

Lost Shire  
Song book

Mag  
mar



Lost Shire Songbook

When you use a Morningstar  
Swing, Swing, Swing your blade  
Mag Mor  
Mag Mor  
Yellow Streak of Mid-Realm  
On my First Day in Calontir  
Swing Low, Sweet Battle-Axe  
Where in the Hell is Shallow Waters?  
Norse Business  
Leprosy  
High Flying Velour  
We Don't Need Another Hero  
In Spain, In Spain  
But Now I'll Call Light  
A Grazing Mace  
Our Kingdom Calontir  
Killer Salvador Paolo de Barcelo  
Song of the Peoples (add. verses)  
Somewhere over at Pennsic  
Carol of the Blades  
To the War Again  
Quasi be Good  
Old Time Religion

When you wish upon a star  
Row your boat  
Dixie  
Hi Ho!  
Yellow Rose of Texas  
Twelve Days of Christmas  
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot  
Brother John  
No Business like Show Bus  
Yesterday  
(EVITA)H. F. Adored  
We Don't Need Another Her  
New York, New York  
Out Here On My Own  
Amazing Grace  
My Country Tis of Thee  
Thriller  
  
Over the Rainbow  
Carol of the Bells  
On the Road Again  
Jonny B. Goode



Lost Shire

Song book

THE LOST SHIRE OF CALONTIR

SENESCHAL: LD. HAPLESS OF PAPERMOUNTAIN

HERALD: LD. GERALD ONE-EYE

EXCHEQUER: LD. EBENEZER THE SCROOGE

KNIGHT MARSHAL: LD. WAN SUONG LO

MINISTER OF ARTS: MICHEAL LARDO DE VICHEY

MINISTER OF SCIENCES: LY. LISA OF THE MOANING WOODS

CHRONICLERS: LD. & LY. TOMANY AND LOTTA WORDSWORTH

CHIRUGEON: LD. FESTER OF THE GREEN GANG

MASTERS OF ARMS: THADDEUS ONE ARM (RIGHT)

ABDUL ONE ARM (LEFT)

CHAMBERLAIN: LD. WILT LE STILT

THE YELLOW PAGES:

PAGE ONE

PAGE TWO

PAGE THREE

BIFF ALLOO

TELLY VON PAIGE

SHIRE MEMBERS:

DON NO

DON WANNA NO

DON CAIRELESS

STALIN DE VEGA

ANNE OF CLEVAGE

ANNE BOWLEGGED

SIR DUQUE TAYPE

KARIM POUFF

PHAROAH PHAUSSETTE

SIR LEE TOUBEDD

SIR LIEGH TOURIZE

SIR TENNLY

IVAN TOBEALON

OH YAH

SERVANT GIRLS:

IWANABEE ALADY

ANITA DRINKAWATER

ALICE UBERDUETSCHLAND

BUFF ALLOO

LYNN D'LOFLAYCE

LY. UFSPAYNE I. ADOREWE

EL VIS OF PRESSED LEAVES

BR. KANNU SPARMEE ADYME

ERIK THE BURGANDY

LY. EN WAITING

SIR LINUS THE RICHARD-HEARTED

MASTER DON

WOK UR GAUG

VERN DE HURNYHOO

BR. CHIP THE MONK & BR. DALE

SISTER SLEDGE

STELLA LUGOSI

FATHER NOZBESSTE

ALEXANDER THE O.K.

WHEN YOU USE A MORNINGSTAR  
(WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR)

WHEN YOU USE A MORNINGSTAR, MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHO YOU ARE.  
SERF OR KING OR DUKE OR EARL, YOU CREAM A SQUIRREL.  
BASH A BEAVER'S BRAINS TO HELL, YOUR MORNINGSTAR WILL REALLY SMELL.  
HIT SIR BRUCE UPON THE HEAD, HIS SCREAMS COME THROUGH!

SWING, SWING, SWING YOUR BLADE  
(ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT)

SWING, SWING, SWING YOUR BLADE, ACROSS YOUR VICTIM'S CHEST,  
SLICE APART TO CUT HIS HEART, AND THEN WE TAKE A REST.  
SWING, SWING, SWING YOUR BLADE, AND DO YOUR VERY BEST,  
CLEAVE IN TWO AND THAT WILL DO, AND LET HIM TAKE HIS REST!

MAG MOR  
(DIXIE)

OH, I WISH I WERE IN THE LAND OF CALON!  
WHERE THEY DRINK IT BY THE GALLON,  
AWAY, AWAY, AWAY IN MAG MOR.  
OH, I WISH I WERE IN MAG MOR, OIVEZ', OIVEZ'!  
OF MAG MOR SHIRE YOU'LL NEVER TIRE,  
CUZ, REVELS LAST FOREVER, OIVEZ', OIVEZ',  
AWAY OUT THERE IN MAG MOR!!



MORE SHIRE MEMBERS!!!

KATHERINE THE NOT SO GOOD, ALFRED THE ALRIGHT, AND  
IVAN WAS A PRETTY NICE GUY!!!

