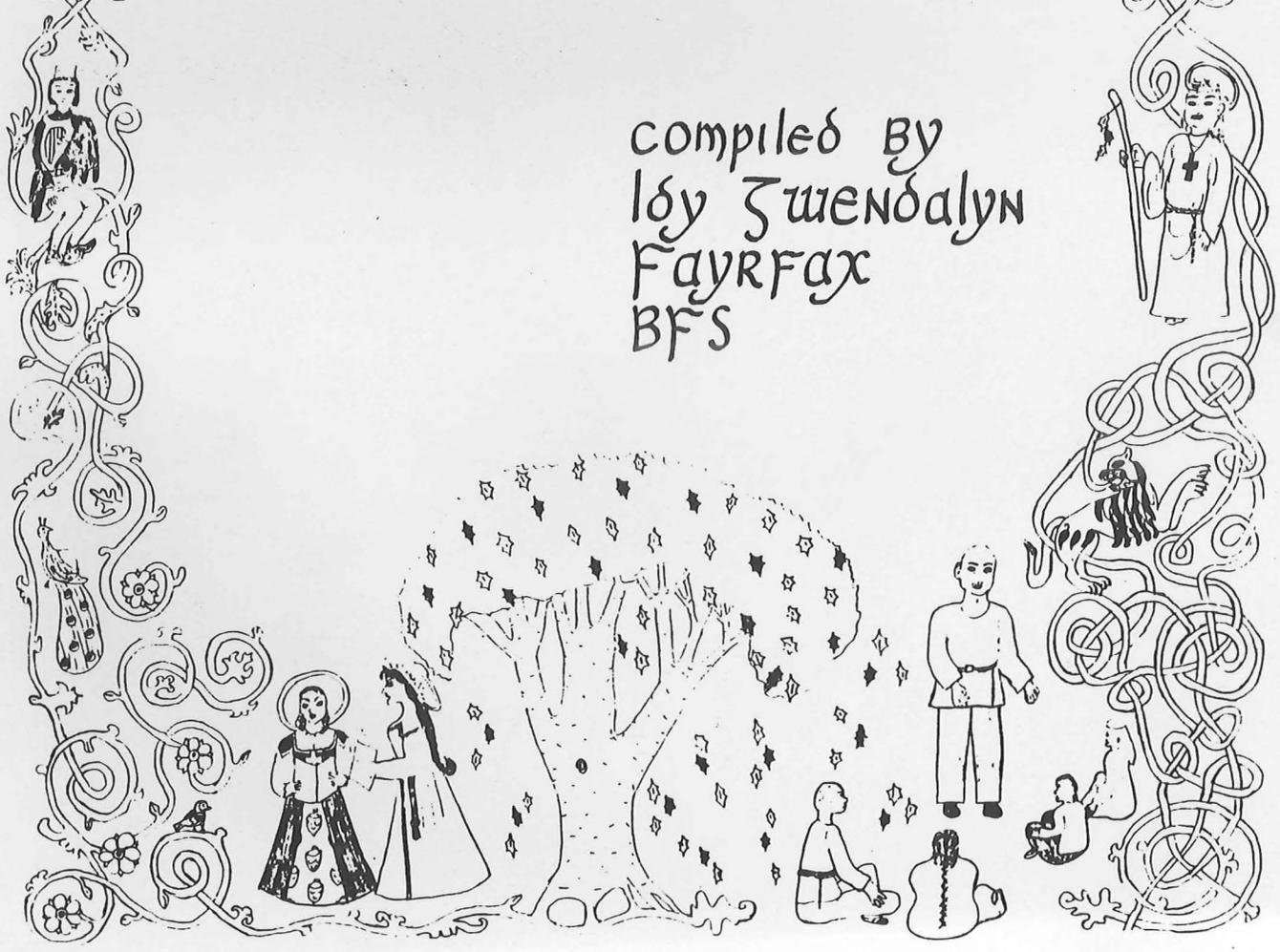


# Under The Oak Tree

compiled by  
Ióy Juendalyn  
FAIRFAX  
BFS



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# LIFT UP YOUR SHIELD

by Lord Mathurin Kerbusso



(CHORUS) Lift up your shield my bro-ther, Lift up your sword my friend! For



if you love your free - dom dear - ly, We must go to war a - gain.



(VERSE 1) Charles the Bald is com - ing hi - ther, He brings with him ten thousand men! And  
 2. Brit - tan - y has out-lived Cae-sar, Brit - tan - y out-last-ed Rome, And  
 3. Sax - ons drove us from one homeland, Norse-men came to steal and burn! If



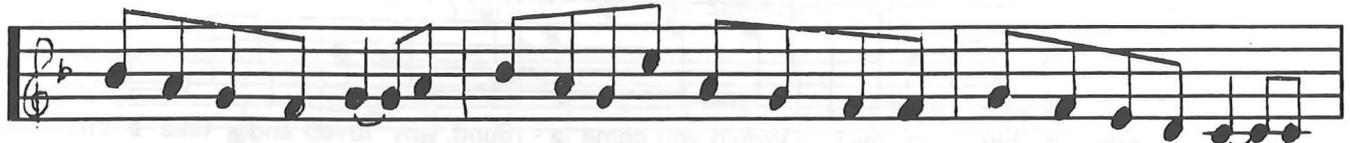
if he has his way, my brother, We will serve a Frank - ish king!  
 if She is to out - live Charles We must march with No - me - noe!  
 Charles the sec-ond wants our country, He must pay in blood and bone!

