

VALENS' SONG

by: Angus of Blackmoor

His name was Valens and he was our King,  
Great leader of Huscarls, of him I do sing.  
No reign lasts forever, this you well know,  
He called forth his Huscarls and readied to go.

Since ancient times they guarded his throne,  
Soon he would leave and they'd be all alone.  
No safer a King in all the Known Lands,  
Than one with his Huscarls with axes in hand.

From Brumbar to Angus, so new in those ranks,  
Valens looked on his Huscarls and gave them his thanks.  
He put down his crown and said his good-byes,  
The throne sat empty where gold Falcons fly.

Well armed Huscarls standing so tall,  
They stood their ground and guarded the hall.  
Knights guard thrones in lands far and near,  
But Valens chose Huscarls to guard Calontir.

His name was Valens and he was our King,  
Great leader of Huscarls, of him I do sing.

KING WILLIAM'S WALL

or THE SHIELD-WALL SONG

Tune: *Royal Forester*

As I came down to Cooper's Lake, in answer to the call,  
I saw 47 Calon lads a-marchin with the wall.

Singin' deddi-I-oh sing Calontir,

Sing deddi-I-oh-I-ah.

Oh, did ya come by the Calons man? And did ya come down to  
stay,

And did ya see King William and his men as they marched away.

Singin deddi-I-oh, sing Calontir,

sing deddi-I-oh-I-ah.

O, once we were the minions of the Middle realm,

But now we have our own king, with a falcon on his crown.

Singin deddi-I-oh, sing Calontir,

Sing deddi-I-oh-I-ah.

O, did ya go by the Eastern camp, and did ye their numbers  
see?

Come tell to me, young Calon scout, what might their numbers  
be?

Singin deddi-I-oh, sing Calontir,

Sing deddi-I-oh-I-ah.

They want to knock our shield wall down, they want to break  
it free,

But if they knock our shield wall down, O we will never flee.

Singin deddi-I-oh, sing Calontir,

Sing deddi-I-oh-I-ah.

If thats the fate that comes to pass, then I would turn to

ye,

Ye'd take your greatsword in your hand, and ye gang in with  
me.

Singin deddi-I-oh, sing Calontir,

Sing deddi-I-oh-I-ah.

O, them that were Calon brothers brave, went in amongst the  
thrang.

And they swatted the Eastern lads, with swords made sharp and  
long.

Singin deddi-I-oh, sing Calontir,

Sing deddi-I-oh-I-ah.

The first stroke King William gave the Tyger king did real,  
The second stroke King William gave, his banner he did steal.

Singin deddi-I-oh, sing Calontir,

Sing deddi-I-oh-I-ah.

A cry arose amongst the Eastern lads when they saw their  
banner fall,

And we lifted it and carried it, a triumph of our wall.

Singin deddi-I-oh, sing Calontir,

Sing deddi-I-oh-I-ah!

BARE IS THE BROTHERLESS BACK

tune!"The Nancy" originally but has evolved since  
I sing here of a brotherhood as sharp as any spear,  
As bright as the falcon who soars o'er the glorious lands of  
Calontir

As strong as the lion's heart that roars in the land of the  
Sable Star

Of two great sovereign kingdoms side by side in ev'ry war  
chorus: Vivat! the Black Star,

Hurrah for Calontir and Anstiorra

The Lion and the Falcon stand together o'er the foe!

When called to war out in the East, the Falcon she did fly  
And answered on the Dragon's call "To war or else to die!"  
The Falcon called upon her kin, the Lion of the Star  
And side by side they fought and sealed a brotherhood of war.  
For when there are fair grounds to take and Tygers in the way  
T'is best to call the Falcon wall and the Black Star banner  
heh!

And though out numbered 5 to 1 none can bar the way,  
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar will always save  
the day!

CHORUS

When calls of war came from the south and reached the  
Falcon's ears,  
She flew unto to Lions aide, to face the Aten spears.

Down in a ditch, and on a road, and in a field of hay,  
These brothers fed mother Atenvelt's dead, to the ravens  
there that day.