MAG MOR

(HI HO! FROM SNOW WHITE)

MAG MOR, MAG MOR, YOU'VE HEARD THE LEGEND LORE,  
OF HOW WE FIGHT AND HOW WE SING, MAG MOR, MAG MOR, MAG MOR  
MAG MOR, MAG MOR, WE'VE BROKEN EVERY SWORD,  
AT PENNSIC X, WE DID OUR BEST, MAG MOR, MAG MOR, MAG MOR  
MAG MOR, MAG MOR, WE EVEN HAVE A DWARF,  
A MAD DOG TOO AND DIRGE FOR YOU, MAG MOR, MAG MOR, MAG MOR  
MAG MOR, MAG MOR, WE'VE DONE IT ALL BEFORE,  
UP AT ELKSHIRE WE DIDN'T TIRE, MAG MOR, MAG MOR, MAG MOR  
MAG MOR, MAG MOR, WE ALL ARE VERY POOR,  
WE GO NOWHERE BUT WE DON'T CARE, MAG MOR, MAG MOR, MAG MOR  
MAG MOR, MAG MOR, WE HOST A FREAKY SHOW,  
OUR REVELS THERE TO NONE COMPARE! MAG MOR, MAG MOR, MAG MOR  
MAG MOR, MAG MOR, WE GO TO PEACOCK IV,  
JUST LIKE BEFORE THERE IS NO WAR, MAG MOR, MAG MOR!

YELLOW STREAK OF MID-REALM

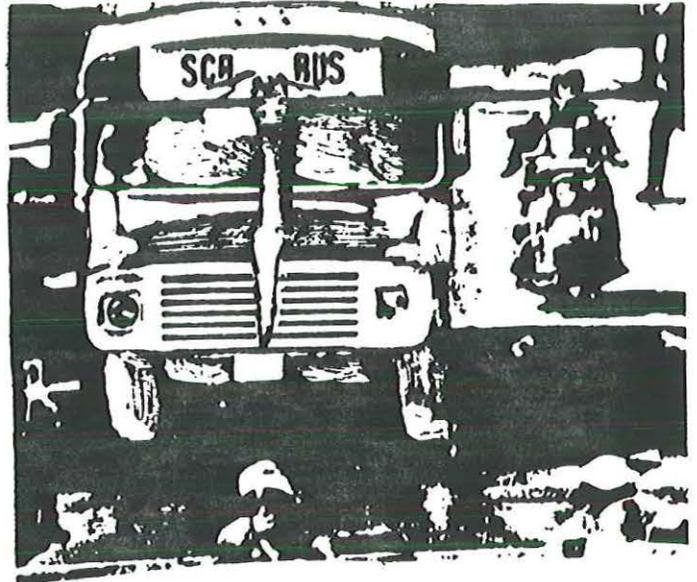
(YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS)

OH, THE YELLOW STREAK OF MID-REALM,  
IS PLAIN ENOUGH TO SEE.  
IT COMES FROM DEEP WITHIN THEM,  
AND IS BRED IN TREE-GIRT-SEA.  
OH, IT'LL SHOW AT PENNSIC,  
WHEN THEY SHOW NO CHIVALRY.  
THEY RUN AND JUMP AND HIDE AND SCREAM,  
OH, IT'S A SHAME TO SEE!

ON MY FIRST DAY IN CALONTIR  
(TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS)

ON MY FIRST DAY IN CALONTIR MY HERALD GAVE TO ME. . .

1. AN OYEZ AND A SCREAM IN MY EAR.
2. TWO ROYAL SCROLLS.
3. FRENCH WOMEN.
4. CALLING CARDS.
5. GOLDEN TEETH.
6. FRENCH A FRYING.
7. SLEAZY SICILIANS.
8. MAIDS A MILKING.
9. LADIES LEAPING.
10. DRUNKEN DRUMMERS.
11. BUSTED BROADSWORDS.
12. DUMB VIKINGS.



S IS FOR THE SPRINGING UP FROM NOWHERE.  
H IS FOR THE HELLISH PLACE IT SITS.  
A IS FOR ALWAYS BEING OUT OF TOUCH.  
L IS FOR OUR LOUSY FIGHTERS' HITS.  
L IS FOR THE LONG LENGTHS THAT WE DRIVE.  
O IS FOR THE ONCE WE HAD A FEAST.  
W IS FOR THE WESTWARD SIDE OF CALONTIR,  
THAT PUTS US THREE DAYS FROM THE EAST.  
W IS FOR THE WEDDING.  
A IS FOR IT'S ACCIDENTAL SLANT.  
T IS FOR THE TERRITORY COVERED, WHEN DRIVING TO THAT PART.  
E IS FOR EVERYTHING ELSE NOT SAID.  
R IS FOR THE RIVER THAT IS DRY.  
S IS FOR THE SHIRE WE HOPE TO BE, AND WE WILL ALWAYS  
CONTINUE TO TRY.

SWING LOW, SWEET BATTLE-AXE  
(SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT)

SWING LOW, SWEET BATTLE-AXE,  
COMING IN TO DECAPITATE ME.  
SWING LOW, SWEET BATTLE-AXE,  
DOESN'T COUNT BELOW THE KNEE.

I LOOKED OER' MY SHOULDER AND WHAT DID I SEE?  
COMING TO DECAPITATE ME.  
A TWO HANDED BATTLE-AXE BIG AS A TREE.  
COMING TO DECAPITATE ME.

(CHORUS)

I STEPPED TO THE SIDE AND WHAT DID I SEE?  
AN AXE, A SWORD, AND ARROWS FIFTY-THREE,  
COMING TO ASSASSINATE ME!

