

Lawrence - 49-1107
Kathryn
(Evelyn) AS to S

A collection of Filk Songs

collected by

Lord Chrystofer Kensor

Another Tournament Fight
Ball of BalleyMoore
Bare is the Brotherless Back
Barrett's Privateers
Bastard King of England
Brom's Reign

xCalontir Girls <<<<

xA Galontir Song
Calontir Stands Alone

>>>Catalan Vengeance <<<<
Causes of Rebellion

xClean Song, The
Coeur D'Ennuï Song

xCourtin' in the Kitchen
Dancer's Vanity

Duchess and the Lecher, the
Dun Cow

Fighter's Alphabet

Finnegan's Wake, Tim

>>>Follow Me Up To Carlow <

Gang Bang Song

Greyhound Bound for Pennsic

Hampster Song

Hell Spawn

I Sing of Dead Bunnies

I Will Mourn my King

Johnny I hardly Knew You

Johnny McEldoo

xKing Henery

Knight's Leap

Lament of a Novice *

xLiberty

Lord of the Dance

Moose Song

My God, How the Money Rolls in

None but Calontir

Olaf's Legacy

Paval's Song

Pict Song

~~Quest~~

Quest

Raven Banner

Rising of the Moon

Risin' O' the Star
Rogues in a Nation
Rollin' to Jerusalem
Rosin the Bow
Scotsman

>>>Song of the Peoples

>>>Song of the Shield Wall <<<< *

xStardrive

>>>Steel-Shod Dance <<<< *

Thor's Son

Three Bargainers

Two Magicians

Valan's Song

Whack their Pee-Pees *

Zorab's Song

Another Tournament Fight

Words; Conn McNeal

Music; "Another Saturday Night"

Event; Grimiells Moot

(Chorus)

Another tournament fight and I'm battered and bloody
I'm out of liquor and I can't get laid.
How I wish I could get it together here in the SCA.

Fought a tourney 'bout a week ago,
I was *Hoping* to win a fight.
But *Alas* I *Should* have known it,
my first two opponents
were six inch five foot Knights.

CHORUS

Well the revel it looked promising
they brought in six *big* megs of mead.
But within twenty minutes,
the mead it was finished
By the boys of the chivalry.

CHORUS

I was flatterring a lady fair,
in hopes my charm her favor would gain.
She said "You'll never take me hostage
though its true I'm into bondage,
but only with golden chains."

CHORUS

The solution's looking obvious
You Know you *CAN'T* Really drink or fight,
& you *CAN'T* seduce a maid
unless you've got a golden chain,
a pure and a belt of white.

CHORUS

Another tournament fight and they're battered and bloody
I have good liquor and I just got laid.
Now I've finally got it together, I won the accolade.
Now I've finally got it together, here in the SCA.

Chorus of the song
Balls to your partner.

Ball of Ballymore

CHORUS

(singing) Balls to your partner Arse against the wall

~~XXXX~~ If you never get laid on a Saturday night, you'll never get laid at all
Alternate: If you never get fucked at a Pennsic war, you'll never get fucked
at all

The village butcher, he was there, a cleaver in his hand
And every time he turned around he circumscised a man

CHORUS

The village cripple he was there wasn't up to much
lining ladies against the wall and fucked them with his crutch

CHORUS

The sailors daughter, she was there, boy she had the hots
Every time she had a man she tied him up inknots.

CHORUS

The village idiot he was there right behind the band
amusing himself by abusing himself, and catching the drops in his hand

CHORUS

Lord Paval he was there, shouldn't have been allowed
Swining by the chandler and pissing on the crowd

CHORUS

The village professor he was there flat upon his ass
learning lots of marvolous things you can not learn in class

CHORUS

The matamatition he was there counting on his thumbs
by logarithum he worked out the time that he would come

CHORUS

The groom was in the corner,
Ciling up his tool,
The bride was in the icebox,
Her private parts to cool.

The Queen was in the parlor,
Counting up her wealth;
The Duke played with the Countess--
The Baron played with himself!

The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey--
The King was in the chamber maid,
And she was in the money!

They tried it on the garden path
And once around the park.
When the candles snotted out
They did it in the dark!

The old school teacher, he was there,
He worked by rule of thumb--
He figured out with logarithms
Just when he should come!

The local surgeon, he was there,
With his knife in hand,
And every time he turned around
He circumcised a man!

The district nurse was there as well,
She had us all in fits,
Jumping off the mantle-piece
And bouncing on her tits.

The undertaker, he was there,
Dressed in a long black shroud,
Swinging from the chandelier
And pissin' on the crowd!

The village pervert, he was there,
How do you fancy that?
Amusin' himself by abusin' himself,
And catching it in his hat!

The village idiot, he was there,
Up to his favorite trick;
Bouncing on his testicles,
And whistling through his prick.

The county postman, he was there,
He had a dose of pox;
He could not stuff the lassies,
So he stuffed the letter-box.

Colonel Campbell, he was there,
He'd fought in many wars.
He jumped up on the table
And he shouted for the whores!

The village carpenter was there,
With his prick of wood.
He made it when he lost his own--
He swore it worked as good.

The chimney sweep was there as well--
A really filthy brute!
For every time he'd pass some wind
He'd fill the room with soot!

The old fishmonger, he was there,
A dirty stinking sod--
He never got a stand that night,
So he diddled 'em with a cod!

The village cripple, he was there,
But he couldna' do too much;
His old John Thomas had fallen off,
So he diddled 'em with his crutch!

Floughin' Jock was there as well
Although he wouldn't dance--
Just stood there with a hard-on
Just a-waitin' for a chance!

The village cooper, he was there,
He had a mighty tool.
He pulled his foreskin over his head,
And yodeled through the hole.

The village magician, he was there,
A-doin' his favorite trick.
He pulled his foreskin over his head
And vanished into his prick.

One female music maker
Was a sight to watch
As she opened wide her legs
And sound came from her crotch.

There was doin' in the parlor
And doin' on the stones,
You couldna' hear the music
For the wheezing and the groans!

When the ball was over,
Every one confessed--
The music was exquisite,
But the doin' were the best!

Tune: "The Nancy," from Stan Rogers' "From Fresh Water"

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,
Two great Sovereign Kingdoms side by side in every war.

For when there are fair grounds to take, 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 win the day!

(Chorus) Vivat the Black Star! Hurrah for Calontir and Ansteorra!
The Lion and the Falcon stand Together o'er the foe!

(Fennsic XIII)

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,
'Tis best to call on the Falcon's Wall and the Black Star Banner, hey!
And though outnumbered six to one, there's none can bar the way
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar will always save the day!

(Chorus)

(Atenvelt War)

When calls of war came from the South, and reached the Falcon's ears
She flew unto the Lion's aid, and faced 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 do 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)

(Fennsic XIV)

More calls of battle from the East, brought us to another war.
We fought in the woods, 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 on the Purple Wall and the Black Star Banner, hey!
And though outnumbered ten to one, there's none can bar the way
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar will always save the day!

(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 lands of the Sable Star,
For Bare is the Brotherless Back is the way that we always win the war!

Vivat the Black Star! Hurrah for Calontir and Ansteorra!

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

Vivat the Black Star! Hurrah for Calontir and Ansteorra!

For Bare is the Brotherless Back is the way that we always win the war!

12
Barrett's Privateers

Oh the year was 1773, how I wish was ~~was~~ in Sherbert
now. A letter of mark came from the king, to the scumiest
vessel I've ever to see

Chorus:

God damn them all, I was told we'd cruise the seas for
American gold, we'd fire no guns and shed no tears, now
I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier, the last of Barrett's
privateers.

Oh I sit back and ride the town, how I wish I was in Sherbert
now (oh), 20 brave men, all fishermen ho and make for him the
Antelope's crew

Chorus

The Antelope sloop was a sickening site, how I wish I was
in Sherbert now (oh), she'd list to the port and her sails
in rags and the cook's in the scalpers with staggers and jags

Chorus

On the king's birthday, we put to sea, how I wish I was in
Sherbert now (oh), there were 31 days to Montigo Bay,
a pumping like madmen all the way

Chorus

On the 30th day, we sailed again, how I wish I was in
Sherbert now (oh), when a bloody great rankee hauled
in sight, with our cracked 4 pounders we made the
fight

Chorus

The rank lie low down with hold, how I wish I was in
Sherbert now (oh), she was broad and fat and loose in
stays, but to catch her took the antelope 2 whole days

Chorus

Then at length we stood 2 cables away, how I wish I was
in Sherbert now (oh), our cracked 4 pounders made an
awful din but with one fat ball, the rank stole us in

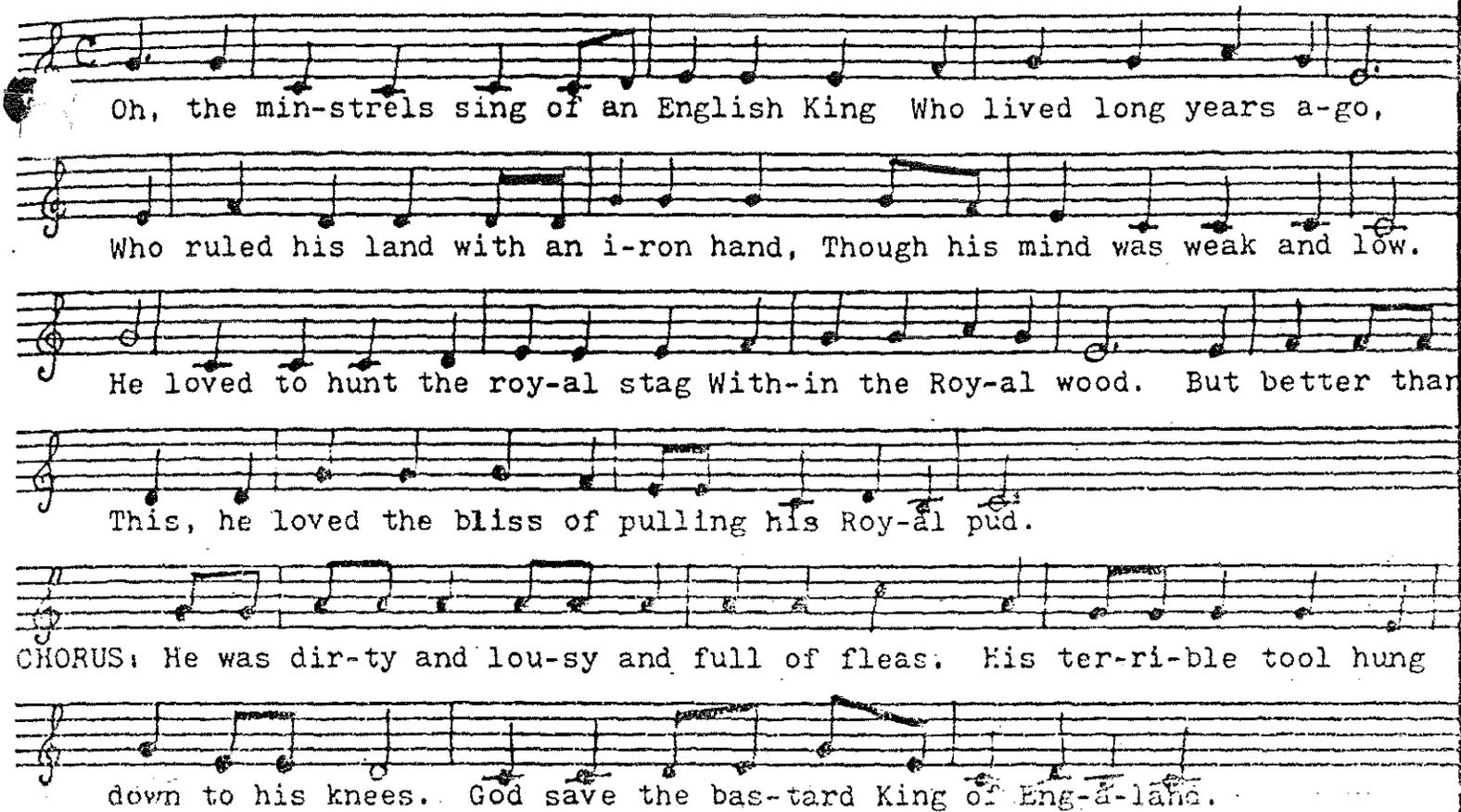
chorus

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side, how I wish
I was in Sherbert now (oh), Barrett was smashed like a
bowl of eggs and the main trunk carried both men eggs

Chorus

So here I lay in the 23rd year, how I wish I was in Sherbert
now (oh), it's been 2 years since we sailed away, I just
made Halifax yesterday

Chorus



Oh, the min-strels sing of an English King Who lived long years a-go,
 Who ruled his land with an i-ron hand, Though his mind was weak and low.
 He loved to hunt the roy-al stag With-in the Roy-al wood. But better than
 This, he loved the bliss of pulling his Roy-al pud.