For when your homelands are at stake, and the Sun stands in  
the way,  
'Tis best to call the Falcons all, and the Black Star banner,  
hey!

And though the foes may fill the field, there's none can bar  
the way,  
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar, will always win  
the day!

CHORUS

More call of battle from the east brought us to another war.  
We fought on the fields and we fought on the bridges, as we  
had the year before.

The best of the Tygers fell to our blows in the bloodiest of  
the fray,

And once again the Dragon was saved by the Lion and the  
Falcon that day.

For when there are fair grounds to take and Tygers in the  
way,

'Tis best to call that purple wall, and the Black Star banner  
heh!

And though outnumbered 10 to 1 none can bar the way,  
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar will always save  
the day!

CHORUS

Out at Estrella Crescents came to war against the Sun,  
Here the Lion and the Falcon battled back to back as one.  
The ravens feasted on the victim of the Purple Wall,  
So the Abby and the Crescent Queen sent favour on to all.  
For when there are fair grounds at stake, and enemies in the  
way,  
Tis best to call the Falcons all, and the Black Star banner,  
Hey!  
And though the foes do fill the field, there's none can bar  
the way!  
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar will always save  
the day!

CHORUS

This time the Tyger called for help, we battled side by side,  
Upon the field our foemen fell like wheat before a scythe!  
We stole two banners on the bridge and kept three on a hill,  
And parties went from dusk to dawn in the camp that came from  
HELLLLLLLLLL!  
For when there are fair grounds at stake and Dragons in the  
way,  
It's best to call on the Mobile Wall and the Black Star  
banner, hey!  
We'll keep your banner whole and sound or snatch it clean  
away,  
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar will always lead  
the way!

CHORUS

I sing here of a brotherhood as sharp as any spear,  
As bright as the Falcon that soars o'er the glorious lands of  
Calontir  
As strong as the Lion's heart that roars in the land of the  
Sable Star,  
For bare is the brotherless back is the way, we always win  
the war!

Vivat! The Black Star!

Hurrah for Calontir! and Anstiorra!

The Lion and the Falcon stand together o'er the foe.

Vivat, the Black Star!

Hurrah, for Calontir, and Anstiorra!

For bare is the brotherless back is the way we always  
win the war!

SILVER SWORDS AND GOLDEN AXES

TUNE: Silver thread and golden needles.

Now I want your stately castle,  
With it's wench in every room,  
And I want the gold you've hidden  
Down in your dungen's gloom,  
But you say I should be happy  
With my white belt and my chain  
And leave you in your castle  
While my mail rusts in the rain

CHORUS: Silver swords and golden axes  
Cannot rend this helm of mine  
And I'm going to take your castle  
With it's wench so divine  
I will kill off your old retainers  
In your dungen you will pine  
Silver swords and golden axes  
Cannot rend this helm of mine.

Now we storm the mighty castle  
Slaying left and right  
Putting down the old retainers  
In the early morning's light  
And we go across the drawbridge  
And right into the keep  
Tonight we will stay there  
With your maidens we will sleep

chorus

Now I've got your mighty castle  
With a wench in every room  
And I've got the gold you've hidden  
Down in your dungeon's gloom  
And I guess I should be happy  
With my diamonds and my rings  
But there's someone at the drawbridge  
And this is what he sings:

CHORUS

learned by Earl Gabriel from Earl Syr Mika Cord Longbow in  
the Philipines in 1980. Original author unknown.

SONG OF THE CALON-HUSCARL

Stand tall the mighty Huscarl, guardian of our King,  
Lay low the bitter foeman, when the Falcon takes to wing.

Huscarl, Huscarl, You shall guard our land,  
But we will fight beside you when you choose to make your  
stand.  
Huscarl, Huscarl, Huscarl.

Sitting at the kings right knee and living in his hall,  
Feasting at his table, you're ready for the call.

Huscarl, Huscarl, You shall guard our land,  
But we will fight beside you when you choose to make your  
stand.  
Huscarl, Huscarl, Huscarl.