(CHORUS)

WHERE THE HELL IS SHALLOW WATERS?  
(BROTHER JOHN)

WHERE THE HELL IS SHALLOW WATERS?  
WAY OUT WEST, WAY OUT WEST?  
SHIRE OF THE DEADLANDS,  
SHIRE OF THE DEADLANDS,  
AT IT'S BEST,  
AT IT'S BEST!

NORSE BUSINESS  
(NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS)

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE NORSE BUSINESS,  
LIKE NO BUSINESS I KNOW.  
EVERYTHING ABOUT IT IS WITH STEALING,  
EVERYTHING YOUR CAPTAIN WILL ALLOW.  
NO WHERE CAN YOU GET THAT FINER FEELING, WHEN YOU  
WHEN YOU ARE STEALING THAT EXTRA COW!  
THERE'S NO PEOPLE LIKE NORSE PEOPLE,  
THEY GROWL WHEN THEY ARE LOW.

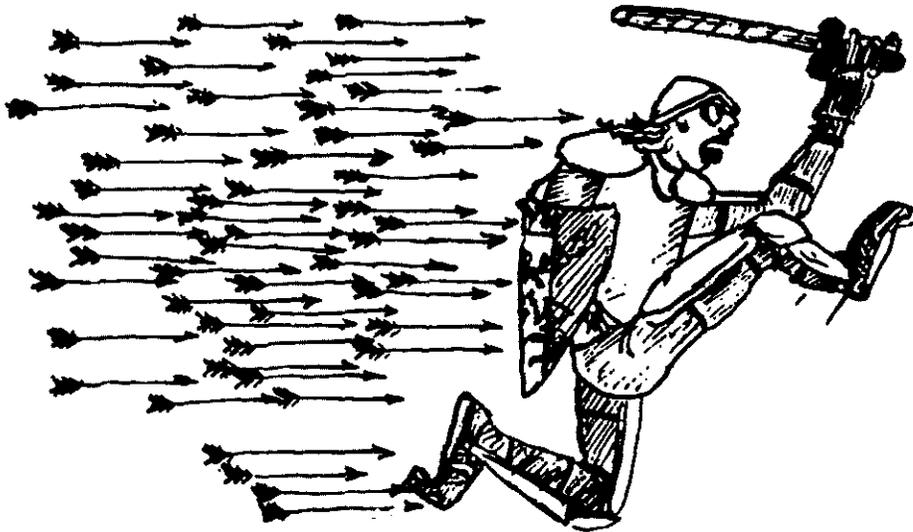


NORSE BUSINESS  
(CONTD.)

YESTERDAY THEY TOLD YOU, YOU WOULD NOT SAIL FAR,  
THE NIGHT YOU SET OFF AND THERE YOU ARE,  
NEXT MONTH IN AMERICA YOU START A WAR  
LET'S GO OUT AND STEAL MORE,  
LET'S GO OUT AND STEAL MORE!

LEPROSY  
(YESTERDAY)

LEPROSY, THERE ARE PIECES FALLING OFF OF ME,  
I'M NOT HALF THE MAN I USED TO BE,  
I'M NOT THE SAME SINCE LEPROSY.  
SUDDENLY, MY RIGHT ARM HAS FALLEN OFF OF ME,  
I'M NOT A QUARTER OF THE MAN I USED TO BE,  
I'M NOT THE SAME SINCE LEPROSY.  
WHY IT HAD TO GO I DON'T KNOW IT DIDN'T SAY,  
I DID SOMETHING WRONG NOW I SUFFER FROM LEPROSY.  
LEPROSY, THERE IS NOTHING LEFT BELOW MY KNEE,  
THERE IS NOTHING MUCH THAT IS LEFT OF ME,  
NO, I'M NOT THE SAME SINCE LEPROSY!