## THE CORONATION OF CONN AND CAEDFAEL

by Lord Mathurin Kerbusso



Sir Conn Mac-Neill, the sil-ver tongued, Be - came our King this day. He'll lead us to Es-trel-la War This



win-ter, come what may. And love - ly la - dy Caed - fael's now the Queen of Cal - on - tir. Her



gen - tle smile is our com - mand; We've no - thing more to fear!



(REFRAIN) Raise up your glas - ses and toast the Ca - lon Crown! We'll get nae more beer in this hall Till we



drink the last one down! Raise up your glas-ses and join the Ju - bi - leel 'Tis



thir - sty work to crown a King and Queen, so drink with me!

2. A tall, straight pine our King will be  
Through Winter's cold career.  
A yellow rosebush is our Queen  
To brighten Winter's drear.  
No foe would dare approach us while  
The Crowns are on these Heads.  
Conn Rex would mesmerize 'em while  
Queen Caedfael shot 'em dead!

(REFRAIN)

3. A vision is our lovely Queen;  
All challengers have fled!  
A vision, too, our mighty King;  
The Crown fits well his head.  
A vision is our Populace,  
And now that that is said;  
A vision sweeter it will be  
To broach the next hogshead!

(REFRAIN)

## IF I WAS AN APPLE RED

by Lord Mathurin Kerbusso



(VERSE) If I was an ap-ple red, hang - in' from a tree, Would you come a - round, my love, and



take a bite of me? Would you come a - round, my love, and take a bite of me,



If I was an ap - ple red, hang - in' from a tree?



(REFRAIN) Oh, I would know your heart, my love, And what you feel for me.



An - swer, please, the ques-tion love That I have put to thee.

2. If I was a silken veil, for all the world to see,  
Would you take me up, my love and touch your  
cheek to me? (etc.)

(REFRAIN)

3. If I was the finest pearl, brought up from 'neath  
the sea, Would you take me to your breast and  
clutch me tenderly? (etc.)

(REFRAIN)

4. If I was the deep, red wine, as sweet as I could  
be, Would you touch me to your lips and drink  
your fill of me? (etc.)

(REFRAIN)

5. If I was the softest fur that ever you did see,  
Would you take me to your bed and stroke me  
gentle-ly? (etc.)

(REFRAIN)

6. If I was a ship, my love, upon the raging sea,  
Would you take my tiller, love, and guide me home  
to thee? (etc.)

(REFRAIN)

7. If I came to you, my love, upon a bended knee,  
Would you take me in your arms and love me  
equally? (etc.)

(REFRAIN)

# A THOUSAND YEARS

by Molly Hathaway



(CHORUS) A thou-sand years of time did spend an eve - ning in a hall, A



thou-sand le - gen - da - ry years through mists of time do call, A



thou-sand years of mer - ri - ment and joy - ful re - vel - ry, All



sor - rows deep and mem-'ries sweet are lived a - gain in thee. 1. As



pre - sent is e - c - l - i - p - s - e - d by past, And time re - v - e - r - s - e - d as we a - mass. To



con - gre - gate in sha - d - o - w - e - d halls where le - gen - da - ry foot - steps fall.

A thousand years of time did spend  
an evening in a hall,  
A thousand bright and shining years  
whose legends do enthrall.  
A thousand years of time in which to  
sing and dance and play,  
A thousand years to walk throughout  
and live in just one day.

2. When tales of old bring life anew  
with chivalry and virtue,  
Revealing noble qualities  
Our lives transform. And then we see

A thousand years of time did spend  
an evening in a hall,  
A thousand of time in which  
we sought the best in all,  
A thousand years of time traced back  
from Beowulf to the bard,  
All people joined in Commonweal,  
Are drawn from near and far.

3. Beneath this roof together here  
The dancers taste the singing air  
The hallway glimpsed a thousand years  
Of Gentle Lords and Ladies fair,

(repeat first chorus)

All sorrows deep and mem'ries sweet  
are lived again in thee.

## IVAR'S MERRY MEN

Ld. Cormac mac Cumail & Ldy. Eleanor of Aberdeen



1. Oh, we are up with axe and sword, to make the Sa-xon Lords re-pay the  
 2. He died well as a he-ro should, while coi-ling ser-pent's fangs did sink. We



old man singing in the pit of ser-pents e'en your bards must say: CHORUS So  
 fol-low I-var in our ships, The blood cup of re-venge to drink.



drain the cup of Sa-xon ale, A Sa-xon wench u-pon each knee, The



roast is tur-ning on the spit, We Norse-men take our plea-sure free.

3. We've killed the only Jarl the had,  
 We met him on the river strand,  
 Now he and all his men lie dead,  
 And England's open to our band.

4. For this land is both fat and soft,  
 And has a priest's thrall on its throne,  
 That calls upon his god for help,  
 Not warrior fyrds who guard their homes.

(CHORUS)

5. Oh not for them sthe stubborn fight,  
 To bleed our veins, fill Odin's hall,  
 If they were aught but nithing's soft,  
 We, all bled out, would surely fall.

6. No, they will pay a ransom fat,  
 And duck our heads in water cold,  
 And tell their god that they have won,  
 While we sail homeward with their gold.