CHORUS: He was dir-ty and lou-sy and full of fleas. His ter-ri-ble tool hung
 down to his knees. God save the bas-tard King of Eng-a-land.

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous dame,
 A sprightly wench was she,
 And she longed to fool with His Majesty's tool
 So far across the sea.
 So she sent a Royal message
 With a Royal messenger
 To ask the King to bring his ding
 And spend a week with her.

CHORUS II: He was dirty and lousy and full of fleas.
 He had his women by two and threes.
 God save the bastard King of Eng-a-land.

When Philip of France, he heard by chance,
 He swore before his court,
 "The Queen prefers my rival
 Just because my dork is short."
 So he sent the loyal Duc d'Alsace
 To slip the Queen a dose of clap
 To pass it on to the bastard
 King of Eng-a-land.

CHORUS I

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND (continued)

When news of this foul deed was heard
Within fair Windsor's Walls,
The King swore by the Royal Whore
He'd have the Frenchman's balls.
So he offered half his kingdom
and the hole of Queen Hortense
To any sod who brought him the rod
And the nuts of the King of France.

CHORUS II

So the brave young Duke of Buckingham
Betock himself to France.
Where he made a pass and stripped the sash
From the Royal pajama pants.
Round Philip's dong he tied a thong,
Jumped on his horse and galloped along,
Dragging the Frenchman
Back to Eng-a-land.

CHORUS I

Now the King threw up his breakfast
And he fainted on the floor,
For in the ride his rival's pride
Had stretched a yard or more.
And all the maids of Eng-a-land
Came down to London Town,
And shouted round the battlements,
"To hell with the British Crown!"

FINAL CHORUS: So Philip of France usurped the throne.
His scepter was his Royal Bone.
God save the bastard King of Eng-a-land.

From Standing Song
Stone Book

BROMO ALIGN

(Tune: "Lincoln Park Pirates")

Well the feast's done and evening is falling,
And the air it is charged with fear.
The BoB it is sleeping; the Witan is weeping:
"O God, please save poor Calontir!"
And the populous is in a ruckus,
And many of them have fled,
And they're all crying, "he's gonna fuck us,
Once they put that damn crown on his head."

CHORUS

Do me wey hey, O you'll rue the day,
A barbaric bastard like me
Did show up to fight, here where night still makes night;
O just stick around and you'll see.
Do me wey hey, I'll go all the way
In plundering poor Calontir.
You pisses me off royal, and take my blood oill:
Now you'll see just what I hold dear.

First I'll get to your treasury's money,
That money you've worked for so hard;
And I'll piss it away on our new defense budget,
In other words, swords for my guard.
Well I think cation is for pussies;
From now on we'll only use steel.
And to keep every fight from lasting an hour
I'm also outlawing the shields.

CHORUS

And the feasting will be done at Arty's
Till the manager's countenance sour.
Then I'll hold drunken court in the basement of Steelholm,
And make sure it goes on for hours.
To our fighters, give rubberband crossbows,
To our poets, give crackerjack rings,
But I'll give Uncle Stephen a Felican
'Cause I like the way the man sings.

CHORUS

I'll send letters to various kingdoms
Call the kings perverts and the queen's whores.
There's a ~~4000~~ dollar site see this year, boys!
Guess who owns the site for the war!
'Ere the battle starts I'll twist my ankle,
So I'll sit on the side and drink beer;
And make book on the odds for that novice,
That dumbfuck that borrowed my gear!

CHORUS

(continued)

And when my reign's finally over,
And the time's come for me to step down,
Your next sucker won't look so regal,
Since I went and pawned off your crowns.
Now, I've stepped down six thousand bucks richer
Though it's cost me a couple of friends;
But they say if I'm good for another six months
I can come back and do it again.

Lucas

-- Lord Iron blackhand

Calontir Girls

I wrote this filk song on the date we printed. Although I thought of the song long ago, I was 'pressured' into writing it by Angus of Black Moor who had been singing it; and I kept telling him "Angus, I haven't written it yet!" So, direct from the Beach Bards Song book:

Calontir Girls

California Girls

The Beach Boys

Well East Realm girls are sweet,
I really like the furs they wear.
Ansteorian girls, with the way they fight,
They knock me out when I'm down there.
The Mid Realm's baron's daughters
really make me feel alright.
And the An-Tir girls with the way they kiss
They keep their fighters warm at night.

I wish they all could be Calontir...
I wish they all could be Calontir...
I wish they all could be Calontir Girls!

Calontir has great tourneys
And the girls have so much fun
I love a female fighter in chain an' plate mail
By a list field in the sun.
I've been all 'round this great known world,
And I've seen all kind of girls
But, I was on fire to get back to the Shire,
Back to the cutest girls in the world!

I wish they all could be Calontir...
I wish they all could be Calontir...
I wish they all could be Calontir Girls!

A Calontir Song

by William Coeur du Boeuf

tune: The Old, Gray Mare

We're not scared to fight with the chivalry
Or the men of TreeGirtSea
Or the Northwoods Barony;
We're not scared of the men of Cleftlands, see?
We are from Calontir.

We are from Calontir. We are from Calontir.
We're not scared to fight with the chivalry,
We are from Calontir.

(Men only)

We can drink champagne with the best of them,
Kumis with the worst of them,
Beer with the rest of them.
We are the Midrealm's big, hairy-chested men;
We are from Calontir.

We are from Calontir. We are from Calontir.
We are the Midrealm's big, hairy-chested men,
We are from Calontir.

(Women only)

We have drunk champagne with the best of them,
Kumis with the worst of them,
Beer with the rest of them,
But our preference is the hairy-chested men--
The men of Calontir.

The men of Calontir. The men of Calontir.
But our preference is the hairy-chested men--
The men of Calontir.

[From the Calontir Song songbook]

CALONTIR STANDS ALONE

(revised version)

(tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")

O, Ladies and Lords of Calontir,
Waes Hael! Drink Hael!
Please gather around and lend an ear,
Waes Hael! Drink Hael!
O, gather around and lend an ear,
I'll sing you a song of Calontir,
And you all shall know why
Calontir stands alone.

We're far from the Northwoods Barony, etc.
And damn near as far from free-Girt-Sea, etc.
O, and Rivenstar with its flag unfurled
Is damn near the other side of the world--
O, that's one good reason why
Calontir stands alone.

We've got our own brand of chivalry, etc.
We fight for the love of battle, we, etc.
And on battlefields many we've stood the test.
Proved our bravery, skill and our honour's the
best.
We shall smite our foes 'til
Calontir stands alone.

Our tourneys and feasts to none compare, etc.
And good times with us are far from rare, etc.
Let all come to us for our food is good,
And there's merry song in our halls and woods.
That's just one more reason why
Calontir stands alone.

O, Ladies and Lords of Calontir, etc.
Put your hearts into what you do this year, etc.
And in the end the World will see
A kingdom proud and strong and free
On that high bright day when
Calontir stands alone.

--Bron Blackhand

Catalan Vengeance
by Moses ben Eldad

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.

1 We were Spanish troops in Sicilian ships
And the king of the Greeks had sent to hire
Our thousand spears 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.

2 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
til we cam to the Duke of Athens' land.
His herald said "Wear chains or die."
By Kephisses River we're forced to stand.

3 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 armored 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.

4 An arrows flight from our waiting spears
The knights formed 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.

5 At fifty yards their lances dip
We grip our pikes in gauntlet hand,
As a steel-shod thunder drowns our cries
And the ground shakes so we can hardly stand.
They smashed our line and trampled all,
Who stood to fight, who turned to flee,
And plunged in over the marsh's edge
In the red soaked mud to the horses' knee.

(over)

At fifty yards their lances dip;
We grip our axes in spurs and hand,
As a steel-shod thunder drowns our cries,
And the ground shakes so we can hardly stand.

They smashed our line and trampled all
In blood to fight, who turned to flee,
And plunged in over the bars, a eye
In the red-seaked mud to the horse's knee.

CHORUS

The knights looked up and saw our troops
Still standing on the further shore.
"Horn up!" called the duke in knee-deep mud,
"We'll smash these dogs with one charge more."

They sank in mud to the riders' thighs,
"Push on!" the duke of Athens said.
So we hurled our darts and fired our bows,
Five hundred trapped and the rest are fled.

CHORUS

"Free pass and ransom," the duke he cried,
But we know the worth of a French knight's word.
So we cut his throat and stripped his arms,
And left his flesh for the dogs and birds.

I crawled on out to the shaky ground
As the crows dipped low on stiffened ring,
Where a young squire moaned with his face-plate gone,
Cut his right hand off for it's golden ring.

CHORUS

Rich gifts they brought, these Frankish knights,
We called us bastard Spanish curs.
He had arms and mail and a duke's own helm,
Two bushels brim with silver spurs.

My comrades lie in the white Greek soil,
But they do not rest in the earth alone.
Five hundred knights and a Frankish duke
Share a pool of mud for a marking stone.

CHORUS

—Moses Ben Eldad

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

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

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

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

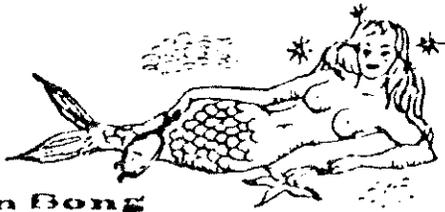
For there isn't a man but has his doubts
Of the worth of them that rules him;
But the good ones he will not turn out
Unless he finds he's pushed about
Or thinks they're trying to fool him.

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

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

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

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



The Clean Song

1907 (REVISED) M.V. 1964

Medium tempo (VLD & stronger)

There was a young sailor who looked through the glass
 looked through the glass
 looked through the glass and
 found a young mermaid with scales on her
 bright and shiny scales

54



Island where sea gulls fly over their nests,
 She combed the long hair that hung over her

Shoulders and ceased her to tickle and itch,
 The sailor cried out, "There's a beautiful

"Mermaid a-sitting out there on the rocks!"
 The crew came a-runnin' all grabbing their

Glasses and crowded low deep to the rail,
 All eager to share in this fine piece of

News which the Captain soon heard from the watch,
 He tied down the wheel and he reached for his

Crackers and cheese which he kept near the door,
 In case he might come on a runaway

Mermaid, he knew he must use all his wits,
 Crying, "Throw out a line and we'll leave her



"Flippers, and then we will finally find
 If mermaids are better before or

"Be brave, my good fellows," the Captain then said,
 "With fortune we'll break through her mer-maiden."

Heading to starboard they tacked with dispatch,
 And caught the fair mermaid just under the

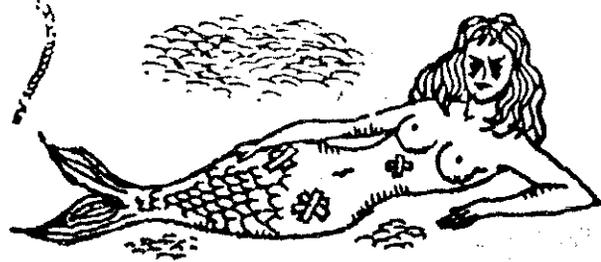
Elbows and hustled her down below decks,
 Where each took a turn at her feminine

Setting her free at the end of the larce,
 She spinnaked to the waves, landing flat on her

After a while one man noticed some scales,
 And soon they broke out with the pox and the

Scratching with fury and cursing with spleen,
 This song may be dull, but it's frightfully clean.