As the battle crushes in there forms a Huscarl ring,  
Axes held high over head, none shall touch our King.

Huscarl, Huscarl, You shall guard our land,  
But we will fight beside you when you choose to make your  
stand.  
Huscarl, Huscarl, Huscarl.

And now the battles over, and our King stands all alone,  
Around him fallen Huscarls whose axes shattered bone.

Huscarl, Huscarl, You shall guard our land,  
But we will fight beside you when you choose to make your  
stand.  
Huscarl, Huscarl, Huscarl.

Ariel

SONG OF ROLAND

by: Angus of Blackmoor

Roland, Roland, Roland, Keep those Moors a-fallen,  
Keep those Moors a-fallen, Roland.  
We hear your horn a-soundin', over hills we come a-boundin'  
Keep those Moors a-fallin', Roland, Roland.

Although, the Moors you're killin',  
Their ranks keep refillin',  
So keep those Moors a-fallin' Roland, Roland.

Roland, Roland, Roland, Keep those Moors a-fallen,  
Keep those Moors a-fallen, Roland.  
On a dusty mountain pass, those folks will kick your ass,  
So keep those Moors a-fallin', Roland, Roland.

No matter what the battle,  
Those Franks will die like cattle,  
So keep those Moors a-fallin' Roland, Roland.

Roland, Roland, Roland, Keep those Moors a-fallen,  
Keep those Moors a-fallen, Roland.  
Though your ranks do number zero, in death you all are heroes  
Keep those Moors a-fallin', Roland, Roland.

As the sun's a-settin',  
on your men I'm not a-bettin',  
Keep those Moors a-fallin', Roland, Roland.

Roland, Roland, Roland, Keep those Moors a-fallen,  
Keep those Moors a-fallen, Roland.  
Form 'em up, move 'em up, head 'em out, kill 'em all,  
Kill 'em all, Roland, Roland!

Ariel  
~~MISS~~

THE MAN WHO NEVER RETURNED

tune: "MTA (The man who never returned)"

Well, let me tell you a story 'bout a man named Charlie  
When he signed his life away;  
Put twenty bucks in the mail, sent it off to California  
And joined the SCA

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He may wait forever for his first newsletter;  
He's the man who never returned.

His first event, was down in the Grimfells,  
Or perhaps it was Deoder.

All the lords and ladies and the knights and squires  
Said that man is going to go far.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He said, "This is life, so good-bye to my wife."  
He's the man who never returned.

His next event was Valor Tourney  
Where he earned the Valor Sword  
He cleared the field of every contender,  
And no man could make him yield.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He's driven cross the land, lookin' for some more rattan  
He's the man who never returned.

Well, his third event, 'twas in Three Rivers

And there he became a lord.

And before he knew, he was a fyrdman too,

By virtue of the sword.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return

And his fate is still unlearned.

All the time remaining he spends in training

He's the man who never returned.

By event number four, he'd earned even more,

He had his own Barony.

He was known as Huscarl, Baron, Squire, Lord Charlie,

O.S.H. and O.C.C.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return

And his fate is still unlearned.

He found the hardest fightin' was reports that needed  
writin'

He's the man who never returned.

At number five, it came as no surprize

When Charlie became a knight.

With 17 ladies hanging on his collar,

It was an eventful night!

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return

And his fate is still unlearned.

With seventeen ladies in a two man cabin

He's the man who never returned.

His sixth event, 'twas in Standing Stones

At the Colloquium

Before he left, he was handed a Laurel,

Earl Marshall and a Pelican.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return

And his fate is still unlearned.

He could spend twenty years in meetings with the Peers

He's the man who never returned.

Syr Charlie said he'd won every honour;

He'd earned most everything.

"Well, Crown list is tomorrow down in Bois d'Arc shire"

"And I'll try my hand at King."

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return

And his fate is still unlearned.

He may drive forever lookin' for Walnut, Kansas

He's the man who never returned.

Well, the field in Bois d'Arc was wet and marshy

And there Charlie met his end

The last we could spy was his sword held high

As he sank beneath the fen

Oh will he ever return? O, no he'll never return

And his fate is still unlearned.

