

## ARMORING SONG

### CHORUS:

Sparks fly hot, my anvil rings with pleasure,  
Sparks fly hot, my hammer sings with pride.

A helm for the knight who lives on the heather;  
A dagger for the squire riding at his side.  
I've made mail for the Baron, gauntlets for the King,  
Belts for several ladies, so I sing.

### CHORUS

I've apprentices and many, incompetence they've shown,  
But with a firm hand, I make the right way known.  
I've a wife who bears fine children, sons to follow me;  
I'll make them a fine living in the armory.

### CHORUS

When I'm old and my name is known throughout the land,  
I'll die and be buried, hammer in my hand.

### CHORUS

—Words & Music by Lord Andrew of  
Wolvenwood



## BASHING BRIGANTIA

(Tune: "Waltzing Matilda")

Once there was a bishop, wore trumpets on a field of green,  
Who met with his college for heraldry,  
And he said when he saw the devices laid before him there:  
"You'll come a-bashing Brigantia with me!"

### CHORUS:

Bashing Brigantia, Bashing Brigantia.  
You'll come a-bashing Brigantia with me.  
And he said when he saw the devices laid before him there:  
"You'll come a-bashing Brigantia with me!"

"Tinctures and metals are basic parts of heraldry,  
But tincture of iodine I cannot see.  
And yes, zinc's a metal, but not the one I had in mind.  
You'll come a-bashing Brigantia with me!"

### CHORUS

"Fantastic creatures are standard charges in our trade;  
A griffin is something to which I'll agree.  
But boojums and wookies are not exactly in my line.  
You'll come a-bashing Brigantia with me!"

### CHORUS

"A Maserati gules is another thing that will not go;  
The Light Brigade's a charge that I cannot let be.  
Three hearts and three lions; I think I've heard of that before;  
You'll come a-bashing Brigantia with me!"

### CHORUS

Up jumped Brigantia, threw his yarmulke on the floor.  
"Be damned if much more of this garbage I'll see."  
And amidst the smell of brimstone, you could hear the college  
say:  
"You'll come a-bashing Brigantia with me!"

### CHORUS

—Alric Bowbreaker

(from The Shire of the Mire Song  
Book and Literary Guide to Local  
Swamp Life)

BERSARK RAG

(Tune: "Peel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die Rag")

shout: Give me a K, "K!"  
Give me an I, "I!"  
Give me an L, "L!"  
Give me an L, "L!"  
What's that spell? "BERSARK!"

I just read in my T.I. that we should all prepare to die.  
For you must fight within the list as though there's steel within  
your fists.  
When you get out there to fight, you swing with all of your might,

CHORUS: For it's one, two, three, why do we strike full force?  
Don't tell me that it's absurd, I follow Bersark's word,  
And it's five, six, seven, open up the Pearly Gates,  
Well, ours is not to question why, Whoopie!, we're all gonna  
die!

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

CHORUS: And it's one, two, three, etc.

Splinter temples and sever arteries, shatter craniums, hit 'em  
harder, please,  
Hit so hard they'll hear in Donegal, but list your injuries with your  
seneschal.  
If you can't knock off his head, then smash his kidneys instead.

CHORUS: And it's one, two, three, etc.

Set your sword against the Elin one, and get pounded by the Grim one.  
If you think that you're the best, go and challenge Seldor Best.  
Be the first knight on your block to send your squire back home in a  
box.

CHORUS: And it's one, two, three, why do we strike full force?  
A rule we can't afford, that's why I joined the Horde!  
And it's five, six, seven, answer this if you will,  
Would you like to be the first to die? Or maybe, the first  
to kill?

—Azrael the Soul Separator

BLOW THE CANDLES OUT

#2



When I was apprenticed in London, I went to see my dear.  
The candles they were burning, the moon shone bright and clear.  
I knocked upon her window to ease her ache and pain.  
She rose, she let me in, then she bared the door again.

I like your well behaviour and thus I often say:  
I won't rest contented, love, while you are far away.  
The roads they are so muddy, we cannot gang about:  
Come roll me in your arms, love, and blow the candles out.