55



e Coeur d'Ennui Song (Tune: The Engineers Song)

di was a lady who through Coventry did ride
the local villagers her fine and pure white hide;
most observant man of all, from Coeur d'Ennui, of course,
s the only one who noticed that Godiva rode a horse!

REFRAIN: (Please don't, actually--it's just called that)

We are, We are, We are, We are, We are from Coeur d'Ennui.
There's few who are our equal for simple lechery!

Come off your bench and clench a wench

And come along with us--

We don't give a damn for any old man who don't give a
damn for us!

aid she, "I've come a long, long way, and I will go real far
or the man who takes me from this horse and leads me to a bar!"
he man who took her from that horse and bought her some whiskey
as a dirty, drunken lecher, but he hailed from Coeur d'Ennui!

ran father was a Viking from the cold land of Norway;
andmother was a French girl who chanced into his way;
father was a Norman and chased Saxons on his horse--
he? Well I an English--and a Gentleman, of course!

In his youth our Azar was stolen by Mamelukes--

They made him play piano in a house of ill repute!

When one of the men made eyes at him, he kicked his butt, you see--

"Goodbye, you bugging bastard, I am off to Coeur d'Ennui!"

Elizabeth of Lymond is a maid of Coeur d'Ennui,

But because she is so shy, some doubt her lechery.

Trained in library science from a fair and tender age,

She very often can be found, lingering o'er a Page!

ic of Northumberland is a scholar sage and wise;

He is a fighting man, of heroic girth and size!

's makes a very war like sage, who knows just what to do:

ou gotta kill the men-folk off, and rape the women too!"

you'd pour whiskey on it, he'd eat a bale of hay!
men lusting after women, it's enough to make one blance,
why, in the dark one maiden thought he'd brought along his lance!

Very sly magician is one Idriss the Great--
If he asks you to assist him, then you should hesitate:
"It's just a simple trick" he says, but when you see him leer
You should not need two guesses to know what'll disappear!



(Ladies, take a warning:)

Never let a Boar Ring man an inch
above your knee,
For if he bears the Boar Ring sign,
he hails from Coeur d'Ennui.
He wants your body desperately,
although he seems aloof--
For all the men from Coeur d'Ennui
are just like Coeur du Bœuf!

A friend from old Three Rivers is Lord Stephen Ironhand,
They say he is a Baron and the finest in the land.
He passes us at lechery, by enough to make us weep--
For when he can't get women, well, he keeps a favorite sheep!

He ain't, he ain't, he ain't, he ain't

He ain't from Coeur d'Ennui--

There's few who are his equal

For sheer perversity!

That sheep, her name is Popsie,

And she plays hard to get--

She don't give a damn,

He ain't a ram,

So he ain't had her yet!

William Coeur du Bœuf

gon and Pader the Grim are brothers brave and bold
Their chiefest lusts are power, diamonds and fine gold
They both desire women for sheer debauchery
And so does every mother's son who hails from Coeur d'Ennui.

Ladies beware of the Mage they call Idris the Great
If he asks you to assist him, then you should hesitate
"It's just a simple trick," he says, but when you see his leer
You should not need to guesses to know what will disappear.

Tonight we have here present some ladies of Coeur d'Ennui
To give to them their proper names: Rosamund, Veda and Cathy
Now as a group they made me an offer I can't refuse--
That if I named them in this song, why, next I'd sing the Blues.

This lad from the rural country surrounding Coeur d'Ennui
Is interested in women who know their botany
So ladies, introduce yourself, if you really think you should
Especially if you'd enjoy a little Tramp in the woods.

A friend is Eric Ragnarson, he comes from far Wurm Wald
I hear he's growing older, they say he's getting bald
But still he has a harem that is quite beyond compare
For the ladies are attracted by his thick and curly hair

Courtin' in the Kitchen

1. Come single bell and beau, unto me pay attention
Don't ever fall in love it's the devil's own invention
(For) Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitchin'
Miss Henritta Bell out of Captain Kelly's kitchen
(chorus) With me too-ral-oo-ral-I, me too-ral-oo-ral-addy,
me too-ral-oo-ral-I, too-ral-oo-ral-addy.
2. At the age of seventeen, I was 'prenticed to a grocer
Not far from Stephen's Green, where Miss Henery used to go sit
Her manners were sublime and she set me headta-twitchin'
And she invited me to a hooly in the kitchen.
(chorus)
3. Next Sunday being the day we were to have the flair up
I dressed meself quite gay, and I frizzed and oiled me hair up
The captain had no wife faith he had gone a fishin'
And we kicked up high life down below stairs in the kitchen
(chorus)
4. Just as the clock struck six, we sat down at the table
She handed tay and cakes, and I ate while I was able
I drank hot punch and tay 'till my sides had got a stichin'
And the hours pass quick away when you're courtin' in the kitchen
(chorus)
5. With her arms around my waist she slyly hinted marrige,
To the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carrgge.
Her eyes soon filled with hate and poisen she was spittin'
When the Captain at the door walked straight into the kitchen.
(chorus)
6. She flew up off my knee, full five foot up or higher
And over head and heels threw me slap into the fire
Me newer peeler's coat that I bought from Mr. Mitchell
With a twenty shilling note went to blazes in the kitchen.
(chorus)
7. I greeved to see me duds all smeared with soot and ashes
when a tub of dirty soot, right in my face she dashes
As I lay on the floor the water she kept pitchin'
When the footman broke the door and walked strait into the kitchen
(chorus)
8. When the Captain came downstairs though he saw me situation
In spite of all me prayexs, I was marched off to the station
For me they'd take no bail, but to get home I was itchin'
but I had to tell the tale how I came into the kitchen.
(chorus)
9. I said she did invite me but she gave a flat denial
For assault she did indite me and I was sent for trial
She swore I robbed the house in spite of all her screechin'
And I got six months hard for me courtin' in the kitchen.
(chorus)

DANCEERS VANITY
(Tune: Golden Vanity)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

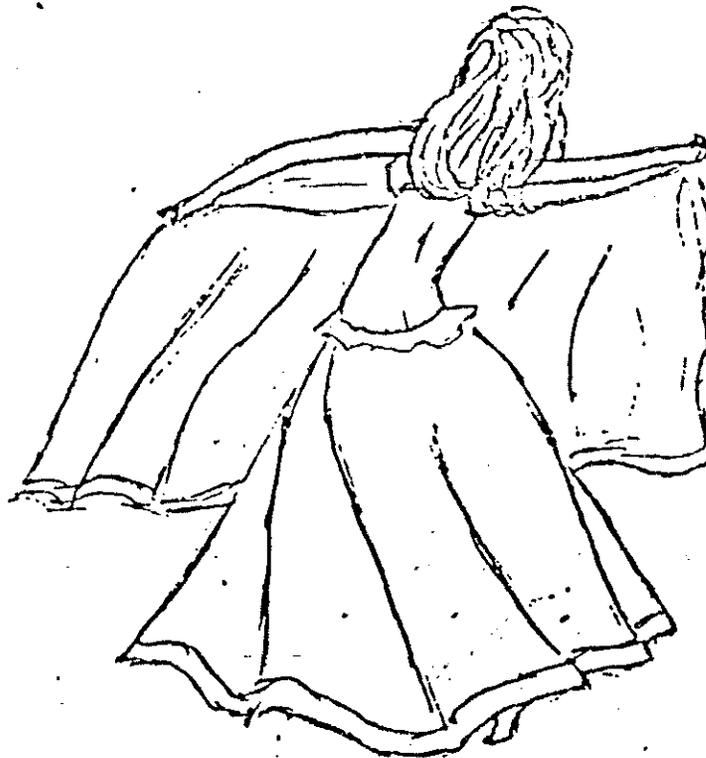
"Well, some kind of fool you must take me for to be,
If you think I would give reward to such as thee,
Who has openly consorted with the Mongol enemy
As they failed to reach the North Woods Barony,
In their march along the Inland Sea."

Handwritten notes:
"So she rode to the camp of the Mongol enemy"
"To the camp of the Horde, fierce warriors, proud and free"
"Please take me to your leader, or your Warlord, if you please."
"I'm sure that he will speak with me."
"Then she let drop her cloak, and in dancer's garb stood she,"
"And she said to the Warlord: "All that you can see"
"And that which you cannot, I would freely give to thee"
"If you overlook The North Woods Barony"
"In your march along the Inland Sea.""
"Well, well do I like plunder and well do I like gold,"
"And the trust of my men is the thing most dear to me,"
"But when I am confronted by a beauty such as thee,"
"The Devil take the North Woods Barony;"
"We'll overlook them eagerly!"
"She returned--the next morn--to the North Woods Barony,"
"And she said to the King: "We've achieved a victory!"
"We have turned aside the march of the Mongol enemy."
"Now where is the reward you promised me,"
"The treasures of our barony?"
"Well, some kind of fool you must take me for to be,"
"If you think I would give reward to such as thee,"
"Who has openly consorted with the Mongol enemy"
"As they failed to reach the North Woods Barony,"
"In their march along the Inland Sea.""

Then a great cry arose, and all did turn to see,
And there in their midst was the Mongol enemy,
Who had never ceased their march on the North Woods Barony;
They double-crossed the Dancer proud and free,
Just like the North Woods Barony.

"Dear Dancer and Dear King," said the Warlord full of glee,
"Did you think you could work your ploys on such as we?
By your own rules we return treachery with treachery.
And you never will be rid of foes like me,
If you try to deal in treachery."

Now the moral of my story, please listen while I sing,
Is to never trust a mongol, a dancer or a king;
For if you do, some kind of fool you'll be,
And they'll sink you in the Inland, Inland, Inland--
Sink you in the Inland Sea!



THE DUCHESS AND THE LECHER

The Duchess was a dressing, a dressing for the ball
But then she saw the lecher making water on the wall

Chorus: With his bloody big dingle dangle
Swinging proud and free
And never would he stop till it was over.
Hanging down (hanging down)
Swinging free (swinging free)
And never would he stop till it was over!

Then she wrote to him a letter, and in it she did say,
"I'd rather be had by a lecher, than my husband any day!

When the lecher got the letter he began to shake
His pants began to bulge a bit, his ballocks began to ache.

When he rode up to the castle, his heart was filled with pride,
His bag was o'er his shoulder, and his golf club by his side.

Well, he rode up to the castle, rode right into the hall,
"Lord save us," cried the chambermaid, "He's here to do us all!"

First he did the duchess, then the maidens too
And next he did the butler, what a dirty thing to do!

The neighbors came a running, the rich folks and the poor,
So he mounted them in order, "Gaudeamus egatur!"

They say he's died and gone below, they say he's down in hell,
They say he's up the Devil, and they say he's up him well!

DUN COW

Some friends and I in a Public House
Drinkin' up a storn one night;
When all of a sudden in a fireman came
His face all chalky white.
"What's up?", says Brown,
"Have you seen a ghost?
"Or have you seen your aunt Maria?"
"Oh, me aunt Maria be damned," says he,
"the bleedin' pub's on fire!"
"On fire!," says brown,
"There's a bit of luck.
"Everybody follow me!
"For down on the celler, if the fire's not there,
"we'll have a rare old spree!"
So we all wrnt down, with good old Brown
And beer we could not miss
And we hadn'v been five minutes there
Before we were bloody pissed!

1&2 chorus

And there was brown, upside down
Suckin' up the whisky off the floor.
"Booze, booze" the firemen cried
as they came knockin' at the door ((2 knocks))
Don't let 'em in till it's all ~~knocked~~ up
Somebody shouted "MacEntire" ((MACENTIRE!!))
And we all got stone blind paralytic drunk
When the old dun cow set fire.

