

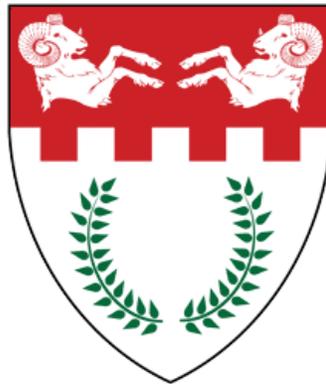
Come sing with us



For Their Excellencies Ramshaven,
and the countless others who enjoy singing by
the fires in Ramshaven.

May they never need shuffle through leaves of pages
and books so many.

This one will get you through.



Note: This book does **not** have all the songs. To carry such a tome would require a war wagon, a troll of good might to pull such a load, perhaps a squire pushing at the back, and at least two literate and well-mannered children to turn the pages. And that's just for one book! Imagine what it would take for us all to have one?

Presented at Fruits of our Labour's 2018

Created by: Baron Penda and Baroness Sibylla

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The Apprentice's Lament

By Master Hector of the Black Heights to the Tune of "The Wild Rover"

I've been an Apprentice for many a year,
I carded much wool and I brewed skunky beer
But now there's my Peer lying dead on the floor
And I never shall be an apprentice no more.

And it's no, nay, never (cite me a source!),
No, nay, never, no more shall I be an apprentice,
No never, no more.

My Laurel took me to a special event;
My last two years' projects to judging were sent.
They asked me for documents, I told them nay,
"I've not tried to research since my high school days."

And it's no, nay, never (cite me a source!),
No, nay, never, no more shall I be an apprentice,
No never, no more.

I pulled out thick binders with copies to spare;
I showed them my primary source for yak hair.
I answered their questions with footnotes galore,
I boggled their minds and left jaws on the floor.

And it's no, nay, never (cite me a source!),
No, nay, never, no more shall I be an apprentice,
No never, no more.

I won the Queen's praises and took the first prize,
My Laurel said "WHAT?" and dropped dead from surprise.
So now I am free, with no Peer to inspire:
I hate to wash cars so I can't be a squire

And it's no, nay, never (cite me a source!),
No, nay, never, no more shall I be an apprentice,
No never, no more.

Arise Young Wolf

By Ollamh Emer nic Aidan

Though great were they who disputed your claim, you defended 'gainst many a lord.
You are the true heir to the wild northlands fair and have proven your fate with your sword.
Accept now the vows of your champions all; be proud of their fame and renown,
Stand bold in your hall; you have conquered them all, and arise to take up your crown.

CHORUS:

Arise young wolf, arise young wolf
Take up the crown of the land:
A crown of might, of fire with light,
And the north star, a jewel in its band.

The Line of the North behind stretches far; the howls of the old wolves still ring;
Now lift your head high, add your voice to their cry, and the young wolves shall echo their king.
The pack is assembled to hunt once again, with a glorious future to win,
In the red of your dawn, you shall lead the pack on, as the banner to all the wolf-kin.

CHORUS

Raise to your lady the Trillium crown; the gems of the north all a-gleam.
No gold or jewels fair, could ever compare, to the beauty of Ealdormere's Queen.
She's the one who inspired the honour you've won, and now trusted to rule in your stead,
She's the Mistress of Grace, and the Patron of Peace, she's the flower to your bright field of red.

CHORUS

Treasure the folk and the lands of the north, for their loyalty never shall tire.
Whether rally them all in a great timber hall, or gathered as friends 'round the fire.
With you as our guide, the North Star shall rise, listening well to the counsel you bring:
The North Star shines now on the mightiest brow, so we'll follow our newly crowned King!

CHORUS x3

Banners of Scarlet

By THL Gwendolyn the Graceful

CHORUS:

**Scarlet, fight for the banners of
Scarlet, fight 'til the fields, they run
Scarlet with blood from the foe.
Heed to the Drum! To battle we go.**

Our King calls: Fight with him proudly!
Our King calls! Rally your forces:
Our King calls. We'll stand by our Crown;
For Æthelmearc march,
do not let him down.

CHORUS

Shieldwall: wide as a mile the
Shieldwall. Shoulder to shoulder the
Shieldwall. The moment is near.
Let loose your war cry;
don't show them your fear.

CHORUS

Longbow: Agincourt's prowess, the
Longbow. Nock and draw strongly your
Longbow, then loose and let fly!
Take the first rank before they draw nigh.

CHORUS

Spearpoints! Dress the line. Hold up your
Spearpoints. Lift them up! Steady your
Spearpoints, a gleaming display
To pierce through the shieldwall
and into the fray.

CHORUS

Honor comes before victory.
Honor: let no one question your
Honor. Remember, my friend:
'Tis Æthelmearc's honor you bear in the end.

CHORUS

Argent: white the escarbuncle
Argent: knight's belt of fealty and
Argent as blades of bright steel
That shall not be sheathed until the foe yields.

CHORUS

Nightfall. We've fought from dawn until
Nightfall. Sit by the fires of
Nightfall: in drink and in song,
Honor the fallen. Remember them long.

FINAL CHORUS:

Scarlet, follow the banners of
Scarlet, follow the white and the
Scarlet, in peace or in war,
We'll stand with our Kingdom forevermore.
Take pride in your Kingdom forevermore.

Bards of Ealdormere

By Mistress Marian of Heatherdale

Come ye bearer of the Rose's Cup,
Favour of a Queen;
Come ye bearer of the Rose's Cup,
Join your voice with me;

Harpers, pipers, fiddlers all, come and gather near;
Come and join the voices of the Bards of Ealdormere.

Come ye bearer of a woven ring,
Token of a Peer;
Come ye bearer of a woven ring,
Give them songs to hear;

Drummers, choirs, poets all, come and gather near;
Come and join the voices of the Bards of Ealdormere.

Come ye bearer of a Northern band,
Symbol of the Bear;
Come ye bearer of a Northern band,
Lift your dream to share;

Lord and Lady, peasant, Peer, come and gather near;
Come and join the voices of the Bards of Ealdormere,
Come and be the voices of the Bards of Ealdormere.

Beowulf Song [Hairy Scary]

By Master Owen Alun

CHORUS 1:

**He was hairy, He was scary, He was very, very, tall,
And each night he ate his fill among the men (clap, clap) of Heorot hall.**

Heorot hall was raised by Hrothgar, he who ruled o'er all this land
And to his hall he gathered all the men (clap, clap) he could command.

He assembled all the heroes, and they drank a lot of mead
And just when they got to boasting that's when Grendel (clap, clap) came to feed.

CHORUS 1

Beowulf heard of this monster, asked permission of his liege
To take his longboat o'er to Denmark sure that he (clap, clap) could lift the siege.

Beowulf met Grendel-monster, ripped his arm off in a fight
Grendel staggered home to mommy, where he died (clap, clap) later that night.

CHORUS 1

In that mead hall back in Denmark hanging high up on a hook
Is the arm of monster-Grendel, stop on by (clap, clap) and take a look.

Grendel's mother came to Heorot, Grendel's arm to take back home
Beo chased her there and slew her in her cave (clap, clap) beneath the foam.

CHORUS 2:

**She was hairier, she was scarier, she was ugly, she was mean
And the flaming lake she lived in was a phos- (clap, clap) –phorescent green**

Beowulf though he is king now his heroics won't give up
Fights a dragon, falls beneath it 'cause his kinsman (clap, clap) stole a cup.

