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THE
"THANK YOU CALONTIR"
SONGBOOK
FOR INTERKINGDOM
WITH CALONTIR

JULY 1 - 4, A.S. XXIII



NOTES ON THIS SONGBOOK

June 29, A.S. XXIII

Unto all who read this, Greetings!

At the War of the Lilies last May, just a few short weeks ago, some members of The Barony of the Eldern Hills (Lawton, OK) signed up to fight as mercenaries for HUG YOUR MAIL, a chainmail business owned by Lord Isleif Brimstone.

Most, if not all, of us had never ^{GA} played in Calontir before. We didn't know what to expect, or when to expect it.

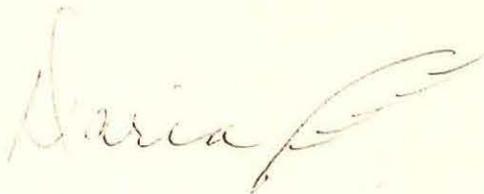
What we encountered was an organized event, excellent food, sturdy fighters (and even sturdier drinkers), a tolerant King (with regards to drunks), and many new friends. We were overwhelmed by the courtesy and concern for our well-being(s), and more than thrilled to realize that we would be seeing our new friends in just a few weeks at Interkingdom.

On Sunday night we indulged in much drink (mostly sake and plum wine, although I do recall rum, eek and beer as well) and sang a great many songs. Some of the songs were new to us (such as FLYING HAMSTERS, the words for which I am still lacking), and some were new to the Calontirians. They asked us to bring the words to some of our songs to Interkingdom as they eyed my songbook with more than a little envy.

The songbook I mention, by the way, was coordinated by the Hon. Lady Geta Alexandra din Wallachia. There are songs in there I don't know a damn thing about, but I expect I will some day. I add to the songbook too. It is because of her efforts that I am able to publish this abbreviated version. I guess Lady Geta and I are just gluttons for punishment; she is the Kingdom Chronicler for Ansteorra, and I am her predecessor (but I got out!).

Anyway, having never been one to deny a friend (or friends, as this case shows), here's your songbook of some of our bawdier (or rauchier) songs. I've tried to put in the ones you heard at Lilies, although I don't quite recall EXACTLY what it was we were singing. I have wonderful impressions of a really GOOD time, and some lively popcorn that really spiced up my innards.

Enjoy! Please keep these as our gifts to you, and keep in touch! Make sure to drop by the HUG YOUR MAIL booth at Pennsic, or any other events!



Lady Daria de Tabriz

THE MOOSE SONG

REFRAIN: And it's moose, moose, I likesa moose
I've never had anything quite likesa moose
I've had many women, my life has been loose
But I've never had anything quite likesa moose

When I was a young man I used to like girls
I played with their bodies and fondled their curls
'Til my girlfriend ran off with a salesman named Bruce
Now you'd never be treated that way by a moose

REFRAIN

When I am in need of a very good lay
I go to my closet and get me some hay
I go to the window and spread it around
'Cause moose always come when there's hay on the ground

REFRAIN

Now I've done it with all kinds of beasties with hair
I've done it with snakes when their fangs are not there
I've done it with a walrus, a duck and a goose
But I've never had anything quite like a moose

REFRAIN

Gorillas are all right for Saturday night
Lions and tigers they puts up a fight
But it's just not the same when you SLAM their caboose
As the feeling you get when you humps with a moose

REFRAIN

I've done it with ladies with hair to their ass
I've done it on silk and I've done it on grass
I've done it with tight ones and some that are loose
But I've never had anytyhing quie like a moose

REFRAIN

SLOWLY . . .

Now that I'm old and advanced in my years
I look back on life and I sheds me no tears
As I sit in my chair with my glass of Mateus
(FAST) Playing hide the salami with Marvin the Moose

REFRAIN

GALWAY BAY

Maybe someday I'll go back again to Ireland,
If my dear old wife would only pass away.
Oh, she's nearly broke my heart with all her naggin'--
She's got a mouth that's just as big as Galway Bay.

GALWAY BAY con't

Well, she drinks her sixteen pints of Guinness Porter
And then gets up and walks home without a sway.
If the great salt sea was beer instead of water
Sure my wife would live and die in Galway Bay.

She drinks her sixteen pints at Haim Sweeney's,
And Roy there says "I think it's time to go."
Well, she never tries to speak to him in Gaelic,
But in a tongue the clergy do not know.

On her back my wife's tattooed a map of Ireland
And when she takes her bath on Saturday,
She rubs the bar of soap around Baclatha
Just to watch them suds roar out from Galway Bay.