(CHORUS)

## VIKING YULE

verse 1. Women only  
verse 2. Men only  
verse 3. All

lyrics by Ld. Cormac Mac Cumail  
music by Ldy. Gwendalyn Fayrfax



1. Drakkar sleeps in her i - cy bed, Sail fol - ded in the barn. Our men are home from bloo - dy raids, No



more come to harm. Last year's raids brought us gold to wear, Our fin - gers wrought rich gowns. Your



prow'es as war-riors we dis-played while tra-ding in the town. You have re-turned to well-stocked stead, No



win - ter hun - ger here. The slaughter cat-tle roll with fat, We've plen-ty ale for cheer. All



Fa-ther, Tyr and Thor watched you thru battles dire and cru - el. Come cel - e-brate with Fre-ja's arts, And



feast with us at Yule. 2.(MEN) Pour out the Yule ale and the mead, And take my hand in thine. Full



ma - ny nights I've shi - vered cold, Now hug me wife of mine. The lad who crawled fast as a hare Now



on two feet does speed. And knows not me but he will learn child sa - gas on my knee. The



laugh-ing lass I left at home Now moon-ing like a calf O - ver young Sven, Black Half-damn's son, Her



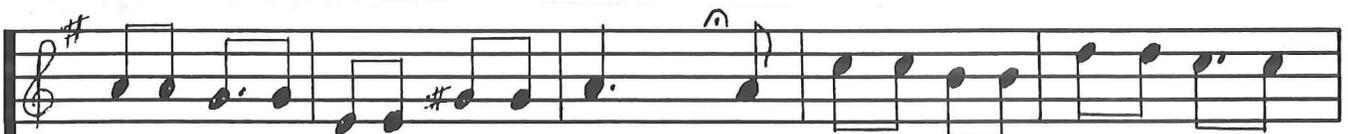
breasts are wax-ing fast. For me she spark-ling, Beams and hugs, her braids are streamed be - hind. Her



tre - ble cry "It's Dad - dy home!" Is sweet as old mead wine.



3.(ALL) So hail, wass - hail, we rowed home late. Last raid caught win-ter storms. With boo - ty la-den,  
win - ter storms.



wal - low - ing, Sea - ice on beards and arms. So pour the ale and carve the boar, And  
beards and arms.



sing a skald song true - How younger brother on first raid was bane to strong knights two. We'll  
skald song true strong knights too.



drink and love, and sing till dawn, Re - joice in strong mead sweet. The winter snows and strong mead sweet.

winds can howl, We're safe from wind and sleet. So toast our luck and thank the gods, Tyr, wind and sleet.

Thor, and O-din too. We'll ce - le - brate with Fre - ja's gifts - Let all rejoice this Yule.  
O - din too. re - joice this Yule.

## WHERE GO THE MAIDS

by Mikal the Ram

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The notes are simple, using quarter and eighth notes with stems.

Where go the maids on sum-mer's day when the fal-con bears their men a-way? Sing

Wil-low a wil-low a - way hey hey, Sing wil - low a wil - low a - way.

2. Gone to the hall to step a dance  
While their good lovers break a lance.  
Sing willow a willow away, hey, hey,  
Sing willow a willow away.
3. And drink they mead where it is kept  
While their good lovers drink their sweat.  
Sing willow a willow away, hey, hey,  
Sing willow a willow away.
4. And trade they kisses with young beaus  
While their good husbands trade at blows.  
Sing willow a willow away, hey, hey,  
Sing willow a willow away.
5. And when the Falcon comes to nest  
They welcome their good men to rest.  
Sing willow a willow away, hey, hey,  
Sing willow a willow away.
6. For lords may ken to battle's run,  
But a lady too will have her fun.  
Sing willow a willow away, hey, hey,  
Sing willow a willow away.

## THE HELMSMAN

by Mikal the Ram

1. "To oar, to oar!" the helmsman did cry. "We're close to the shore, and the tide's run-ning high. There's gold in this place and we're wil-ling to try and the gods will fa - vor the bold." These I - rish will flee as we come from the sea. Aye the Norse-men are sai-ling for gold, gold, gold, gold, The Norse - men are sai - ling for gold.

2. "To arms, to arms!" the helmsman did say  
 "They've chosen to meet us in battle today.  
 They cannot withstand us, they'll soon run away,  
 And the gods would favor the brave."  
 So let fly the spear, there'll be slaughter here,  
 Aye the Norse have come over the waves, waves,  
 waves, waves, The Norse have come over the waves.

3. "Stand firm, stand firm!" the helmsman did shout  
 "Though many have fallen our hearts are still stout.  
 Should we retreat it would end in a rout,  
 And the gods would favor the strong."  
 So here we shall stand to the very last man,  
 Aye the Norse will remember our song, song, song,  
 song, The Norse will remember our song.

4. "Rise up, rise up!" the Valkyries cry  
 "Odin appointed this day you would die.  
 Mount up on our horses, to Valhall we fly,  
 And the gods still honor the brave."  
 Outnumbered you stood as a true hero would,  
 True Norsemen go such to their graves, graves,  
 graves, graves, Norsemen go such to their graves.

5. (optional)  
 No sound, no sound, save the rush of the sea.  
 The ravens are feeding, they won't feed on me  
 For when our line broke, I hid in the trees  
 And the gods have forgotten my name.  
 I cannot go home, forever I roam,  
 For the Norse would remember my shame, shame,  
 shame, shame, The Norse will remember my shame.

# I CANNOT GO TO WAR TODAY

by Ld. Mikal the Ram and Ldy. Gwendalyn Fayfax

1. Proud as I am of the ban - ner fly - ing High on the field of bat - tle,

Proud as I am of com - pan - ions stout, And the ar - mor's war - like rat - tle,

I can - not go to war to - day, I can - not bear a sword. It grieves me so to

dis - a - point the Hus - carls and my Lord.

(CHORUS) I would fight if my helm fit right, but my chain - mail I must mend. My

plate's got dents, and there's migh - ty rents in my fav' - rite gam - be - zon.

My la - dy will not let me, My friends say I'm too dear, So

take my place at the shield-wall, I'll wait for you right here.

2. Long did I sing of the battle's glories  
Drinking a toast to war,  
Long were the tales of those mighty deeds  
That I had done before.

I cannot go to war today, I cannot bear a sword.  
I feign would don my armor, but I must keep my word.