Wiglaf comes to Beo's side as Beo's shield burns away
Wiglaf cries when Beo dies then he writes down (clap, clap) this tragic lay:

CHORUS 3:

**He was harrish, He was scarrish, he was varrish, varrish tall
Und each nacht he ate his fill amongst the men (clap, clap), of Herot Hall!**

The Blazing Scarlet Banner

By Master Hector of the Black Heights,
to the Tune of "Queen of All Argyll"

Back when I was just a stripling
Was when I first saw rippling
Across the fields of Pennsic the points of Eastern
spears
But then I saw beside me
To lead me and to guide me
The blazing scarlet banner of the King of
Ealdormere

CHORUS:

**And if you could have seen us there
Boys, if you had just been there
The sky was full of singing and the foe was full of
fear
In cold winds of September
The foe will all remember
The blazing scarlet banner of the King of
Ealdormere**

They sing the songs of glory
You'll hear the scarlet story
From camp to camp across the South, as far as
Calontir
Of Grimwulf and of Aedan
Whose names set foemen hiding
When they form up the shieldwall for the King of
Ealdormere

CHORUS

We've Sir Finnvarr and we've Kelly
And if the foe's got belly
To stand against Sir Edouard too, then give the foe
a cheer
There's Sir Mordain in Skraeling
Who conquers without failing
Whenever he's commanded by the King of
Ealdormere

CHORUS

And now I am confessing
It's our foe I'm addressing
The one who stands across the field with sword and
shield and spear
I hope your steel you've mastered
Or pity the poor bastard
Who dares to face the banner of the King of
Ealdormere

CHORUS x2

Born on a List field

By Ivar Battleskald

There once was a warrior fresh from the field,
Kneeling before his king he came.
When he arose, he was a knight,
And these words to his king he gave:

I was born on the list-field, I was raised in these
wars
And this day you did make me a knight;
Oh I swear my sword may grow rusted or dull,
But I'll live by my oath 'till I die.

Great grew the knight and much fame did he win,
And never before the foe would yield
Great though the numbers, he ne'er cried defeat
And sang this song behind his shield.

I was born on the list-field, I was raised in these
wars
And one day he did make me a knight;
Oh I swear my sword may grow rusted or dull,
But I'll live by my oath 'till I die.

Old grew the knight, and retired from the field,
The king said no more would he be called.
But honour and duty the old knight knew well,
And to his king he did say:

I was born on the list-field, I was raised in these
wars
And one day you did make me a knight;
Oh I swear my sword may grow rusted or dull,
But I'll live by my oath 'till I die.

War wracked the kingdom – the King was in flight
The knights could no longer win the day,
When on to the field rode that old aged knight,
And to his brother-knights did say:

You were born on the list-field, you were raised in
these wars
And one day he did make you all knights;
Oh you swore your swords may grow rusted or dull,
But you'll live by your oaths 'till you die.

The King's men were rallied – the foe put to flight,
The time came to count the hurt and slain.
The found that old knight ringed-round by dead
foes,
And these last words were his to claim:

I was born on the list-field, I was raised in these
wars
And one day he did make me a knight;
Oh I fear my sword has grow rusted or dull,
But I've lived by my oath 'till I died.

Bow to the Crown

By Mistress Marian of Heatherdale

CHORUS:

Bow to the Crown

Bow to the Throne

And Bow to the one whose favour you own

Remember their eyes are watching the fray

Then Bow to each other and fight as you may

Honour the Crown

And think on their duty

The Champions of Right and of all we should be

The greatest of burdens, the highest renown

The first ones the rise and the last to lie down

CHORUS

Honour the one

Whose favour you bear

And strive in their honour to ever be fair

And think on their faith when the battle's begun

And let them be proud of whatever you've won

CHORUS

Honour your foe

And keep your aim true

Remember they fight with the same heart as you

Trust in their judgment of all that you throw

For they are a part of the valour you show

CHORUS x2

Call the Names

By Mistress Marian of Heatherdale

Call the names of the foemen who've fallen, Let them be carried like seeds on the wind
Call the names of the kinsmen who've followed, Let them be jewels in the crown of our King.

Gather the sheaves of the harvest-time lightly, Many a day will they strengthen our kin,
Gather the sheaves of the arrowshafts tightly, Many a battle their feathers will win.

Call the names of the foemen who've fallen, Let them be carried like seeds on the wind
Call the names of the kinsmen who've followed, Let them be jewels in the crown of our King.

Sharpen the blades of the axe-workers' cutting, Many a timber will strengthen our hall,
Sharpen the blades that are ready for blooding, Many a the fray when the foemen will fall

Call the names of the foemen who've fallen, Let them be carried like seeds on the wind
Call the names of the kinsmen who've followed, Let them be jewels in the crown of our King.

Fashion the Spears for the winter months' hunting, Many a beast will they bring to the spit,
Fashion the Spears for the battle-rush running, Many an army will fear where they hit.

Call the names of the foemen who've fallen, Let them be carried like seeds on the wind
Call the names of the kinsmen who've followed, Let them be jewels in the crown of our King.

Call the names of the foemen who've fallen, Let them be carried like seeds on the wind
Call the names of the kinsmen who've followed, Let them be jewels in the crown of our King.

Captain, Oh Captain

By Mistress Ambra Michelli

Captain, oh Captain, there's trouble, I fear
From over the hillside an army's appeared
The castle's surrounded for more than a mile
And it looks like they're planning to stay for a while.

Keep the gate bolted, our banner on high,
And caution the sentries to keep a sharp eye!
The men of this castle are sturdy and tough
We're loyal and brave when the going is rough!

Captain, oh Captain, there's trouble, I fear
Our walls still stand firm, but I see no help near
Our storerooms are empty, down to the bare rock
And the cook has just roasted your favorite hawk!

Keep the gate bolted, our banner on high
And spice well my goshawk that ne'er more shall fly!
The men of this castle are sturdy and tough
We're loyal and brave when the going is rough!

Captain, oh Captain, there's trouble, I fear
The siege still continues, our peril is clear-
For though we have weapons in plenty, it's true,
The last of the rats has been made into stew!

Keep the gate bolted, our banner on high
We will not surrender, though death may be nigh!
The men of this castle are sturdy and tough
We're loyal and brave when the going is rough!

Captain, oh Captain, there's trouble, I fear
The brewers have told me—we've run out of BEER!
Lower the drawbridge! Let them do their worst!
We're loyal and brave, except when we THIRST!

*Grabbed from the Iron Heart CD

Come and Be Welcome

By Ollamh Emer nic Aidan

Come and be welcome O wandering minstrel
Spreading your music from city to town
Be you harper or piper, your duty is noble
You carry the tunes that will never die down.

CHORUS:

Come from the forest and sit 'round the fire
Come from the fields and enter our hall –
Come drink from the guest-cup, come join in our
circle
Come and be welcome, ye bards, one and all!

Come and be welcome O noble court-poet
The treasure of wisdom is kept in your words
So unlock the riches of rhyme and of rhythm,
And let all the wealth of your wisdom be heard

CHORUS

Come and be welcome O fair-voiced singer
Weaving the magic of music along
You can thunder the heavens to raise up an army
Or simply bring laughter and peace with a song.

CHORUS

Come and be welcome O rare taleteller
With stories of wonder you wisely recall
Now tell of the heroes that live in our history
For tales that are true are the best of them all.

CHORUS

Come and be welcome, O fireside drummer
With rhythms that echo the beat of the heart
Now waken the music and call to the dancers
The drum's beating pulse is a signal to start.

CHORUS

Come and be welcome wherever you hail from
Share all the secrets and joys of your Art
For every new voice that joins in the chorus
Uplifts the spirit and cheers the heart.

CHORUS x2

* We usually start the circle with this one.

Come and Sing, Ealdormere

By Lady Christiana de Mundegumri, to the tune of “Chuaigh Me 'Na Rosann”

Come and sing Ealdormere songs

Let your voices and hearts come along,

Sing the old ones, the new ones, alike.

Let your wolf cubs sing out in the night

For our Baroness does love a good song

And her heart wells as we go along

For where else can a wolf tame the lamb

Come to Ealdormere and behold the white Ram.

Come and sing Ealdormere songs

Let your voices and hearts come along,

Sing the old ones, the new ones, alike.

