay there.
But know you all, 'twas not their choice,
'Twas the king who reveled fore'er.

Let us depart, Oh, let us depart,
For home, my lady, let us start.
But the king and his peers are locked in a room
With the keys to our dragon-cart.

Now all his reign long he rides through his kingdom
Crying, "Where may I rest my head?
I've no home of my own (nor farspeaker station) and
My subjects make me beg for a bed."

Where is the king? Where is the king?
The farspeak doth ring and ring.
He ray roam forever through the realm of Aten,
An itinerant, homeless king.

Now you subjects of Aten, don't you think it's a scandal
How the king does whate'er he do please,
In despite of SoD and Corpora and custom,
With no thought of common courtesy.

What can we do? Oh, what can we do?
Is there no one to turn to?
He won't be king forever; it's a four-month reign,
Father Time will see us through!

MY BROADSWORD

Understand Tom Mix used to kiss his horse, but he don't have many of those . . .

Tune: My Rainbow

Kubric Spelldragon

My Broad Sword, I cannot tell what you mean to me
With your strength, your weight and your accuracy.
If I could pattern my strife
On your great length and edge true,
A killing cut, right to the nut,
each time.
My Broad Sword, symbol of fighting strength ever true,
Inspire me to kill just with you.

HONEYMOON SONG

Written for Sebastian Eiserfaust and Maria Elayne von Schwangau. The first verse is sung by the ladies to the Lord, the second by the lords to the Lady, &c; the last verse is sung by all to both.

Tune: The Saucy Sailor

Vargskol Halfblood

On thy honeymoon, My lord Newlywed,
As thou lifteth her through door
In thine eagerness forget not the bed
For it's softer than the floor!

Oh, milady, thou hast a master now
'Tis the man who wears the pants
Though we care to hope 'tis not always so
When the candle's out, perchance.

And thou must not slump in thy wedding clothes
That will not do at all
For thy lady fair now and evermore
Thou must stand up straight and tall.

Thou art married now to a warrior bold
See thou helpst with his gear
Polish thou his sword and his helm of gold
And look well to his spear.

Thou must not dicker with thy lady fair
'Tis unseemly to dicker
To berate a wife 'til becomes a man
But 'tis all right to dicker.

More advice yet!

THE HONEYMOON SONG (continued)

Simple Innocence best becomes a maid
E'en abed this is true
Never teach thy man any heathen ways
Let him think he taught you.

For a lady is passing delicate
Thou must not be bold and rough
She'll appreciate manly self-restraint
Thrice a night should be enough.

If you truly do all we've bid you to
For as long as you are wed
Then we guarantee you will happy be
At least while you're abed.

THE LORD OF THORNWELL RIDES

Another poem on one of her lords.

From *Gesta*
Suleszka von Pferdenthal

Out of the dark and the windy night
With the rain blowing down and no fire alight,
With his buckler hanging at his back and his broadsword at his side,
Out of the dark and the windy night, the Lord of Thornwell rides.

Over the hills and the grassy plains,
Over the dark streams swelled with rain,
With his black cloak blowing in the wind and his spurs to his horse's sides
Over the hills and the grassy plains, the Lord of Thornwell rides.

Up through the crags and the rocky steeps,
Down to the trees and the mossy deeps,
With his band of loyal men-at-arms to follow at his side,
Up through the crags and the rocky steeps, the Lord of Thornwell rides.

Into the woods and the shadowed glades --
Out of their scabbards slide gleaming blades --
With his sword all drawn and ready, his men close by his side,
Into the woods and the shadowed glades, the Lord of Thornwell rides.

Out from the East and the pale grey sky,
Into the valley where the brigands lie,
With his troop all hot for fighting, and the shout of battle cried,
Out from the East and the pale grey sky, the Lord of Thornwell rides.

Up from the valley where the foe lies slain,
Over the hills in the morning rain,
With his sword now sheathed and quiet, he smiles with vict'ry pride,
Up from the valley where the foe lies slain, the Lord of Thornwell rides.

FREAKING THE MUNDANES

Such a fun game -- and perfectly innocent . . .

