

VISITATION
DE LA MUSE
POLYHYMNIA

CHANSONS ET POEMES
COMPOSE DE
CONN MACNIELL

INCIPIT

ECHOES

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG LAD, A SHINING DREAM I HAD,
OF SWORD AND LANCE, OF BANNER AND DESTRIER,
MAIL-CLAD, ARMED WITH A BLADE BRIGHT AND KEEN,
FOR HONOUR'S SAKE WENT WE,
AND THE FORESTS WOULD ECHO WITH THE SOUND OF STEEL ON STEEL,
AND SO WAS MY SLEEP FILLED WITH CHIVALRY'S DEEDS,
IN THIS DREAM SO REAL.

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG LAD, A SHINING DREAM I HAD,
OF A LADY FAIR, BOTH BEAUTEOUS AND GENTLE,
HER SERVANT I FOR A LOOK OR A SMILE,
A SIGN OF FAVOR WON,
AND THE CHAMBER WOULD ECHO WITH MY LADY'S WORDS SO DEAR,
AND SO WAS MY SLEEP FILLED WITH BEAUTY AND LOVE,
IN THIS DREAM SO CLEAR.

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG LAD, A SHINING DREAM I HAD,
OF MERRY NOBLES WHO HARKENED AT TABLE,
WHILE BARDS UNEQUALED SANG LIGHT AND GAY,
OR MIGHTY LEGENDS WOVE,
AND THE GREAT HALL WOULD ECHO WITH LAUGHTER, STORY, AND SONG,
AND SO WAS MY SLEEP FILLED WITH FRIENDSHIP AND JOY,
IN THIS DREAM SO STRONG.

I, NOW A YOUNG MAN, LIVE WHAT I DREAMED THEN,
I FEAST AT TABLE WITH MERRY NOBLES,
LADIES PEERLESS IN BEAUTY AND GRACE,
AND WARRIORS MAILED AND STRONG,
AND THE HILLSIDES NOW ECHO WITH THE SOUND OF MY BOYHOOD DREAMS,
MY WAKING HOURS ARE FILLED WITH DELIGHTS,
MY DREAM CAME TRUE IT SEEMS.

AND THE VALLEYS NOW ECHO WITH THE CALL TO JOIN US AND SEE,
STILL CHIVALRY LIVES, STILL HONOUR IS BRIGHT,
YOUR DREAMS - REALITIES.

BELLUM
ET
GLORIA

CRUSADER'S SONG

CHORUS:

I'M FOR THE HOLY LAND SAILING,
TO WIN BACK JERUSALEM'S WALLS,
I'M FOR THE HOLY LAND SAILING,
AND I'LL WIN A FORTUNE, OR A MARTYR I'LL FALL.

AS MY SHIP SAILS OUT, I WATCH THE FAR COASTLINE,
FOR LEAVING OF KINSMEN MY HEART IS FULL PAINED,
AND I'VE TRADED ALL FOR THE CROSS ON MY SHOULDER,
NO LAND FOR A THIRD SON, SO I'M AWAY.

CHORUS

AS I LOOK AROUND ME AT THE MEN ON THE BENCHES,
THEIR EYES ARE LIKE MINE, SO I KNOW THEIR HEARTS' PAIN,
I SING THEM A SONG OF BRAVERY AND BATTLE,
AND NOW THEIR EYES SHINE LIKE THEIR KEEN POLISHED BLADES.

CHORUS

I FOLLOWED KING RICHARD TO SICILY ISLAND,
FOR JOHANNA'S DOWRY 'GAINST TANCRED PREVAILED,
NOW A FORTUNE IN SILVER AND A NEW WIFE HATH RICHARD,
AND I'VE A SWIFT HORSE, AND A FINE COAT OF MAIL.

CHORUS

AT LANDFALL IN CYPRESS THEY REFUSED BARENGARIA,
AND RICHARD IN ANGER HAS ANSWERED IN STEEL,
NOW THE CROWN OF CYPRESS HE'S ADDED TO ENGLAND'S,
AND I'VE ADDED KNIGHTHOOD'S, GOLD SPURS TO MY HEELS.

CHORUS

I FOLLOWED THE BANNER TO BATTLE AT ACRE,
AND HELD IT ALOFT WHEN IT'S BEARER WAS SLAIN,
NOW WE'VE GIVEN RICHARD A TOWER OF THE CITY,
HE'S GIVEN ME RANK, AND A FULL CAPTAIN'S PAY.

CHORUS

AT ARSOUF ON THE COASTLINE WE MET WITH THE PAYNIM,
WE WON THE BATTLE, THOUGH MANY MEN FELL,
AND ONE WAS A BARON WITH LANDS THAT NEED TENDING,
NOW THEY ARE MINE, AND I'LL TEND THEM WELL.

CHORUS

NOW I SIT IN COURT OVER CHRISTIAN AND MOSLEM,
AND I'VE A STRONG KEEP AND SOLDIERS TEN 'SCORE,
AND KING RICHARD'S ARMY HE'S SAILED BACK TO ENGLAND,
AND I'VE SAID FAREWELL, FOR I'LL SEE THEM NE'ER MORE,
YOU SEE,
I'M IN THE HOLY LAND STAYING,
TO GUARD MY OWN CASTLE WALLS,
I'M IN THE HOLY LAND STAYING,
AND I'VE WON MY FORTUNE, SO FAREWELL TO ALL!

CONN'S SONG

THE MOON SHINES BRIGHTLY, O'ER THE WINDSWEPT VALLEY,
AND TO MY TEARS LENDS ICY FLAME,
WHEN SUN HAS RISEN O'ER MY SLAIN KINSMEN,
THEN STEEL'S COLD VENGEANCE I'LL GRIMLY CLAIM.

WE MET THIS NEW FOE IN THE OPEN MEADOW,
THEY MAILED AND MOUNTED, ON FOOT WERE WE,
WE SLEW THEIR SOLDIERS, BUT WORE NO ARMOUR,
NOW MANY SOULS IN DARKNESS SLEEP.

MY SISTER'S LOVER WAS TRAMPLED UNDER,
BUT I'VE MARKED WELL HIS MURDERER'S SHIELD,
AND ON THE MORROW HIS LOVE WILL SORROW,
AS DOES MY SISTER IN YON COLD FIELD.

MY IRE THEY'VE WAKENED, THEIR BLOOD I'VE TAKEN,
AND HORSE AND ARMOUR HAVE I THIS DAY,
O'BRIEN'S CALLING, I'LL RIDE AT DAWNING,
TO EMHAIN MACHA, THEIR KIN TO SLAY.