Let your wolf cubs sing out in the night

Shall we sing of a victory bold

Or a knight's tale of treasures untold

Sing to honour the red and the white

As we rest our weary army for the night.

Come and sing Ealdormere songs

Let your voices and hearts come along,

Sing the old ones, the new ones, alike.

Let your wolf cubs sing out in the night

Come and sing Ealdormere songs

Let your voices and hearts come along,

Sing the old ones, the new ones, alike.

Let your wolf cubs sing out in the night

Come to Ealdormere

By Baroness Sibylla of Glyndmere, to the tune of “Come by the Hills”

Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free
And stand where the peaks meet the sky
And the locks meet the sea
Where rivers run clear
And the bracken is gold in the sun
And the cares of tomorrow can wait
‘til this day is done

Come gather near in the land we call Ealdormere
And stand with the King and the Queen
And with those you hold dear
We are armored that’s true
And the archers stand bold in the sun
And the cares and the worries of war
Are all in good fun

Come by the fire gather round with the Heralds and Bards
Listen for the twists in the tales
And the stories so far
Where legends are kept
And the voices all carry as one
And the past can be borrowed and filked
So it can be sung

So come, join the fun in the land we call Ealdormere
And feast with peasants and the crowns
Raise your cups in good cheer
Where tunics are worn
With a trim the catches the sun
And the cares of tomorrow can wait
‘til the drink is all gone
And the cares of tomorrow can wait
‘til the drink is all gone

*First stanza; a direct copy of an Irish/Scottish ditty by Gordon Smith who allegedly borrowed the tune from a Celtic tune called “Buachail ón Éirne”)

The Gaelic version has nothing to do with the English...

Cruiscin Lan

Traditional

Let the farmer praise his grounds
Let the huntsman praise his hounds
Let the shepherd praise his dewy-scented lambs
But I, more wise than they, spend each night and happy day
With me charming little krishkin lan, lan, lan,
With me charming little krishkin lan.

CHORUS:

**Oh grahm a cream a krushkin,
Schlantsa gal ma voornen
Graham a cream a krushkin lan, lan, lan,
Graham a cream a krushkin lan.**

Immortal and divine, great Bacchus, god of wine
Create me by adoption, make me your son
In hopes you may comply, may me glass ne'er run dry
Nor me darlin' Krushkin lan, lan, lan,
Nor me darlin' Krushkin lan.

CHORUS

Now when grim death appears
In a few but happy years
He'll say, "Oh won't you come along with me?"
I'll say, "Begone you knave, for King Bacchus gave me leave
For to fill another krushkin lan, lan, lan."
For to fill another krushkin lan.

CHORUS

So fill your glasses high
Let's not part so dry
Tho' the lark proclaims
It is the dawn and since we can't remain
May we shortly meet again
To share another krushkin lan, lan, lan
To share another krushkin lan.

CHORUS

Diggy Diggy Hole

By Their Excellencies' special request
Lyrics by: Yogscast (a minecraft song)

Brothers of the mine rejoice,
Swing, swing, swing with me.
Raise your pick and raise your voice,
Sing, sing, sing with me.
Down and down into the deep,
Who knows what we'll find beneath?
Diamonds, rubies, gold and more,
Hidden in the mountain store.

Born underground, suckled from a teat of stone,
Raised in the dark, the safety of our mountain
home,
Skin made of iron, steel in our bones,
To dig and dig makes us free,
Come on brothers sing with me.

I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,
Diggy diggy hole, diggy diggy hole,
I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,
Diggy diggy hole, digging a hole.

The sunlight will not reach this low,
Deep, deep in the mine.
Never seen the blue moon glow,
Dwarves won't fly so high.
Fill a glass and down some mead,
Stuff your bellies at the feast,
Stumble home and fall asleep,
Dreaming in our mountain keep.

Born underground,
grown inside a rocky womb,
The earth is our cradle,
the mountain shall become our tomb,
Face us on the battlefield,
you will meet your doom,
We do not fear what lies beneath,
We can never dig too deep.

I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,
Diggy diggy hole, diggy diggy hole,
I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,
Diggy diggy hole, digging a hole,
I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,
Diggy diggy hole, diggy diggy hole,
I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,
Diggy diggy hole, digging a hole.

Born underground, suckled from a teat of stone,
Raised in the dark, the safety of our mountain
home,
Skin made of iron, steel in our bones,
To dig and dig makes us free,
Come on brothers sing with me.

I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,
Diggy diggy hole, diggy diggy hole,
I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,
Diggy diggy hole, digging a hole,
I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,
Diggy diggy hole, diggy diggy hole,
I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,
Diggy diggy hole, digging a hole!

Ealdornerian Steel

[Atlantian Steel]

By Mistress Ambra Michelli, with liberties taken to
replace Atlantian with Ealdornerian

Our might has been questioned by enemy blades
And so we now stand here together
Off in the distance our foemen await
As we don our mail and our leather
Soon shall the field of this dark battle quake
And we then take arms into the fray
Soon shall our blades taste the blood of our foes
But first, heed the words I would say

**Keep both your arm and your mind ever steady,
As sharp as Ealdornerian steel
Show them your arrows and blades. At the
ready!
Show them your courage is real.
And as they lay dying, food for the Crows,
Let them die fearing Ealdornerian blows!**

Hold or Advance, but never retreat
Show them the meaning of battle
Heed not the voice that would herald defeat
Drive them before you like cattle
And let them drink deep from the chalice of death
And let the draught flow bitter black
For any who challenge the rule of our King,
Let us vow they shall never march back!

**Keep both your arm and your mind ever steady,
As sharp as Ealdornerian steel
Show them your arrows and blades. At the
ready!
Show them your courage is real.
And as they lay dying, food for the Crows,
Let them die fearing Ealdornerian blows!**

A word to the foe with the wisdom to hear
Turn vessels of war from our homeland
Be greeted as allies, be welcomed as friends
But tempt not the ire of our strong hand!
For if in your arrogance you would unfurl
A standard of challenge on high,
We'll send it back bloody, for no blackguard's flag
Shall darken Ealdornere's sky!

**Chorus:
Keep both your arm and your mind ever steady,
As sharp as Ealdornerian steel
Show them your arrows and blades. At the
ready!
Show them your courage is real.
And as they lay dying, food for the Crows,
Let them die fearing Ealdornerian blows!**

Death, Doom, and Gloom

[This Song is from Calontir]

By Master Cerian Cantwr

CHORUS:

**Death, Doom and Gloom,
Misery, Sorrow and Fear,
Destruction, Heartache, and Tragic Loss:
This Song is from Calontir.**

Everyone slit their own wrists,
Or fall upon their own blade.
Nobody lives, nobody loves,
And nobody ever gets...

CHORUS

Heroes mighty and brave,
Hopeless the odds they've defied.
All of their valour does come to naught.
In the end, everybody has died.

CHORUS

Beautiful maidens galore,
Some of them virtuous, some not.
Whether saintly or sinful, their end is the same –
They lie in a churchyard pot.

CHORUS

No matter the spears on the hill,
Or how hard the shieldwall strives,
The Saxons lose Hastings again and again –
And nobody ever survives.

CHORUS

Both the betrayer and the betrayed,
Both the evil and the good,
Whether moral or "im", "ose" or more;
All of them are now Kaput.

CHORUS

Dusk and Dawn

By Ollamh Emer nic Aiden

Bright are the oars of the fiery ship
That is traveling into the west
Bearing the knowledge of long days past
To enlighten the Isles of the Blest
Gentle the fingers of rosy-hued dawn
Sharp the bright sword of the sun
Rising together the glorious light
Of a new day of promise begun

CHORUS:

**The mead flows gold as the setting sun
The wine flows red as the dawn
Raise a toast to a new day begun
And sing praise of the old day gone.**

Hard was the work for the sweet golden mead
Of the bees 'midst the Northern flowers
While peaceful the slumber of deep purple grapes
That have ripened in long Southern hours
Now is the time for the mead to be poured
As the drowsy bees seek out their rest
Now is the time for the wine to be poured
For the harvest has brought in the best

CHORUS

Autumn came clothed in riches and jewels
Leaves shining with amber and gold
The harvest-wealth ever reflected in fires
Burning brightly to counter the cold
Reflected the blaze of autumn still shines
In the warm amber light of the spring
Who knows what riches, with blossom and bloom
The passage of seasons shall bring?