Your father and your mother in yonder room do lie  
A-hugging one another, so why not you and I?  
A-hugging one another without no fear nor doubt;  
Come roll me in your arms, love, and blow the candles out.

And if we prove successful, love, pray name it after me.  
Keep it neat and kiss it sweet and nap it on your knee.  
When my three years are ended, my time it will be out,  
Then I'll double my indenture by blowing the candles out.

—Traditional

CATALAN VENGEANCE

(Tune: "Ballad of Spring Hill")

CHORUS:

My six gold rings were dearly bought,  
My comrades' blood for the plate I own.  
Our front rank spear met the French knights' charge;  
Of a hundred men I returned alone.

We were Spanish troops in Sicilian ships,  
And the king of the Greeks had sent to hire  
Our thousand spear to scour the Turks  
From his Eastern Realm with sword and fire.

We drove the Turks to the Iron Gates.  
But the faith of a prince keeps not the day.  
We were bandits now, said the king of the Greeks,  
So he hanged our captain and stole our pay.

CHORUS

The crusader kings of the East we told  
Of our own hard fight and the Greek king's shame,  
But the German laugh and the Frankish sneer  
Said a rabble of spear was but fair game.

From the wine-dark sea we marched on west  
Till we came to the duke of Athens' land.  
His herald said, "wear chains or die."  
By Kephissos river we're forced to stand.

CHORUS

We made our camp on a grassy hill  
In the midst of a league of marshy ground,  
That a light armed man might cross with care,  
Where an armoured horse must soon sink down.

Our hundred best at the marshes' edge,  
Six hundred hid in the reeds behind,  
While a thousand horse of the duke's own troop  
Rode along the stream to surround our line.

CHORUS

An arrow's flight from our waiting spears,  
The knights joined ranks with a joyous sound.  
Now the first wave comes at a walk, now trot;  
Five hundred ride for the killing ground.

At a hundred yards we see their blades,  
But the horses' hooves are what you fear;  
Five hundred tons of steel and flesh,  
And you bar their path with an eight-foot spear.

CHORUS

(continued)

GOD BLESS MIDREALM

(Tune: Whack fol the diddle)

I'll tell you a tale of peace and love;  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day;  
Of the land that reigns all lands above.  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day;  
May peace and plenty be her share,  
Who kept our home from want and care!  
Oh! God bless Midrealm is our prayer!  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day.

Whack fol the diddle of the di do day,  
So we say, hip hurray!  
Come and listen while we pray!  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day.

Our fathers oft were naughty boys;  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day;  
For pikes and swords are dangerous toys.  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day;  
At many a tourney and tourney still,  
We make poor Midrealm cry her fill!  
But dear old Midrealm loves us still!  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day;

Whack fol the diddle of the di do day,  
So we say, hip hurray!  
God bless Midrealm so we pray!  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day.

Now when we were savage, fierce and wild;  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day;  
She come as a mother to her child;  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day;  
Gently raised us from the slime,  
And kept our hands from hellish crimes,  
And she sent us to heaven in her own good time!  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day;

Repeat second chorus.

Oh, Calon men forget the past;  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day;  
And think of the day that's coming fast!  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day;  
When we shall all be civilized,  
Neat and clean and well advised!  
Oh! won't Mother Midrealm be surprised?  
Whack fol the diddle of the di do day;

Repeat first and second chorus

HAEL'S SONG

(Tune: "The House of Five-e-o")

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

— Adapted by  
Cedric of Colchester

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE

or

SINK THE ANSTEOR'

(Tune: "Sink the Bismark" )

In March of AS Fourteen, the war had just begun  
King Lloyd had the biggest ship that had the biggest stun.  
The Ansteor' is the biggest ship that ever sailed the sea,  
On her deck were men as big as steers and shields as big as trees.  
Out of the cold and foggy night came the Midrealm ship the Blood.  
And every Midrealm seaman knew and understood.  
They had to sink the Ansteor', the terror of the sea,  
Stop the men as big as steers and the shields as big as trees.