THE STONE AT TARA, IT CRIES TO EIRE,
TO DRIVE THE NORMANS INTO THE SEA,
WAVES OF MUIR EIRREANN WILL RISE AND TAKE THEM,
TO FITFULL SLUMBER IN MANANANN'S KEEP.

THE MOON SHINES BRIGHTLY O'ER THE WINDSWEPT VALLEY,
AND TO MY TEARS LENDS ICY FLAME,
WHEN SUN HAS RISEN O'ER MY SLAIN KINSMEN,
THEN STEEL'S COLD VENGEANCE I'LL GRIMLY CLAIM.

CONN MACNIELL

FAITH'S LESSON LEARNED

WITH FRESH HORSE AND HARNESS,
MY ARMOUR BRIGHT BURNISHED,
OUR SHIPS TOSSED BY TEMPEST,
MADE SAIL FOR THE EAST.
THE CROSS I HAD TAKEN,
AND ALL ELSE FORSAKEN,
TO WIN FROM THE PAYNIM,
THE PLACES MOST HOLY.
OUR PRIESTS SAID THE FOEMEN WERE DEMONS, DEMONS,
THAT WE FOUGHT AT GOD'S RIGHT HAND,
THAT JERUSALEM FLOWED WITH MILK AND HONEY,
WITH PRAYERS AND ELATION THE JOURNEY BEGAN.

IN SICILY TANCRED,
BY GREED WAS ENCHANTED,
ANON HE RECANTED,
COMPELLED BY ARMoured MIGHT.
THE USURPER COMNENUS,
BROUGHT ARMED MEN AGAINST US,
SO LOSING FAIR CYPRUS,
IN SILVER CHAINS HE DIED.
THE MEN OF THE ISLANDS WERE CHRISTIANS, CHRISTIANS,
NOW I'VE THEIR BLOOD ON MY HANDS,
IN REPENTANCE I LIE AT THE FOOT OF THE ALTAR,
I AM TORN BETWEEN GOD'S LAWS AND MY CAPTAIN'S COMMANDS.

THE ARROWS OF SELJUKS,
AND BLADES OF THE MAMELUKS,
DID FALL ON MY HAUBERK,
LIKE ICY WINTER RAIN.
YET PROOF WAS MY ARMOUR,
MY SWORD ARM THE STRONGER,
FULL BESTED IN BARTER,
IN WOUNDS AND SOULS THEY PAID.
WEARILY RIDING THROUGH FIRE AND SLAUGHTER,
THE BODIES LIE STREWN ON THE SAND,
THIS DAY THE VICTORS, TOMORROW THE VANQUISHED,
FOR WE LOOK NOT TO GOD'S GRACE, BUT THE BLADES IN OUR HANDS.

NOW LORD OF A MANOR,
RICH LANDS 'NEATH MY BANNER,
THE HARVEST I GATHER,
THE WARLIKE HOST I LEAD.
I SEE FROM MY CASTLE,
MEN I MET IN BATTLE,
WHO NOW MY SWORN VASSALS,
SERVE WELL AND FAITHFULLY.
I FIND THAT THESE MEN LIVE WITH HONOUR, HONOUR,
THERE IS STRENGTH IN THEIR MINDS AND THEIR HANDS,
BRAVE AND TRUE WHETHER PLOWING OR SLAYING,
THEY ARE STEADY AND STALWART AS ANY FROM FRANCE.

AS ONE DAY I RODE HUNTING,
MY LEOPARDS SWIFT RUNNING,
AN AMBUSCADE CUNNING,
BY RIVAL LORD WAS LAID.
AS WE STOOD SURROUNDED,
A PAYNIM HORN SOUNDED,
THE HOUND NOW WAS HOUNDED,
MY RIVAL'S HUNT WAS STAYED.
MY LIFE WAS REDEEMED BY A PAYNIM, PAYNIM,
MY DEATH BY A CHRISTIAN WAS PLANNED,
NOW I JUDGE A MAN BY HIS WORTH AND HIS HONOUR,
THOUGH A LESSON LONG LEARNING, I NOW UNDERSTAND.

Mon Dieu!

(an account of the battle of Hattin in 1187 from the perspective of a soldier in the company of Count Raymond of Tripoli)

Wisdom is water, preserving all who drink of reason,
Water is wisdom, and summer now the sage's season.

CHORUS:

Mon Dieu!

Show mercy to thy servants and keep them from harm.

Mon Dieu!

Oh hear us God of Battles, aid us with thy mighty arm.

Mon Dieu!

Our need is great.

The wolf was at bay e'er the council of the Count was needed,
Loosed is the wild wolf, and wicked men and fools are heeded.

CHORUS

Blood red the sun at the new day's bright dawning,
Red blood demanded through wounds and death and widow's mourning.

CHORUS

The far lake, wet silver, with dripping coin would pay the price of our thirst,
The near lake, keen silver, would spill our blood and keep us from the first.

CHORUS

Our swords are afire, their cruel flames consume the muslamin,
Our heart's fire is quenched, for saved we may not save our bon amis.

CHORUS

The kingdom lies broken, trampled 'neath the hoof of lust and greed,
The good Count lies broken, and trembles in his bed of fitful dreams.

Mon Dieu!

Show mercy to thy servants and keep them from harm.

Mon Dieu!

Oh hear us God of Battles aid us with thy mighty arm.

Mon Dieu!

Our sins were great.

THE SONG OF THE VANGUARD

OUR VALOUR IS TESTED, WE'LL GAIN GLORY HERE,
GLORY HERE!

MY LIEGE LORD HAS CALLED ME TO FIGHT AT HIS SIDE,
FULL BURDENED WITH ARMOUR AND WEAPONS I RIDE,
MY BLOOD AND MY BODY MY SWORD, THEY ARE SWORN,
HIS FOEMEN MY FOEMEN, HIS CAUSES MY OWN,
ARE MY OWN!

ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER OUR CAMP IS WELL MADE,
AT EVENTIDE SHRIVEN WE SHARPEN OUR BLADES,
'ATWEEN THE DEEP DRAUGHTS THE OLD STORIES ARE TOLD,
OF VALOUR AND VENGEANCE, THE GLORIES OF OLD,
OF OLD!

WORDLESSLY ARMING IN THE GRAY LIGHT OF DAWN,
THE HORSE IT IS SADDLED THE WEAPON IS DRAWN,
MANY AMONG US THIS DAY WILL LIE SLAIN,
FOR THE HOST OF THE FOEMEN FULL COVERS THE PLAIN,
THE PLAIN!