CHORUS

The Ealdormere Song

[known as The “E” Song]

By Master Hector of the Black Heights

Oh, I'll sing you one-o
Hey, hey, the wolves will bay
What is your one-o?
One for the land of Ealdormere, and evermore shall be so.

Oh, I'll sing you two –o
Hey, hey, the wolves will bay
What is your two-o?
Two, two myself and you we were the scarlet proudly
And one for the land of Ealdormere, and evermore shall be so.

Oh, I'll sing you three –o
Hey, hey, the wolves will bay
What is your three-o?
Three, three, for Their Majesties.... Whoop!
Two, two myself and you we were the scarlet proudly
And one for the land of Ealdormere, and evermore shall be so.

*Carry on in above fashion going through all of the numbers and finishing with;

Ten for a Crown of Northern gold
Nine for the hundred archers
Eight for the bastard Viking
Seven for the Northern households
Six for the Northern baronies
Five for the Old Duke Finnvarr
Four for Their Royal Highnesses
Three, three, for Their Majesties
Two, two myself and you, we wear the scarlet proudly
And one for the land of Ealdormere, and evermore shall be so.

*Note that these verses are the Post Crown II version. There are other versions

Fight Song for Queen Dagmar

[We Rise for Ealdormere]

By Widow Kate, Lady of the Lake

CHORUS (Sing 2x):

We rise, we rise to battle
We rise for Ealdormere

We fight for Crown and we fight for Throne
We fight for the Kingdom we call our home
We fight for the Queen we love so dear
And all for the honour of Ealdormere.

CHORUS

When daylight comes we don our gear
To fight for the glory of Ealdormere
We fight with valour and with good cheer
We fight with honour and have no fear.

CHORUS

We follow our King where he would lead
We fight in his name and we succeed
We fight all day long and when War is done
We'll know we fought well and we had good fun

CHORUS

We rise... for Ealdormere!

Follow Us on to Glory

By THL Dietrich von Sachsen, to the tune of
“Follow Me up to Carlo”

Harken now unto my words,
I sing of Eald'mere's western lords,
Of their green lands and mighty hoards,
With gold and silver laden.
Gentles all, kind and brave,
Skilled with pen and voice and blade
Who make the foe-men all afraid,
The folk of bold Ramshaven!

CHORUS:

**Curse and swear, run in fear,
Rams will do whate'er they dare,
Now ye Southrons have a care,
And quake before our fury.
Up with polearm, out with sword,
On we'll go, with flags unfurled,
At the foe; we've given the word,
Follow us on to glory!**

See our bright swords in the Van,
Charging forward 'cross the land,
See all the children of the Ram
Beneath our banners Scarlet.
We are born of fighting stock,
We'll hold firm like a rock,
And give the foe-men quite a shock,
When we throw down the gauntlet!

CHORUS

From Tor Brant to Trino',
Does our fame and repute grow,
Of Welfengau and Bryniau
Our deeds with glory blazing!
When in forge or in the field,
Our brave folk take up the shield,
And we never shall flee or yield,
From where the Rams take haven!

CHORUS x2

Glenworple

From Front and Rear; A Collection of Canadian Serviceman's Songs of WW2, with additional Ealdormere Verses

There's a braw fine clan o'lads as ilka man should ken
They are de'ils at the fichtin', they have clured a sicht o'men
They have suppit muckle whuskey when to ceildh they gang ben
The hielan' men of braw Glenwhorple!

CHORUS (after each verse):

**Heught! Glenwhorple, hielan' men,
great strong whuskey-suckin' hielan' men,
They were hard-workin', hairy-leggit hielan' men,
Slainte mhor*, Glenwhorple!**

They were founded by McAdam, who of all the men was first
He resided in Glen Eden and he pipit fit tae burst
Wi' a fig-leaf for a sporran and a perfect hielan' thirst
Till he stoll away the apple from Glenwhorple!

When the waters o'the deluge drookit all the whole world o'er
The chieftain of the clan y'know his name was Sean McNoah
So a muckle boat he biggit and he sheckit up the door
And he sailed away from drooned Glenwhorple!

McNoah sent a piper out to see if there was land
He came back wi' an empty whuskey bottle in each hand
But they couldna comprihend him, he was fu' ye understand
For he found a public house aboon the water!

There was a jock named Joshua, a Sapper he by trade
He went awa' to Jericho aboon a muckle raid
And the walls they went a-tumblin', and with loot the lads were paid
For the sapping and the mining in Glenwhorple!

*The pronunciation is "slansche va"

Home, aka Song of the Northern Wanderers

By Master Hector of the Black Heights

CHORUS (Sung after Every Verse):

**I'm going home, home, home to the Northlands,
Home, home, home to Ealdormere
I'm going home, home, home to the Northlands
Home, home, home to Ealdormere**

Farewell to the ladies of distant Ruantallan,
Farewell to the maids of Atlantia's shore,
We sail with the tide to return to the Northlands
And your pretty smiles I'll be seeing no more

I've sailed through deep fog on the broad Eastern ocean,
I've seen the far west coast where white wavetops fall
But I'd lose the world to return to the Northlands,
To stand once again in my Prince's great hall

I've heard of great treasures that Southron men covet,
Caid to Trimaris, they search high and low;
The richest of riches awaits in the Northlands,
To forest and glen and blue rivers I go.

My heart has found friends through the miles of the Midrealm,
From Northshield's expanse to the great Oaken Plain,
But ever my wandering eye finds the North Star
and ever in Ealdormere I would remain

My sword has won battles, my bow has won honour,
My shield's scarlet field has blazed bold as the dawn
But now my heart longs to hear songs of the Northlands
So steer by the North Star and let us be gone.

Swift home speed the Northmen from lands strange and distant,
Riding the waves like the gulls ride the spray;
My heart cannot wait for first sight of the Northlands
So bend your backs harder and haul it away!

Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl

Traditional

CHORUS: (Sung after each verse)

**Landlord fill the flowing bowl
until it doth run over,
Landlord fill the flowing bowl
until it doth run over,
For tonight we'll merry merry be, (x3)
Tomorrow we'll be sober.**

Here's to the man drinks water pure
and goes to bed quite sober,
Here's to the man drinks water pure
and goes to bed quite sober,
Falls as the leaves do fall, (x3)
He'll die before October!

Here's to the man who drinks strong ale
and goes to bed quite mellow,
Here's to the man who drinks strong ale
and goes to bed quite mellow,

Lives as ought to live, (x3)
He'll die a jolly old fellow!

Here's to the lad who steals a kiss
and runs to tell his mother,
Here's to the lad who steals a kiss
and runs to tell his mother,
Does a very foolish thing, (x3)
For he'll not get another!

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
and stays to steal another,
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
and stays to steal another,
She's a boon to all mankind (x3)
For soon she'll be a mother!

The Kingdom That Sings

By Lady Osc of the Harbours, to the tune of "Spanish Ladies"

Our bards are the fame and the glory of Ealdormere
Golden-voiced ladies and silver-tongued kings
But we who can't carry a tune in a bucket
We too are a part of the Kingdom That Sings!

CHORUS (sung after each verse):

**We'll hoist up our tankards, we'll pound on the tables
We'll cry out "Wassail!" till the feasting hall rings
We'll howl like the wolves and we'll wake up the neighbours
We'll lift up our voices for the Kingdom That Sings!**

Our warriors sing as we march into battle
In scarlet and steel shining polished and proud
We may not be strictly on key or in rhythm
But none can deny we are fearsomely loud!