CHORUS: I would fight if my helm fit right,  
But my chain-mail I must mend.  
My plate's got dents,  
And there's mighty rents in my fav'rite gambeson.  
My lady will not let me,  
They just brought in cold beer,  
So take my place at the shield-wall,  
I'll wait for you right here.

3. Oh how I long to be marching with you,  
Out in the noontday sun.  
Banging around in that scorching plate,  
Feeling the hot sweat run.

I cannot go to war today, I cannot bear a sword.  
I cannot suffer there beside The Huscarls and my Lord.

CHORUS: I would fight if my helm fit right,  
But my chain-mail I must mend.  
My plate's got dents,  
And there's mighty rents in my fav'rite gambeson.  
My lady will not let me,  
And the feast is very near,  
So take my place at the shield-wall,  
I'll wait for you right here.

# IN CALONTIR WE RUST

by Ld. Mikal the Ram & Ldy. Gwendalyn Fayrfax



1. Ear - ly in the day not far a - way I was sleep - ing in the mor - ning sun. From



deep in the camp came a mar - ching tramp, and the rhy - thm of a drum.



Could it be a fire? Could it be foes? Could it be the fai - ry imps?



"No," says he, "'tis our Chi - val - ry. You can tell by the way they limp."



(CHORUS) Here comes the train in ru - sty chain Squea - king on their way to war, with



rat - tles in their gear, and brui - ses on their rears and pat - ches by the score.



You can see they fight, they look a fright with their helms hang - ing off their ears, But



you don't get brass by sit - ting on your ass in the king - dom of Ca - lon - tir.

2. Along with fame and the knightly chain  
Comes responsibility,  
And several strains and a few odd sprains  
And the option of surgery.  
And when you lose, you get a bruise  
That's going to keep you up all night,  
But you hurry on your way, the very next day  
To the closest kingdom fight.

(CHORUS)

3. We cheer our side and take great pride  
In their creaking, aching joints,  
With their dents and rents, and shields all bent  
They're still ahead on points.  
There's sweat by the ton in their gambezons  
That haven't been washed since spring.  
Their eyes so bright, and their knees wrapped tight,  
You can hear the army sing:

(CHORUS)

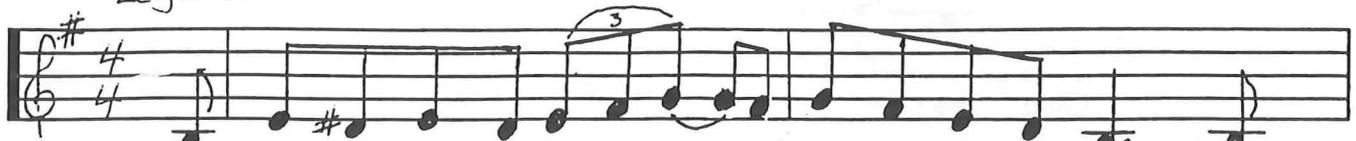
4. And so we sing, make the rafters ring  
In praises by the score,  
As they win the fight and come home at night  
Dirty, bruised and sore.  
Let's raise a glass to Lad and Lass  
Who take the noble trust  
Of the Knight in shining armour,  
And mud, and blood, and rust.

(CHORUS)

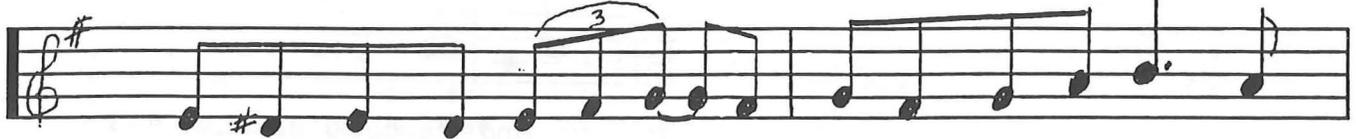
## THE FAIRY LOVER

by Ld. Mathurin Kerbusso

*Legato*



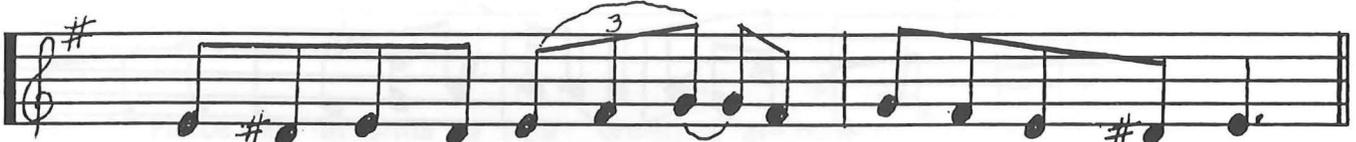
1. A song from Ar - mo - ri - ca fair | sing this day to thee. A



tale from swee - test Brit - ta - ny Where Ar - thur's folk did flee, Where



I - seult of the Whi - test Throat Brave Tri - stan first did see, And



found the knights of Char - le - magne Their ro - cky graves would be.

2. A vile man was Avoez  
Usurper, lecher, thief.

He stole the lands of Lanascol,  
Brought country round to grief.  
Forced marriage upon Lisabel  
And locked her in his keep.  
His sister set to guard her there  
Til heir for him bore she.

3. For seven years poor Lisabel  
Did never see the sky.  
Her spirit broken, and her heart,  
She was about to die.  
She prayed, "Dear God, please send a knight,  
My secret love to be,  
A knight from tales my mother told  
Of lands beyond the sea."

4. The fairy king of Mandevant  
Did hear her mournful cry,  
And in the form of goshawk  
Eudemarec he did fly.

The answer to her prayer  
The fairest knight in either world.  
Eudemarec lay with Lisabel  
As night's dark cloak unfurled.