AS MY KING HAS ORDERED THE ARMY'S ARRAYED,
A PLACE IN THE VANGUARD THE HONOUR I'M PAID,
OUR MOUNTS NOW FLY FORWARD TO THE SPURS AT OUR HEELS,
OUR COURAGE THIS DAY MUST BE STRONG AS OUR STEEL,
OUR STEEL!

CHORUS:

FOR THE WIND'S IN THE BANNERS, THEY FLUTTER ON HIGH,
MY STEED THUNDERS FORWARD TO FIERCE BATTLE CRY,
THE BRIGHT SUN IS GLEAMING FROM HELMET AND SPEAR,
OUR VALOUR IS TESTED, WE'LL GAIN GLORY HERE,
GLORY HERE!

THEIR BOWSTRINGS ARE LOOSENED, THEIR SHAFTS THEY LET FLY,
SO MANY THEIR NUMBER THEY DARKEN THE SKY,
THE HORSES ARE STUNG, THEY ARE MADDENED AND SLAIN,
OUR SHIELDS ARE SORE PIERCED BY THE CRUEL IRON RAIN,
IRON RAIN!

WE CRASH IN AMONG THEM, THEY FEEL FULL OUR WRATH,
THE BUCKLER IS SUNDERED THE HELMET IS CRACKED,
I'M WOUNDED, YET I DARE NOT TARRY THIS DAY,
IT'S OUT WITH THE BROADSWORD AND BACK TO THE FRAY,
TO THE FRAY!

STRONG WAS THE CHARGE WE ARE DEEP IN THEIR RANKS,
THEIR HORSEMEN SURPRISE US, WE'RE TAKEN IN FLANK,
OUR PLIGHT IT IS DESPERATE, WE STRIKE AND WE SHOUT,
AND SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WE HEW OUR WAY OUT,
OUR WAY OUT!

WINDED AND WOUNDED OUR NUMBERS ARE FEW,
NO REST, THOUGH WE'RE WEARY, THERE'S MUCH WORK TO DO,
THE KING IS SURROUNDED, HE'S PRESSED ON ALL SIDES,
MAKE HASTE MY COMPANIONS, TO RESCUE WE RIDE,
WE MUST RIDE!

CHORUS

IN OUR PAINS-TAKING WE ARE NOT ALONE,
FOR THE RIGHT WING HAS TURNED AND TO KING'S AID HAS FLOWN,
WE CRUSH THEM BETWEEN US, THEY'RE TRAMPLED AND FLED,
THE PLOWED FIELD OF BATTLE IS SOWN WITH THEIR DEAD,
WITH THEIR DEAD!

GRIM-VISAGED WE GATHER AND WHEEL ON THE FOE,
TO DEFEAT OR TO VICTORY IN ONE FINAL BLOW,
WE CUT THROUGH THEIR LINES LIKE A WELL-WHETTED KNIFE,
THE FOEMEN LOSE STOMACH, WE PUT THEM TO FLIGHT,
TO FLIGHT!

LADEN WITH TREASURE FROM THEIR WAGONS AND TENTS,
OUR ARMY RIDES HOMEWARD, OUR STRENGTH IT IS SPENT,
OUR LIMBS THEY ARE WOODEN, WE'RE COVERED IN MUD,
AND IN THE TRUE BATH OF HONOUR, IN SWEAT AND IN BLOOD,
IN BLOOD!

THE FEAST WILL NOT SATE ME IN THE HALL OF MY KING,
WITH THE SONGS OF THE BATTLE THE ROOF TIMBERS RING,
I HARKEN TO THE POET AND RECALL BATTLE'S DIN,
AND I HUNGER FOR THE DAY WHEN I'LL HEAR IT AGAIN,
AGAIN!

FOR THE WIND WAS IN THE BANNERS, THEY FLUTTERED ON HIGH,
MY STEED THUNDERED FORWARD TO FIERCE BATTLE CRY,
THE BRIGHT SUN WAS GLEAMING FROM HELMET AND SPEAR,
OUR VALOUR WAS TESTED, WE GAINED GLORY THERE,
GLORY THERE!

THE WIND SHALL BE IN THE BANNERS,
THEY SHALL FLUTTER ON HIGH!

THE SONG OF THE NIGHT WATCH

THREE ESTATES SAY THE PRIESTS, ORDAINED BY GOD,
THE FIRST TOILETH ENDLESSLY, TILLING THE SOD,
THE SECOND ENTREATS FOR OUR SOULS TO THE LORD,
THE THIRD ESTATE LIVES BY THE SWORD,
THE THIRD ESTATE DIES BY THE SWORD.
AND WE ARE THE MAKERS OF WAR,
WE ARE THE SLAYERS OF THOUSANDS,
WE SHALL BE WOUNDED FOR THOSE WHO LIE SAFE,
WE OF THE THIRD ESTATE.

THE MERCHANTS LIVE RICHLY, ARE HAUGHTY AND VAIN,
THEY BARGAIN FOR PROFIT, OUR OFFICE DISDAIN,
THEIR GREED FOR THEIR SAFETY AS GREAT AS FOR GOLD,
NO THEY WOULD NOT LIVE BY THE SWORD,
NO THEY WOULD NOT DIE BY THE SWORD,
BUT BLOWS ARE THE COIN OF WAR,
AND WE'VE COME TO BARGAIN STERNLY,
WE SHALL BE WOUNDED FOR THOSE WHO PLY TRADE,
WE OF THE THIRD ESTATE.

THE VILLAIN HE LABORETH ALL DAY IN THE SUN,
YET SAFELY HE SLEEPS WHEN HIS DAY'S WORK IS DONE,
HE WOULD NOT HAZARD HIS FLESH TO BE TORN,
NO HE WOULD NOT LIVE BY THE SWORD,
NO HE WOULD NOT DIE BY THE SWORD,
YET SWORDS ARE THE SCYTHES OF WAR,
AND WE'VE COME TO REAP A GRIM HARVEST,
WE SHALL BE WOUNDED FOR REAPERS OF GRAIN,
WE OF THE THIRD ESTATE.

THE BISHOPS AND PRIESTS WARN US WELL OF SIN'S PERILS,
OF TOURNAMENTS, FEASTING, TEMPTATIONS AND DEVILS,
THEY SAVE THEIR WHOLE SKINS AS WELL AS THEIR SOULS,
NO THEY WOULD NOT LIVE BY THE SWORD,
NO THEY WOULD NOT DIE BY THE SWORD,
YET SCREAMS ARE THE PRAYERS OF WAR,
HIGH MASS SHALL BE SUNG BY OUR FOEMEN,
WE SHALL BE WOUNDED FOR THOSE WHO PRAY,
WE OF THE THIRD ESTATE.