We may mumble the verses and fumble the chorus
And possibly hurt the occasional ear
And yell out the rude bits and burst out in laughter
For there's none like the North when it comes to good cheer!

We'll sing of the way that our hearts make their home here
Of the wolf and the sword, and the Trillium Throne
For everyone's worthy and everyone's welcome
And we're better in chorus than singing alone!

The Least of My Kind

By Cat Faber

Covered in dirt and mud, aching and spitting blood,
Cursing, you stir to rise and groan.
Muffled in yet-to-come mutters a battle drum
Wolves don't usually walk alone.

CHORUS:

**Think on the battle-cost; this time the wolf has lost
Beaten and broken and blind.
Better beware, my lord; better prepare, my lord
I was the least of my kind.**

Prying the blade so cold out of my fingers' hold,
Pause to take stock, reflect and rue.
Look on the damage done here by a single one;
What do you think a full pack will do?

CHORUS

Stumbling I came by chance, joining in battle's dance
Slain in a fight I could not win.
Far-off a wolf pack hears; heads turn with pricking ears
Thought you, my lord, that I had no kin?

CHORUS x2

Life Blood

By Mistress Wyndreth Berginsdottir

Drink, for the wind blows cold
And Drink, for the wolf runs free
Drink to the ships with sails like wings
And Drink to the storm-tossed sea.

Drink to the lasting nights
And those who warm our beds
Drink to the mead that warms our hearts
And the cold that clears our heads.

Drink to the Allfather's Eye
For Odin's Sons are we.
Drink to the World-Tree where he hung
And the Runes of Mystery.

Drink the truth of steel
And blood that flows like rain
Drink to Valhalla's golden walls
And drink to our kinsmen slain.

Drink to the glory field
Where a man embraces death
And thank the gods that we live at all
With our joyous dying breath.

Drink for the wind blows cold
And Drink for the wolf runs free
Drink to the ships with sails like wings
For Odin's Sons are we!

Light of the North

By Mistress Marian of Heatherdale

The ones who rule over our fair land of Ealdormere
They reign just and wisely we vouch with good cheer
And no truer lady trod on this good earth
So let the hall ring for the light of the north.

CHORUS:

**Let the hall ring for the princess of Ealdormere
Let the hall ring for the light of the north**

She matches in honor the prince of our Ealdormere
To all of her subjects she lends a fair ear
Lady by grace and princess by worth
So let the hall ring for the light of the north.

CHORUS

She carries a sword for the honor of Ealdormere
Before her in battle our foes flee in fear
With her inspiration our heroes charge forth
So let the hall ring for the light of the north

CHORUS x2

Lyda's Song

[Not-So-Innocent-Viking-Chick]

By THL Dietrich von Sachsen

Come 'round ye Northern nobles, come listen to my song,
I swear to you that it's all true; it won't delay you long.
My friends I tell you truly, should you misplace your purse,
You'd should probably go and check with Lyda Langraksdottir first.

For her eyes are always roaming; her hands are lithe and quick,
For if she sees a treasure, it most certainly will be nicked.
Whether back at home or in the lands of Ram or Bear,
She's truly the greatest pilferer; and to her none compare.

CHORUS:

**She roams the wide northlands, along the Inland Seas,
Looting as she pleases, sending back her ransom fees,
So bend your ear and listen, and I'll tell to you right quick,
I'll sing of everyone's favourite Not-So-Innocent Viking Chick.**

Her tale begins in earnest, when Quilliam was King,
He had a mighty keg of ale for the night's drinking,
Lyda rolled that keg away under his very nose,
And the King at first blamed Baudouin and the pair near came to blows.

So when the King went searching for his stolen beer,
He ransacked all the camps in a manner cavalier,
But when he got to Lyda, though that keg was plain in view
Lyda ran the King in circles until quarter after two.

CHORUS

There is a lovely Viking lass, her name it is Mjoll,
'Twas of the House of Glyndmere until Lyda had her stole.
Lyda claimed she'd bought her, for a shiny rock,
But Penda, he'd been swindled, and he called the whole deal crock.

They sent some poor fool to try to fetch Mjoll back,
Lyda had her many thralls toss him in a sack,
And to this tale she's added insult to injury,
For that fool's name was Dietrich, and of course that would be ME.

CHORUS

Once there was a Baron, as black as black could be.
He had his noble likeness done up in puppetry.
Lyda swiped that puppet; and before she'd set it free,
The Baron would have to pay to her a great big bottle of mead.

She left an unsigned ransom note, for she was quite clever.
'Twas written in bad runic, so that none would suspect her.
The Baron had to pay up; she got her bottle of mead,
And the Baron blamed the Skraels so Lyda got away scot-free.

CHORUS

Nothing in our land is safe, not crown, nor sword, nor purse.
So when she had Naga's son, Shiomi feared the worst,
To stop this fate from happening, with hands both deft and quick,
She pilfered Lyda's pendant should the boy Lyda nick.

Now Lyda says these days are done, she claims she is retired,
But I'll never believe that tale; in fact I call her liar.
I know in these very lands held by Ard Chreag,
She nicked a golden cross and flogged it off for mercenaries.

CHORUS

So now I have to leave you all, so now I have to go.
Lyda's unleashed her Kraken, no doubt to lay me low.
But do not fear for my health, for if she comes after me...
Well I'll chuck some plastic spiders over my shoulder as I flee!

CHORUS x2

Oh, Beware of everyone's favourite Not-So-Innocent Viking Chick!

My Old Man

Anonymous

My old man's a fighter, What do you think about that
He wears a fighter's tabard, he wears a fighter's hat
He wears a fighting tunic, and he wears fighter's
shoes,
And every day at Pennsic, he reads the daily news.

CHORUS:

**And some day, (and some day) if I can, (if I can)
I'm going to be a fighter, Just like my old man.
Dum dum dum dum, dum dum dum dum...**

My old man's a Baron, What do you think about that
He wears a Baron's tabard, he wears a Nice gold hat
He wears a Baron's tunic, and he wears Leather shoes,
And every day at Pennsic, some one reads him the
news.
I'm going to be a Baron, Just like my old man.

My old man's the king, What do you think about that
He wears a kingdom tabard, he wears a pointy hat
He wears embroidered tunics, and he wears pointy
shoes,
And every day at Pennsic, He makes the front page
news
I'm going to be the king, Just like my old man.

My old man's a herald, What do you think about that
He wears a heralds tabard, he wears a wide brim hat
He wears a nice green tunic, and he wears sensible
shoes,
And every day at Pennsic, He shouts the daily news.
I'm going to be a herald, And shout at my old man.

My old man's a merchant, What do you think about
that
He'll sell you any tabard, he'll sell you any hat
He'll sell you any tunic, he'll sell his mother's shoes,
And every day at Pennsic, His children shout,
PENNSIC INDEPENDANT, ONLY FIFTY CENTS
I'm going to be a MERCHANT, And sell you my old
man.

My old man's a Pelican, What do you think about that
He'll help you make a tabard, he'll help you buy a hat
He'll help you sew a tunic, he'll help you cobble shoes,
And every day at Pennsic, He helps put out the News
I'm going to be a Pelican, And help out my old man.

My old man's a Tuchuk, What do you think about that
He doesn't own a tabard, he has a fake fur hat
He doesn't wear a tunic, he hasn't any shoes,
And every day at Pennsic, He eats the daily News
I don't want to be a Tuchuk, No, not like my old man.

My old man's a Laurel, What you think about that?
He wears a completely authenticated, fully
documented tabard,
And a completely authenticated, fully documented
hat,
And a completely authenticated, fully documented
tunic,
And completely authenticated, fully documented
shoes,
And every day at Pennsic, He refuses to read the
Pennsic Dailie Tidings because his Persona would not
have been able to understand English.
I'm going to be a Laurel, And criticize my old man.