CHORUS:

We gotta find that great big ship that's causin' all this fuss.  
We gotta sink the Ansteor', the world depends on us.  
We'll hit those shields a-runnin' boys and spin their tails around.  
We gotta find the Ansteor', we gotta cut her down!

The Blood found the Ansteor' and on that faithful day,  
Neither side chickened out and neither ran away.  
We gotta sink the Ansteor' was the battle sound.  
But when the fog had cleared away, the rain came pouring down.

For six long and weary hours the rain fell in pails,  
Ternon told his people, "Put every ship a-sail,  
For somewhere on that ocean I know they gotta be!  
We gotta save those fighters from the bottom of the sea!"

CHORUS:

We gotta find those fighters that are causin' all this fuss,  
We gotta save those fighters cause they depend on us!  
They hit those shields a-runnin' and in the mud sunk down.  
We gotta save those fighters before they start to drown.

The fog was gone the seventh hour, they saw the late evening sun,  
Across the Grimfells' battlefield lay fighters by the ton.  
The Admiral of the Midrealm fleet said turn those bows around  
We've found those fallen fighters and by Thor they'll never drown!  
The Midrealm ships were aimed and help was comin' fast.  
The first ship reached the fighters they knew that they could last!  
The Great Naval Battle is just a memory.  
Save the fighters was the rally cry that shook the seven seas!

CHORUS #2

— Adapted by Cedric of Colchester

IMPERIUM COMPOUND

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

- 1) Here's a story, a little bit gory,  
A little bit happy, a little bit sad,  
About a drink called Imperium Compound,  
And how the S.C.A.'s been had! (pass the bottle)

CHORUS:

- 1) We think, we think, we think  
The king is a fink, a fink, a fink,  
A figure of respectability,  
Rules the kingdom through Imperium Compound,  
The results are plain to see!
- Midrealm Kings
- 2) Duke TreeGirtSea was known for his courtesy,  
And his fighting prowess was well reckoned,  
Took a thimble of Imperium Compound,  
And the poor duke nearly drowned! (poor ducky)
  - 2) Words with Andy, you never should bandy;  
He is strong enough to kill a moose.  
He drinks copious Imperium Compound,  
But he can't take Jungle Juice! (or kumiss) or (the sissy)

- 1) Thaid Mak Tlesown, he taught us a lesson,  
And his praises now we sing;  
With the aid of Imperium Compound,  
Any fool can be a king! (all too often) or (in Northwoods)
- 3) Merowald, he's the bane of a skald, he  
Has no attributes of which to sing.  
Polite and formal, incredibly normal,  
Are you sure he was the king? (boing...boing...boing)
- 7) Bearengaer, he lived solitary; (Bearenger, he was very weary)  
From his presence folks would hide in fear. (+ his opponents <sup>traced his</sup> blade in fear  
Dipped his blade in Imperium Compound,  
So we were stuck with him that year!

- 1) There was Rolac, some thought him a Polack,  
But he was a Scot, you see!  
He took treatments of Imperium Compound,  
Now he's as wise as you or me. (not likely)
- 4) Michael of Boar', he did not know the score, he  
Had a lot of problems with his queen.  
And the shit that he pulled down in Worm Fald  
Turned the Midrealm Dragon green! (he blew it)
- 5) Master Moonwulf was a very great warlord;  
He led us to Pennsic and we did very well.  
But he lost to Imperium Compound,  
Now he collects his dues in Hell! (dumb Viking)(he deserved it)
- 5) Good King Hathan, some thought him a no one,  
But his twilsey is the best around,  
Then he drank some Imperium Compound,  
Now his twilsey can't be found! (he's on it)