MIDREALM

X  
ELKSHIRE

RIO SECO

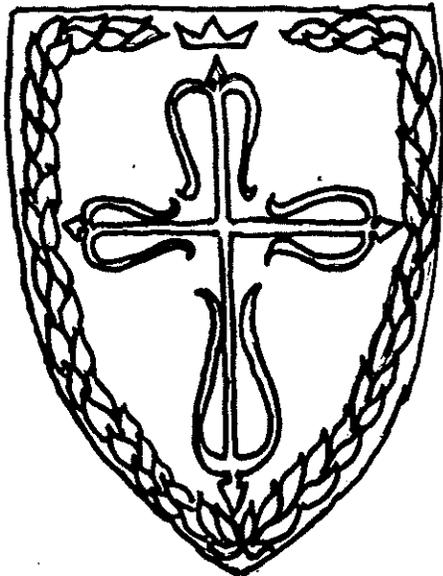
SHALLOW WATERS

MAG<sup>X</sup>MOR

OUTLANDS

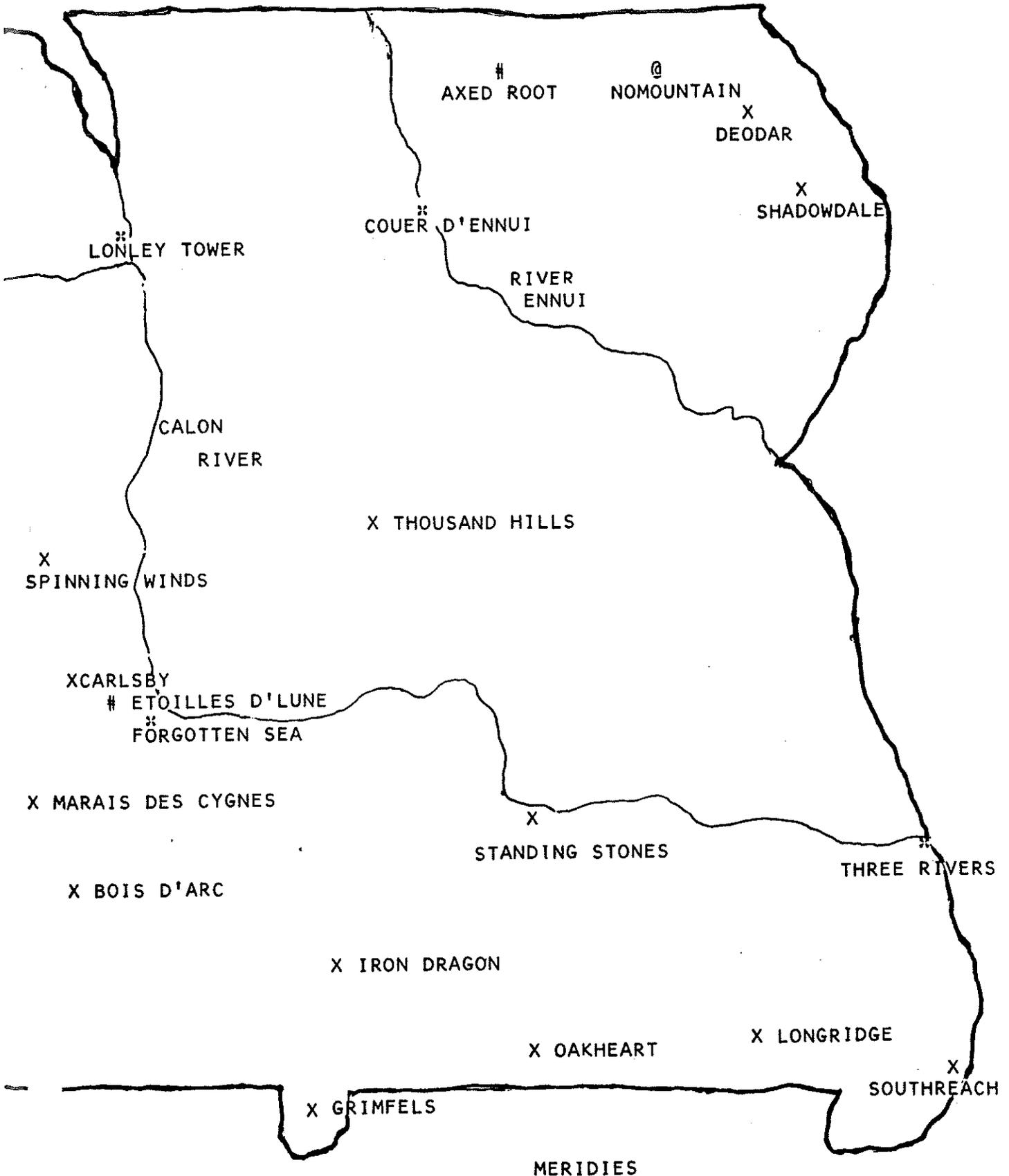
THE  
GREAT  
DEADLANDS

⋈  
V TAVIA



ANSTEORRA

MIDREALM



# AXED ROOT

@ NOMOUNTAIN

X DEODAR

X SHADOWDALE

\*\* COUER D'ENNUI

RIVER ENNUI

\*\* LONLEY TOWER

CALON RIVER

X THOUSAND HILLS

X SPINNING WINDS

X CARLSBY  
# ETOILLES D'LUNE  
\*\* FORGOTTEN SEA

X MARAIS DES CYGNES

X

STANDING STONES

\*\* THREE RIVERS

X BOIS D'ARC

X IRON DRAGON

X OAKHEART

X LONGRIDGE

X GRIMFELS

X SOUTHREACH

MERIDIES

HIGH FLYING VELOUR

(HIGH FLYING ADORED FROM EVITA!)

HIGH FLYING VELOUR,

SO YOUNG, THE INSTANT QUEEN.

A RICH, BEAUTIFUL THING, OF ALL THE MALICE,

A CROSS BETWEEN, A BARBARIAN OF THE BACKWOODS  
AND A DANE.

YOU WERE JUST A BACKWOODS GIRL,

HUSTLING AND FIGHTING,

SCRATCHING AND BITING.

HIGH FLYING VELOUR,

DID YOU BELIEVE IN YOUR WILDEST MOMENTS,

ALL THIS WOULD BE YOURS,

THAT YOU'D BECOME THE LADY OF THEM ALL.

WERE THERE STARS IN YOUR EYES,

WHEN YOU CRAWLED IN AT NIGHT.

FROM THE WARS, FROM THE TAVERNS,

FROM THE CRUSADES OF CHRISTENDOM,

DON'T LOOK DOWN, YOUR VELOUR DRAGS ON THE GROUND.

WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO

(WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO)

INTO THE MELEE'S, INTO THE BATTLES.

CAN'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE THIS TIME.

WE ARE THE CHIRUGEONS, A HEALER PROFESSION.

WE HELP THE ONES THEY LEFT BEHIND.