THIS NIGHT I KEEP WATCH WHILE THE RAIN CHILLS MY BONES,
I KNOW WEARINESS, HUNGER, AM FAR FROM MY HOME,
YET THERE IS NO COMPANY I COULD LOVE MORE,
THAN THOSE MEN WHO WOULD LIVE BY THE SWORD,
THAN THOSE MEN WHO WOULD DIE BY THE SWORD,
FOR THE WINE OF TRUE LIVING IS WAR,
FROM ITS CUP, MY FELLOWS, DRINK DEEPLY,
WE SHALL GIVE BATTLE LIKE TRUE MEN THIS DAY,
WE OF THE THIRD ESTATE.

FOR CROWN AND FOR KINGDOM

CHORUS:

HAY-O FOR THE FALCON WHO'S BANNER FLIES O'ER US,
HAY-O FOR THE KING MARCHING MIGHTY BEFORE US,
HAY-O CALON WARRIORS SING LOUD THE CHORUS,
FOR CROWN AND FOR KINGDOM, 'GAINST THE FOES OF OUR LAND!

FIERCE MEN-AT-ARMS TO THEIR BROTHERS ARE BANDING,
FEARLESSLY SHOULDER TO SHOULDER ARE STANDING,
BLOOD AND BONES SUNDERED IN TRIBUTE DEMANDING,
FOR CROWN AND FOR KINGDOM, 'GAINST THE FOES OF OUR LAND!

CHORUS

HARKEN BOLD FYRDMAN, THE KING CALLS THE LEVY,
THE MEN THOU HAS FELLED IN HIS BATTLES ARE MANY,
SLAKE THIRSTING SPEAR POINTS ON WHAT'S 'NEATH THE BYRNIE,
FOR CROWN AND FOR KINGDOM, 'GAINST THE FOES OF OUR LAND!

CHORUS

HUSCARL DRAIN FULLY THE HORN FILLED TO BRIMMING,
LEAD NOW THE WAR HOST IN BATTLE-SONG SINGING,
LEAD INTO SLAUGHTER AND WILD WEAPON-RINGING,
FOR CROWN AND FOR KINGDOM, GAINST THE FOES OF OUR LAND!

CHORUS

KNIGHT GIRD THE SWORD BELT, FOR NIGH DRAWS THE HOUR,
THE SLAIN AND THE WOUNDED BEAR WITNESS YOUR POWER,
TO FEALTY'S FULFILLMENT RIDES CHIVALRY'S FLOWER,
FOR CROWN AND FOR KINGDOM 'GAINST THE FOES OF OUR LAND!

CHORUS

ALLIANCE

Written in Honor of the Alliance and Friendship
Between Calontir, the Outlands, and Caid.

CHORUS:

Sing for the Dolphin, sing for the Stag,
Sing for the Falcon, they fight back to back.
Sing for alliance, sing for the fray,
Sing a mass for the foemen who stand in our way.

From the shores of the West come the blades of Caid,
Well practiced in weapons and fearsome to see,
Their footfalls crack hearthstones and break oaken beams,
Their grim looks have quieted even their sea.

CHORUS

The mountains and deserts of Outlands breed men,
Whose prowess is such that for one they slay ten,
So swift is their host they have no need of horse,
Their drumming a thunderous portent of war.

CHORUS

See now the line of fair Calontir's shields,
Their king leading boldly their huscarls and fyrd,
Now joins the Crescent, now leaping Stag,
Send over your ransom, resistance is mad!

CHORUS

PRECHAIN!

Written for Clan Prechain to Honor Their Friendship and Courage

There's a clan of bold temper, they're wild-eyed and clever,
Prechain! they're chantin' 'neath the wings of the crow,
The Morrigan's hammer, their song joyful clamor,
They're oath-bound for sword-ground to keep a grim oath.

CHORUS:

Prechain! Prechain! For clan and for kinsmen!
Prechain! Prechain! To battle we go!
Prechain! Prechain! For spears colored crimson!
Prechain! Prechain! It's blood for the oath!

Now the Seanachie's spoken of a time long-forgotten,
When word-sign was tongue-plied by beast as by man,
When the harvest they'd hoped on lay blighted and broken,
And the Crow King on coal wing came swift to the clan.

CHORUS

We'll no corn be takin' if to join in oath makin',
You sword-swear no word-snare is set for the crow,
It's war that we're needing, on flesh and blood feeding,
And war-gold to the sword-bold from bright wounds will flow.

CHORUS

In these words was wisdom, they bound themselves in them,
A crow-sign o'er the war-line in token of faith,
They armed and took hire, employed sword and fire,
Took war-gear, gained word-fear, and swept all away.

CHORUS

From that time to this time, as spoken in fair rhyme,
Prechain and the crow-clan keep unbroken oath,
If you've stomach for warring, then heed well my warning,
Give your war-gold to the sword bold or your flesh to the crows!

CHORUS

PERSONAE

LILE REGINA

Cry sin should any artisan be idle from their laboring,
That pinctor or illuminor take ease from their pain,
As candle to the summer sun is lost in greater lumining,
Beholding fairest Lile all other beauty fades.

Cry craven should one noble blade lie sheathed at her beckoning,
Achilles 'neath the walls of Troy died for a lesser queen,
Take care, for all her courtiers go mad and lost to reckoning,
They for the love of Lile shall fight 'till they're slain.

Cry havoc, sing the songs of war; she marches in our company,
Like Maebh or Bouadicca, a queen of warlike way,
In weaving battle's tapestry she plies the shuttle skillfully,
Beware the spear of Lile, lest as warp and weft ye lay.

Cry shame should any voice lie as corn in winter buried,
While the mightiest of kings cannot withhold his song,
From this frail and humble prison, my song cries to be carried,
Soft at the feet of Lile, brightest star in the throng.

**STEFFEN AND LILE
THE MINNESINGER KING AND THE WARRIOR QUEEN**

From the lands to the north came a tall man and mighty,
Whose song rings as true as the stroke of his sword,
For Steffen's a fair heart and a bold minnesinger,
With the voice of a lark and a fist made of stone,
Hail! Hail! to Steffen our King,
Hail! Hail! to Lile our Queen,
Sing in a voice that will make the hills ring.

From the island of Eire, our Lady, none fairer,
Is gracious and courtly midst peace and good cheer,
Should neighbors be foolish enough to want warring,
She lays down the scepter and takes up the spear,
Hail! Hail! to Steffen our King,
Hail! Hail! to Lile our Queen,
Sing in a voice that will make the hills ring.