- 6) King Nathan's neat, rex with rattan feet  
It was plain that he could take the clime,  
But only a thimble of Imperium Compound  
And his wicker would unwind!
- 7) Laurelen Darkbane, as a king he is not vain,  
As an elf he plays with squirrels in trees,  
Then he drank some Imperium Compound,  
Now he only needs the trees! (he's nutty)
- 6) Laurelen Elf-king, he thought it a fine thing,  
Taking comely maidens in the trees,  
Dipped them first in Imperium Compound,  
And then charged them royal fees!
- 7) If you can't say something nice about someone,  
Then it's best to say nothing at all,  
So here's to Alen, la la la la la la  
La la la la la la! (la la la)
- 6) When Alen was king, it seemed a strange thing,  
His manners put us on our guard,  
But then he drank some Imperium Compound,  
And we grew to like our royal card!
- 6) Talymer, he took us quite far, he  
Kept the Eastern Realm deep in joke,  
But sip a little Imperium Compound,  
And the knight becomes a snake!
- 6) Good King Hugo would ne'er make you go  
Any where he'd fear himself to tread  
But then the Horde stole Imperium Compound,  
And with the East fold they did bed! (the traitors)

#### Other Kings

- 2) Duke Siggie, a West Coast biggie,  
Didn't know enough for his own good,  
Threw a knife at Y.T. Nauseating,  
And escaped with brotherhood!
- 7) Siegfried the Urbane, disguises a sharp brain,  
Beneath a mop of flashy golden hair,  
He rakes and he boozes, but it's Compound he uses,  
When he runs out of savoir faire!
- 8) Kevin Perigryne, we hoped that he'd win,  
When he made Duke William's helmet ring.  
Though a mere knight, he showed his great might,  
Now he's our curly-headed king.

#### ALTERNATE CHORUS I:

- 9) We think, we think, we think,  
The king is a fink, a fink, a fink,  
A figure of delectability;  
Combs his hair with Imperium Compound,  
The results are plain to see.
- 9) Said Kevin Perigryne, "I've really got to win,  
My fighting poem is three years old today!"  
Rubbed his pinions with Imperium Compound  
And brought an old grey wolf to bay!

- 10) John Bearkiller is a marvellous swiller,  
And he knows just how to keep a friend.  
The Traitor Baron found that Imperium Compound  
Led him to a bitter end! (poor Stevie)
- 10,11) Cavalcanti was good with chianti,  
12,13) And he hates to go to Border Raids,  
But now he can't keep down his Imperium Compound,  
Nor the queen of Meridies! (in South Downs)
- 13) Francois frog-king, though equipped with a swift sting,  
Found his pond-water a pleasant place.  
But after being crowned with Imperium Compound,  
Of other drink you'll find no trace! (the froggie)
- 10,11) De Laufyson, he found his in-laws too rowdy,  
14) So he gave Willow de Wisp the throne.  
With Imperium Compound, she keeps them all calmed down,  
And rules the kingdom on her own! (he's consort)
- ALTERNATE CHORUS II:  
10) We think, we think, we think  
The queen is a fink, a fink, a fink, etc.
- 13) Said Lloyd von Eaker, "this kingship's a breaker,  
One reign is enough for any man!"  
But the taste, he found, of Imperium Compound,  
Lured him back for a second stand! (he's stepped up)

#### Other Folk

- 2) There was Roland, he wrote with a slow hand,  
But in what he writes he does take pride,  
Dipped his quill in Imperium Compound  
And took Wandor for a ride! (for money)
- ? Azarael, a melodious fellow,  
Sings a song both sweet and terse;  
After drinking Imperium Compound  
He gets verse and verse and verse! (he wrote this)
- ? Hakon Redbeard, we thought him a bit weird,  
We thought Vikings all were six-foot-four;  
Bathed his beard in Imperium Compound,  
And he shrank right to the floor! (still singing)
- ? After Hakon, we sing of the Kaghan,  
And his Horde which never seems to leave,  
They just smile at Imperium Compound.  
I wonder what is up his sleeve? (wheet—think!)

#### ALTERNATE CHORUS III:

- ?2) We think, we think, we think  
The Khan is a fink, a fink, a fink,  
A figure of incredibility,  
Rules the Khanate through Genghis Compound,  
With results you never see!
- 2) Kenneth of Cheviot, I haven't quite rhymed yet,  
But he has a fair and roving eye,  
When imbibing Imperium Compound,  
He is never, ever shy! (shai Dorsai!)