Tune: Waltzing Matilda

Nerak la Tisserande
Vargskol Halfblood
and sundry others

Once a noble Baron held his court in Bordermarch
Under the shade of the Library
And we sang as we marched down the sidewalk in our funny clothes
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Chorus: Freaking the mundanes, freaking the mundanes,
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me,
And we sang as we walked down the sidewalk in our funny clothes
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Went to the Steppes to hold a little melee there
Thousands of people came to see
And we sang as we swung our swords upon the soccer field
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Went to the Norseman to hear Lee Majors shout "O-Din!"
The price was right, we got in free!
And we sang as we sat and barfed into our paper bags
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Officer's meeting turned into a donnybrook
Out came the daggers, one - two - three
Varg wouldn't let us melee in his living room
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Once a Stargate lady went down to the laundromat
To wash the tabards, dirty from war
And she sang and she smiled as she folded the clean laundry
Chainmail doesn't wash out, you see.

In his black tights and velvet cape he pedals through the city streets
Chasing off dogs with his epee
And he smiles and waves as traffic stops left and right
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

In the junkyard they found domes of metal keen and bright
At which they hurled rocks with glee
And they danced and they sang envisioning new helms
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Once upon a Sunday night he pulled into a Texaco
On his way back from the tourney
And the gas jockey said, "Can I help you, Father?"
He was a-freaking the mundanes, you see.

(And he smiled as he said, "No, thank you, my son")

This young Stargate lady loves to tell the story
How Hogan was beheaded, easy as could be
And she laughs as she sees expressions of her mundane friends
She loves to go a-freaking the mundanes, you see.

Wait for it!

FREAKING THE MUNDANES (continued)

In Beaumont, Channel 12 was invaded in the night
Tessa wished to see herself on TV
The Ansteorran news team and the Barbarian weather wench
Really freaked out the FCC!

He took his greatsword and his shield into the show room
"If they won't fit in the trunk, it's not the car for me"
And the salesmen stood and gaped in shocked silence
He really freaked out the Ford Company

Fighter practice in the par, a chiming from the road was heard
"Stand and deliver!" cried the bold company
And they sang as they munched on their sno-cones and ice cream bars
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Don't sit at home and dream your dreams in solitude
This will be fun, I guarantee
Put on your costume, strap your weapon by your side
And come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

RHOADIN THE VIKING

Hope Rhoadin doesn't take offense; none was meant . . .

Tune: Frosty the Snowman

Melusine Whitcroft

Rhoadin the Viking was a very happy soul,
With his purple sash and his dragon ship with the shields hung in a row.
Rhoadin the Viking had a band of fighters bold,
And he led this band from land to land on a search for fun and gold.
There must have been some magic in that purple helm he wore,
For when he put it on his head, the Borachmen began to roar.
Oh, Rhoadin's Borachmen never failed in battle fell,
And they challenged all who would dare to brawl over all of Atenveldt.

Thumpity thump thump, thumpity thump thump, look at Rhoadin go,
Thumpity thump thump, thumpity thump thump, over the beaten foe

Rhoadin the Viking was the ladies' favorite,
Tho' the lords don't know why it should be so, yet 'twas very definite.
Rhoadin the Viking was surrounded at all times,
By such a group, a lovely troop, femininity sublime.
Now whether it was his reckless grin or whether his eyes so blue,
The fact remains, it was no strain, he attracted not a few.
But Rhoadin the Viking, though he gloried in it all,
Had no favorite maid, tho' they cursed and prayed, and tried so to enthrall.

But Rhoadin the Viking met his conqueror at last,
Now no more he'll roam so far from home, 'cause from now on he's held fast.
There must have been some magic in her smile so fair to see,
She did what many before her'd tried, she brought him to his knees.
Oh, Rhoadin the Viking, like many another man,
Has forsaken a life that was full of strife; he's been tamed by a woman's hand.

CONCERNING THE SUPERIORITY OF FIGHTING MEN:

No tune for this one either.

Suleszka From Gesta
Suleszka von Pferdenth!

The rhymist hath such honey words
And the smith he is quite strong,
But I'd rather bed a fighting man
Whose lance is very long.

The scribe can write a good fair hand
And the minstrel's sweet to hear,
But they can't compare to a lordly knight
When he holds aloft his spear.

The carter hauleth heavy loads
And the workman's strong at labor,
But they aren't up to a rash Hussar
Who's sharpened well his sabre.

The juggler he hath many tricks
And the priest he can give grace,
But oh for the love of a man at arms
With his stout and goodly mace.

The mage can many wonders show
And the miser hath his hoard,
But I'll take instead the chevalier
Who uses well his sword.

The tailor maketh garments fine
And the cobbler doth good work,
But I'd rather a wild Celtic lad
With his cubit-length of dirk.