Thrice blessed are the nobles that live in Their ruling,
For valour and truth are but found in a few,
Though gifted in all fair humility cloaks them,
The first toast they drink is to me and to you,
Hail! Hail! for Steffen our King,
Hail! Hail! for Lile our Queen,
Sing in a voice that will make the hills ring.

THE QUEEN OF THE TURKS
Written for Queen Brayden in Her First Reign

Allah is powerful,
Allah is merciful,
Blessed be the name of Allah.

He sends into our midst a flower of the mountain,
Crowned with purest gold is she,
Wisdom's mark upon her brow of tender years,
Beloved of man and beloved of Allah.

Like the small bird's song,
She brings peace and laughter to the troubled mind.
Tranquil and cool as the oasis is she in time of peace.

Fierce and resolute is she when the drums of war are heard.
On swift horse, with sword and bow,
She rebukes the host of our enemies.
A warrior queen to smite those who would seize what we hold,
What she protects!

Blessed shall be her life and her reign!
Blessed be the name of Allah!

A SAXON'S DREAM

Concept and Original Poem by HRM Kristofer Kensor
Music and Lyric Adaptation by Conn MacNiell

The fire of our camp was not warm that night,
So I strode to the field where so many had died,
The grass was still wet with the heart-sap of kinsmen,
When I heard someone call to me from the hilltop beyond.

Brandishing steel, I went swift apace,
The voice called again, for it knew well my name,
I cast down my blade, running deer-swift to meet it,
A thought-storm of great fury raged, my mind not my own.

The hilltop achieved, I gazed wild-eyed about,
For I thought I'd reached hell or the edge of the world,
The voice now was gone, there was deafening silence,
The death-song that rang in my ears, for two days was gone.

I fell to the dew-bed to rest for awhile,
'Till breath had returned, and I'd strength to rise,
I prayed to the moon to my fraught soul illumine,
I gazed deeply into her eye, but she showed me no rune.

I sought then an answer from the valley below,
And looked on the gray cloak of fog o'er the land,
The silence was broken by wolf screams and howlings,
They echoed across the moor, then silence returned.

I found all the wisdom I needed for life,
And the courage to face death and not turn away,
I found there the warmth that the red fire was lacking,
I found the contentment the moon never gave,

'Twas the wolves that had called to me,
They alone know my name.

...Lilies War. Sir Conn's song tied for first place with the entry by Ill. Enma de Gael and Lt. Michael Padraig O'Dughain, which will be submitted for publication in the November MEWS. The most gracious prize offered by Sir Roderick, and shared between the two winners, is a full suit of armor.

WING, WOOD, WOLF AND SWORD
By Sir Conn MacNeill

© B. Charron
Transcription by
Sra. Olivia de Cabezón

VERSE 1

I sing of a bat-tle most won-drous strange, where the for-ces of
na-ture in con - flict rage. Where wing - ed war-ri-ors brave - ly
stood To meet an ar - my of leaf and wood.

CHORUS

And the fowl of the air give bat - - - tle, And the ver-dant wood makes
war. And the lilies in the mea - dow list - en: For the
Wolf who wields a sword.

Performance suggestion : Sir Conn performs this song with bodhran accompaniment, which pauses where indicated in the chorus.

VERSE 2

In a high green meadow where lilies grow,
The warring host traded mighty blows,
And magic powers of earth and sky
Invoked by their banners were mightily piled.
(CHORUS)

VERSE 3

The champions of the forest realm
Met those of the sky who bravely fell,
For when battling midst the meadow's turf,
The magic that's strongest is that of the earth.
(CHORUS)

VERSE 4

When woodland warriors' minds were pierced
With vantage of magic grew suddenly fierce,
And charging forth broke the winged ranks
Who fled to refuge at river's bank.

VERSE 5

Atop the bridge stood the archers winged,
And sore the woodlanders felt the sting,
For atop a bridge high above the ground,
The magic of heaven is proved more sound.
(CHORUS)

VERSE 6

The woodland warriors the span then fled
And sought the safety of wooded glen.
The earthen magic that served to-fore
Forsook them now and it served them no more.
(CHORUS)

VERSE 7

A Wolf befriended of forest race
Did pledge his allegiance and promise his aid.
Spoke he, "I am not one of your throng,
If I hold the banner the magic is strong."
(CHORUS)

VERSE 8

The woodland archers then challenged foes
Who, fearing no magic, then brandished
their bows.
But great was the death spell on arrows
that flew;
They were fletched with the feathers of
winged ones they slew.
(CHORUS)

VERSE 9

When they'd seen their archers so cruelly slain,
Those of the sky could no longer refrain.
And fearing no magic they took to the wood--
'Neath their banner atop of a hillock they stood.
(CHORUS)

VERSE 10

The wolf, now knighted by King that day,
Led bravely the charge with banner and blade.
He captured their banner and held both aloft--
Behold, they're one banner and it bears a Cross.
(CHORUS)

VERSE 11

I sing of a battle but fought this year--
The War of the Lilies in Calontir.
The favors of Laurels and Pelicans worn,
Sir Chrystopher Kensor the Wolf with the sword.

FINAL CHORUS

And the Pelicans give battle,
And the Laurels they make war,
And the sunlight in the meadow glistens,
From the blade of Sir Chrystopher's sword.
From the blade of Sir Chrystopher's sword.

THE DUKE OF THE NORTH-MARCH

Written in Honor of Duke Guy of Caid

He was born in the North, where the wind drives the snowfall,
And driven was he by dread forces unseen,
A craftsman's son he, for hands-work intended,
But his eyes were ensorced by the shimmering steel. (repeat line)

In his youth he waxed restless, to the sea's edge he wandered,
A quenching sought he for his deepening need,
He learned of and courted a maid of great beauty,
And learned of and courted the shimmering steel. (repeat line)

The pains that he took in his lessons were answered,
By inner fire driven in chamber and field,
He won her betrothal with fair looks and phrases,
A fair principedom won he with the shimmering steel. (repeat line)

He coursed into error, for strength was obsession,
His soul not yet tempered in the forge of the years,
His councilors bade him a five-year to wander,
To gain wisdom to govern the shimmering steel. (repeat line)

His inner voice pointed the life of King Christus,
A carpenter's trade did he ply for his weal,
In the fifth spring, with God's aid, all tools had he mastered,
A tool now for crafting was the shimmering steel. (repeat line)

Homeward he journeyed, his tread strong with purpose,
His eyes now were softer, for truth had he seen,
He sought out the maiden, her love had new meaning,
With new meaning he girded the shimmering steel. (repeat line)

With feasting and revels he wedded the maiden,
With stones and strong timbers he fashioned his keep,
'Top the strong walls were warriors with oak argent marked,
'Twas wood strongest blended with the shimmering steel. (repeat line)

The old King died heirless, great nobles enquarrelled,
Their foes boldly plotted their riches to steal,
A tournament cried to reveal God's new champion,
Was won by the March-Lord and his shimmering steel. (repeat line)

He marshalled his forces, united the barons,
Campaigns four in number to victory led he,
And quailed were the bold hearts, and foes on the marches,
Paid tribute to the war-host and its shimmering steel. (repeat line)

The army disbanded, a new heir is chosen,
A dukedom now granted as the Marcher-Lord's fief,
Strong sons to take pride in, the gift of his lady,
To teach the true meaning of the shimmering steel. (repeat line)

Savoring moments like sweat-meats he watches,
His lady, his children, the sun on his fields,
The firelight's glint in his wine cup a portent,
He again will be summoned by the shimmering steel,
For his fate is entwined with the shimmering steel.