- 9) Said Princess Patti, "we're going batty,  
But the kingdom must come first, I've heard.  
We'll run our own lives with Imperium Compound  
And give the Western Crown the Bird!
- 9) Lady Trude thought it her duty  
To turn a social wrong into a right;  
Proved her point with Imperium Compound  
And showed that Cheshire cats can fight! (and scratch)
- 9) Mary of Uffington said, "fighting's a lot of fun,  
But I've found a bigger thrill."  
Earned a Clubbe with Imperium Compound  
Because it's lots more fun to kill!
- 9) The Board of Directors styled themselves 'The Electors,'  
And another con they tried to swing;  
Now the BOD drinks Imperium Compound,  
So we no longer need a king!

ALTERNATE CHORUS IV:

- 9,15) The BOD, the BOD, the BOD,  
It thinks it is God, it's God, it's God,  
The figure of supreme authority,  
And if we'd O.D. on Imperium Compound,  
There's be no need for royalty!
- 16,17) Jon DeCles rules as if we were all fools,  
And won't even try to change his way,  
Once the Horde drinks Imperium Compound,  
The Board will be de classé!

ALTERNATE CHORUS V:

- 16,17) The Board, the Board, the Board,  
It isn't the Horde, the Horde, the Horde,  
And in its difference lies its fall from grace;  
Even the dukes found they had to use Compound.  
Just to keep it in its place!
- 10,12) Persons in power should all learn to cower,  
If the king should offer them some drinks;  
Imperium Compound has oftentimes been found  
To turn princes into finks! (or froggies)

- 1) Yang the Nauseating
- 2) Azarael the Soul Separator
- 3) Hael of the Broken Mask
- 4) Bron Blackhand
- 5) Mewt the Beggar
- 6) Goodleech
- 7) Rima of Rockridge
- 8) Ganthavar Chutkandra
- 9) Siegfried von Höflichkeit
- 10) Marie de Sinestra
- 11) Asgeirr Gunnarsson
- 12) Giovanni i'Lento
- 13) Erich Hlodowechssun
- 14) William Claibourne
- 15) Karina of the Far West
- 16) Linda-Muireall von Katzenbrasse
- 17) Elspeth O'Byrne
- 18) Althea
- 19) Richard d'Albee

XXX

(over)

KILLING ME SOFTLY

(Tune: "Killing Me Softly")

I heard she fought a good fight  
I heard she stroked them well  
So I went to meet her  
and parry for a spell  
An there she was, this young knight,  
a stranger to my eyes....

CHORUS:

Thumping my helm with her long sword  
Hacking my legs with her blade  
Killing me softly with her strokes  
In front of the Knowne World  
With her strokes  
Killing me softly with her sword  
Killing me softly with her sword

I died right bloodily  
It was a shame to see  
The sneers and jeers and laughter  
from my own Barony  
So wroth I grew to be  
reliving each moment, she said...

CHORUS:

I called her out once more  
and bespoke words of war  
At which she looked about  
as if I wasn't there  
And so I swung my broadsword  
up high into the air...

FINAL CHORUS:

Smashing her helm with my broadsword  
Crushing her shield with my mace  
Killing her softly with my blows  
Killing her softly with my blows  
Pounding her with my blows  
Killing her softly with my sword.

Goodleech

XXXII

The King is a Fink

( Tune: M.T.A. ...sort of.)

CHORUS:

The king is grand, he's the ruler of the land  
And to his health now we drink;  
We speak well of his name, and we are not to blame  
When they tell us the king is a fink!

Cariadoc was first he gave a kingdom birth  
From a wild and barbaric land  
From his seat in Tree-girt-soa he had a chance to see  
How fast it can get out of hand!

CHORUS:

Sir Franz was really grand, he did control the land  
With a firm but a gentle fist  
But he knew when to stop, 'cause when he reached the top,  
He quickly retired from the lists!

CHORUS:

Cariadoc was small, he was only five feet tall,  
The best in the field or the feast  
He recognized the Horde, the Brothers of the Sword,  
Then rapidly moved to the East!

CHORUS:

Sir Ariel was vexed, he was constantly perplexed  
By the song that the Hordesmen sing:  
The Horde is not to blame, the song should be renamed  
To "The Vanity of the King"!