He may fight forever in the swamps of Bois d'Arc

He's the man who never returned...

He may fight forever in the swamps of Bois d'Arc

He's the man who never returned.

THE LAND IS VERY FLAT IN CALONTIR  
BY FRIAR BERTRAM

to the tune of: If you're happy and you know it.

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

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

## LADY HARVEST

By the banks of the river, at the close of the day,  
Came the sweet Lady Harvest a-wending her way.  
As she listened in the stillness, came a voice close at hand,  
"Take warning my dear one, there is death near at hand."

Then there came up beside her the fairest of men,  
Lady Harvest and Lord Bringold together did stand.  
And she wept on his shoulder, her sorrow to show,  
Though it tore her assunder, she begged him to go.

"Take warning, my dear one, I fear you must fly,  
I am wed to Lord Beren," the lady did cry,  
"He has sworn oath to slay thee should he find you so near,  
And I fear for your safety, Lord Bringold my dear."

"Oh my dearest of ladies pray fear not for me,  
For thy love is the vision I live but to see.  
Cruel Death shall not part us nor harm us come nigh,  
And I swear by my honour, I will stay by your side."

Then there came the Lorn Beren with his flashing bright sword  
And he slew the Lord Bringold with nary a word.  
As the foaming dark waters washed the blood from his head,  
Cried out Lady Harvest, "My dear one is dead."

"Oh, a curse on you Beren and a curse on your lands,  
And a curse on your issue, there is blood on your hands.  
Him you slew in your anger was the finest of men,  
And the fair land of Gwentydd shall not see him again."

Then the lord rose in anger his lady to slay,  
Cast her down in the river to bear her away.  
"No other shall have thee nor thy beauty enjoy,  
Farewell, Lady Harvest, thy life I destroy."

But the gods they took pity on this unhappy pair,  
Lady Harvest and Lord Bringold so fine and so fair.  
Now they dwell in the fair halls no mortal may see  
On the Isle of the Blessed, in the far Western Sea.  
Now they dwell in the fair halls no mortal may see,  
On the Isle of the Blessed, in the far Western Sea.

LAMENT OF A NOVICE

tune: "Finnegan's Wake"

Oh, I just joined the SCA, I'd really like to be a knight.  
They said, "Your white belt's on the way, but first you'd  
better learn to fight."

They told me, "You must authorize, or in the list you can't  
compete."

"Syr Ternon doesn't hit too hard; go toss a gauntlet at his  
feet."

Broken shield and broken helm, broken arm what can I  
say?

That's the first mistake I made the year I joined the  
SCA

I asked is there another way; I couldn't face a knight's  
attack,

They said, "Go join the next melee, go hit some fyrdman in  
the back."

Erich killed me with a sword, Valens axe is in my face;  
Paval's thugs just bit my leg, Sir Cormac hit me with a mace.

Bloody nose and twisted fingers, I don't like the games  
they play

That's the second big mistake, the year I joined the SCA  
I said for fighting I don't care, What else is there a knight  
can do?

They said, "Attend the ladies fair, a court of love may smile  
on you."

They told me, "Come seduce a maid." With eager lust my heart

was filled.

They said, "These ladies crave your touch." and brought me to the virgins guild.

Female screams and vicious kicks, how do they learn to fight that way?

That's the third mistake I made the year I joined the SCA

They filled my goblet to the brim, for drinking is a knightly deed.

The revel grows a little dim, I think I had six pints of mead.

I tried to drink Hufda down, "He can't hold very much." They said.

I hauled a willing wench upstairs, and passed out when we hit the bed.

Fuzzy teeth and aching skull, I don't think I'll live through the day.

That's the fourth mistake I made, the year I joined the SCA

Now armoring a noble trade, but first I'll need rattan of course,

Ten bucks a yard, the deal I made, the Smithy was my only source.

I drove out to the Pennsic War; my gear was all in perfect shape,

Bearkiller broke my shield in half; I should have used more friction tape.

Broken sword and broken shield, how much can I afford to  
pay?