CHANSON DE DURAND

Written on the Occasion of the Knighting of Sir Durand FitzRobert

Robert the bold baron lies shrouded and shriven,
His blood in my body, to his land yet no right,
But to well-spoken herald good gold have I given,
His ghost shall be told that his son is made knight.

In my first year of living my sire's men tore me,
From the breast of my mother, her hot tears for naught,
To the keeping of priests in the abbey they bore me,
As penance for the stain infidelity wrought.

I grew through ten winters of stern admonition,
They called me "the rude one", in their Roman "Duras,"
My hot blood no balm for a paley priest's visions,
I flew with the small birds when Spring came at last.

I served bold FitzOsbern as groom to his war-band,
And drank deep the stories of the knights in the hall,
'Twas cried that the Duke took up arms against England,
That land was the prize to be won in its fall.

In the battle ensuing I carried no iron,
FitzOsbern well armed me with tabor instead,
'Midst the din of shrill neighing and shouting of horsemen,
I matched their wild rhythms with hands bleeding red.

I followed my lord to the land of the Cymri,
And he followed traitors 'gainst our crowned King,
I broke with FitzOsbern, for burned in my memory,
I could see William's deeds and hear Taillifer sing.

Now one score and ten are the winters I've weathered,
My sword is well whetted on the bones of the dead,
On shipboard, in forest, in dry wasted desert,
My arm and heart tested as Battle's grim guest.

The chain at my neck and my spurs are bright gilded,
My sword is well girded in leather of white,
My own hands in those of the Crown are enfolded,
'Tis cried that Durand is this day made a knight,
My heart and my spirit, from this day a knight.

THE BARD OF BLACKMOOR

Written on the Occasion of the Elevation of Angus of Blackmoor to Laurel

Attend my humble words, most noble friends,
No praise for he enough, yet praise will come,
God in his grace hath blessed this wight in tens,
Until well all are blessed, his deeds well done.
Strong stands this son of man of whom I speak,
Of mighty strength, bold heart, and warrior's blood,
Full many foes felled he, hale hearts wax weak,
Black now the moors with streams of gore he floods.
Look in amaze as metamorphose comes,
All raging flies, and found is gentle balm,
King's warlike host doth pluck up at his song.
Morning's dawn reveals the ranks afield,
One man, with sword, find valour in his breast,
One man, with song, may move the throng to zeal,
Reward, for he is both, the laurel crest.

BISON BRACE

GOD PROSPER LONG OUR NOBLE KING,
OUR LIVES AND SAFETIES, ALL,
AL MOST STRANGE HUNTING ONCE THERE DID,
IN BISON BRACE BEFALL.

YON IN THREE RIVERS BARONY,
DWELLS STEPHEN IRONHAND,
WHO RULES WELL, THOUGH ECCENTRICALLY,
O'ER HIS BARONIAL LANDS.

GOOD STEPHEN HATH FOR MANY YEARS,
YEARNED FOR A THING MOST ODD,
THE DEMO-BISON DOTH HE SEEK,
A BEAST LIKE-TO A GOD.

AND ONE DAY STEPHEN, HE DID HEAR,
OF YON WELL-FAMED PLACE,
WHENCE DEMO-BISON MAY BE FOUND,
YON PLACE HIGHT BISON BRACE.

HE SWORE HE WOULD A-HUNTING GO,
WITH BOW AT SUN'S NEXT RISE,
TO SEEK, AND FIND, AND BEAR AWA',
THE DEMO-BISON PRIZE.

KING WILLIAM SAT UPON HIS THRONE,
AND HEARD OF STEPHEN'S PLEDGE,
AND SWORE THAT HE WOULD LIE IN WAIT,
FOR STEPHEN IN THE HEDGE.

FOR BISON BRACE WAS ROYAL LAND,
WITH LAWS TO PUNISH THOSE,
WHO RODE TO HUNT THE DEER WITHIN,
WITH HORNS, AND HOUNDS, AND BOWS.

AND SO IT PASSED GOOD STEPHEN RODE,
TO BISON BRACE AT DAWN,
TO SEEK TO WINGED, HOARY BEAST,
UPON THE GREENWOOD LAWN.

HIS YOEMEN SPIED A HORNY HEAD:
BENEATH, A HOARY MANE,
E'ER STEPHEN'S MIGHTY BOW WAS BENT,
ANON THE BULL LIE SLAIN.

YET STEPHEN'S JOY CAME TO SWIFT END,
FOR FROM THE HEDGE DID SPRING,
FULL TWENTY ARMED MEN, AND ONE,
BORE CROWN AND SIGNET RING.

KING WILLIAM'S MEN SURROUNDED ALL,
OF STEPHEN'S STALWART BAND,
SPAKE KING, "WHAT MAKES THEE NOW SO BOLD,
TO HUNT UPON MY LAND?!"

"THOU KNOWEST WELL," KING WILLIAM SAID,
"THE LAW IS STERN TO THOSE,
WHO RIDE UPON FAIR BISON BRACE,
FOR DEER WITH HOUNDS AND BOWS!"

"PREPARE THYSELF, CONFESS AND SHRIVE,
THOU SHALT RECEIVE THIS DAY,
FULL PENALTY OF LAW I TROW,
AND WITH THY LIFE SHALL PAY!"

SPAKE BARON, "IF I HUNTED STAG,
WHY, I'D BE SHRIVED AND TORN,
NAY, DEMO-BISON I DO HUNT,
IN BISON BRACE THIS MORN!"

"PRAY LOOK YE NOW TO THICKET YON,
WHERE ARROW FOUND ITS MARK,
FOR I HUNT NOT THE KING'S FAIR STAG,
BUT DEMO-BISON DARK!"