CHORUS:

When Andrew took the throne, he was practically alone,  
He was feared and disliked from the heart--  
Until the Pensic War, then everybody swore  
That they'd been on his side from the start!

CHORUS:

HacTlessen was the man who made us understand  
Allegiance is to the throne--  
Then proved beyond a doubt that, with king or without,  
The kingdom can stand on its own!

The king is grand, he's the ruler of the land  
And to his health now we drink;  
We speak well of his name, and we are not to blame  
When they tell us the king is a fink!

MATTY GROVES

A holiday, a holiday,  
And the first one of the year,  
Lord Donald's wife came into the church,  
The gospel for to hear.

And when the meeting it was done,  
She cast her eyes about,  
And there she saw little Matty Groves  
Talking in the crowd.

"Come home with me, little Matty Groves,  
Come home with me tonight.  
Come home with me, little Matty Groves,  
And sleep with me tonight."

"Oh, I can't come home, I won't come home,  
And sleep with you tonight.  
By the rings on your fingers I can tell  
You are Lord Donald's wife."

"What if I am Lord Donald's wife?  
Lord Donald's not at home.  
For he is out in the far cornfields  
Bringing the yearlings home."

And a servant, who was standing by,  
And hearing what was said,  
He swore Lord Donald, he would know  
Before the sun would set.

And in his hurry to carry the news,  
He bent his breast and ran.  
And when he came to the broad mill stream,  
He took off his shoes and swam.

Little Matty Groves, he lay down  
And took a little sleep.  
When he awoke Lord Donald,  
He was standing at his feet.

Saying, "How d'you like my feather bed,  
And how d'you like my sheets?  
How do you like my lady,  
Who lies in your arms asleep?"

"Oh, well I like your feather bed,  
And well I like your sheets,  
But better I like your lady gay,  
Who lies in my arms asleep."

"Well, get up, get up," Lord Donald cried,  
"Get up as quick as you can.  
It'll never be said in fair England,  
I slew a naked man."

(continued)

POINTWORK

(Tune: "Lizzie Borden")

"Oh, I can't get up, I won't get up,  
I can't get up for my life,  
For you have two long beaten swords,  
And I not a nocket knife."

"Well, it's true I have two beaten swords,  
And they cost me dear in the nurse,  
But you will have the better of them,  
And I will have the worse."

"And you will strike the very first blow,  
And strike it like a man.  
I will strike the very next blow,  
And I'll kill you if I can."

So Matty struck the very first blow  
And he hurt Lord Donald sore.  
Lord Donald struck the very next blow  
And Matty struck no more.

And then Lord Donald, he took his wife,  
And he sat her on his knee,  
Saying, "Who do you like the best of us,  
Matty Groves or me."

And then up spoke his own dear wife,  
Never heard to sneak so free,  
"I'd rather a kiss from dead Matty's lips  
Than you or your finery."

Lord Donald, he jumped up,  
And loudly he did bawl.  
He struck his wife right through the heart,  
And pinned her against the wall.

"A grave, a grave," Lord Donald cried,  
"To put these lovers in.  
But bury my lady at the top  
For she was of noble kin."

—Traditional



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then a great controversy arose in all the land.  
It seems that there are people who doth think that pointwork's  
grand.

Then Bearengaer the king did say, "upon this I can't frown;  
With padding that is adequate you might just win the crown."

So you can use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,  
The ruling's been changed by the Royal Lord.  
Yes, you can use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,  
Middle Kingdom is a far cry from the Board.

(continued)

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## SIXTEEN KNIGHTS

(Tune: Sixteen Tons)

Yes, you can use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom

spoken: Fight at the front and jump to the rear, 'cause here comes Yang with a brand new spear!

Can use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom

spoken: Such a stab, I've heard it said, would make a knight fall down, play dead!

Can use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom

spoken: Counters, cowflops, thrusts and parries, everyone hire mercenaries!

Can use your pointwork in the Middle Kingdom,  
Middle Kingdom is a far cry from the Board!