AND I WONDER IF WE ARE EVER GOING TO CHANGE.

LIVING UNDER THE FEAR THAT NOTHING ELSE REMAINS.

WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO, WE DON'T NEED TO DRAG ANOTHER HOME

ALL WE WANT IS WHAT'S BEYOND, THE PENNSIC WAR.

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE, WE CAN LAY HANDS ON.

THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMEONE HURT OUT THERE.

MMM LOVE AND COMPASSION, ARE NOT IN OUR CONTRACT.

THAY ARE THE THINGS WE CAN NOT BEAR.

WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO (CON'TD)

SO WHAT DO WE DO WITH OUR LIVES,  
WE TRY TO HEAL THEM ALL,  
AND NO ONE LOOKS TO US AGAIN,  
TILL THERE'S ANOTHER WAR,  
AND THEN THEY ALL CALL!!

(CHORUS 2 & 4 "ALL THE CHIRUGEONS SAY!!")

IN SPAIN, IN SPAIN  
(NEW YORK, NEW YORK)

START BINDING THEIR ARMS, HEAR SCREAMING TODAY.  
WE'RE GOING TO BURN THE HERETICS, IN SPAIN, IN SPAIN.  
I WANT TO BREAK A MUSLIM'S UGLY FACE,  
AND CUT OFF HIS RIGHT TOE, SLICE UP HIS FACE.  
YOU'D BETTER BEWARE, CUZ WE'RE STAY,  
SO ALL YOU HERETICS, BEST RUN AWAY,  
IF YOU DON'T SEE OUR WAY YOU WON'T SEE ANYWAY,  
WE'LL BLIND YOU JEWS, LUTHERANS AND MOORS!  
. . . . IN SPAIN, IN SPAIN!!  
I WANT TO BREAK UP A MUSLIM'S FACE,  
CUT OFF HIS RIGHT BIG TOE, SLICE OFF HIS HANDS,  
PUT OUT HIS EYES, LEAVE NOT A TRACE. . .  
THESE INQUISITION BLUES!! ARE MELTING AWAY,  
WE'LL MAKE A BRAND NEW START OF IT, IN SPAIN, IN SPAIN  
IF WE CAN MAKE IT HERE, WE'LL MAKE IT EVERYWHERE,  
C'MON CONVERT YOU JEWS AND MOORS!!!!

EVEN MORE MEMBERS!!!

GARFIELD THE MIGHTY ROTUND, JANE SEYLESS, ALFRED THE  
GRATING, CHARMIN THE GREAT, MR. WHIMPLE, PRINCE THE  
REVOLTING. . .

BUT NOW I'LL CALL LIGHT  
(OUT HERE ON MY OWN)

SOMETIMES I WONDER, WHERE I'VE BEEN,  
WHO I'VE SLAIN, IS HE MY KIN?  
TOURNEY FIGHTING IS ALL ALONE,  
TRYING TO WIN MY KINGDOM'S THRONE.  
WE'RE ALWAYS PROVING WHO WE ARE  
ALWAYS FIGHTING TO BE THE STAR,  
TO GUIDE THEM FAR AND CHASE THEM HOME,  
SO I CAN SIT UPON THE THRONE.  
WHEN I'M DOWN AND FEELING BLUE  
I CLOSE MY EYES AND THINK OF WHAT TO DO,  
OH, FIGHTING BELONG TO ME AND I'LL BE STRONG FOR THEE,  
HELP ME THROUGH, HELP ME WIN TOO.  
UNTIL THE MOURNING SON APPEARS,  
I MAKE LIGHT OF ALL HIS FEARS,  
I STOP HIS TEARS, WITH ONE QUICK BLOW.  
I'M NOW KING THEY ALL WILL KNOW.  
NOW HI IS DOWN AND FEELING BLUE  
SO I'LL CLOSE MY EYES JUST LIKE THE OTHERS DO  
OH HAND ME MY CROWN TODAY, RHINOS CAN'T LIVE THIS WAY  
HELP ME TOO, I NEED TO RULE. . .  
SOMETIMES I WONDER WHERE I'VE BEEN,  
WHY I'M NOT KING AND DON'T FIT IN,  
I'LL TAKE THE BLOWS IN SOME OTHER FIGHT,  
BUT NOW I'LL CALL LIGHT!!  
BUT NOW I'LL CALL LIGHT!!

A GRAZING MACE  
(AMAZING GRACE)

A GRAZING MACE ACROSS MY CHEST,  
HAS WIPED MY TITTIES FREE!  
THEY ONCE WERE ATTACHED,  
BUT NOW HAVE FLOWN,  
ACROSS AND HIT A TREE!  
T'WAS MACE THAT HAS TAUGHT MY HEART TO FEAR,  
AND MACE MY EARS RELIEVED.  
HOW VICIOUS DID THAT MACE APPEAR,  
THE HOUR I FIRST BELIEVED.  
THRU MANY DANGERS, TOILS AND SNARES,  
MACE HATH KNOCKED ME DOWN.  
TIS MACE HATH BROUGHT ME DOWN THIS FAR,  
AND MACE MY HELM RESOUND!