My old man's a stick jock, What you think about that?
He wears faded blue jeans, he wears a baseball hat
He wears a dirty tee shirt, and white Nike Shoes
And every day at Pennsic, he Fights.
I'm going to be a stick jock, and beat up my old man

Northern Queen

By Master Garraed Galbraith

CHORUS (Sung after each verse):

**And its one - For the leavin'
Two - I must go.
Three for the wishin', Ah! What for you'll never
know?
'Cause at five o'clock we hit the dock.
We'll never more be seen.
For we sail away, at the break of day
To serve our Northern Queen.**

Come gather round you ladies
Come listen to my song
My story is a simple tale
That won't delay you long
On how to choose your Mistress
The true love of your life
If you list right well to the tale I'll tell
It'll save you all from strife

CHORUS

I've always been a rover.
Could never settle down.
I had a lass in every port,
A girl in every town.
But when they tried my heart to claim
I'd have to tell them no
For the inland sea would beckon me
And off to her I'd go.

CHORUS

And then one day I saw her,
The lass I'd call my own
Although she loved another
Who beside her sat the throne
I entered in her service
But she sent me far away
So now I roam the inland seas
And to you all I say:

CHORUS

So when you find your lady
Make sure her heart is free
And pray she loves no other man
Or else you soon may see
That women can be fickle
Just like the ocean green.
My tale is done, now I must run
To serve my Northern Queen.

CHORUS

Northern Virtues

By Ollamh Emer nic Aidan

In a far southern wood stood a fair Unicorn
There he looked to the North of his land bravely born
And espied there a Ram in the chill of the morn
Thought he, 'I would have such strength too'

With small courage at last he timidly asked
'Noble Ram, could I ever be as strong as you?'
'Never fear,' said the Ram, 'for I once was young too
'And by the boldness of the Bear I grew'

Through the Northlands he passed and in strong voice he asked
'Noble Bear could I ever be as strong as you?'"
'Never fear," said the Bear, "for I once was young, too
'And by the wisdom of the Wolf, I grew'

Growing bold to his task to the high seat he asked
'Noble Wolf, could I ever be as strong as you?'
'Never fear," said the Wolf, 'for I once was young, too
'And by the Grace of the Dragon I grew."

With his legacy learned he was ready to start
'Graceful in words and now wise in my art
'Bold in deed and now with a great strength in my heart
'By these virtues of the North I'll grow

'By the Virtues of the North I grow'

The Northern Shores

By Vali inn svartr fleikingr gothi

If you should walk on the northern shores
A distant echo from the fjords
The sorrowful song of the Northmen be heard
Harken now and hear their dirge.

Born of the blood of giants and gods
Raised in houses of timber and sod
Died on the battlefield sword in my hand
Such is the way of the warrior band.

Many a time a raidin' went I
Danegeld of silver through my fingers slide
Best spend it all now for one day the grave
How can you live for tomorrow if you may die today.

Foremost in battle – sharp is your spear
The Valkyries ride so you've nothing to fear
If we fall on this day, we answer the call
And drink not but sweet mead in Odin's great hall.

Cattle and men and all things die
On my dragon ship my ashes will fly
On smoke and on flame from the funeral pyre
But the legend lives on told round the fire.

So keep your blade sharp on hostile soil
Give freely to kinsmen from your battle spoils
Show justice ring giver, father sons with your seed
And you'll live on forever in both name and in deed.
And you'll live on forever in this world's memory.

One More

[Eastern Battle Rant]

By Master Hector of the Black Heights

CHORUS:

**One more battle, one more day
One more sword-stroke, one more fray
One more arrow flying free
One more charge then victory**

Once again our banner flies
Once more hear our battle cries
Once again do legends meet
One more foe shall face defeat

CHORUS

Once again the foemen come
Once again their arrows hum
Once again our arrows fly
Once again our shieldwalls cry

CHORUS

Once again the lines advance
Once more shieldmen take their chance
Once more crashes sword on shield
Once more none would think to yield

CHORUS

Once again comes peaceful night
Heroes meet by firelight
Legends new-born, deeds well-told
Until the dawn, serene and bold

CHORUS

One of Us

By Mistress Heather Dale

Before I got to fighting, or when fighting got to me
I looked to find examples on the field of chivalry
And I saw mighty arms much stronger than my arms could ever be
So I thought perhaps the field was not for me

But still I stayed and watched the fighting 'til one figure stood apart
In armor newly fashioned and a helm more pot than art
But each blow was thrown with honour and a lightness of the heart
So I took that step which soon became a start

CHORUS:

**'Cause she was not the biggest fighter nor one to raise a fuss
But I remember being proud that she was one of us
And we might never stand together in the shield-wall side by side
But because of her I lift my sword with pride**

She was ladylike and lively, not the type you would expect
With a braver heart than many and a slot-shot to respect
I guess she'd once decided this was where she'd like to be
And I thought if she could do it, why not me

CHORUS

So now as I gather armor, bits and pieces here and there,
I think about examples: how you act, and what you dare
'Cause you never know who's watching or how far that story goes
And where'er that Lady is I hope she knows

CHORUS

One Voice

By Mistress Alyce de Sheppy

CHORUS:

**One Voice, alone in the dark
Sings one voice, to stir the heart
Two voices join with the one
Hear the wolves bay beneath northern sun.**

Who lives now, who remembers the past?
Do legends grow faint and are stories lost?
Can names be forgotten while memories last?
While hearts still hold those memories fast?

CHORUS

In far northern reaches beyond the great sea
Lie the halls of the northmen born strong and free
Come in from the dark there you will see
How fast the past and the present can be.

CHORUS

The elder folk sit close round the fire
And sing of the heroes that our hearts inspire.
We live in sound of the drum and the lyre
We live by the tales that set hearts afire.

CHORUS

They sing of the dragon, great wrym of the south
The fearsome wild beast that mothered the north.
They sing of the days when our name had no worth
And tell of the trials that gave our land birth.

CHORUS

Their stories tell of brothers so bold
Of the falcon free in purple and gold
Of the griffon that roams in the far snowy cold
And the wolf that bays wild in the forests old.

CHORUS

Princes were born who now rule as kings
Proud line of the north of whom the bards sing
Fair queens now stand in the Trillium ring
The strength and the grace of far northlands they sing.

CHORUS

In the forefront of battle our warriors belong
In the times of peace we raise voice to the song
Each day our wolf's heart ever grows strong
Each night our halls sound with laughter and song.

CHORUS

Our memories are treasure, our memories are gold
And so in our hearts such treasure we hold.
Sing the new songs and sing the songs old
And fill our hearts with our legacy bold.

CHORUS x2

The Pennsic Blues

By Master Hector of the Black Heights

Well we have slimy boots, and we have slimy socks.

We got a slimy cup inside our slimy jocks,

And in our heads we must have slimy rocks.

(Bu bu bu bu bum)

This ain't vacation this is war.

Well we got armour plating on our heads.

The merchant called it steel but I'm sure that it's lead

And in half an hour we're gonna be dead.

(Bu bu bu bu bum)

This ain't vacation, this is war.

But we got songs for singing and helms for ringing,

Tales for telling and tents for dwelling,

Swords for killing and ladies for thrilling,

And ain't that what it's for (Ba da da)

Well we have slimy boots, and we have slimy socks.

We got a slimy cup inside our slimy jocks,

And in our heads we must have slimy rocks. (Bu bu bu bu bum)

This ain't vacation, this is war.