—Baron Yosef Aleric of the Baliset

(from The Grand, Combined Yosef Aleric/  
Pre-Dawn Leftist "Megafilk" Songbook!  
(Volume 1))

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

### CHORUS:

You fight 16 knights, what do you get?  
another bruised shoulder and deeper in debt  
St. Moonwulf don't you call me cause I can't go  
I owe my soul to the armorer's store.

Well I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine  
I picked up a broadsword and went into the line.  
I found 16 knights to pulverize  
and the Earl Marshal cried "Authorize!"

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

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

Well, I'm 30 years old and a master, too  
I won Crown Tourney, it was easy to do.  
I'm a Duke thrice over, give me my due  
If you don't cow tow, I'll whup on you!



Goodleech

SONG OF THE PEOPLES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh, they sleep on the table or you'll find them beneath, (twice)  
And whenever one gets married they will send a funeral wreath,  
And we'll know by their manners that they're Hung....

Oh, they drink beer and whisky and they never sober up, (twice)  
And they smell like rancid stills and their breath could stop a  
dragon,  
And we'll know they are Irish by their booze,...

Oh, they ferment all their shanrocks and they make some rivengut,  
(twice)  
And if you take a real big drink you'll end up on your butt,  
And we'll know they are Irish by their booze....

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

(continued)

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

"Oh, they sit in the cafe eating garlic all the day, (twice)  
And they surely keep the vampires and the other folk away,  
And we'll know they're Italians by their breath....

"Oh, they eat their spicy pasta and they wash it down with wine,  
(twice)  
The odors are incredible whenever they sit to dine,  
And we'll know they're Italians by their breath....

"\*Oh, they walk through the doorway and they tell you their names,  
And the folk say, "gesundheit," and it's always the same;  
No one else can pronounce it so they make it all a game,  
And we'll know they are Welshmen by their speech....

"\*\*Oh, they write songs and lyrics and they write epics too, (twice)  
And when seen it's made wholly of "l's", "y's" and "w's",  
And we'll know they are Welshmen by their speech....

"\*\*\*Oh, they toss off their vodka and they live in their furs, (twice)  
And they eat with their fingers and they sleep with their herds,  
And you'll know they are Russians 'cause they're slob....

"\*\*\*\*Oh, their beds are full of insects and their hair is full of lice,  
(twice)  
And their homes are full of vermin and their cheese repels their  
mice,  
And you'll know they are Russians 'cause they're slob....

—Tjukka the Guardian,

except:

\*Brich Hlodowechseun of Highoak Hall  
\*\*Cyfrwys Llewyrch gan Annibyniaeth in  
Sigríðson  
\*\*\*Allen MacMillan & Banyth  
\*\*\*\*Allen MacMillan & Alexis Aurora Airielle



SONG FOR ERICH HLODOWECHSSUN

(Tune: "The Jolly Tinker")

Well, when I first met Erich,  
He was quiet and demure.  
Now he's just like Baron Stephen;  
He's tossed it in the sewer.

CHORUS: Yes, indeed he did,  
Don't you know he did,  
Tell me right-fa-lor-a-laddie,  
Yes, indeed he did.

When Erich looked at Stephen,  
A-standing proud and tall,  
He said, "Maybe I can get some tail,  
If I'm a seneschal."

CHORUS: Yes, indeed he did, etc.

He said, "I'll be like Stephen,  
No matter what the cost."  
He reads maps just like Stephen,  
And like Stephen he gets lost.

CHORUS: Yes, indeed he does, etc.

He's just like Stephen when he says,  
"I never get no tush."  
But if a lass sits in his lap,  
He goes into a blush.

CHORUS: Yes, indeed he does, etc.

And like out traitor he did say,  
He'd serve Meridies.  
He said, "They'll call me traitor!"  
He also said, "It pays."

CHORUS: Yes indeed he did, etc.

We've had to shackle Stephen,  
So he cannot have fun.  
We can't let him have bad habits;  
Erich picks up every one.

CHORUS: Yes, indeed he does, etc.

—Lord Brom Blackhand  
(from The Dead Sea Scrolls,  
#8 (an early name for The Jews))