NOW SAID THE KING WHEN HE HAD SEEN,
THE SLAIN BULL ON THE GROUND,
"THIS IS NO WINGED GOD-LIKE BEAST,
'TIS BULL MOST COMMON FOUND!"

"THE LAW IS CLEAR," KING WILLIAM SAID,
FEAR NOT TO PAY IN FULL,
FOR MY LAWS GUARD THE HUNT FOR STAG,
BUT NOT PURSUIT OF BULL!"

THE KING THEN SPAKE TO NEARBY SQUIRE,
"LET US NOT TARRY LONG,
FOR MY BIRTHDAY DRAWS NIGH,
AND I WOULD MISS THE BARON'S SONG!"

KING WILLIAM AND HIS ARMED MEN,
RODE BACK TO ROYAL KEEP,
THERE SAFE FROM THREAT TO ROYAL EAR,
HE PEACEFULLY MAY SLEEP.

GOOD STEPHEN HATH RETURNED HIM HOME,
AND HATH A GREAT BIRD SLAIN,
THE WINGS HE HATH AFFIXED TO,
THE CREATURE'S HOARY MANE.

HE BASKS IN PRAISE OF HIS GREAT DEED,
THE POPULACE CRIES OUT!
WHEN E'ER HE RISES UP TO SPEAK,
"MORE BULL! MORE BULL!" THEY SHOUT.

FOR THOSE WHO SEEKETH LESSON HERE,
THESE WORDS I GIVE IN FULL,
THOUGH IT MAY VEX, NO LAW PREVENTS,
THE SHOOTING OF THE BULL!

**AMOR
ET
PHILOSOPHIA**

THE SOLDIER'S SONNET

THOUGH MEN ARE STRONG, FOUL FEAR DOTH CAUSE THEM GRIEF,
BIDS FLEE IN HASTE WHEN YET THEY WOULD REMAIN,
REGRET THEN TROUBLES MINDS TO KNOW SOME PEACE,
FROM THOUGHTS OF WHAT WAS LOST IN FAME OR GAIN.
SOME CHOOSE ALL TO RISK, DISDAIN TO MOVE,
THEY STAND AND FACE BLIND FATE'S TOO WELL HURLED DART,
IN MATTERS ALL OF STATE, AND WAR, AND LOVE,
TO LOSE ONE'S RANK, OR LIFE, OR TENDER HEART.
YET WOULD I JOIN THESE FEW WHO LIVE LIFE WELL,
AND WAGER GREATEST PRIZE 'GAINST DEAREST COST,
NO MORTAL FLEW SO HIGH, NOR FURTHER FELL,
TO WIN THY PERFECT HEART, OR SEE IT LOST.
I STAND MORE FIRM THAN E'ER 'GAINST KING OR SWORD,
TO LIVE IN JOY, OR SORROW, BY THY WORD.

LA SENORITA DE LA CORUNA

AS EARTH, BEDEWED, FROM WINTER'S SLUMBER WAKES,
TO STIR ANEW WITH GREEN OF DOWN AND TREE,
IS WARMED BY SUN'S GOLD RAYS OF ICY ACHES,
WITH WARMTH, MY LOVE'S PURE HEART LENDS STRENGTH TO ME.
AS ALL ALIVE DO LIFE FROM WATER GAIN,
AND MIGHTY OAKS DO SPRING FROM TINY SEEDS,
AS FLOWERS BLOOM WHEN COAXED BY GENTLY RAIN,
SO MY LOVE'S WORDS RAISE ME TO WORTHY DEEDS.
WITHIN HER EYES I VIEW FAIR HEAVEN'S LIGHT,
SOFT ON HER CHEEK THE RUBY SUNSET GLOW,
DARK TRESSES, LIKE DARK GEMS ON MOONLIT NIGHT,
HER BEAUTY DOTHS ALL NATURE'S BEAUTY SHOW.
SHE IS ALL THAT IS LIFE, ALL THAT IS WARM,
THE WHOLE OF NATURE'S WONDERS IN HER FORM.

GRATIA

WE MORTALS DWELL IN LIVES FULL FILLED WITH PAIN,
AND TROD OUR WEARY STEPS TO SEEK SOME PEACE,
THRONGS LIE ENTERRED, YET NE'ER DID PEACE THEY GAIN,
WHAT AWESOME POWER THEN BADES MY SEEKING CEASE?
BEFORE ME LIES A LAND OF GOLDEN GRAIN,
WHERE SUN DOTH SHINE UNCEASING, NIGHT AND DAY,
COOL BREEZES BLOW, YET BRING NO STORMING RAIN,
WHAT IS THIS LAND, THIS SUN, THESE BREEZES, PRAY?
THE SEASON E'ER IS JOY'S ETERNAL MAY,
MY LIPS KNOW ONLY SMILES, MY MIND DELIGHTS,
SOME THANKS TO GIVE I KNEEL AND YEARN TO PRAY,
YET TO WHICH GODDESS MIGHTY FAR FROM SIGHT?
THOU ART THE LAND, THE SUN, THE BREEZES FAIR,
THE GODDESS THEE, THY GRACE THIS MORTAL'S PRAYER.

VITA

She maketh these, my bonnie lass,
Iron strong and fragile glass,
Raging fire and coldest stone,
A flower bloomed or withered grown,
A quiet pool, a raging sea,
A song of joy, and anguished plea.

She fashions with her smile, her eyes,
With word and touch the clay she plies,
The clay, my heart, becoming these,
Knows passions powers and deepest peace.

I run, I dance, I weep, I strive,
And one with her, I am.....alive!

The Prince and the Jongleur

Like are the lives of the Prince and the Jongleur,
Though one lives the deeds that the other man sings,
With passion for fire, fair words goodly hammers,
They craft for the crude soul a god's golden wings.
So make their words your prisoner,
And a kingly ransom demand,
Harken e'er they rise to speak,
For bold deeds and glories fall ripe from their hands.

A millstone in weight, the burden of ruling,
The font of men's valour and the bearer of woes,
For fate is a maid, great deeds for her wooing,
As spur to the war horse, his word is our goad.
His weal is our parage,
His might in those he commands,
The common folk he raiseth up,
For as a lord profits, so profits his man.

The jongleur wields words, as keen as a dagger,
To prick up men's courage or wound them to weep,
For a vessel of dreams a storm or a harbor,
On oceans of legend ten thousand years deep.
So draw nigh my companions,
The jongleur beckons to song,
A heady draught to stir the soul,
The weak shall wax stronger, the strong become gods.