Pierre and Marianne

By Mistress Marian of Heatherdale

There was a fair and youthful man Called Pierre LeBlanc was he
Who loved a girl called Marianne Who lived in far Paris

One day there came by messenger A letter in her hand
That begged him come and marry her And travel across the land

"Ho-ho!" said Pierre, "my fortune's fair My lady calls to me"
He packed his bags upon his mare And off on the quest went he

Once in Province he met by chance A man whose back was bare
"Good sir," said he, "come pity me I have not a stitch to wear

I'll offer for your threadbare cloak This blessed and rare acorn
That grows into a silver oak Sure as the Lord was born

"Ho-ho!" said Pierre, "my fortune's fair To own such a useful tree"
He tucked it safe in his underwear And went of cloaklessly

As Pierre rode on he chanced upon A man who came beside
"Good sir," said he, "it saddens me to see that poor beast you ride

That nag won't carry you a mile Then she'll be surely dead
To save you trouble give her here I'll give you this ass instead"

"Ho-ho!" said Pierre, "my fortune's fair To dodge a calamity"
So off he went on the donkey's back To travel towards Paris

As Pierre approached the city gates A beggar raised a cry
"By God it is the King of France!" And bowed as Pierre rode by

"Your majesty I know it's you Though you don't wear your crown
For royal men ride as you do A-jouncing up and down

"Ho-ho!" said Pierre, "my fortune's fair Mistaken for King Louis"
He gave his purse with a lofty air For the beggar's flattery

As Pierre rode down the Paris street Waving left and right
Marianne came out to greet Her bold and shining knight

"My dear, I bring you my good ass I'm told I ride it well
I've got a gift in my underwear We'll share at the wedding bell"

"Ho-ho," said she, "my fortune's fair To find such a lusty man"
So with their wedding ends the tale Of Pierre and Marianne

The Poachers Song

By Ollamh Emer nic Aidan

In Harold's time the hunt was fine and the birds did sweetly sing
Then the bastard came and all the game became the right of the king
But English lads saw sport to be had and swift to poaching turned
And so in that way have we even today our pleasant supper earned

CHORUS:

**One for the partridge, two for the hare, and three for the buck and doe
The hunting of the good king's game shall feed us through the snow
One for the partridge, two for the hare, and three for the buck and doe
The hunting of the good king's game shall feed us through the snow**

Seeking deer or hare in the greenwoods fair, the King's own men do ride
But we Saxons few are a-hunting too, though cleverly we hide
Time and again come the sheriff's men chasing poachers round the shire
But our prey we've shot and we'll not get caught as we feast around our fire

CHORUS

Many say that port is the finest sport, that poaching's far too cold
And they pass the year drinking fine dark beer or else some whiskey bold
But they'll find that wine is the thief of time and ale is a bitter foe
And the English man has no better friends than his arrows and his bow

CHORUS

Do not reproach the men who poach within the High King's land
To hunt the game is a noble aim amid our merry band
For Love rare and true is a poacher too catching hearts within her snare
So give me one kiss and I shall not miss As I hunt the greenwoods fair

CHORUS

Ragged-Ass Bastards

[Ephriam's Song]

By Master Hector of the Black Heights

When I was a lad, far too young to see battle,
I rode with the wagons and there earned my way;
Beside other youngsters and grizzled old
greybeards,
None of us then fit to face the fierce fray.
We served at the whim of the old wagon master,
Who lost arm and eye in hard days long fled;
And when our companions marched off to the
fighting,
He turned to his troop and these bold words he said:

**“Come rally round, you ragged-ass bastards,
Let no man forget the day that you fell.
Come rally round, you ragged-ass bastards
And if we must die, then let us die well.”**

I think of the day that our army went marching,
To meet with the foemen some leagues to the north;
With young men and old stood the proud wagon
master,
To guard the king's treasure as he sallied forth.
We stood and we watched as our comrades marched
northward,
We stood and we watched as they slipped from our
sight;
And then the foe's horse came to fall on our
wagons;
Familiar bold words called the trains to the fight.

“Come rally round...”

He stood on the bench of a battered old wagon,
His sword in one hand, his eye on the foes;
Upon his command we encircled the wagons,
And stood to our arms as the foe made to close.
From high on his wagon he gazed on his charges,
On boys and on greybeards whose youth was long
fled;
Our captain saw clear the sure end of this battle,
But how we did cheer as these bold words he said!

“Come rally round...”

The foe formed to charge at our curtain of wagons,
That bristled with spears at an old man's behest;
Three times did they charge and three times we
repelled them,
Old men newly young and young hearts at their
best.
The fourth charge set one against our wagon master,
Hid by a blind eye and no arm for a shield;
'Twas then he was struck but he roared his defiance,
As gallant old blood stained the glorious field.

“Come rally round...”

'Twas I who first reached him and cradled his head
When the foe's horse withdrew to attack us once
more;
He would not surrender his sword nor the treasure,
His King had entrusted him, as oft before.
We waited to fall with our bold wagon master,
When our gallant knights took the foe from the side;
And so I was joined by a King fresh from battle,
To hear an old man say, once more ere he died.

“Come rally round...”

I think on that day and the spurs that a King
Girt on a boy's heels at an old man's behest;
New knight and proud King bent their backs to the
shovel,
To dig a fresh grave for a warrior's rest.
And now I am old and I guard my king's wagons,
With greybeards and boys who've not faced a
man's fears;
I swear on my spurs, if the foe seeks this treasure,
An old man's defiance shall ring 'cross the years!
“Come rally round, you ragged-ass bastards,
Let no man forget the day that you fell.
Come rally round, you ragged-ass bastards
And if we must die, then let us die well.”

The Ramshaven Halberdiers

By THL Dietrich von Sachsen, to the tune of
"British Grenadiers"

Some talk of John of Slaughterfield, and of the
Rozakii's
Sir Hugo and Duke Finnvarr, and such great names
as these.
But of all the knowne world's heroes, there's none
that can compare.
To the tow, row, row, row, row, row, of
Ramshaven's Halberdiers.

Those heroes of battles past ne'er stood in our shield
wall,
Or knew the force of a battle-rush that could slay
their foes withal.
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their
fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for
Ramshaven's Halberdiers.

Whene'er we're called to battle, on the field or
'neath the shade,
Our leaders march with polearms, and we with
shields and blades.
We drive them all before us, and strike them around
the ears.
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for
Ramshaven's Halberdiers.

And when the battle's over, we to our camps retire.
The people all cry, "Look out boys, here comes a
Halberdier!
Here come the Halberdiers, my boys, who know no
doubts or fears!
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, For
Ramshaven's Halberdiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to
those,
Who wear the Ram of silver upon their scarlet
clothes.
May they and their commanders live happy all their
years.
Sing a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for
Ramshaven's Halberdiers.

So lift your glasses high, me boys, and let out
shouts and cheers,
For the tow, row, row, row, row, row, the
Ramshaven Halberdiers.

Rise

By Master Hector of the Black Heights

The northern forests gave us birth, the north wind
said, "be free",
The lone wolf's lope across the hills foreshadowed
victory;
And where once a Prince commanded us, his sons
our Kings shall be
When above their brows a golden crown shall rise.

CHORUS:

Rise, rise, rise!
With the northern sun to warm us and the North
Star as our guide,
With the wind-song in my bow-string and a stout
blade by my side,
With our children as our future and our legends
as our pride
We shall stand; we shall conquer; we shall rise!

The Inland Seas sustained the people, as did glade
and glen;
The crystal rivers slaked the thirst of those first
here, and then
Came a hunger for our destiny. The feast begins
again
When above our King the scarlet banners rise.

CHORUS

For many years we stood as vassals 'gainst the
common foe;
We did as we were bid and many lands our valour
know,
But today we stand in freedom. In proud freedom
strike your blow
When above your head the shining sword does rise.

CHORUS

There was a time that Southron folk our noble name
did fear.
The dismal days of silence passed; our destiny is
here.
Let us shake the hills in glory: for the Crown and
Ealdormere!
Form the shieldwall, draw the bow-string, we arise.

CHORUS

Hear now the word of northern folk, in hall and
keep and field;
We are the Northland's treasure, we the sword, the
bow, the shield.
We the life-blood, we the sinew, we the heart that
shall not yield:
For as long as one still stands the North shall rise!