5. The guardian sister, Moravik,  
Knew something was not right.  
Watched Lisabel's fair countenance  
Grow brighter night by night.  
Then once upon a time she hid  
And spied the lover's tryst.  
When Moravik told Avoez  
He shook his dreadful fist.

6. His rage, it was a thing to see,  
He swore that blood would spill.  
Had masons set four sharpened pikes  
In the lady's window sill.  
That night when Eudemarec came  
To join his lady fair  
He flew into the cruel blades  
And found his death blow there.

## THE TAIN

Animated by Ld. Mathurin Kerbusso

1. Long years a - go there lived and died A he - ro great in strength and pride,  
Refrain: And Hai! the Hound of Ul - ster cried and Hai! the foes of Ul - ster died.

War - rior to the Ul - ster king, And he could do most a - ny - thing. Now  
Hai! when-e'er gae bol - ga flew, Cu - chu - lin's aim was al - ways true.

ma - ny were his feats of skill, And bards sing of his glo-ry still.

I shall hum - bly try to sing the tale of migh - ty Cu - chu - lainn.

2. Now as a child he would not play  
And as a boy he ran away  
To the King, his uncle's hall.  
If need be, he would fight them all.  
King Conchobor he came to see,  
Said, "Make a warrior of me.  
I would be a Red Branch knight,  
For you and Ulster I will fight."

Refrain

3. Now here is how he first won fame,  
Setanta was our hero's name.  
Came to Culann's house quite late;  
A monster hound stood at the gate.  
He slew the hound with boyhood ball  
Then swore that he would guard that hall.  
Conchobor laughed loud and long,  
"The Hound of Culann you'll be called!"

4. Cathbad, the druid, once did say  
"A warrior who takes arms this day,  
Though life will be short as a song,  
His deeds will be remembered long."

Cried Cuchulainn, "Bring arms to me,  
A hero's what I choose to be.  
I would die tomorrow brave,  
Than live to fill forgotten grave."

Refrain

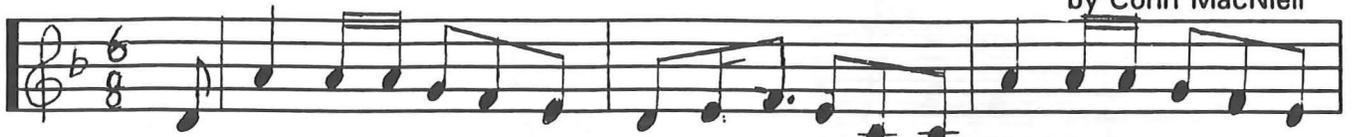
5. The Bull of Cooley, Queen Medb swore,  
She'd have or she would go to war.  
Four provinces of Ireland came  
Whilst men of Ulster lay in pain.  
Cuchulainn suffered not their curse  
So he would face the armies first.  
Five heads he stuck upon a tree,  
Said, "Die by scores or singly!"

6. He slew with spear and sling and sword  
A thousand men there at that ford  
From Summer's end to start of Spring.  
That Winter he turned seventeen.  
When Ulstermen could rise again,  
Then rested mighty Cuchulainn.  
Nine months alone he'd fought their war;  
Medb's army, he'd killed half or more.

Refrain twice

## FOR CROWN AND FOR KINGDOM

by Conn MacNiell



(CHORUS) Hay - Oh for the fal-con who's ban-ner flies o'er us, Hay - Oh for the king mar-ching



migh - ty be - fore us, Hay - Oh Ca - lon war - ri - ors sing loud the chor - us,



For crown and for king - dom 'gainst the foes of our land.



1. Fierce men -at- arms to their bro-thers are ban - ding, Fear-less-ly shoul-der to



shoul-der they're stand-ing, Blood and bones sundered in tri- bute de-man-ding,



For crown and for king-dom 'gainst the foes of our land.

2. Harken bold fyrdmen, the king calls the levy,  
The men thou hast felled in his battles are many,  
Slake thirsting spear points on what's 'neath the  
byrnie,  
For crown and for kingdom 'gainst the foes of our  
land.

(CHORUS)

3. Drink now the housecarl the horn filled to  
brimming,  
Lead now the war host in battle song singing,  
Lead into slaughter and wild weapon ringing,

For crown and for kingdom 'gainst the foes of our  
land.

(CHORUS)

4. Knight gird the sword belt for night draws the  
hour,  
The slain and wounded bear witness your power,  
To fealty's fulfillment rides chivalry's flower,  
For crown and for kingdom 'gainst the foes of our  
land.

(CHORUS)

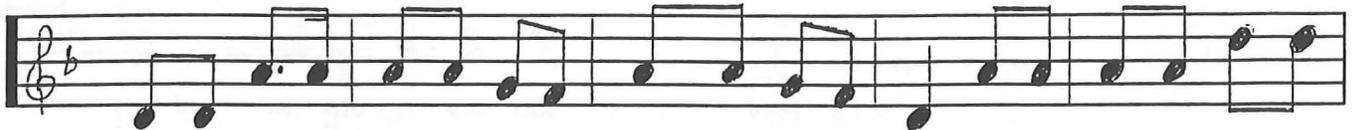
## THE ROSES

by Ld. Mathurin Kerbusso

*Animated*



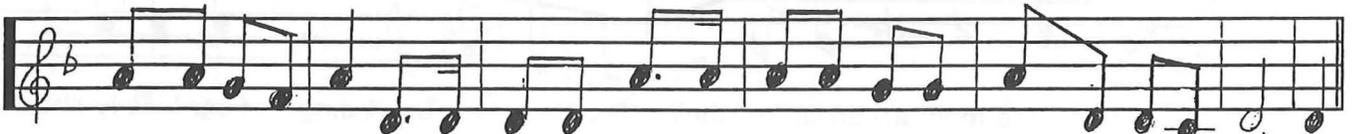
1. If you li - sten to my sto - ry I won't tell you ma - ny lies, For the



truth it is suf - fi-cient And a truth - ful man is wise. I will tell you of some



la - dies, The fi - nest a - ny - where, And a bon - ny bunch of ro - ses are the



Queens of Calon - tir. For a bonny bunch of ro-ses Are the Queens of Calon - tir.