With passion for fire, fair words goodly hammers,
They craft for the crude soul a god's golden wings.

FRIENDS OF SHERWOOD

GOOD GENTLES ALL, COME HEAR A TALE,
THAT DID BEFALL IN SHERWOOD VALE,
OF ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN,
AND SLENDER, FAIR MAID MARRIANE.
'TIS TRUE THAT LOVE IS WONDROUS STRONG,
BUT FRIENDSHIP LASTETH E'EN MORE LONG.

NOW ROBIN HOOD ONE MORNING ROSE,
AND DONNED HIS FOREST OUTLAW'S CLOTHES,
HE RODE AS QUICK AS E'ER HE COULD,
AND LEFT JOHN SLEEPING IN THE WOOD.
THIS CHANCE FAIR MARRIANE DID CHOOSE,
TO SNEAK TO LITTLE JOHN'S STRONG THEWS.

NOW THEY MADE LIVELY SPORT AND PLAY,
FOR MANY HOURS THROUGHOUT THE DAY,
AS YOUTH IS WONT IN SUCH AFFAIRS,
LOST TRACK OF TIME, CAUGHT UNAWARES,
BY ROBIN, WHO STRODE INTO BOWER,
TO VIEW TRUE FRIEND WITH HIS LOVE'S FLOWER.

NOW ROBIN STOOD WITH VISAGE GRIM,
AND LITTLE JOHN MADE READY HIM,
TO FIGHT FOR LIFE, HIS STRENGTH TO TEST,
WHILE MARRIANE HID HER FAIR BREAST.
YET WONDROUS FAIR AND PLEASANT TURNED,
THIS COUNTENANCE AS YET SO FIRM.

FEAR NOT TRUE FRIEND OR MY LOVE'S FLOWER,
FEAR NOT REVENGE OR ANGER'S POWER,
FOR WE'VE SHARED MEAT AND BATTLE'S DIN,
TO SHARE EACH OTHER IS NO SIN.
'TIS TRUE THAT LOVE IS WONDROUS STRONG,
BUT FRIENDSHIP LASTETH E'EN MORE LONG!

THE LEGACY

A MAN YOU HAVE BECOME LAD, SO FORGET YOUR CAREFREE PAST,
INVADERS MARCH ON US THIS DAY, TO STEAL OUR WEALTH AND LAND,
AND YOU MUST LEARN THIS DAY LAD, HOW TO HOLD WHAT WE HAVE HERE,
AND HOW TO KEEP OUR PEOPLE LAD,
FROM BITTER, SALTY TEARS, AND NIGHTS WITH DARKEST FEARS,
FOR THE GODS, THEY MUST BE RECKONED WITH,
IF WE'RE TO HOLD WHAT WE HAVE HERE!

A MAN MAY VALUE LAND LAD, HE MAY TRY TO HOLD IT FAST,
BUT IF THE FOE SHOULD WIN THE DAY, THEY'LL TEAR IT FROM HIS GRASP,
AND THEN WHAT HAS THAT MAN LAD, TO SURVIVE HIM THROUGH THE YEARS,
BUT TALES TOLD OF A CONQUERED LAND,
AND BITTER, SALTY TEARS, AND NIGHTS WITH DARKEST FEARS,
FOR LAND BELONGS TO THE GODS ALONE,
AND WE'RE ONLY TENANTS HERE!

A MAN MAY VALUE GOLD LAD, HE MAY COUNT ON WEALTH TO LAST,
BUT IF THE FOE SHOULD WIN THE DAY, THEY'LL RIP IT FROM HIS GRASP,
AND THEN WHAT HAS THAT MAN LAD, TO SURVIVE HIM THROUGH THE YEARS,
BUT TALES TOLD OF TREASURES LOST,
AND BITTER, SALTY TEARS, AND NIGHTS WITH DARKEST FEARS,
FOR WEALTH BELONGS TO THE GODS ALONE,
AND GOLD'S ONLY BORROWED HERE!

A MAN MAY VALUE COURAGE LAD, HE MAY LEARN IT FROM THE PAST,
AND THOUGH THE FOE SHOULD WIN THE DAY, IT REMAINS WITHIN HIS GRASP,
AND THEN THAT MAN SHALL HAVE LAD, TO SURVIVE HIM THROUGH THE YEARS,
TALES TOLD OF BRAVERY,
THAT INSPIRE ALL WHO HEAR TO RISE WITH AXE AND SPEAR!
FOR COURAGE BELONGS TO THE GODS, IT'S TRUE,
BUT THEY SHARE IT WITH US HERE!

THE FOEMAN VALUES LAND LAD, AND COUNTS ON WEALTH TO LAST,
BUT IF WE RISE, AND FIGHT, AND WIN LAD, WE'LL TEAR THEM FROM HIS GRASP,
AND THEN WE'LL HAVE OUR LAND LAD, AND GOLD FOR A THOUSAND YEARS,
AND TALES TOLD OF COURAGE LAD,
AND IT'S TRIUMPH OVER FEAR, AND WE'LL HOLD WHAT WE HAVE HERE,
FOR LAND AND WEALTH THE GODS GIVE THOSE,
WHO SHOW THEM COURAGE HERE!

Drink me a Drink

by

Sir Conn MacNeill

I once loved a lady, bright eyed and bonny,
a love beyond reason, to the depth of my soul.
'Till one day she came to me, said she loved me no longer,
in pain beyond bearing, I ride on alone.

Chorus

So drink me a drink lad's, to lady's and battles,
I'll drink you a drink lad's, to pain and dead friends.
And wine is my refuge, from torment and sorrow,
those things you find joyous, in woe sure shall end.

I once had a fair friend, a sweet friend and merry,
skilled with his weapons, and quick with a jest.
One fine summer's evening, 'neath the far walls of Acre,
he died on a spear point, that was meant for my breast.

Chorus

*My Lord lives in Scotland, my brother in England,
and feelings between them, run hot as a fire.
Once met in a tourney, and honor it fled them,
now all that is left me, is their funeral pyre.*

Chorus

*I once was a farmer, a grower of saffron,
my old family holdings, twixt two castle's lay.
But war changes all things, my life's no exception,
the killing of men is, my job to this day.*

Chorus

Three things seeks a soldier, a true bonny lady,
a battle with honor, and a sweet cup of wine.
But you'll find that in solace, the two are unsteady,
the third that is drink lad's, brings peace every time!

So drink me a drink lad's, to lady's and battles,
I'll drink you a drink lad's, to pain and dead friends.
And wine is my refuge, from torment and sorrow,
those things you find joyous, in woe sure shall end.
So I'll drink you a drink lad's!