Then Smith went over to the Port wine tub
And gave it a few hard knocks ((2 knocks))
Started taking off his pantaloons,
Likewise his stinkin' socks ((WHEW!!))
"Hold on!", says Brown, "That ain't allowed
"You can't do that there here.
"Don't wash your trotters in the port wine tub
"When we got so much ((coors/schaffers/stale)) beer.

CHORUS

Just then there came a terrible chash ((CRASH!!))
Half the bbbdy roof gave away
We was all drowned in the firemans hose
But we was feelin' gay ((oh, so very))
Then we got some stacks, and old tin tacks
And we nailed ourselves inside
And we was drinkin' up the ale 'till we were bleariy eyed

And there was Brown, upside down
Suckin' up the whisky off hte floor
Booze, booze, the firemen cried
As they came knockin at the door ((2 knocks))
Dont let them in 'till its all mopped up
Somebody shouted Fessalmyer ((FESSALMYER!!))
And we all got stome blined paralytic drunk
When the old dun cow caught fire.

The Fighter's Alphabet
by Eric Hldowechssun

A's for the armor I brought out on lone
B's for the bruises that blazon my bone
C's for crown tourney where the chilver's found
and D's for the duke I must fight the first round

(Chorus)

Merrily, merrily, so merrily 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 they're 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 the King who's honor is owed
and L's for the lady who's 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 centergrip 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 said all the letters in rhyme/
Se 1

TIM FINNEGAN'S WAKE

But the war was over when the liquor scattered over Tim.

Copyright 1961
U.S.A.

fol dee fol the
Tim Fin - ne - gan, lived in Walk - in' Street, A gen - tle I - rish - man
Fol
- y odd, He'd a Beau - ti - ful brogue s rich and sweet and t:
the the view
rise in the world he car - ried a hod. You see he'd a sort o' the
sh - a eg ecl
tip - plin' way, With a love for the lic - uor poor Tim was born, To
help him on with his work each day, He'd a drop o' the cray - thur ev - ry morn.
Chorus
Wnack fol the da now, Dance to your part - ner Welt the floor, trot - ter's shake
Was - n't it the truth I told you, Lots of fun at Fin - ne - gan's wake.

correg amorouk
fol the dad I lum
lecn brahlum
fol the dad I lum
maurin
fol the dad I lum
ra dor
fol the dad I lum

One mornin' Tim was rather loll,
His head felt heavy which made him shake,
He fell from a ladder, and he broke his skull,
And they carried him home his corpse to wake,
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed,
With a gallon of whisky at his feet,
And a barrel of porter at his head.

- Chorus -

His friends assembled at the wake,
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
First they brought in tay, and cake,
Then pipes, tobacco and whisky punch.
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?
Tim Mavourneen why did you die?
Arrah hold your gob said lady McGhee.

- Chorus -

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
Oh Liddy says she, you're wate, I'm sure
Liddy gave her a belt in the gut,
And left her sprawling on the floor,
Then the war did soon engage,
'Twas woman to woman, and man to man,
Shelagh law was all the rage,
And a row, and a raction soon began.

- Chorus -

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head,
When a noggin of whisky flew at him,
It missed and falling on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim,
Tim revives see how he rises,
Timothy rising from the bed,
Said, "Whirl your whisky around like
blazes,
Thank an' dial do you think I'm dead?"

- Chorus -

Follow Me Up to Carlow

1. Brude MacAyer hold your face
 Broodin' over the old disgrace
 That Black Fitzwilliam stormed your place
 And drove you to the Furdin
 Gray said victory was sure
 Soon the fire brand he'd secure
 Until he met at Glen Maloor
 With Fiach McHugh O' Byrne (pronounced O'Burn))

CH: Curse and swear Lord Kildare
 Fiach will do what Fiach will dare
 Now Fitz William have a care
 Fallin' is your star low
 Up with halberd, out with sword
 On we'll go forth by the Lord
 Fiach McHugh has given the word
 Follow me up to Carlow

2. See the sword's of Clan O'Mall, they're flashin' over the English Pale
 See all the children of the Gales beneath O'Byrne's banners
 Rooster of a fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock
 Crow out upon an Irish rock? Fly up and teach him manners ((CH))
3. From Tospart to Clonmore there flows a stream of Saxon gore
 Well great is Rory og O'more at sending the loons to Hades
 White is sick, Gray has fled, now for Black Fitzwilliam's head
 We'll send it over, drippin' red, to Queen Liza and her ladies.

THE GANG BANG SONG

(chorus)

(We'll have a)gang bang,
Yes we will;
'Cause a gang bang gives us us sych a thrill.
When I was younger,
and in my prime,
I used to gang bang all the time;
But now I'm older,
and turning grey,
I only gang bang once a day.

(add knock-knock versesas:

knock-knock
who's there?
Eisenhouer
Eisenhouer who
I's an hour late for the (go to chorus)

Asgierr
Asgierr who?
I's giered up for the gang bang...

banana
banana who?
banana-na-na na-na-na, etc.

orange
orange who?
orange you glad I didn't say banana-na-na etc.

fuck
fuck who?
it dosen't matter, it's a gang bang...

GREYHOUND BOUND FOR PENNSIC

11

Riding on the Greyhound bound for Pensic
Calontir Central wednesday evening rail
Fifteen girls and fifteen restless fighters
Heaps of armor and 'bout a thousand pounds of chain mail
All along the eastbound oddessey
The bus pulls out of Forgotten Sea
And heads towards Pennsylvanias bloody fields
The yearly pilgramage to make
To win the war for Midrealms sake
We're going to make those eastern sissies yield

Good Morning, Your Majesty, how are you?
Don't you know us? We're your rebel sons
Calontir has come to fight for you at Pensic *alt! Calontir has come to save your ass*
We'll have killed a thousand foes 'fore the day is done

Riding on the Greyhound bound for Pensic
Feeling tired but no one wants to sleep
Pass the plastic jug that holds the zoomies
Hoping that my tent won't leak
We've brought our swords and our guitars
Our chinese rugs and water jugs
Our pillows, blankets, lanterns, garb and shoes
Prepared for heat and cold and rain
With remedies for fighters pain
A hundred jugs of gatoraid and booze

Good ^{Evening} Morning, Your Majesty, how are you?
Dont you know us? We're your rebel sons
~~Calontir has come to fight for you at Pensic~~
We'll have drunk a thousand rounds 'fore the evenings done

Homeward bound -- amazing we've survived it
We all look like we've just been through a war
Telling tales and swapping brags about the battle
We're reveling a thousand miles and more
And all the knocks and bruises seem
To fade into a fighters dream
Of plans to build a better helm and shield
Next year we'll be back again
For revels sake and glory gained
With tactics that are sure to sweep the field

Good Night, Your Majesty, ^{we'll see you} ~~how are you?~~
Don't you know us? We're your rebel sons
Calontir has come to fight for you at Pensic
We'll have gone a thousand miles 'fore the day is done

THE HAMPSTER SONG - based on THE BALLAD OF THE CALONTIR HAMPSTERS
by Ld Chrystofer Kensor

Fighting hampsters from the sky
Some will live, and some will die
Hampsters have nothing to fear
The fighting hampsters of Calontir

Trained by jumpin off a roof
Trained in combat--tooth-to-tooth
Hampsters fight both far and near
The fighting hampsters of Calontir

Silver tape upon their backs
A broad sword is all they lack
Fifty hampsters fight a war
They won't win without fifty more

Rideing high upon our helms
Their war cry, it overwhelms
All opponents become weak
At their fearsome squeeky-squeek

Back at home Paval waits
His fighting hamper has met his fate
He has died drinking beer
The fighting hampsters of Calontir

Once again it's off to war
This time we number but a score
We will fight for those in need
So this year it's for Caid

Fighting hampsters jump from planes
Fighting hampsters fall like rain
Some will live, but most will die
Stupid creatures cannot fly

Hell Spawn

Words; Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood

Music; Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood

Event;

As a bold young knight all fresh arrayed, I did ride in-to the woodlands,
At my belt a bright new blade, and a strong stout spear in hand.
I sought an enemy cruel and strong, with spear and dogs did go,
If I missed my mark I could not last long, for all men fear my foe.

My snapping hounds did charge and bay, my huntsman they did ponder
In search of our elusive prey 'pon royal land we wandered,
My foe he carried two white blades and armor all of leather
He lead us over paths unknown and into foul weather.

Before the rain washed his scent away my dogs found more than traces.
They flushed him from his wallow hide and into open spaces.
I'd found an enemy cruel and strong, with spear alone did go,
If I missed my mark I could not last long for the boar no mercy shows.

He faced me with a gleaming eye, I braced myself to meet him
With his tusks he slashed my thigh, while my spear it pierced his breast.
I fell to the ground all blood and pain and know I'd reached my death
For the boar still stood with tusks prepared to kill with his last breath.

My huntsman they did grasp their bows in haste and hopes to save me
Before they'd even nocked arrows the boar, he lay shot dead.
Then stepped to view the King's yeomen from all the woods around us
And seven knights from Henery's house did ride out and surround us.

The knight in charge was Syr William, the Marshall of all England.
He said my huntsman were to die for poaching on the King's land.
And then the Marshall turned to me, "Now you, young knight," he said,
"By law ye should be hung and drawn, a rope should be your bed."

"But I see you've paid with one good leg for hunting Henery's course,
And to show a heart of chivalry, I'll only take your horse."
They rode away and left me there, alone with that dead boar,
And though my leg it burned like fire, the shame it pained twice more.

Now I'm a poor man wandering in village and in town,
And since Syr William took my horse I limp along the ground.
Now I've no horse and I've no sword, and gold I've not a speck,
But I've the tusks of that hell-spawn boar strung around my neck!

Various members of Rivenstar Barony--Wurm Wald Post - Revel Songbook

I SING OF DEAD BUNNIES
(Sweet betsy from Pike)

I sing of dead bunnies, and burnt baby chicks,
Barbequed squirrels and hamsters on sticks,
Ducklings in blenders, flat frogs off the road,
Opossums on fenders and deep-french-fried toad.

Diced and diced sparrows, dead dogs on the lawn,
Cats riddled with arrows and disembowled fauns,
Pickled canaries and clubbed baby seals,
Mice served in berries and turtles 'neath wheels.

Minced baby penguins, Koala filet,
Fried angelfish fin and aardvark puree,
Fred's little brother and mystery beast,
These are the things that they served at the feast!

Tamal ibn Vakare--The Eastern Kingdom Songbook

HARK THE HERALD
(Hark the Herald Angels Sing)

"Hark!" the Herald Aelfgar screams,
"Don't use blues on top of greens,
Or and argent, that all right:
Metals and tinctures do not fight.
Use a bend, no Highland Plaids,
Keep it simple, please, my lads,
Azure, vert, purpure, and gules
Must follow all my Herald's rules.
"Hark!", the Herald Aelfgar screams,
"Don't use blues on top of greens"

"Hark!", the Herald Aelfgar yells,
"Don't use cars and oilwells,
Period, we beg you please,
Tygers we can draw with ease.
Please don't ask for rubber bands:
These must pass through Laurel's hands;
We draw rampant, couchant too,
Dancing the Hustle no can do.
"Hark", the Herald Aelfgar yells,
"Don't use cars and oilwells."

I WILL MOURN MY KING

I will mourn my king for William has won,
I will mourn my king, Harald Godwinsson.
Oho, oho.

When Hardrada came upon the North,
Our king called out and we rode forth,
Oho, oho.

At Stamford Bridge, Hardrada fell;
The Norse sailed home and all seemed well.
Oho, oho.

Then Southward we rode upon fey news,
At Pevensey cove, William ran loose.
Oho, oho.

On Hastings hill we formed our wall
With sword and shield, axe and mail.
Oho, oho.

I fought for my king, axe in hand;
I fought for my king and I fought for England,
Oho, oho.

Through arrows fletched and oaken shields,
I saw Harald stretched upon the field.
Oho, oho.