2. You can keep your Western princesses  
And Midrealm royalty,  
Just give me a Calon duchess  
And a happy man I'll be.  
Or a countess or a jarla  
And I'll walk upon the air,  
For a bonny bunch of roses  
Are the queens of Calontir.  
For a bonny bunch of roses  
Are the Queens of Calontir.

3. Never mind those Eastern majesties  
Or Atlantean crowns,  
All those Meridian beauties,  
Ansteorran amazons.  
For a countess out in Carlsby  
Will match any royal peer,  
As will any of these roses,  
The Queens of Calontir.  
As will any of these roses,  
The Queens of Calontir.

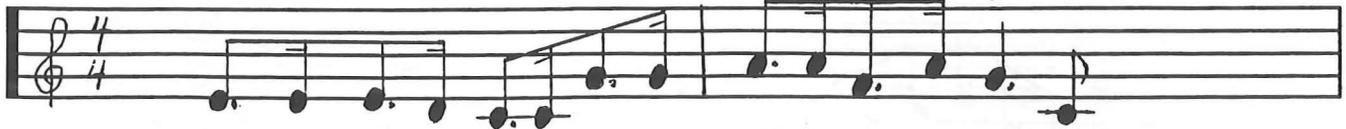
4. Though tonite I've drunk your wine my  
friends and sat beside your fire  
And to me you're all like brothers  
And beside you I'd expire,  
For the honor of these ladies  
I'd fight anybody here,  
For the honor of these roses,  
The Queens of Calontir,  
For the honor of these roses,  
The Queens of Calontir.

5. If you want to leave this field today,  
My friend you'd better swear  
That a bonny bunch of roses  
Are the Queens of Calontir,  
That a bonny bunch of roses  
are the Queens of Calontir.

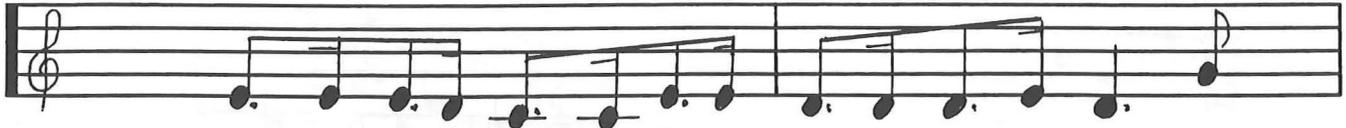
(Coda) Yes a bonny bunch of Ro-o-o-ses  
(embellish tune)  
Are the Queens of Calontir.

## HAVE YOU SEEN THE ARMY?

filk by Mikal the Ram



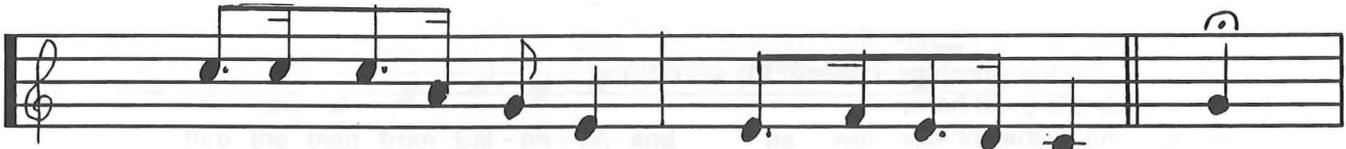
1. Have ye heard the sto-ry from the land of Ca - lon - tir? With



sword and axe a - swing - ing, fit to make a grown man fear? The



Ba - rons called for ta - xes, the Peo - ple an - swered "Nay!" "And



if you come col - lect - ing, there'll be hell to pay." Hm m

(CHORUS) Have you seen the army,  
It was here a while ago?  
And do you know who's winning,  
have we struck a mortal blow?  
I do not know your armour,  
but you seem a friend to me,  
Oh have you seen the army  
marching in Forgotten Sea?  
(Hm m m m...on middle e)

2. You should have seen the battle,  
'Twas a glory to be seen!  
Conveniently the dead were rolled  
Into a deep ravine.  
The bandits followed Halidar  
Into a brushy patch,  
If it hadn't been poison ivy  
They'd have won without a scratch.

(CHORUS) Have you seen the army,  
It was here a while ago?  
And do you know who's winning,

Have we struck a mortal blow?  
I've just been resurrected,  
I'm sure you've heard of me,  
Oh have you seen the army  
marching in Forgotten Sea?  
(Hm m m m m)

3. 'Twas at the bridge they tell me,  
That they made their final stand.  
But it's hard to win a battle  
When you're killed by your own man.  
The captain of the guardsmen  
Hit upon a plan so bold,  
With a trick used every tax-time,  
Hide your sacks of gold!

(CHORUS) Have you seen (etc.)

I forgot to ask which side you're on,  
Would it help me if I said,  
I'll give up armored combat,  
And take up crochet instead?

## GATHER YE PIPERS

by Mikal the Ram



(CHORUS) Ga-ther ye pi-pers and long chan-ters blow. Beat drum and the ta-bor, and play a march slow. I



raise 'now my cup, and I pledge drink to ye. I raise now my cup to - wards the dark sea. To

1. To these norther Islands, the Hebrides high,  
Where oft landed longships, beneath the grey sky  
Come blow the great horn,  
Maids come to the shore.  
They blow the great horn but ships come no more.