OUR KINGDOM CALONTIR  
(MY COUNTRY TIS OF THEE)

OUR KINGDOM CALONTIR,  
THE PLACE WE HOLD SO DEAR,  
OF THEE WE SING,  
LAND OF FORGOTTEN SEA, THREE RIVERS BARONY,  
V'TAVIA AND COUER D'ENNUI AND CARLSBY.  
MAG MOR AND BOIS D'ARC,  
ELKSHIRE AND OAKHEART AND FEASTING CRANES.  
GRIMFELS AND DEODAR, AXED ROOT AND LONELY TOWER,  
THOUSAND HILLS AND LONG RIDGE ARE SHIRES OF OUR LAND.  
ETOILLES D'LUNE AND NOMOUNTAIN,  
SPINNING WINDS, TICONDANION, AND STANDING STONES,  
SOUTHREACH AND SHADOWDALE, MOONSTONES AND SHALLOW WATERS  
ARE ALL IN CALONTIR, OUR KINGDOM REIGNS!!

KILLER  
(THRILLER)

IT'S TIME FOR PENNSIC, FIGHTERS CLOSING IN ON EVERY SIDE  
YOU HEAR A HELM SPLIT, AND HEAR A HERALD GIVE A CURDLED CRY  
YOU START TO SCREAM, BUT A BROADSWORD TAKES THE SOUND BEFORE  
YOU MAKE IT.

YOU START TO WEAVE, AS A BLACK KNIGHT LOOKS YOU RIGHT BETWEEN  
THE EYES, YOU'RE PARALYZED!

CUZ HE'S A KILLER, KILLER KNIGHT, AND NO ONE WANTS TO SAVE YOU  
CUZ YOU KNOW HE WANTS TO FIGHT.

CUZ HE'S A KILLER, KILLER KNIGHT, YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR  
LIFE AGAINST A KILLER THRILLER BLACK KNIGHT!!

YOU HEAR A MACE SLAM, AGAINST A GUY BESIDE YOU IN THE LINE  
YOU HEAR THE KING CRY "HELP ME FIGHT THESE GUYS TO DEFEND  
WHAT'S MINE"

YOU HEAR THEM SCREAM "THE MIDREALM SUCKS A BUCKET FULL OG  
BLACKWORMS!"

YOU START TO STEAM, AS YOU START TO CHARGE THE EASTERN'S  
MUSTERED REALM YOU SAY THEY SMELL!

CUZ YOU'RE A KILLER, KILLER KNIGHT, AND NO ONE'S GONNA STOP  
YOU FROM BASHING IN THEIR LIGHTS!

CUZ YOU'RE A KILLER, KILLER KNIGHT, THEY'RE FIGHTING FOR THEIR  
LIVES AGAINST A KILLER THRILLER GOLD KNIGHT!

BIG BARON'S BRAWL AND THE DUKE'S START TO CALL YOU A FAT KNAVE  
THE EAST SCREAMS AND YELLS AND SAY YOUR QUEEN SMELLS  
AND YOU START TO RAVE AND SPIT ON THEIR SHIELDS!!

THEY'RE OUT TO GET YOU, EASTERN'S CLOSING IN ON EVERY SIDE  
YOU HEAR A GUY YELL "I THINK THAT MAYBE OUR KING HAS JUST DIED"  
YOU START TO SNEEZE, BUT A HALBERD RAMS IT BACK DOWN INTO  
YOUR THROAT.

UPON YOUR KNEES, A HAMMER HITS YOU RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES  
THEN SOMEONE CRIES!!

YES HE'S A KILLER, KILLER KNIGHT, CAN'T YOU HEAR HIM FIGHTING  
CAN'T YOU REALLY SEE HIS MIGHT!

GUZ HE'S A KILLER, KILLER KNIGHT, HE'S FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE  
AND HE'S LOST IT, LOST IT TONIGHT.

KILLER, KILLER KNIGHT, SEND AN RIP ALL THE WAY TO  
TREE-GIRT-SEA

YES HE'S A KILLER, KILLER KNIGHT, HE PROVED IT ALL RIGHT  
WHEN HE GOT KILLED, GOT KILLED TONIGHT!!!

(RAP)

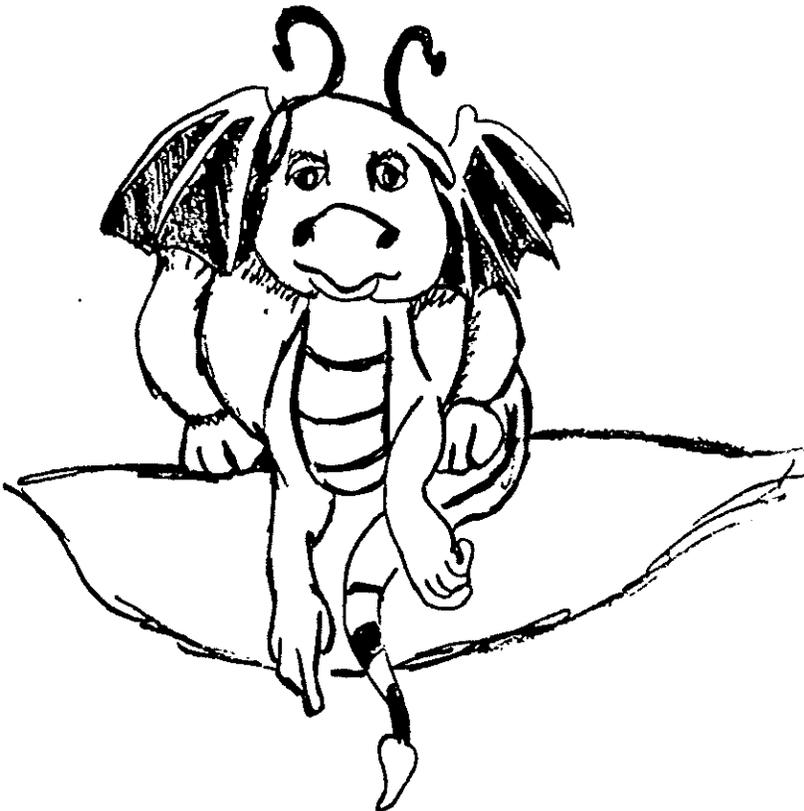
DARKNESS FALLS ACROSS THE LAND, THE PENNSIC WAR IS NOW AT HAND  
MIDDLES' COME TO FIGHT THE EAST, TYGER CLAWS THE DRAGON-BEAST  
AND WHOSEVER SHALL BE FOUND, WITH THEIR FACE UPON THE GROUND  
MUST STAND TO FACE THE HOUNDS OF HELL, AND BE ONE FOR WHOM  
TOLLS THE BELL.