A Norman sword had cleft his side;
In battle stormy he did die.
Oho, oho.

Now all folk know that Harald fell,
And with him fell the realm as well.
Oho, oho.

So now we have a bastard king;
His Norman hand wears the signet ring.
Oho, oho.

My wounds still run; they will not heal.
I slew my foe, yet felt their steel.
Oho, oho.

Oh here die I a Saxon proud;
I follow Harald's pure white shroud.
Oho, oho

I will mourn my king for William has won,
I will mourn my king, Harald Godwinsson.
Oho, oho.

—Words & Music: Lord Andrew of
wolverwood

JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YOU

When on the road to sweet Athay,
Haroo, haroo.
When on the road to sweet Athay,
Haroo, haroo.
When on the road to sweet Athay,
A stick in my hand and a drop in me eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
"Johnny I hardly knew you."

CHORUS:

With your guns and drums and drums and guns,
Haroo, haroo.
With your guns and drums and drums and guns,
Haroo, haroo.
With your guns and drums and drums and guns,
The enemy nearly slew you.
Oh, my darling dear you look so queer,
Johnny I hardly knew you.

Where are the eyes that looked so mild, etc.
When my poor heart you first beguiled?
Why did you skeedaddle from me and the child?
Johnny I hardly knew you.

CHORUS

Where are the legs with which you run, etc.
When first you went to carry a gun?
Indeed your dancin' days are done,
Johnny I hardly knew you.

CHORUS

You haven't an arm, you haven't a leg, etc.
You're an eyeless, boneless, chickenless egg.
You'll have to be put with a bowl and bag,
Johnny I hardly knew you.

CHORUS

I'm happy for to see you home, etc.
All from the island of Ceylon,
So low in the flesh, so high in the bone,
Johnny I hardly knew you.

With your guns and drums and drums and guns, etc.
The enemy never slew you,
Oh, my darling dear you look so queer,
Johnny I hardly knew you.

—Traditional

Johnny McEldoo

1. There was Johnny McEldoo and McGee and me
And a couple or two or three went on a spree one day.
We had a bob or two which we knew how to blow
And the beer and whiskey flew and we all felt gay.
We visited McCann's, McIllmann's, Humpty Dan's.
We then went into Swan's our stomachs for to pack.
We ordered out a feed which indeed we did need
And we finished it with speed but we still felt slack.
2. Johnny McEldoo turned as blue as a Jew
When a plate of Irish stew he soon put out of sight
He shouted out "Encore" with a roar for some more
That he never felt before such a keen appetite.
He ordered eggs and ham, bread and jam, what a cram!
But him we couldn't ram though we tried our level best
For everything we brought, cold or hot, mattered not,
It went down him like a shot, but he still stood the test.
3. He swallowed tripe and lard by the yard, we got scarred,
And we thought it would go hard when the waiter brought the bill
We told him to give o'er, but he swore he could lower
Twice as much again and more before he had his fill.
He nearly supped a trough full of broth says McGrath,
"He'll have all the table cloth if you don't haul him in"
When the waiter brought the charge, McEldoo felt so large
He began to scowl and barge and his blood went on fire.
4. He began to curse and swear, tear his hair in despair
And to finish the affair called the shopman a liar.
Shopman he drew out and no doubt he did clout
McEldoo he kicked about like an old football
Tattered all his clothes broke his nose I suppose
He'd have killed him with a few blows in no time at all.
5. McEldoo began to howl and to growl, be my sowl
He threw an empty bowl at the shopkeeper's head
It struck out Mickey Flynn, peeled the skin off his chin
and the ructions did begin, and we all fought and bled.
Peelers did arrive, man alive, four or five,
At us they made a drive for us all to march away.
Paid for all the mat that we ate, stood a trate,
And went home to reeminate on the spree that day.

KING HENRY.

(Child 32) From "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads" edited by Francis James Child.

Let never a man a wooing wend
That lacketh things three,
A store of gold, an open heart,
And full of charity;
And this was seen of King Henry
Though he lay quite alone,
For he's taken him to a haunted hall
Seven miles from the town.

He's chased the deer now him before
And the doe down by the den
Till the fattest buck in all the flock
King Henry he has slain.
His huntsmen followed him to the hall
To make them burly cheer,
When loud the wind was heard to sound
And an earthquake rocked the floor.

And darkness covered all the hall
Where they sat at their meat,
The grey dogs, yowling, left their food
And crept to Henry's feet.
And louder howled the rising wind
And burst the fastened door,
And in there came a grisly ghost
Stamping on the floor.

Her head hit the roof-tree of the house,
Her middle you could not span,
Each frightened huntsman fled the hall
And left the king alone,
Her teeth were like the tether stakes,
Her nose like club or mell,
And nothing less she seemed to be
Than a fiend that comes from hell.

Some meat, some meat you King Henry,
Some meat you give to me,
Go kill your horse you King Henry
And bring him here to me;
He's gone and slain his berry brown steed
Though it made his heart full sore,
For she's eaten up both skin and bone,
Left nothing but hide and hair.

More meat, more meat you King Henry,
More meat you give to me,
Go kill your grey-hounds King Henry
And bring them here to me;
And when he's slain his good grey-hounds,
It made his heart full sore,
She's eaten up both skin and bone,
Left nothing but hide and hair.

The shrill cry of an owl echoed to a
woodland hut telling 'The Daughter of
King Under-waves' of the approaching
knight. She moved her misshapen form
(cursed on her by her wicked
stepmother) through the doorway.

At every step the ground was shaken,
at every turn there blew a storm, the
very sky darkened as she passed. But
would tonight be the knight.

More meat, more meat you King Henry,
More meat you give to me,
Go fell your goss-hawks King Henry
And bring them here to me;
And when he's slain his gay goss-hawks,
It made his heart full sore,
She's eaten them up both skin and bone,
Left nothing but feathers bare.

Some drink, some drink now King Henry,
Some drink you give to me,
Oh you sew up your horse's hide
And bring in a drink to me;
And he's sewn up the bloody hide,
And a pipe of wine put in,
And she's drank it up all in one draught
Left never a drop therein.

A bed, a bed now King Henry,
A bed you'll make for me,
Oh you must pull the heather green
And make it soft for me;
And pulled has he the heather green
And made for her a bed,
And taken has he his gay mantle
And o'er it has spread.

Take off your clothes now King Henry
And lie down by my side,
Now swear, now swear you King Henry
To take me for your bride.
Oh God forbid, says King Henry,
That ever the like betide,
That ever a fiend that comes from hell
Should stretch down by my side.

When the night was gone and the day was
come
And the sun shone through the hall,
The fairest lady that ever was seen
Lay between him and the wall.
I've met with many a gentle knight
That gave me such a fill,
But never before with a courteous knight
That gave me all my will.

The Knights Leap

Words;

Music;

Event;

Now the ice-men are burning the gate, men of wine
And the water is spent and gone
Then bring me a cup of the red ahr-wine
I'll never drink but this one.
And bring my harness, and saddle my horse
And lead him round by the door
He must take such a leap, tonight, perforce
As a horse never took before.

Chorus: I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine.
From Trieste to Cologne 'twas never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine!

Well I've lived in the saddle for years twoscore
And if I must die on a tree
This ^{old} saddle-bow that bore me of yore
Is the only timber for me.
Now to show the bishop, the burger, the priest
How the Altenair hawk can die
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest
He will take to his wings and fly!

Chorus

So he harnessed himself in the pale moonlight
And he mounted his horse at the door
And he drank such a cup of the red ahr-wine
As a man never drank before.
Then he spurred his old war-horse, held him tight
And leaped him over the wall
Out over the cliff, out into the night
Three hundred feet of fall.

Chorus

He was found the next morning in the glen below
With not one bone left whole
Say a mass or a prayer good travelers all
For such a bold riders soul.

Chorus

LIBERTY

G C G C G D G
By the cross our Andrew bore
G C G C G D
By the sword our William wore
G (C-G) C
By the crown poor Robert swore
G C D
To win our liberty.
G  C G
Call the falcon from the glen
G C G D
Call the eagle from the ben
G C
Call the lion from his den
G D G
To win our liberty.

By the man whose faith was old
By the man they sold for gold
By the man they'll never hold
He'll win our liberty;
Call the ~~the~~ O Innesdale
Call the spears, O Annandale
Call the brave o'er Yarrow Vale
To win our liberty.

By the arm that bends the bow
By the arm that plies the blow
By the arm that lays them low
He'll win our liberty.
Call the banners from the west
Call the raven from his nest
Call the clans that dance the best
To win our liberty.

By the field that once was green
By the shield, that silver sheen
By the sword in battle keen
He'll win our liberty;
Bless the man whose faith we hold
Bless the man in chains they sold
Bless the man in cloth of gold
Wha won our liberty.

Bless the man whose faith we hold
Bless the man in chains they sold
Bless the man in cloth of gold
Wha won our liberty.
Bless the man in cloth of gold
Wha won our liberty!

LORD OF THE DANCE

WHEN SHE DANCED ON THE WATER AND THE WIND WAS HER HORN
THE LADY LAUGHED AND EVERYTHING WAS BORN
WHEN SHE LIT THE SUN AND THE LIGHT GAVE HIM BIRTH
THE LORD OF THE DANCE FIRST APPEARED ON THE EARTH

CH- DANCE, DANCE WHEREVER ^{YOU} ^ MAY BE
I AM THE LORD OF THE DANCE SAID HE
I LIVE IN YOU, IF YOU LIVE IN ME
I LEAD YOU ALL IN THE DANCE SAID HE

I SLEEP IN THE KERNEL AND I DANCE IN THE RAIN
I DANCE IN WIND AND THROUGH THE WAVING GRAIN
WHEN YOU CUT ME DOWN, I CARE NOTHING FOR THE PAIN
IN THE SPRING I'M THE LORD OF THE DANCE ONCE AGAIN

I DANCE AT THE CIRCLE WHEN THE FLAMES LEAP UP HIGH
I DANCE IN FIRE AND I NEVER NEVER DIE
I DANCE IN THE WAVES OF THE BRIGHT SUMMER SEA
I AM THE LORD OF THE WAVES MYSTERY.

I DANCE AT THE SABBAT WHEN YOU DANCE OUT THE SPELL
I DANCE AND SING THAT EVERYONE BE WELL
WHEN THE DANCING'S OVER, DO NOT THINK THAT I AM GONE
TO LIVE IS TO DANCE, SO I DANCE ON AND ON

THE MOON IN HER PHASES, AND THE TIDES OF THE SEA
THE MOVEMENT OF THE EARTH AND THE SEASONS THAT WILL BE
ARE THE RHYTHM OF THE DANCING AND A PROMISE THROUGH THE YEAR
THE DANCE GOES ON THROUGH OUR JOY AND TEARS

THEY DANCED IN THE DARKNESS, AND THEY DANCED IN THE NIGHT
THEY DANCED ON EARTH AND EVERYTHING WAS LIGHT
THEY DANCED OUT THE DARKNESS, AND THEY DANCED IN THE DAWN
AND THE DAY OF THE DANCING STILL GOES ON

THE HORN OF THE LADY CASTS ITS SOUND 'ROSS THE PLAIN
THE BIRDS TOOK THE NOTES AND GAVE THEM BACK AGAIN
TIL THE SOUND OF HER MUSIC WAS A SONG IN THE SKY
TO THAT SONG THERE IS ONE REPLY

I SEE THE MAIDENS LAUGHING, AS THEY DANCE IN THE SUN
AND I COUNT THE FRUITS OF HARVEST ONE BY ONE
I KNOW THE STORM IS COMING BUT THE GRAINS ALL STORED
SO I DANCE THE DANCE OF THE LADY AND HER LORD

WE DANCE EVER SLOWER, AS THE LEAVES FALL AND SPIN
AND THE SOUND OF THE HORN IS THE WAILING OF THE WIND
THE EARTH IS WRAPPED IN STILLNESS AND WE MOVE IN A TRANCE
BUT WE HOLD ON FAST TO OUR FAITH IN THE DANCE

THE SUN IS IN THE SOUTHLAND AND THE DAYS GROW CHILL
THE SOUND OF THE HORN IS FADING ON THE HILL
THE HORN ~~OF THE HORN~~ OF THE HUNTER, AS HE RIDES 'ROSS THE PLAIN
AND THE LADY SLEEPS , TIL THE SPRING COMES AGAIN

THE SUN IS IN THE SOUTHLAND AND THE DAYS LENGHEN F
AND SOON WE WILL SING FOR THE WINTER THAT IS PAST
NOW WE LIGHT THE CANDLES AND REJDICE AS THEY BORN
AND WE DANCE THE DANCE OF THE SUN'S RETURN

I GAZE ON THE HEAVEN AND I GAZE ON THE EARTH
I FEEL THE PAIN OF DYING AND REBIRTH
I LIFT MY HEAD IN GLADNESS AND IN PRAISE FOR THE DAY
OF THE DANCE OF THE LORD AND THE LADY GAY.