The dancer leapeth like a stag
And the player's fair of speech,
But give me first the warrior bold
Who's quick into the breach.

A SLAYING SONG

Another from Meridies.

Tune: Jingle Bells

Diarmuid MacSeumas O'Siodhachain

Slashing through the foe on appointed battle day
Over the field we go smashing all the way!
Blades on helms do ring striking metal bright
Oh, what fun to fight and sing a slaying song tonight!

Waving swords, Borachman hordes, raiding in the night,
O what fun to clench-a-wench and toone and love and fight.

SONGS OF THE STAR

The only one written for the incipient Kingdom, rather than the Principality!

Tune: The Rising of the Moon

Balthazar of Endor

Ah, then tell me folks In Atenveldt
O' have ye heard it said
That the Sun upon yer banner
Has turned to bloody red?
We're comin' from the southlands
Ye don't know who we are.
We're the Boys from Ansteorra
With the Rising of the Star! (3x)
We're the Boys from Ansteorra
With the Rising of the Star.

Many a foe has tried us
On many a bloody field
A precious few have killed us
Because we never yield
We've got powder for our cannon
Grapeshot and boilin' tar
We're your friends from Ansteorra
With the Rising of the Star (3x)

Now we have Sir Yimann
Who's called the Mountaingate
That Isn't silver acorn
He's just dressed out in his plate
He's got shields made of iron
A sword made from a spar
He's a Prince of Ansteorra
With the rising of the Star (3x)

The women of Ansteorra
They'll make you lovely wives,
But check their skirts and bodices,
The always carry knives..
They say that Ironmongery
Their beauty will not mar.
They'll hurt you or they'll kill you
By the Rising of the Star. (3x)

We're just psychotic killers
We like to maim and gunch
Don't pack us any basket
We'll just eat their dead for lutch
We're brothers of the Normans
And daughters of the Czar
We're the folks from Ansteorra
With the Rising of the Star (3x)

TOURNEY TIME

More or Less anonymous.

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FATE

Tune: Summertime

Tourney time, and the drink flow freely,
Melee's coming, and your hopes are high.
Oh, your sword is sharp, And your wench is good lookin'
So, hush, little swashbuckler, don't you cry.

One of these tourneys, you're gonna rise to the top.
You'll draw your sword, and your foes will flee.
Oh, your sword is sharp, and your wench is good-lookin'
So, hush, little swashbuckler, don't you cry.

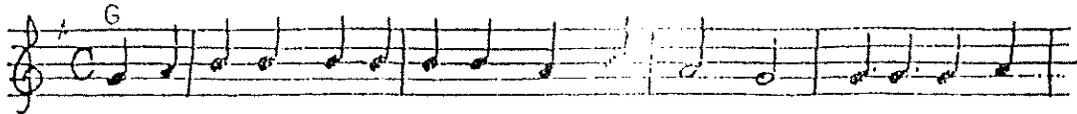
Bide your time, keep on a-fightin'
But until that tourney don't you cry.

SIMONN'S LAMENT

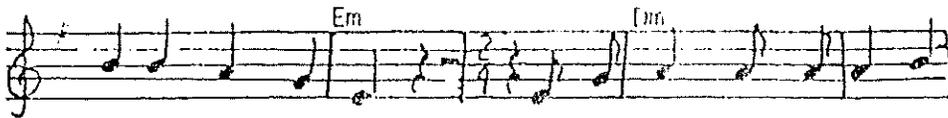
Sir Simonn's favorite -- he's even re-written the novel to fit the song!

Telbyrne Morningstar

Loosely



1. Oh I wonder yes I wonder when the fighting's over And the



women cease to wail! Will I ride with my father's



ancestors On a cold and sunless trail?

2. As I sit up on the mountaintop and look below,
At the valley deep and wide,
Then I hear the war-god's clarion
As it calls on me to ride.
3. Oh, I wonder, yes, I wonder, when the fighting's over,
And the warriors cease to fall,
And the valley sings out joyously,
Will I hear no songs at all?
4. Down below me in the valley they are fighting now,
And I hear them call to me
With the clash of battle and the screams of men,
Like the roaring of the sea.
5. Oh, I wonder, yes, I wonder, when the fighting's over,
And when peace has come again,
Will I ride home with the victors
Or will I lie among the slain?
6. In the distance is the castle where she waits for me,
It is hidden in the mist,
And her eyes glisten softly as she waits to see
Where my hawk will come to rest.
7. And I wonder, yes, I wonder when the fighting's over
Will she see me ride the field
Clad in armor dull and bloody, on a single steed,
Carried home upon my shield?