That's the fifth mistake I made the year I joined the  
SCA

At revels I sing minstrel songs while knights are draining  
jugs and kegs,

And Faval's thugs will run around, below the table biting  
legs.

The Huscarls sang insulting songs where lies and slanders  
floated free,

I said to write one can't take long, if Brom can do it, why  
not me?

I slandered every knight and now I'll have to face them  
all today.

That's the last mistake I made the year I joined the SCA

LORD CHARLIE

tune: "MTA (The man who never returned)"

Well, let me tell you a story 'bout a man named Charlie  
When he signed his life away;  
Put twenty bucks in the mail, sent it off to California  
And joined the SCA

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He may wait forever for his first newsletter;  
He's the man who never returned.

His first event was in Lonely Tower,  
Or perhaps it was Dun Ard.  
All the lords and ladies and the knights and squires  
Said that man is going to go far.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He said, "This is life, so good-bye to my wife."  
He's the man who never returned.

His next event was called "War Maneuvers,"  
Where he authorized sword and shield;  
He cleared the field of every contender,  
And no man could make him yield.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He's driven cross the land, lookin' for some more rattan  
He's the man who never returned.

Well, his third event was at Gnomemountain  
And there he became a lord.  
And before he knew, he was a squire too,  
By virtue of the sword.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
All the time remaining he spends in training  
He's the man who never returned.

By event number four, he'd earned even more,  
He had his own Barony.  
He was known as Captain Baron Squire Lord Charlie,  
O.S.H. and O.C.C.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He found the hardest fightin' was reports that needed  
writin'  
He's the man who never returned.

At number five, it came as no surprize

When Charlie became a knight.  
With 17 ladies hanging on his collar,  
It was an eventful night!

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
With seventeen ladies in a two man cabin  
He's the man who never returned.

His sixth event was at Three Rivers  
At Stephen's Martyrdom.  
Before he left, he was handed a Laurel,  
Earl Marshall and a Felican.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He could spend twenty years in meetings with the Peers  
He's the man who never returned.

Syr Charlie said he'd won every honour;  
He'd earned most everything.  
"Well, Crown list is tomorrow out west in V'Tavia,"  
"And I'll try my hand at King."

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He may drive forever looking for the campsite  
He's the man who never returned.

Well out in V'Tavia was the last we saw Charlie  
He never made it to the site.  
We heard he took a turn on an endless detour  
And drove off into the night.

Oh will he ever return? O, no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He may drive forever on the roads of western Kansas  
He's the man who never returned...  
He may drive forever on the roads of western Kansas,  
He's the man who never returned.

LAMENT OF A NOVICE  
tune:Finnegan's Wake

Oh, I just joined the SCA,  
I'd really like to be a knight,  
They said, "Your white belts on the way,  
But first you'd better learn to fight."  
I heard if you don't win a challenge  
In the lists you can't compete.  
They said, "King Asbjorn there can help you!  
Throw a gauntlet at his feet!"

Broken shield and broken helm,  
Broken arm -- What can I say?  
That's the first mistake I made  
The year I joined the SCA

I asked "Is there another way?"  
I couldn't face the King's attack.  
They told me, "Join the next melee!  
Go hit some people in the back."

Laeghaire just killed me with a sword,  
Balin's axe is in my face,  
Baron John, he bit my leg,  
Eaudimon hit me with a mace.

Bloody nose and twisted fingers,  
I don't like the games they play.  
That's the second big mistake  
The year I joined the SCA.

I said, "For fighting I don't care;  
What else is there a knight can do?"  
They said, "Attend the ladies fair!  
A court of love may shine on you!"

They told me, "Come seduce a maid!"  
With eager lust my heart was filled.  
They said, "These ladies want a man" --  
And brought me to the virgin's guild.

Female scream and vicious kick,  
I thought she'd be an easy prey.  
That's the third mistake I made  
The year I joined the SCA.

ANGUS' SONG

tune: MTA ( The man who never returned)

Have you ever heard the story of an earl named Angus?  
Went to a tourney on fateful day.  
Took his lady and his Countess,  
His claymore and his great axe.  
Went to ride on the broad highway.