Moose Song

Screen better from Peter

Tom Payton

Whenever I'm bored and in need of a lay
I go to the closet and gets me some hay
I go to the window and spread it around
'Cause moose always comes when they're hay on the ground

CHORUS: (And it's) Moose, Moose, I like a Moose
I've never had anything quite like a moose
I've had many women, my life has been loose
But I've never had anything quite like a moose

Gorillas are o.k. for Saturday night
Lions and tigers they puts up a fight
But it just aint the same when you slams there caboose
As it is when you jumps on the rumps of a moose

I've done it with all kind of beasties with hair
I'd do it with snakes if their fangs wasn't there
I've done it with walrus a duck and a goose
But I've never had anything quite like a moose

attempts (I had me a tortus a snail and a hair
I'd have me a snake if his fangs wasn't there
An ostriche is all wdong, the angels's obtooos
Besides when you humps him he squalks like a goose.

When I was a young man I used to like girls
I'd fondle their bodies and play with their curls
My girlfriend ran off with a salesman named bruce
Now you'd never be treated they way by a moose

Now I am old and advanced in my ~~xxx~~ years
I look back at life and I shed me no tears
I sit in my chair with my glass of matoose
Playing hide the salimie with marvin the moose

Conn
Przyemal
V. 1505
When you're down on you luck there's no women around
And you're tired of your cattle, your sheep and your hound
The best thing to please you that I've ever found
is a red headed moose in a sexy nightgown

When you fish at the fjord but just cant get a bite
When you reach for a mead but just have an ale light
When you challenge some soldiers who don't want to fight
A moose of the evening will keep you up for the night

When you walk through the forest, the weather will snow
But I see y darlhing with her eyes aglow
A moose is quite pleasing, this fact you must know
but her father is coming, so now I must go

I'm back in the village they're people galore
But I feel so lonely, my life's such a bore
I see som big antlers coming through my front door
Well she blew me a kiss and said 'I want some more'!

MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN!
(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean).

34

My father makes book on the corner.
My mother makes second-hand gin.
My sister makes love for a dollar.
My God, how the money rolls in!

CHORUS: Rolls in, rolls in, my God, how the money rolls in, rolls in!
Rolls in, rolls in, my God, how the money rolls in!

My grandma makes pink prophylactics.
She punches the end with a pin.
My grandpa does bootleg abortions.
My God, how the money rolls in!

My brother's a poor missionary.
He saves gorgeous women from sin.
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars.
My God, how the money rolls in!

My cousin's a poor dirt farmer.
He tosses his crops in the bin.
He sells our when there is a shortage.
My God, how the money rolls in!

Oh, I'm just a poor mercenary.
I don't care if we lose or win,
As long as you're still here on payday.
My God, how the money rolls in!

My mother's a boarding-house keeper.
Each night as the lights grow dim,
She hangs a red light in the window.
My God, how the money rolls in!

My mother asks home politicians
To play in a night full of sin.
My father pops in with a camera.
My God, how the money rolls in!

My cousin sells shields to the Tartars.
The plywood they're made of is thin.
Myself, I'm renowned as a doctor.
My God, how the money rolls in!

My brother, the poor mercenary,
He hires out to help people win.
Since both sides are paying his salary,
My God, how the money rolls in!

None But Calontir

1. Huscarl, arise from revelry,
Drink one last toast to gallantry,
Then join with King and Chivalry
To march against the foe.
Byrdean, take your spear in hand,
Let every able fighter stand.
To guard the honor of our land
To battle we must go.

Chorus:

Lift your eyes to the skies
Where the golden Falcon flies
Screaming out her battle cries
To fill the foe with fear-o.
Don your helm and raise your shield
Cry "Advance" and never yield,
Till standing on that glorious field
Is none but Calontir-o.



2. In answer to the battle call
In older days ye one and all
Did sally forth from hearth and hall
The enemy to face.
Ye bravely served the Middle Crown
And with your deeds ye won renown
As many foes ye battered down
With ax and bloody mace.

(Chorus)

3. Upon the field ye gathered fame
And honor to the falcon's name
Until our noble land became
A sovereign Realm at last.
Then at the thirteenth Lennic War
Ye helped the Middle as before;
E'en though a crown the Kaiser wore
Ye'd not forget your part.

(Chorus)

4. Amongst the trees without a sword
While all around the battle roared
The standard bearer, Andrew Ward,
Lacked naught of bravery.
For he it was, now hear ye well
Who when our valiant fighters fell
Did brave the stream where serpents
dwell

To keep the Falcon free

(Chorus)

5. In the woods the Dragon reeled
And faltered on the Champions' Field
But taking up a bow he wheeled
A desperate stand to make.
Then he wrote with falcon quill
"Lord Tyger, if you wish a kill
Upon the morrow on the hill
The bridges you must take"

(Chorus)

6. With allies gathered from afar
From Markland to the Sable Star
We formed a brotherhood in war
Upon the bridge that gave
As hours crawled and bodies fell
We made that bridge a bloody hell,
Then bolstering the rest as well
The Tyger we did flay.

(Chorus)

7. Now raise the flag so all can see
The symbol of our sovereignty
And know that we will bend our knee
For no man but our King!
The time of war again is here,
The enemy is drawing near
And listening with a wary ear,
So let 'em hear you sing!

(Chorus)

-- Baron Hroif Olafsson

Olaf's Legacy

Words; Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood

Music; Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood

Event;

The strange southern god has King Olaf embraced
and struck out at Thor in the temple,
And to all our old gods he has closed Norway's doors,
To Udin and Freya and Thor
Udin and Freya and Thor.

The foul Saxon priests, they wander our land
Their conquest great as any war,
With a book in their left, and our King at right hand
I'll pray to great One-eye no more,
Pray to great One-eye no more.

Now I've a stout ship and a full crew of men
But I'll to deep sea go no more,
No, I'll not raise a sail, and I'll not ship an oar
Without Udin and Freya and Thor
Udin and Freya and Thor.

The new Christian god with our words we obey
But our minds are the same as before,
And deep in our hearts the old temples remain
For Udin and Freya and Thor,
Udin and Freya and Thor.

Paval's song (s)
- Com. Mc(V.Y)

Iosivich to the war has come
On the Pennsic field you will find him
His groin protection he has girded on
And discretion slung behind him.
Oh taste my steel and dè he cries
As he hacks, and stabs, and charges;
For twenty wounded spearmen make
One hell of a juicy target!

Oh Paval fought, and the tuchux fell,
'neth his weapons bloody and fearsom.
They spy a wren on a tabbert of green,
And they flee in fear before him.
But do they flee in fear of death?
Or do they fear dishonour?
More likely still, I think they fear,
The oder of his armor!

PART II_--(THE FEAST)--Chrystofer Kensor

Iosivich to the feast has come
In the back of the hall you will find him
His wooden trencher he has filled up,
And has a case of Schaffers behind him.
Taste these tomatoes and die he cries,
As he eats, and drinks, and bealches!
For twenty thugs at a table makes,
One hell of a mess to clean up!

Oh Paval sat, and the servers came
With their platters of food, so archane.
Across the room, there's a plate of eggrolls
And he knocks out the king/queen to get them.
But can he do this anywhere?
Or is it because he's so suave?
If you ask me, then I'll tell you;
There's no one like thePaval.

A PICT SONG

From "Puck of Pook's Hill," by Rudyard Kipling

Rome never looks where she treads,
Always her heavy hooves fall,
On our stomachs, our hearts, or our heads,
And Rome never heeds when we bawl.

Her sentries pass on--that is all,
And we gather behind them in hordes,
And plot to reconquer the Wall,
With only our tongues for our swords.

We are the little folk--we!
Too little to love or to hate,
But leave us alone and you'll see,
How we can drag down the State!

We are the worm in the wood,
We are the rot at the root,
We are the germ in the blood,
We are the thorn in the foot!

Mistletoe killing an oak--
Rats gnawing cables in two--
Moths making holes in a cloak--
How they must love what they do!

Yes,--and we Little Folk too,
We are as busy as they--
Working our works out of view--
Watch, and you'll see it some day!

No indeed! We are not strong,
But we know peoples that are,
Yes, and we'll guide them along,
To smash and destroy you in war!

We shall be slaves just the same?
Yes, we have always been slaves;
But you--you will die of the shame,
And then we shall dance on your graves!

We are the little folk--we!
Too little to love or to hate,
But leave us alone and you'll see,
How we can drag down the State!

THE QUEST

--Kipling

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

Merrily borne, the bugle-horn answered the warder's call:
"Here is my lance to mend; here is my horse to be shot;
Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long,
But I paid as good as I got.

"Oh dark and deep their van that mocked my battle-cry.
I could not miss my man, but I could not carry by.
Utterly whelmed was I, flung under, horse and all."

Merrily borne, the bugle-horn answered the warder's call:
"Here is my lance to mend; here is my horse to be shot.
Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long,
But I paid as good as I got.

"My wounds are noised abroad, but theirs my foemen cloaked.
Ye see my broken sword, but never the blades she broke.
Paying them stroke for stroke, good hanel over all."

Merrily borne, the bugle-horn answered the warder's call:
"Here is my lance to mend; here is my horse to be shot;
Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long,
But I paid as good as I got.

"My shame ye count and know. Ye say my quest is vain,
But ye have not seen my foe; ye have not told his slain.
Surely he fights again and again, but when you prove his line
There shall come to your aid my broken blade
In this last, lost fight of mine!
Here is my lance to mend; here is my horse to be shot;
Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long,
But I paid as good as I got."

THE RAVEN BANNER (Words: Malkin Gray/Tune: Peragryne Windrider)

Sigurd the Jarl of the Orkney Isles,
as Called to his banner a viking band,
And sailed to Dublin to make himself
King of the Irish land.
But crowns are never so quickly won,
The Norns, they well know
The king of the Irish blocks our way
We must to battle go.

The Raven banner of the Orkney Jarl
brings luck in battle but it's bearer dies
Two men have fallen 'neath its wings today,
but still the raven flies.
The Jarl tells a third man to take it up,
The third man answers no
"The devil's your own, take it up yourself,
And back to battle go."

"'Tis fitting the begger should bear the bar,"
Replies the Jarl, "And I'll do so here."
He fought with the banner tied around his waist
And fell to an Irish spear.
He died and the Irish broke our line,
We had no chance but flight,
But I'm not worried--it's a long way home;
I won't get there tonight.

The Norns have woven a bloody web,
Tapestry woven of guts and bone,
And parcelled it out to the ~~Irish~~ ^{Orkney} host--
Our day in Ireland's done.
The grey wolf howls, and the ravens soar
Above the arrows flight,
And Odin is waiting beyond the fray
For some of us tonight.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

Oh, then tell me, Sean O'Farrell,
 Tell me why you hurry so,
 "Hush, MacDougal, Hush and listen!"
 And his cheeks were all aglow.
 "I bear orders from the Captain,
 Get you ready quick and soon,
 For the pikes must be together,
 By the rising of the moon."

chorus;

By the rising of the moon,
 By the rising of the moon,
 For the pikes must be together,
 By the rising of the moon.