Oh, I wonder, yes I wonder . . .

THE FALL OF THE ANSTEORRANS

The Ansteorran view of the first Burro Creek War.

Tivar Moondragon

(Previously published in practically everything.)

They crouched on the hill with their knees in the sand,
Before them the men of the western lands wavered.
The men of the Sun-Kingdom stood on each side of them,
The new Star, the sable Star holding the center.

Gold was their color with the star o'er their hearts.
Prince stood with commoner waiting to die.
Bright was the sunlight and green were the mountains;
Proudly they stood and loud challenged the foe.

The West would not answer them, moved to each side of them,
Fell back in fear of the gold and black Star;
Attacked first their comrades, the men of the Sun-Kingdom;
Brave men fell lifeless upon either flank.

The center held steadfast while three times their number
Broke on their shield-wall and fell to their blades.
Dukes, knights, and commoners stained the sand crimson;
High piled the bodies and hindered their way.

Slowly, oh slowly, the shield-wall crumbled;
By bloody inches the black Star gave way.
At last they were all dead, and many died with them,
And a few battered fighters of the West held the field.

Loud are the dirges in the West-kingdom castles,
Our ladies cry softly with pride in their tears.
They hold the victory, but we hold the glory,
As we ride through the mountains, our faces toward home.

MY GHOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

or, What We Did to the T.R.F. This Year!

Some of this is really true!

Tune: My God, How the Money Rolls In

Nerak la Tisserande

We loaded the boffers with chain-mall
To make sure that some fool would win,
We even put grease on the logs --
My Ghod, how the money rolls in!

Sir Simon he straddled the log
A-wearin' his legs made of tin
There's no way for that knight to lose
My Ghod, how the money rolls in!

Rolls in, rolls in,
My Ghod, how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My Ghod, how the money rolls in.

MY GHOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN (continued)

Janét has a metal detector
It'll ring for the head of a pin
She searches the hay for quarters
My Ghod, how the money rolls in.

Tivar's out posing for pictures
Wearing a big silly grin
He then holds the camera for ransom,
My Ghod, how the money rolls in.

The swashers were buckling in melee
A-whippin' their wires so thin
And then we all looted the bodies
My Ghod, how the money rolls in.

Nerak took bets on the melees
The odds that she gave were a sin
And Telbyrne is singing for quarters
My Ghod, how the money rolls in

The Vikings were guarding the road
Well, that was how it began
They called it a "Protection Servi"
My Ghod, how the money rolls in

FIGHT SONG

This one just had to be.

Tune: The Eyes of Texas

Melusine Whitcroft

We will fight for Ansteorra, Land of the Lone Star,
We will fight for Ansteorra, near home as well as far.
Do not think you can escape us, our loyalty's not torn;
We will fight for Ansteorra, till Gabriel blows his horn.

Herald, won't you call, Herald, won't you call,
Herald, won't you call my name?
Herald, won't you call, Herald, won't you call,
Me to fight today.

Somewhere there's a melee,
Our enemy will yield.
For peace they will pray
As we take the field

A-singing,
Rape, loot, pillage, and burn,
Rape and loot and pillage and burn;
Rape, loot, pillage, and burn,
For home they will soon yearn.

CORONET LIST

Seems like we'll be having Crown Tourneys in May, though.

Tune: April Showers

Nerak la Tisserande

When April tourneys, they come your way, They bring the Tanist who'll rule in the
So when they're fighting, have no regrets, It isn't just a list, you know,
It's election by violence.
And when you see blood upon the field, You'll know that someone has lost his shield.
So keep on looking for the Tanist, You know it won't be long,
Whenever April tourneys come along.

A SONG OF THE MIGHTY ORM

Another tale of a Thornwell man!

From *Gesta and The Phoenix*
Suleszka von Pferdenthal

Oh, well may you sing of your brave Celtic king
Or wandering Mongols so dread
 But there's none quite so bold
 When steel's drawn and cold
As the shield-biting Orm, called the Red.

So strong, lean, and tall; he's a head above all
When he stands in the midst of the fray,
 And the good sword he wields
 Will have cloven some shields
Ere he resists at the end of the day.

Oh, he's fierce in a fight, and there's many a knight
Who has felt the sharp cut of his blade,
 And it's only a few,
 And they, brave and true,
Who will face Orm the Red undismayed.