IT'S A SMALL WAR by Lord Isleif Brimstone

Chorus

It's a small war after all
It's a wet war after all
It's a fun war after all
It's a small war after all

On a field of grass with a thousand knights
We all came out to enjoy the fight
Tho' we're perfectly sane, you might think that we're Danes
It's a small war after all

We got up early before first light
When we hit the field we were quite a sight
With our greatswords and spears, and a few kegs of beer
It's a fun war after all

Sir Gerard staggered forward and held up his sword
And he shouted "I'll whip all your asses mi' lords!"
When no one appeared, he went back for more beer
It's a wet war after all

The sun finally rose and we started to clash
And our foes fell like trees with a hell of a crash
The swords swung like blades cutting grass in a glade
It's a quick war after all

The south fell apart when we trompled their flanks
And the north broke and ran when we slaughtered their ranks
The east and the west couldn't rise to the test
It's a fast war after all

At nightfall we stood one again in the clear
With no foe left to fight us we let out a cheer
Then Gerard made it clear that we still had more beer
It's a fine war after all

Now Eldern is known through the victories of war
And the kings and the queens speak our name near and far
We will fight with the best and then piss on the rest
It's a great war after all

AN OLD CLICHE REVISITED

Oh, a dragon has come to our village today
We'd like him to leave but he won't go away
So he talked to our king and they worked out a deal
No homes will he burn and no stock will he steal

Now, there is but one catch--we dislikes it a bunch
Twice a year he invites him a virgin for lunch
We don't have much choice so the deal we'll respect
But we can't help but wonder and pause to reflect . . .

CHORUS

Do virgins taste better than girls who are not?
Are they saltier, sweeter, more juicy or what?
Do you savor them slowly, gulp 'em down on the spot?
Do virgins tast better than girls who are not?

Now, we'd like to be shed of ya, many have tried
But no one can get through your thick, scaly hide
We hope that some day a brave soul will come by
'Cause we can't wait around 'til you're too fat to fly

You have such good taste in your women for sure
They always are pretty, they always are pure
But your notion of dining, it makes us all flinch
'Cause your favorite entree is barbequed wench

CHORUS

Now, we've found a solution, it works out so neat
If you'll settle for nothing but virgins to eat
NO more will our numbers grow ever so small
We'll simply make sure there's no virgins at all!

CHORUS

(sung to tune of THE IRISH WASHERWOMAN)

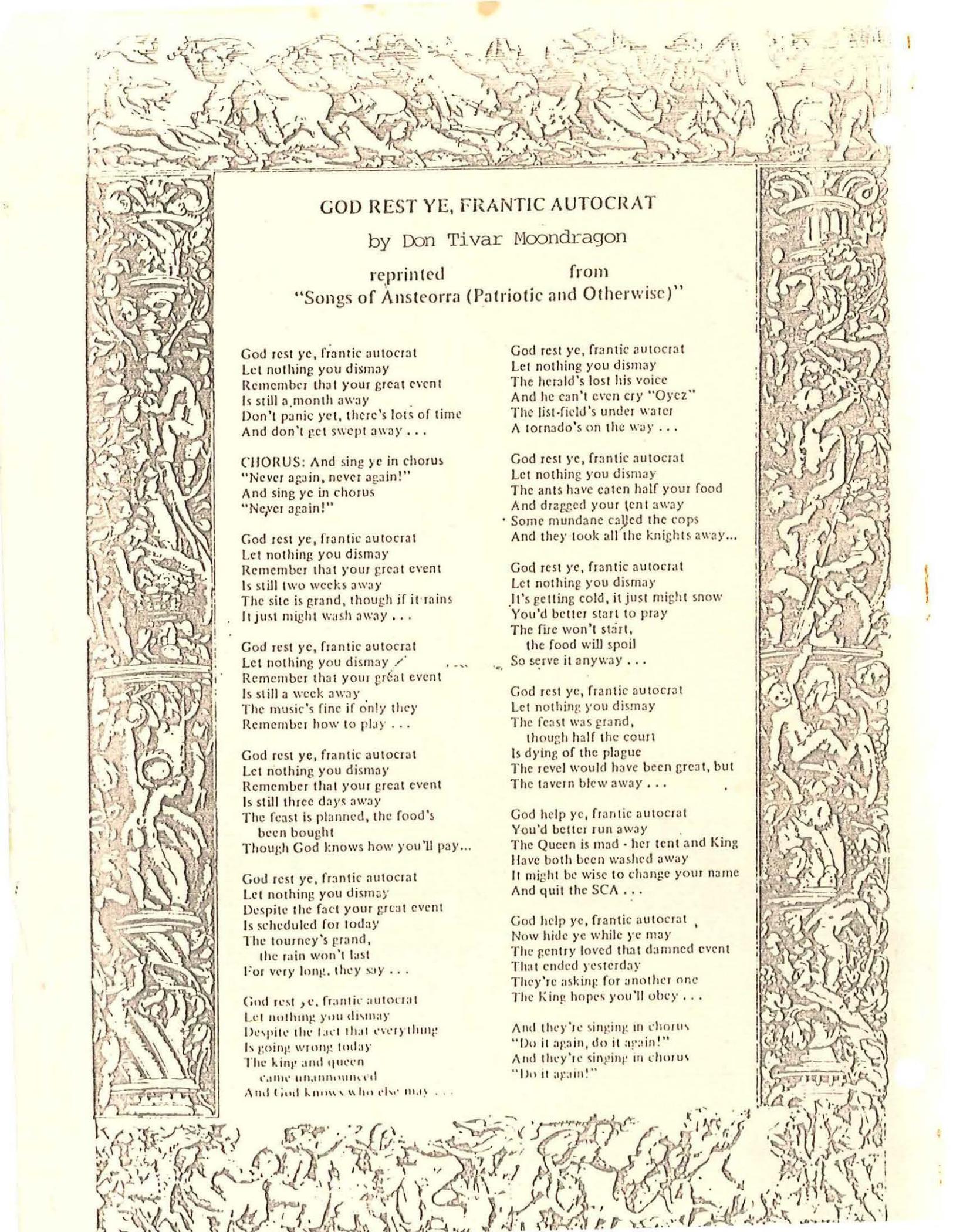
THE KNIGHTS GO MARCHING by Lord Isleif Brimstone