(CHORUS)

2. I drink to ye Ian, who sailed with the tide,  
And young brother Jamie, the sea steed to ride,  
And Eric for gold, and Sean for his keep.  
They sailed for the gold,  
But beneath waves they sleep.

(CHORUS)

3. I sit by the fire, lost and alone.  
Four empty places, and one who stayed home.  
I drink to my kin who walked Njord's road.  
I drink to my kin who'll drink here no more.

So gather ye pipers and long chanters blow.  
Beat drum and the tabor, and play a march slow.  
I raise my cup, And I pledge drink to ye.  
A cup full of tears towards the dark sea.

## THE GALLOGLASS FROM CALONTIR

by Ld. Cormac mac Cumail & Ldy. Gwendalyn Fayrfax

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

(CHORUS) The Gal - lo - glass, the Gal - lo - glass, the man from Ca - lon - tir, His  
 ar - mour is all dent - ed, and there's rust u - pon his gear. But  
 when the odds look hope - less, and "All is lost!" they say, Just  
 hire the man from Cal - on - tir, and he will win the day.

1. The Galloglass from Calontir,  
 He revels in a fight,  
 He's raided in far countries  
 For gold and silver bright.  
 He'd rather fight for booty  
 Or for ladies to be won,  
 But if they aren't available  
 The man will fight for fun.
2. The Galloglass from Calontir  
 He loves his mead and ale,  
 And most of all the whiskey  
 That is rarely found for sale.  
 The secret of the Druids  
 And the product of the dew,  
 And if you fill him up with it  
 He'll win your fight for you.  
 (CHORUS)
3. The Galloglass from Calontir's  
 A reprobate they say.  
 He's known to speak to ladies  
 And to share a rick of hay.  
 But when the Norse come calling  
 To burn, and loot, and kill,  
 He is the lad that drives them off  
 And then submits his bill.
4. The Galloglass from Calontir's  
 Profession is the sword,  
 And though he is a roisterer,  
 He'll halt a ravening hord.  
 He always served his master,  
 He always earned his pay,  
 And when the battle'd ended  
 He had often saved the day.  
 (CHORUS)
5. The knights of the Forgotten Sea  
 Are most prosaic men,  
 They've never seen a dragon  
 Or a monster from the fens.  
 They've never slain a griffin,  
 Or a demon in its' den,  
 but if they fight a war for you  
 Your foes won't come again.
6. The fighting host of Calontir's  
 A brave but motley crew,  
 Their armour's not all period,  
 And their weapons aren't all new.  
 But try to break their shield-wall  
 In the heat of battle red,  
 And long before you know it  
 You will find that you are dead.  
 (CHORUS)

## DUKE OF THE NORTHMARCH

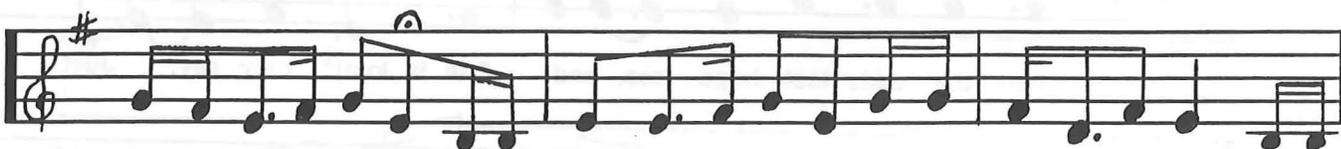
by Conn MacNeill



He was born in the North, where the wind drives the snow-fall, And



dri - ven was he by dread for - ces un - seen, A crafts-man's son was he, for



hand's work in-ten-ded, but his eyes were en-sor-cled by the shim-mer-ing steel, But his



eyes were en - sor - cled by the shim - mer - ing steel.

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

3. The pains that he took in his lessons were answered,  
By inner fire driven in chamber and field,  
He won her betrothal with fair looks and phrases,  
And a fair principedom won he with the shimmering steel,  
And a fair principedom won he with the shimmering steel.

4. He cursed into error, for strength was obsession,  
His soul not yet tempered in the forge of the years,  
His counsellors bade him a five year to wander,  
To gain wisdom to govern the shimmering steel,  
To gain wisdom to govern the shimmering steel.

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

6. So homeward he journeyed, his tread strong with purpose,  
His eyes now were softer, for truth had he seen,  
He sought out the maiden, her love had new meaning,  
With new meaning he girded the shimmering steel,  
With new meaning he girded the shimmering steel.

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

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

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

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

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

## **BIBLIOGRAPHY**

These are original tunes and words by:

Lord Mikal the Ram  
Lord Cormac mac Cumail  
Lady Eleanor of Aberdeen  
Lord Mathurin Kerbusso  
Count Syr Conn mac Neill  
Lady Molly Hathaway  
Lady Gwendalyn Fayrfax

## **EDITOR'S NOTES**

The purpose of this publication is to immortalize songs written by members of the Society for Creative Anachronism, and make them available to other members. We are not copyrighting at this time, but if you use any of these pieces in your repertoire, we would appreciate recognition of the composer. You are welcome to change words, etc. WE DON'T CARE. In fact, the purpose of folk music is to be passed from one person to another, each one adding a bit of themselves to it. It has been said by hill people on the British Isles that if you write a song or story down, you have killed it. It will never again be changed. It is not my intention to kill this music. It is my intention to spread it around and let as many people hear it as possible. There is a lot of Calontir history in these songs, and it is the job of the Bard to report history. I hope you enjoy singing or just listening to these songs.