Oh then, tell me, Sean O'Farrell,
 Where the gathering is to be,
 "In the old spot, by the river,
 Right well known to you and me."
 "One word more, for signal token,
 Whistle up the marching tune,
 With your pike upon your shoulder,
 By the rising of the moon."

Out of many a mud-walled cabin,
 Eyes were watching through the night,
 Many a manly heart was throbbin',
 For the coming morning light.
 Murmurs ran along the valley,
 Like the Banshee's lonely croon,
 And a thousand pikes were flashing,
 By the rising of the moon.

There, beside that singin' river,
 That dark mass of men was seen,
 Far above their shining weapons,
 Hung their own beloved green.
 Death to every foe and traitor!
 Forward, strike the marching tune,
 Arm! Arm! Me boys, for Freedom!
 'Tis the rising of the moon!

The Risin' O' the Star (Fennic Hill version)

To the thirteenth Fennic struggle, the Fink of Calontir
Journed with his army in the summer of the year.
And there to help him smite the Midrealm's enemies in war
Came a band of Ansteorran by the Risin' O' the Star.

Chorus: By the Risin' O' the Star, the Risin' O' the Star
Came a band of Ansteorran by the Risin' O' the Star.

In the woods there was disaster; the Champions met defeat;
E'en though the Midrealm archers won, the East-men thought it sweet.
And they little dreamed that anything their victory could mar,
But they overlooked the Falcon and the Risin' O' the Star.

(Chorus)

At the battle for the bridge slaughter did abound,
The Colon shield-wall held for hours and bodies hid the ground.
Then came the final meleé and folk from near and far
Were witness to the glory of the Risin' O' the Star.

(Chorus)

The Colon standard bearer bore the Falcon on his arm
And the flashing sword of Lady Aeruin kept it safe from harm.
In the thickest of the battle, it ne'er received a scar,
Now the Falcon hails the Heron by the Risin' O' the Star.

(Chorus)

Then when King Elfahu prepared to make his stand
There beside his shoulder was the bold Sif Ironhand,
She who wields her shining weapons like the War God's avatar
And the Dragon's call was answered by the Risin' O' the Star.

(Chorus)

Now when the final blow was struck, a cheer rang from the hill,
For the Dragon stood in triumph and the Tyger'd missed his kill.
And the ancient Gods wept tears of joy observing from afar
The Chivalry and Honor of the Ansteorran Star.

Of the Ansteorran Star, the Ansteorran Star,
The Chivalry and Honor of the Ansteorran Star.
Oh, the Risin' O' the Star, the Risin' O' the Star
Cry Vivat! for Ansteorra and the Risin' O' the Star.

-- Earen Broll Ul'sson



lines - Robert Burns
wrote, much older
[Steering Span - Parcel
of Rogues]

Rogues in A Nation

Farewell to all our Scottish fame
Farewell our ancient glory
Farewell even to our Scottish name
So famed in martial story
Now a soken runs over the Solway ward -
And Tweed runs to the ocean
To mark where England's province stands
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation

What force or guile could not subdue
In many warlike ages
It wrought now by a coward few
For trucking traitors' wages
The English steel we could disdain
Secure in valor's station
But English gold has been our bane
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation

Oh would or I had seen the day
That treason first could sell us
My old grey head had lain in clay
With Bruce and loyal Wallace
But pith and power to my last hour
I'll make this declaration
We were bought and sold for English gold
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

26

Rollin' to Jerusalem
(tune: "The Gallant Forty-Twa")
by Lord Brom Blackhand

We were hangin' out near London,
Chasin' maids and raisin' hell.
We'd robbed a couple churches,
We were doin' pretty well.
We got a note from Lionheart,
These were the words it bore:
Your King says get your asses out
And fight the holy war.

Chorus:

Rollin' to Jerusalem on a summer's day,
Hackin' on the Infidels gettin' in our way.
We're gettin' rich and famous,
And it's God we're fightin' for.
We're bloody hot and thirsty,
But by damned we're never bored.

We saddled up and rode
And crossed the ocean with the fleet,
And we rode quickly eastward
For the enemy to meet.
We battled with the Paynims,
And we killed them by the score.
They did the same to us next month;
It was that kind of war.

chorus

Well, we met them on the battlefield
To see who was the best.
When we weren't fightin' with 'em
We were playin' 'em at chess.
Now they wear chainmail, we wear robes,
We all sit on the floor.
It's times like these I wonder
What the hell we're fightin' for.

chorus

Rosin the Bow

1. I've travelled all over this world
And now to another I go
And I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin the Bow

Chorus: To welcome old Rosin the Bow
To welcome old Rosin the Bow
And I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin the Bow

2. When I'm dead and laid out on the counter
A voice you will hear from below
Saying send down a hogshead of whiskey
To drink with old rosin the bow

Chorus: To drink with old rosin the bow
To drink with old rosin the bow
Saying send down a hogshead of whiskey
To drink with old rosin the bow

3. And get a half dozen stout fellows
And stack 'em all up in a row
Let 'em drink out of half gallon bottles
To the memory of rosin the bow

Chorus: To the memory of rosin the bow
To the memory of rosin the bow
Let 'em drink out of half gallon bottles
To the memory of rosin the bow

4. Then get this half dozen stout fellows
And let them all stagger and go
And dig a great hole in the meadow
And in it put rosin the bow

Chorus: And in it put rosin the bow
And in it put rosin the bow
And dig a great hole in the meadow
And in it put rosin the bow

5. Then get ye a couple of bottles
Put one at me head and me toe
With a diamond ring scratch upon them
The name of old rosin the bow

Chorus: The name of old rosin the bow
The name of old rosin the bow
With a diamond ring scratch upon them
The name of old rosin the bow

6. I feel that old tyrant approaching
That cruel remorseless old foe
And I lift up me glass in his honour
Take a drink with old rosin the bow

Chorus

The Scotsman

Well, a Scotsman clad in a kilt left the bar one evenin' fair,
and one could tell by how he walked that he'd drunk more than his
share.

He fumbled 'round until he could no longer keep his feet
And stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.
Ring-ding-ding-diddle-di-e-o, ring-di-diddle-i-o,
he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

About that time two young and lovely girls just happened by.
One says to the other with a twinkle in here eye,
"See yon sleeping Scotsman so strong and handsome built?
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt?"
Ring-ding-ding-diddle-di-e-o, ring-di-diddle-i-o,
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt?

They crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be,
lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see,
and there behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt
was nothin' more than God had graced him with upon his birth.
Ring-ding-ding-diddle-di-e-o, ring-di-diddle-i-o,
was nothin' more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

They marvelled for a moment then one said, "We must be gone.
Let's leave a present for our friend before we move along."
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow
around the bonnie-star the Scot's kilt did lift and show.
Ring-ding-ding-diddle-di-e-o, ring-di-diddle-i-o,
around the bonnie-star the Scot's kilt did lift and show.

Now the Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled towards the
trees,
behind the bush he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees.
And in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes,
"Ah, lad, I don't know where you been, but I see you won first
prize."

Ring-ding-ding-diddle-di-e-o, ring-di-diddle-i-o,
"Ah, lad, I don't know where you been, but I see you won first
prize."

Collection of
Lysandra of Caledonia

SONG OF THE PEOPLES

Traditional

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

Oh, they sleep with their ponies and they very seldom wash, (SING TWICE)
And they drink fermented mare's milk and they very often slosh,
And we'll know they are Mongols by their smell, by their smell,
And we'll know they are Mongols by their smell.

Oh, they mount on their ponies and forth they do ride, (SING TWICE)
And whenever they get upwind, the peasants choke and hide,
And we'll know they are Mongols by their smell, by their smell,
And we'll know they are Mongols by their smell.

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

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

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

Oh, they love to loot cattle and rape wenches too, (SING 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, 'cause they're dumb,
Yes, we'll know they are Vikings 'cause they're dumb.

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

Oh, they sleep on the table or you'll find them beneath, (SING TWICE)
And whenever folk get married they will send a funeral wreath,
And we'll know by their manners that they're Huns, that they're Huns,
Yes, we'll know by their manners that they're Huns.

Oh, they drink beer and whiskey and they never sober up, (SING TWICE)
And they smell like rancid stills and their breath can dragons stop,
And we'll know they are Celts by their booze, by their booze,
Yes, we'll know they are Celts by their booze.

Oh, they ferment all their shamrocks and they make some Rivengut, (SING TWICE)
 And if you take a real big swig you'll end up on your butt,
 And we'll know they are Celtics by their booze, by their booze,
 Yes, we'll know they are Celtics by their booze.

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

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

They wear lace at their collars and they show their legs in tights, (SING TWICE)
 And the colours of their clothing would make the darkness bright,
 And we'll know they are Tudors 'cause they're fops, 'cause they're fops,
 Yes we'll know they are Tudors 'cause they're fops.

They wear tunics so short that they barely cover the gut, (SING TWICE)
 And the ladies like to vote on which one has the best butt,
 And we'll know they are Tudors 'cause they're fops, 'cause they're fops,
 Yes, we'll know they are Tudors 'cause they're fops.

From The Eastern Kingdom Songbook

THE VIKING CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Gwendolyn ap Iffwelyn

(Tune: "The Wassail Song")

Here we come a'pillaging
 Among the leaves so green.
 Here we come a'robbing,
 So bold to be seen.

CHORUS: Rape and fire come to you,
 And to all your country too.
 And we'll send you some Vikings
 And a horde of Huns this year --
 And we'll send you a horde of Huns this year.

We are not small-time raiders --
 We sack from shore to shore:
 And we have rabblers
 Whom you have seen before. CHORUS.

From He Went Down Swinging..

X 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 when'er 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
lice,
And you'll know they are Russians 'cause they're slob....

—Tjukka the Guardian,

except:

*Erich Hlodowechseun of Highoak Hall

**Cyfrwy Llewyrch gan Annibyniaeth in
Sigridson

***Allen MacMillan & Ranyth

****Allen MacMillan & Alixis Aurora Airielle



REMEMBER (Star Drive)

The Star Drive was discovered on a planet of Centaurus
By a race that built their cities when the Earth was flaming gas.
They swept across the star lanes in the dawning of Creation,
And a million years of Empire came to pass.

Their successors were a swarm of mighty insects from Orion.
They did not have the Star Drive; but they did not ever die.
They smashed a dying Empire and then settled down to rule it;
And another million years, or so, went by.

The insects were supplanted when the Drive was re-discovered.
They could not stop rebellion when they could not catch their foes.
And the Tzen became the rulers. They were reptiles from Arcturus;
And they worshipped the black swamps from which they rose.

But the Tzen were few in number, and the Universe is mighty;
And they felt their domination slip away between their claws.
Others fought for domination; and the Universe was 'chaos.
And on Earth, a creature shaped flint with its paws.

Now the first ones are forgotten, and the Insects but a memory;
And the creature called Man stands upon the threshold of his fame.
But, remember, puny Earthlings -- There were others here before you,
And still others who will follow in your flame!

----- Buck and Juanita Coulson

MEMORANDUM

(tune: Star Drive)

The Star Drive was discovered in nineteen twenty-seven
In the city of Sheboygan by a man named Erwin Krause.
He shouted out, "Eureka!" And his wife said, "You've been drinking!
Get out, and don't you come back in this house!"

But "Wild Irish Rose" is mighty, and his backers few in number;
So he spent his time imbibing at the Kozy Korner Bar.
One night while on a bender, he drank the Star Drive fluid;
Now they watch for him each night at Palomar.

His successor was a journeyman machinist named O'Ryan,
Who worked the four-to-midnight down at Union Tool and Die.
One night, he spilled some coffee on the drive shaft of his drillpress,
And it turned bright blue and took off for the sky.

But the union said that star drives were not in his job description,
And he could not make them on the job without seniority;
So he tried to sell the secret to ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION,
Who rejected it in June of '43.