When men see his device, their souls turn to ice,
For renowned is the strength of his word,
 And one savage blow
 At his venturesome foe
Sends the man to his final reward.

Oh, he stalks through the fight, with his blue eyes alight
With lust for the battle ahead,
 And with sword or with axe
 He'll deal mighty whacks
'Till all who oppose him are dead.

A SONG OF THE MIGHTY ORM (continued)

When the melee is done and the battle is won,
He stands with his shield cleft and chewed
 And the grass is stain'd red
 With the blood of the dead
That his sharp axe has rended and hewed.

Oh, well may you sing, of your brave Celtic king
Or wandering Mongols so dread,
 But there's none quite so bold
 When steel's drawn and cold
As the shield-biting Orm, called the Red.

THE RULER OF ALL I SEE

Yet another out of Meridies!

Tune: (It's by Gilbert & Sullivan)

Starhelm Warlocke

When I was young, I served a term
As cabin boy to a Viking firm.
I raised the sails and pulled at the oar,
And polished up the dagger of the great Warlord --
 I polished up the dagger so carefully
 That now I am the ruler of all I see.

As cabin boy I made such a model
That they soon me a junior warrior.
I swam through blood and waded through gore
And cleaved my foeman with a great war sword.
 I cleaved my foeman so carefully
 That now I am the ruler of all I see.

In cleaving foes I made such a name,
That a hero I soon became.
I wore soft leather and an Iron shirt,
And with axe I caused great hurt.
 And with my axe I hurt so free
 That now I am the ruler of all I see.

Of warlike manners I acquired such a grip
I led out warriors in my own ship.
And that tiny ship I do deem
Was the best ship I had ever seen.
 And that tiny ship so suited me
 That now I am the ruler of all I see.

THE RULER OF ALL I SEE (continued)

I grew so bold that I was sent
To burn a bishopric in Kent,
And since the time that Rome did fall
Did a chieftain gain such loot and all?
And that kind of loot so suited me
That now I am the ruler of all I see.

Now barbarians all, wherever you may be
If you'd like to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul's not fettered to a peasant's hoe,
Get yourself an axe, shield and bow,
And with such tools, make yourself free
Until you're the ruler of all you see.

A TRAGICAL TALE

A very tragic tale indeed! What a fate for an lady.

From *Gesta*
Suleszka von Pferdent...

When I rode through the heather
The Spring was in the air.
I was clothed all in leather,
And the wind blew through my hair..

The mare she was my chaser:
O'er walls and streams she'd bound,
And I never could replace her
For her like was seldom found.

Afar I spied a stranger
All dusty from the road;
A horse I feared no danger,
So boldly up I rode.

The mare pulled up before him,
And he looked at me and smiled.
Though fain I would ignore him,
Alas! I was beguiled.

His doublet it was scarlet,
And his breeches they were white,
'Twas plain he was no varlet.
Oh, he was a pretty sight!

"Good day to you, milady" --
And his speech was courtly fair --
"Where ride you now, I pray thee,
And may I escort you there?"

"I ride out through my valley
All my vassals for to see;
Tis late, I must not dally,
You may walk along with me."

Then my mare began to stumble,
And I knew not what to do.
Then up spake he, most humble,
"I believe she's lost a shoe."

At once the mare was halted,
I'd no wish to do her harm.--
Down from her back I vaulted --
And I landed in his arms.

"I pray you, sir, unhand me,
For I must tend to my mare.
Please try to understand me;
I must see to her care."

He spread his cloak beneath a tree,
He laid me down with care;
And when he'd had his will of me,
HE RODE OFF ON MY MARE!!!

He couldn't take my maidenhead,
It's late for that, of course,
But 'twas very vile to take instead
My very favorite horse.

So now I seek him everywhere
With feet and heart full sore.
I'll be avenged for this affair
Though it take for evermore.

ARMOR UP!

A delightful ditty.

Tune: Buckle down, Winsocki

Godfrey de la Fosse

When your life's in danger, armor up!
For a lady's honor, won't you armor up?
For a real good fight, for a show of might,
Toss the glove, kiss your lady, then go out and armor up!

ANACHRONIST'S LAMENT

And he's not even a Society member!

Tune: Greensleeves

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Mack Pitchford

Alas, my lady, you drive me mad
As you sing your song without ceasing;
When you are near that is all I hear
And my patience is slowly decreasing.

Greensleeves, is that all you know?
On the lute to pluck, on the pipes to blow;
If you do not change your tune,
I fear soon you will be black and blue sleeves.