For a copy of this publication and tape send \$5 to:

Lady Gwendalyn Fayrfax  
Jennie Nichols  
2121 S. 49th St.  
Kansas City, KS 66106

Gwendalyn is also available to score any song upon request.

## KEY: A SHORT MUSIC LESSON

1. The periodic barlines mark **A MEASURE** of music.
2. Vocal (sung) music with a single melody line is usually written in treble clef. Treble clef is also called G clef. The swirl goes around the G. (the second line from the bottom)
3. Treble clef notes
  - a. Lines starting from bottom: **E G B D F**  
To remember: **Every Good Boy Does Fine**
  - b. Spaces from bottom: **F A C E**
4. Bass clef is also called F clef. The dots are on either side of the line for F (the second line from the top) See Viking Yule
  - a. Lines starting from bottom: **G B D F A**  
To remember: **Good Boys Do Fine Always**
  - b. Spaces from bottom: **A C E G**
5. The numbers appearing to the right of the treble clef indicate **TIME SIGNATURE**. This does not necessarily mean how fast to take the song. This just tells you how many beats are in a measure.
  - a.  $4/4$  or **C** = 4 beats in a measure, and the quarter note gets one beat.  $\phi$  = cut time - too fast to count in 4, so count in 2. See Ivar's Merry Men.
  - b.  $2/4$  = 2 beats in a measure, and the quarter note gets one beat. See If I Was An Apple Red.
  - c.  $6/8$  = 6 beats in a measure, the eighth note gets one beat. (See For Crown and For Kingdom, and Duke of the Northmarch) (Tip: the eight notes are grouped together so that the  $6/8$  measure can be counted in 2 or 3. Both of these pieces should be counted in 2.)
6. To the right of the time signature you have the **KEY SIGNATURE**. This means the song is based on a certain note. 9 times out of 10 (more than that in medieval music) the melody line will end on that note.
  - a. (nothing) = Key of C major (middle note on piano)
  - b. B $\flat$  = Key of F major
  - c. F $\sharp$  = Key of G major

Example: A key is a series of 8 notes. For the Key of C major, start on the middle note on a piano, and play 8 white notes with your right hand to the right. Notes on the piano go from A to G. So start on C: C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C. This is the key of C.

Example: For the Key of F major: start on F, the fourth white note on the piano. F, G, A, B $\flat$ , C, D, E, F. This is the key of F.

Exception:

B $\flat$  = Key of D MINOR:

Start on D, the second white note on the piano. D, E, F, G, A, B $\flat$ , C, D. A minor key has a more hollow sound than a major key. The third note in the scale is always flatted. (in D major the F would be sharped).

These are the songs in a minor key:

Lift Up Your Shield	-	A minor
Ivar's Merry Men	-	C minor
The Helmsman	-	D minor
The Fairy Lover	-	E minor
The Tain	-	D minor
For Crown and For Kingdom	-	D minor
The Roses	-	D minor
Duke of the Northmarch	-	E minor

7. **Tempo:** Most marching type songs will be at a walking tempo, the quarter note being one step.
8. **Notes:**
- a.  = a whole note (4/4 time, 1 note per measure)
- b.  = a half note (4/4 time, 2 notes per measure)
- c.  = a quarter note (4/4 time, 4 quarter notes per measure, 1 per beat)
- d.  or  = an eighth note (4/4 time, 8 notes per measure, 2 per beat) (Counted "1 and 2 and 3 and 4 and")
- e.  = triplets (3 eighth notes = 1 beat) (see The Helmsman)
- f.  or  = a sixteenth note (4/4 time, 16 notes per measure, 4 per beat)
- g.  = a grace note (very short) leading into a quarter note (see Where Go the Maids)
- h.  = a dotted eighth note is worth one eighth note and one sixteenth note. It is usually grouped with another sixteenth note to equal one beat. See A Thousand Years. Any dotted note is worth one and one-half times the value of the note.

9. **RESTS:**

- a.  = a whole rest (4 beats)
- b.  = a half rest (2 beats) See The Helmsman
- c.  = a quarter rest (1 beat) (See For Crown and For Kingdom)
- d.  = an eighth rest (1/2 beat) (See For Crown and For Kingdom, The Helmsman)
- e.  = a sixteenth rest (1/4 beat) (See For Crown and For Kingdom, The Helmsman)

10. **b** = the FLAT sign. The black note BELOW (to the left on the piano) of the white note of that letter.

11. **#** = the SHARP sign. The black note ABOVE (to the right) of the white note of that letter.

12. Keys on a piano: C, C#, D, D#, E, F, F#, G, G#, A, A#, B, C  
or: C, Db, D, Eb, E, F, Gb, G, Ab, A, Bb, B, C

13.  = a double bar line. (Last verse, stop here)  
Does not always appear at end of song. Sometimes the song will begin with the Chorus, and after the last verse the Chorus is repeated again. See A Thousand Years, For Crown and For Kingdom, The Tain.

14. You may notice there are often notes written below the staff line. Below the Treble clef staff, which, reviewing, the bottom line is E, the space below that is D, the first line below the staff is middle C, the second space below the staff is B, and the second line below the staff is A. See In Calontir We Rust and I Cannot Go To War Today.

15. **REFRAIN** and **CHORUS** mean the same thing. It is a separate section of the song, usually repeated. See If I Was An Apple Red, Ivar's Merry Men.

16.  = **FERMATA** Hold this note longer than normal value, at least one extra beat. (See Duke of the NorthMarch, Have You Seen the Army?)

17.  = **REPEAT** Go back to the beginning of the song. Do not stop singing until double bar line.

18.  = **TIE** Two notes tied together mean that the note is held for the value of both notes. (See The Tain, In Calontir We Rust.)