THE FOULEST WAR IS IN THE AIR, THE FIGHTERS A THOUSAND OF THOSE  
WHO DARE

AND GISLY KNIGHTS SO FULL OF GLOOM, ARE CLOSING IN TO SEAL  
YOUR DOOM

AND THOUGH YOU FIGHT TO STAY ALIVE, YOUR BODY STARTS TO SHIVER  
FOR NO MERE FIGHTER CAN RESIST THE EVIL OF THE KILLER!

(WRITTEN BY SENYOR SALVADOR PAOLO DE BARCELONA)



MORE VERSES OF SONG OF THE PEOPLES

OH, THEIR PRINCE WAS A SUCKER AND WAS BATTIER THAN HELL,  
OH, THEIR PRINCE WAS A SUCKER AND WAS BATTIER THAN HELL,  
AND WHEN HE SAYS "I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU" WE ALL START TO  
SCREAM AND YELL.

AND YOU'LL KNOW THEY ARE VAMPIRES CUZ THEY'RE WEIRD, CUZ  
THEY'RE WEIRD.

YES, YOU'LL KNOW THEY ARE VAMPIRES CUZ THEY'RE WEIRD.

OH, THEY HAVE INQUISITIONS AND THEY BURN HERETICS  
OH, THEY HAVE INQUISITIONS AND THEY BURN HERETICS  
AND THEIR LEADER TAQUEY MADA COULD BE CONSIDERED SICK,  
AND YOU'LL KNOW THEY ARE SPANIARDS BY THE BLOOD, BY THE BLOOD  
YES, YOU'LL KNOW THEY ARE SPANIARDS BY THE BLOOD.

OH, THEIR ARMADA SENT TO ENGLAND WAS REALLY QUITE A FLOP,  
SO THEY TRIED TO SEND IT WESTWARD WITH COLUMBUS THE WOP,  
BUT MONTEZUMA GOT HIS REVENGE WHEN HE GAVE THEM ALL THE DROPS  
AND YOU'LL KNOW THEY ARE SPANIARDS BY THE BLOOD, BY THE BLOOD  
YES, YOU'LL KNOW THEY ARE SPANIARDS BY THE BLOOD.

This Membership Card does hereby certify that  
RICHARD BLANCHARD  
Called in these Current Middle Ages by the name

ALEXANDER THE O.K.

is properly entered on the Membership Roll as a  
Sustaining Member

of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc.

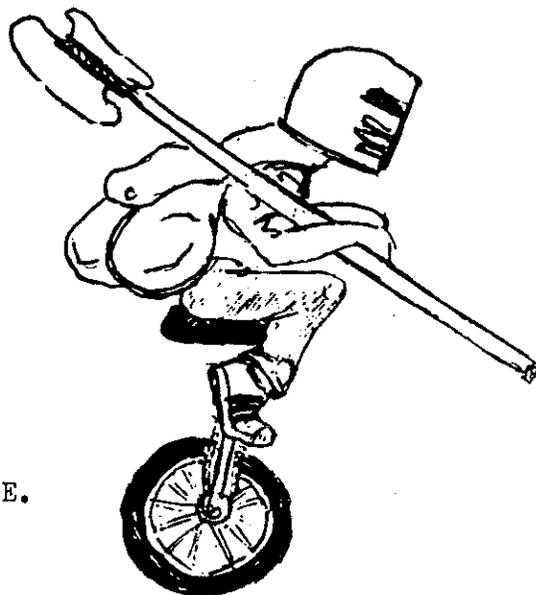
From 1 May 1984 to 30 Apr 1986

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*This card was found after  
a past revel at Elkshire.  
If anyone knows the where-  
abouts of Alexander the O.K., let  
us know and we will get it back  
to him.*

SOMEWHERE OVER AT PENNSIC  
(OVER THE RAINBOW)

SOMEWHERE OVER AT PENNSIC, EAST KNIGHTS DIE.  
THEY DIE OVER AT PENNSIC, WHY OH WHY CAN'T I?  
SOMEWHERE OVER AT PENNSIC, MIDREALM FIGHTS.  
THEY FIGHT OVER AT PENNSIC, WHY OH WHY CAN'T I?  
I THINK I'LL TRAVEL REALLY FAR  
WITH MACE IN HAND I'LL GO TO WAR IN. . .  
SOMEWHERE OVER AT PENNSIC, I WILL FIGHT,  
I'LL FIGHT OVER AT PENNSIC, THEN I WILL PROBABLY DIE.  
YOU CAN GO AND FIGHT SOME MORE,  
FIGHT SOME MORE IN PENNSIC WAR!