(Written at War of the Lilies, May A.S. XXIII, and then sung to a couple of knights who should've known better)

The Knights go marching one by one, hurrah (hurrah!), hurrah (hurrah!)
The Knights go marching one by one, huzzah (huzzah!), huzzah (huzzah!)
The Knights go marching one by one, they tell their squires "This is fun!"
And they all go marching out on the field to get knocked to the ground

DUMB - Dumb

- Two: They tell their squires "Tie my shoe!"
- Three: They tell the squires "Bruises are free!"
- Four: The squires yell "Please give us more!"
- Five: The King is the only one alive.
- Six: They hit the squires with big sticks.
- Seven: Squires never go to heaven.
- Eight: They tell the squires "This is great!"
- Nine: They all yell out "That squire is MINE!"
- Ten: The squires yell "Is this the end?"



GOD REST YE, FRANTIC AUTOCRAT

by Don Tivar Moondragon

reprinted from
"Songs of Ansteorra (Patriotic and Otherwise)"

God rest ye, frantic autocrat
Let nothing you dismay
Remember that your great event
Is still a month away
Don't panic yet, there's lots of time
And don't get swept away . . .

CHORUS: And sing ye in chorus
"Never again, never again!"
And sing ye in chorus
"Never again!"

God rest ye, frantic autocrat
Let nothing you dismay
Remember that your great event
Is still two weeks away
The site is grand, though if it rains
It just might wash away . . .

God rest ye, frantic autocrat
Let nothing you dismay
Remember that your great event
Is still a week away
The music's fine if only they
Remember how to play . . .

God rest ye, frantic autocrat
Let nothing you dismay
Remember that your great event
Is still three days away
The feast is planned, the food's
been bought
Though God knows how you'll pay...

God rest ye, frantic autocrat
Let nothing you dismay
Despite the fact your great event
Is scheduled for today
The tourney's grand,
the rain won't last
For very long, they say . . .

God rest ye, frantic autocrat
Let nothing you dismay
Despite the fact that everything
Is going wrong today
The king and queen
came unannounced
And God knows who else may . . .

God rest ye, frantic autocrat
Let nothing you dismay
The herald's lost his voice
And he can't even cry "Oyez"
The list-field's under water
A tornado's on the way . . .

God rest ye, frantic autocrat
Let nothing you dismay
The ants have eaten half your food
And dragged your tent away
Some mundane called the cops
And they took all the knights away...

God rest ye, frantic autocrat
Let nothing you dismay
It's getting cold, it just might snow
You'd better start to pray
The fire won't start,
the food will spoil
So serve it anyway . . .

God rest ye, frantic autocrat
Let nothing you dismay
The feast was grand,
though half the court
Is dying of the plague
The revel would have been great, but
The tavern blew away . . .

God help ye, frantic autocrat
You'd better run away
The Queen is mad - her tent and King
Have both been washed away
It might be wise to change your name
And quit the SCA . . .

God help ye, frantic autocrat
Now hide ye while ye may
The gentry loved that damned event
That ended yesterday
They're asking for another one
The King hopes you'll obey . . .

And they're singing in chorus
"Do it again, do it again!"
And they're singing in chorus
"Do it again!"