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

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

AN ATENVELDT KING  
tune MTA

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

Shall we pay him or no, shall we pay him or no?  
'Twas discussed both high and low --  
From the newest hanger-on to the 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 fails.  
We'll have no war while he's on the throne,  
So good-bye 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'ere.

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 may 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 spite of the BoD, 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!

LORD CHARLIE

tune: "MTA (The man who never returned)"

Well, let me tell you a story 'bout a man named Charlie  
When he signed his life away;  
Put twenty bucks in the mail, sent it off to California  
And joined the SCA

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He may wait forever for his first newsletter!  
He's the man who never returned.

His first event was in Lonely Tower,

Or perhaps it was Dun Ard.  
All the lords and ladies and the knights and squires  
Said that man is going to go far.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He said, "This is life, so good-bye to my wife."  
He's the man who never returned.

His next event was called "War Maneuvers,"  
Where he authorized sword and shield;  
He cleared the field of every contender,  
And no man could make him yield.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He's driven cross the land, lookin' for some more raitan  
He's the man who never returned.

Well, his third event was at Gnomemountain  
And there he became a lord.  
And before he knew, he was a squire too,  
By virtue of the sword.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
All the time remaining he spends in training  
He's the man who never returned.

By event number four, he'd earned even more,  
He had his own barony.  
He was known as Captain Baron Squire Lord Charlie,  
O.S.H. and O.C.C.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He found the hardest fightin' was reports that needed  
writin'.

At number five, it came as no surprize

When Charlie became a knight.  
With 17 ladies hanging on his collar,  
It was an eventful night!

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
With seventeen ladies in a two man cabin  
He's the man who never returned.

His sixth event was at Three Rivers  
At Stephen's Martyrdom.  
Before he left, he was handed a Laurel,  
Earl Marshall and a Pelican.

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He could spend twenty years in meetings with the Peers  
He's the man who never returned.

Syr Charlie said he'd won every honour;  
He'd earned most everything.  
"Well, Crown list is tomorrow out west in V'Tavia,"  
"And I'll try my hand at King."

O, will he ever return? O no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He may drive forever looking for the campsite  
He's the man who never returned.

Well out in V'Tavia was the last we saw Charlie  
He never made it to the site.  
We heard he took a turn on an endless detour  
And drove off into the night.

Oh will he ever return? O, no he'll never return  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He may drive forever on the roads of western Kansas  
He's the man who never returned...  
He may drive forever on the roads of western Kansas,  
He's the man who never returned.

THE FIGHTER'S ALPHABET  
BY ERIC HLDDWECHSSUN (not a spelling error)

A's for the armour I brought out on loan,  
B's for bruises that blazon my bone,  
C's for Crown tourney where the chivalry's found,  
and D's for the duke I must fight in first round.

CHORUS: Merrily, merrily, so merry fight we,  
No mortal on earth like a fighter can be,  
Bash away, lay-on, and never strike wrong,  
Give a fighter his mead and he'll fight all day long.

E's for the Earl Marshal making the rules,  
F's for the foemen, we think are all fools,  
G's for the glory to augment our names,  
and H for the herald that butchers our names.

I's for the injuries got on the field,  
J's for the junkyards we plow for our steel,  
K's for king whom honoure is owed,  
and L's for the lady whose answer is "NO!"

M's for the marshal who's calling out "HOLD!"  
N's for that novice who beat me so bold,  
O's for the orders the king loves to give,  
and P's for the polearm that's pounding my shield.

Q's for the quagmire when stormclouds do pour,  
R's for rattan which we need for our swords,  
S for the shield-wall that marches all wrong,  
and T's for the tourney that's running too long.

U's for the urchins that run on the field,  
V is for Vikings with centre-grip shields,  
W's the war where we almost drowned,  
and X marks the spot where the site can't be found.

Y's for the Yuletide we drink till we're spent,  
Z is for zero at northern events,  
It's also the end of my song this time,  
For now I have set all the letters in rhyme.

Ariel