CAROL OF THE BLADES  
(CAROL OF THE BELLS)

HARK HOW THE BLADES, SO SILVER BLADES  
ALL SEEM TO SAY, LET'S GO AND PLAY  
WAR TIME IS HERE, BATTLE IS NEAR  
PICK UP YOUR HELM, FIGHT FOR THE REALM  
ONE SEEMS TO HEAR SCREAMS EVERYWHERE  
FROM EVERYWHERE, FILLING THE AIR  
ON ON THEY SEND ON WITHOUT END  
THEIR MOURNFUL TONE TO EVERY HOME  
VERY VERY VERY THRILLING  
VERY VERY VERY CHILLING  
ON ON WE KILL ON WITH OUR BLADES  
ON ON WE KILL AS OUR KING BADES  
SWING CHOP CUT SLICE

2ND VOICE

SWING CUT SLICE CHOP  
" " " "  
(SCREAMS)  
"  
VERY THRILLING  
VERY CHILLING  
SWING CUT SLICE CHOP  
" " " "  
CRUNCH!

TO THE WAR AGAIN  
(ON THE ROAD AGAIN)

TO THE WAR AGAIN, I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO GET TO THE WAR AGAIN  
FIGHTING HARD AND DRINKING GIN, I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO WAR AGAIN  
WITH MY FRIENDS AGAIN, FIGHTING TOURNIES LIKE I'VE NEVER FOUGHT BEFORE  
YOU CAN BET MY FRIEND, I CAN WIN THIS BATTLE JUST ONCE MORE  
JUST ONCE MORE

TO THE WAR AGAIN, LONG SIEGE BATTLES AT THE WAR AGAIN  
HOW MY FEET BEGIN TO ACHE AND THEN I KNOW I'M AT THE WAR AGAIN  
AT THE FEAST AGAIN, I CAN SING A SONG OF VALOUR LOUD AS YOU  
AFTER FEAST AGAIN, I CAN SING AND DRINK DOWN A KEG OR TWO  
THAT'LL DO

AT THE WAR AGAIN, GOING HOME FROM THE WAR AGAIN  
SAYING GOODBYE TO FRIENDS, SAYING SEE YA AT THE NEXT WAR AGAIN.

QUASI BE GOOD  
(JONNY B. GOODE)

DEEP DOWN IN A BLACK FOREST, BY FORGOTTEN SEA  
SOUTH OF THOUSAND HILLS, SOUTH OF COUER D'ENNUI  
THERE LIVED A LITTLE GUY THAT WE KNOW SO WELL  
HIS NAME WAS QUASIMODO AND HE RANG A BELL.

HE NEVER EVER DATED CUZ HE LOOKED LIKE HELL  
BUT HE PLAYED A LITTLE SONG THAT WE KNOW SO WELL  
GO, GO QUASI GO! GO, GO QUASI MO DO!  
GO, QUASI, GO QUASI BE GOOD!

CLAUDE FROLLO TOLD HIM SOMEDAY HE WOULD LEAVE THIS DUMP  
SO HE PACKED UP HIS BELONGINGS TOP OF HIS OL' HUMP  
HE LEFT FOR A CHURCH DOWN PARIS WAY  
WHERE THERE WOULD BE PLENTY BELLS TO PLAY  
HE RANG THEM ALL DAY, PLAYED THEM ALL NIGHT  
ESMERELDA SAID HE PLAYED WITH HIS BELLS ALRIGHT  
GO GO QUASI GO! GO GO QUASI MO DO!  
GO QUASI GO QUASI BE GOOD!

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ACHMET THE COLOURBLIND, CHRISTIANA ROMEA DE PERCA, MARCOS DE TERRA ALTA

OLD TIME RELIGION

WELL, WE'LL GO AND WORSHIP BUDDAH,  
THOUGH HE SLEEPS IN THE NUDE-UH,  
WHICH MIGHT BE VERY LEWD-UH  
BUT FUN ENOUGH TO SEE!

OH, WE'LL SING TO NICODEMUS,  
GOT A 24 INCH PENIS,  
GIRLS SAY "HE MAKES US SCREAMUS!!"  
CUZ HE HANGS DOWN TO HIS KNEES!

OH WE'LLSING A SONG TO JERRY,  
CRAZY FALWELL IS A FAIRY,  
AND REALLY KIND OF SCARY,  
HE SHOULD BE PUT AWAY!

LA ROUCHE IS REALLY BEGGIN,  
TO THAT CRAZY RONALD REAGAN,  
TO KILL OFF ALL THE PAGANS  
HE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

A LAST VERSE JUST FOR BOTHA,  
WHO SAYS "YOU CAN NOT VOTE-UH"  
WELL HERE'S A LITTLE NOTE-UH  
YOU BETTER WATCH AND SEE!

OTHER MEMBERS

UPCHUCK AND DI, CHARLES THE CHAPLINE, STANLEY THE LAURELED,  
OLIVER THE HARDY, LY. MARION OF BRADLEYROOM