-----Campbell said the plot lacked character development.

Then some twenty-nine years later, in the town of Tallahassee,
A guy who worked for NASA making weather maps of Mars
One night while sorting laundry left his "stash" in his shirt pocket;
And the Bendix burped and took off for the stars.

So he sent a special package of the secret Drive propellant
with a letter of instruction to his boss in Washington.
But the letter never got there; and they busted him for pushing --
While the package orbitted the Pentagon!

Now the secret is forgotten and completely lost to mankind,
Safely buried in Dead Letters at the U.S. P.O.D.
But somewhere near Antares there's an Army surplus Bendix
And a drillpress which is worshipped secretly.

Now the first one's still in orbit, and O'Ryan's on the Bowery,
While the guy who works for NASA cannot find it in his sums.
So, remember, puny egghead -- There were others here before you,
And they all turned out a bunch of drunken bums!

NOTE: THE LAST STANZA MAY ALSO READ:

Now the first one's still in orbit, and O'Ryan's on the Bowery,
And the guy from NASA still can't find the Star Drive in his sums.
So, remember, puny egghead -- There were others here before you,
And they all wound up a bunch of drunken bums!

MEMORANDUM -- ADDENDUM

(tune: Star Drive)

The Drive was rediscovered by a brewer out in Blackhawk
Who was making metheglin, or at least that was his plan.
He was trying out a sample when he took off like slow lightning;
Now a new star shines out near Aldebaran.

But he left the brew behind him; and it traveled to the Province,
Where it was taken to a revel given by the S.C.A.
The chivalry consumed it and picked up their swords and armour,
And promptly set out on the High Crusade.

The brew was left behind again, and the Dark Horde's Mongols found it;
They thought that it would make a welcome change from "jungle juice."
And now the Earth's deserted, and the Mongols roam the star lanes.
Look out, you stars! The Horde's still on the loose!

Now, the brewers still make metheglin; the chivalry makes tourneys;
And the Horde is making out with any girl that they can find.
So, if you find a half-full bottle, think of my little story --
The next drink you get could really blow your mind! .

(ALTERNATE LINE: And the fate of those who left the brew behind.)

THOR'S SON

by Robert E. Howard
Melody by Arwyn Antarae

Serpent prow on the Afric coast
Doom on the Moorish town;
And this is the song the steersman sang
As the dragonship swept down:

I followed Asgrimm Snorri's son around the world and halfway back,
And 'scaped the hate of Galdjerhrun who sank our ship off Skagerack.
I lent my sword to Hrothgar then; his eyes were ice, his heart was hard
He fell with half his weapon-men to our own kin at Mikligard.

And then for many a weary moon I labored at the galley's oar
Where men grow maddened by the rune of row-locks clacking evermore.
But I survived the reeking rack, the toil, the whips that burned & gashed
The spiteful Greeks that scarred my back & trembled even while they lashe

They sold me on an Eastern block; in silver coins their price was paid;
They girt me with a chain & lock; I laughed and they were sore afraid.
I toiled among the olive trees until a night of hot desire
Blew me a breath of outer seas and filled my veins with curious fire.

Then I arose and broke my chain and laughed to know that I was free,
And battered out my master's brain and fled and gained the open sea.
Beneath a copper sun adrift, I shunned the proa & the dhow,
Until I saw a sail uplift, and saw and knew the dragon prow.

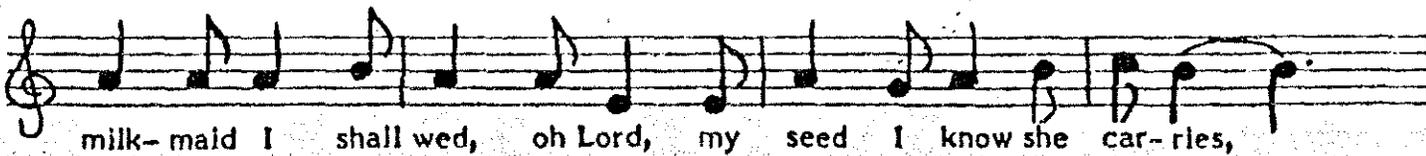
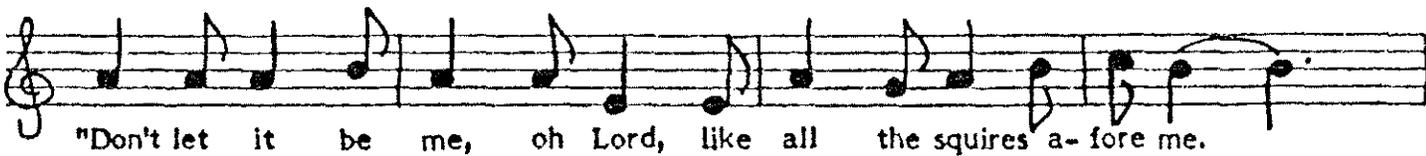
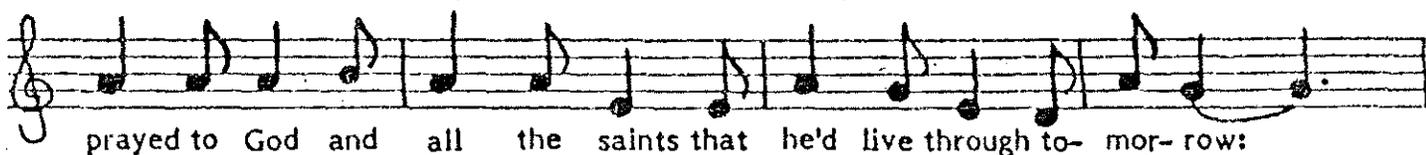
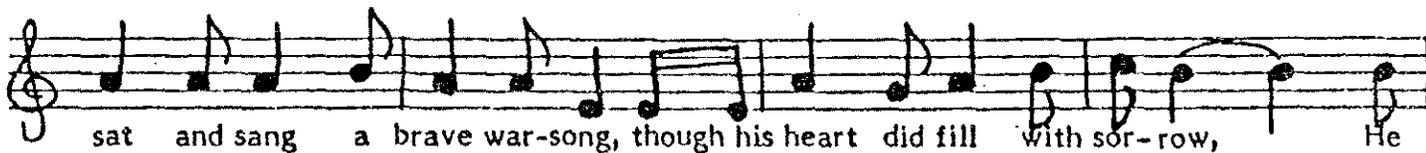
Oh, East of sands and sunlit gulf, your blood is thin;
Your gods are few;
You could not break the Northern wolf and now the wolf has turned
On you.
The fires that light the coasts of Spain fling shadows
On the Eastern strand.
Masters, your slave has come again with torch and axe in his red hand!

reprinted from:

The Three River's Songbook

THREE BARGAINERS

Words and Music by Andrew of Wolveenwood



The greedy knight was in his tent, his gold and jewels before him
 He'd robbed it all from pilgrims rich, the guilt he felt it tore him,
 He knew to take the battle field would mean his death for certain,
 He sent a prayer to heaven then in hopes to ease his burden:
 "Don't let it be me, oh Lord, the gold I will repay it,
 If you have made your judgement, Lord, I do pray that you stay it,
 A chapel fine I will build high, upon my soul I swear thee,
 If I live through tomorrow, Lord, your servant knight e'er I'll be."

The king sat high upon his throne, a-brooding, beard in hand,
 His peasants did all starve and die, he'd overtaxed his land,
 His greed for wealth did cloud his eye, his war-lust filled his heart,
 He saw it clear so sent a prayer before the battle's start:
 "Don't let it be me, oh Lord, the taxes I'll bring down,
 I'll ease the peasants' burden, Lord, in shire, wood and town,
 Don't let it be me, oh Lord, the land does need its king,
 Bring us victory tomorrow, Lord, your praises for to sing."

The battle it went well, they say, but for the other side,
 The squire, knight and king, they fought, and bravely did they die,
 Back to back and shield to shield they slew many a mighty foe,
 Till a brutal charge of mounted knights laid three bargainers low.

COME AWAY

Words and Music by Aed of Avigdore

D Dm
 Am Am
 D Am D D
 D D
 Am Am
 D Am D D

CHORUS: Come away
 Come away
 Lady wait by the sea.
 Come away
 My lady gay
 Say that you'll wait for me.

D D Am Am
 D Am D D
 D D Am Am
 D Am D D

The sea has been a-callin'
 Lady come away by the sea;
 And you must know that I have to go
 Still I'll come back for thee.

My ship's in the harbor, I have to go
 Lady come away by the sea;
 You'll spend my voyage praying I know
 Praying a watch over me.

The sea winds layed open the gates in my heart
 Lady come away by the sea;
 And now more then ever I know I'll do my part
 When I sail back home to thee.

We're sailing to port now there I see your home
 Lady come away by the sea;
 Now let us marry, I've had my roam
 And it proved how much I love thee.

THE TWO Magicians

She looked out at the window, as white as any mill;
And he looked in at the window as black as any sill.

CHORUS

Hello, hello, hello, hello ye 'coal-black smith!
Ye have done me no harm.

Ye never shall have me maidenhead,
That I have kept so long.

"I'd rather die a maid,"--ah, but then she said:

"And be burried all in me grave

"Than to have such a nasty, husky, dusty, fusty, musty, cole-black smith

"A maiden I will die."

She became a duck, a duck all on the stream;
And he bacame a water dog, and fetched her back again

She became a star, a star all in the night;
And he became a thunder cloud, and muffled her out of sight.

She became a rose, a rose all in the wood;
And he became a bumble bee, and kissed her where she stood.

She became a nun, a nun all dressed in white;
And he became a canting priest, and prayed for her by night.

She became a trout, a trout all in the brook;
And he became a feathered fly, and caughted her with his hook.

She became a corpse, a corpse all in the ground;
And he became the cold (grey) clay, and covered her all around.

Valens Song - *Baritsu*

October 12, 1985

To The Tune of " If I Only Had A Brain"

I could arm myself in deerskin, I wouldn't have to wear tin
If Valens was my name
I'd have a shield just like my brother, And have Dobbin for my mother
I could bring Bam-bi to fame.

I could be the King's Champ pe-on
I'd carry round his weapons, I'd stand around at Court
I could pick him out some women, *lifeguard* if the King went swimming
I could really be a sport.

I'd drink a lot of beer, While Richard was near
I'd drink it till I got a little queer
And then I'd drink another beer.

I Could live in Chanute, the girls would find me quite cute
They'd really love my van
Then I could go off fighting, and leave all the women sighing
I could prove I was a man.

I could fly around on New Years , Just like a Christmas Reindeer
Exploding oil to blame
Fab'lous Flying Flatrock Brothers, It was a feat done by no others
It was then I'd wish for brains

I'd drink a lot of beer, While Richard was near
I'd drink it till I got a little queer
And then I'd drink another beer

If I fought and got a boo boo , Upon my little tu tu
That nearly made me lame
I'd say I monshaft Katriana, And my toes she did step on-a
Cause dancing's not my game

I could be a ^{*knights*} squire, a fyrdman, A hoosecarl and a wierdman
A torse and mallet, too
I'd come late to feasts with Knights and Kings, and wenches and all knds of things
I'd love it wouldn't you, oh yes , I would, me too

I'd drink a lot of beer, While Richard was near
I'd drink it till I got a little queer
And then I'd drink another beer.

WHACK THEIR PEE-PEES (Calontir's Pennsic XV battle cry/song)

(to the tune of the drunken sailor)

Whack, whack, whack their pee-pees ;
Whack, whack, whack their pee-pees;
whack, whack, whack their pee-pees;
Eiilie in the morning

Make 'em fight Roger without any armor...

Hit 'em in the cup with a six foot great sword...

Make the shield wall out of lefties...

Five on one and all throwing leg shots...

Take not both, but all their legs...

Switch blue lighting for their gatoraid...

Make them share a tent with Paval...

~~Make 'em sing this song 2 hours (longer)...~~
Sing this song for 2 more hours