CHORUS x2

River

By Master Hector of the Black Height

Some lands stand strong as mountains and
earthquakes do them in,
Some lands stand tall as forests 'til the felling axe
begins.

We are more strong than mountains, more graceful
than the maple,
Our power is within; we are a river.

CHORUS:

**We are the people, we are a river,
We are the people, flowing free and strong.
We are the people, we are a river
and if you seek the people, flow along.**

We sparkle in the sunlight if the passers-by would
see,
We thunder in the rapids as we face adversity.
Come flow, my chosen kinsmen, the sea of fate is
calling.
Our power all can see; we are a river.

CHORUS

We have our raging whitecaps, we have our pools
of peace,
We all are of one river, we all starve or we all feast.
We sometimes lead the current, we sometimes float
when tired,
Our power cannot cease; we are a river.

CHORUS

Ours is the brook's mad laughter, ours is the tidal
roll,
The glacial melt our mother, the ancient sea our
soul.
Come clasp hands, chosen kinsmen, such is the life
we make.
Our power we extol; we are a river.

We are the people, we are a river,
We are the people, flowing free and strong.
We are the people, we are a river
and if you seek the people, flow along, flow along,
and if you seek the people, flow along.

Rolling Down to Ealdormere

By Lord Sigurd Leothsangr, to the tune of "Rolling Down to Old Maui"

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife, That we Vikings undergo
And we don't give a damn, 'bout your king or his land
Or how hard the wind does blow
Cause we're homeward bound from a foreign ground
'Neath a sky that's bright and clear
And we don't give a damn, when we drink our ale
With the maids of Ealdormere

CHORUS:

**Rollin' down to Ealdormere, me boys, Rollin' down to Ealdormere
And we don't give a damn when we drink our ale,
With the maids of Ealdormere**

Once more we sail, like a northern gale 'Neath a sky that calls for war
Our brave young lords, with their spears and swords,
Come to raid upon your shore
Then it's homeward bound, from your hostile ground,
With your gold we'll disappear,
And we don't give a damn, when we drink our ale,
With the maids of Ealdormere

CHORUS

The North Sea mist strikes a blow like a fist, When you face the sea alone
Far away from your hearth and the land of your birth,
And the ones you call your own
Through the dark and the storm, their prayers reach out,
Hoping some fine day they'll hear
Your ragged sails running 'fore the gales, Running home to Ealdormere

CHORUS

A warrior's wage is of gold or the grave, Where the ravens feast and call
When the wolves draw near Then the Valkrie appear,
Lead the way to Odin's halls
No longer homeward bound from a foreign ground,
From the world we'll disappear
And we don't give a damn, when we drink our ale,
With the maids of Ealdormere

CHORUS x2

Savage Daughter

By Mistress Wyndreth Berginsdottir

Refrain (Sung after Each Verse):

**I am my mother's savage daughter,
The one who runs barefoot, cursing sharp stones.
I am my mother's savage daughter,
I will not cut my hair, I will not lower my voice.**

My mother's child is a savage.
She looks for her omens in the colors of stones,
In the faces of cats, in the fall of feathers,
In the dancing of fire and the curve of old bones.

My mother's child dances in darkness,
And she sings heathen songs by the light of the moon,
And watches the stars, and renames the planets,
And dreams she can reach them with a song and a broom.

Now my mother's child curses too loud and too often.

My mother's child laughs too hard and too long,
And howls at the moon and sleeps in ditches,
And clumsily raises her voice in this song.

Now we all are brought forth out of darkness and water,
Brought into this world through blood and through pain,
And deep in our bones the old songs are waking,
So sing them with voices of thunder and rain!

**We are our mothers' savage daughters,
The ones who run barefoot, cursing sharp stones!
We are our mothers' savage daughters,
We will not cut our hair, we will not lower our...
x2**

**We are our mothers' savage daughters,
The ones who run barefoot, cursing sharp stones!
We are our mothers' savage daughters,
We will not cut our hair, we will not lower our voice!**

Servers Song

By Mistress Marian of Heatherdale

The hall is well crowded, the feast underway
To cook and assistants all homage we pay

But lest we forget those who serve us this day
I ask you to raise up your glass-

To those who eat last and who give us the best
Let's drink to the few who would serve all the rest

At court or at tourney they're noble as you
But tonight they don tabards to ladle the stew
And lest we forget all the gentle folk who
Would serve you this evening's repast

To those who eat last and who give us the best
Let's drink to the few who would serve all the rest

More food or more water, my lady? My lord?
To those who don't rest 'til the last has been poured
And platter on platter, has laden the board
For service without being asked

To those who eat last and who give us the best
Let's drink to the few who would serve all the rest

To those who eat last and who give us the best
Let's drink to the few who would serve all the rest!

Smith's Circle

By Mistress Marian of Heatherdale

The Smith brought his blanket and he laid it before
him

People came up from miles around
To sit in a circle and trade their treasures
Each in turn put their goods on the ground

Ten yards of trim and some heavenly cider
I got a bucket here made of wood and fibre
An old leather belt, pins for your hat
(I think one's a turnip and the other's a cat)
A bottle of beads, some chocolate truffles
An old leather shirt with lots of ruffles
A pouch embroidered "for Dearest William"
A few tent pegs for my lord's pavilion

I've got a book here on Offa's Dyke
I'll make you a scroll saying anything you like
A pair of brais that are pretty much clean
And the gaudiest silk you've ever seen
A big rope hammock and strips of leather
Use 'em how you like (but not together!)
A stick of rattan and pewter buttons
Yards of floss for embroidery gluttons.
What can you do with a leaking tankard?
What can you do with a leaking tankard?
What can you do with a leaking tankard?
Beat it into armour!

A Norseman's tunic that's just too tiny
I don't know the fabric, but it's nice and shiny
I've got a big knife with a rusted blade
And a bunny-fur top that'll get you -- ahem!
I've got a nice gold ring with which to charm her
A couple of pieces of elbow armour
An old dull axe, a hide of leather
Arrows I made with chicken feathers
Devil's own mead and a jar of spice
A goblet with my old device
Got an old bow -- sold! -- but the string is broken
Anybody want a Pennsic token?

The Smith brought his blanket and he laid it before
him

People came up from miles around
To sit in a circle and trade their treasures
Each in turn put their goods on the ground
Each in turn put their goods on the ground

Snaps and Snails and Dragon's Tails

By Master Hector of the Black Heights

**Snaps and snails and dragon's tails, and banners white and red;
These are the pieces of the dreams that dance about my head, Tra-la
That dance about my head.**

My father is a gallant Knight, as everyone must see
With armour bright and belt of white and a helm as big as me.
And I shall be my father's squire; my hobby-horse I'll ride.
With father's sword in both my hands I'll stand proud by his side.

Snaps and snails and dragon's tails...

My mother is a Lady fine, as surely all agree,
With visage fair and raven hair and arms for holding me.
I'll buckle on my squire's red belt and ride forth on a quest:
I'll rescue her from danger foul before my morning rest.

Snaps and snails and dragon's tails...

Our castle does seem very big; the neighbours' seem big too.
Five days a week my parents go and do what parent's do.
But then there is the weekend with their gowns and armour bright
And both my parents look the way they do in my dreams each night.

Snaps and snails and dragon's tails...

My eyelids are so heavy now, my mother's at my side,
I think I'll take a little nap and off to dreamland glide,
Where I will mount my hobby-horse to save my mother fair
And stand beside my father and watch dragons in the air.

**Snaps and snails and dragon's tails, and banners white and red;
These are the pieces of the dreams that dance about my head, Tra-la
That dance about my head.**

*aka For Raymond of the Two Baronies

Song of the Wain

By Master Garraed Galbraith

CHORUS:

**Heave ho, away we go
Rollin faster, rollin' faster
Heave ho, away we go
The wagons roll to war.**

The Southron called us to the dance
From Northern ground we now advance
Take up the sword, the spear, the lance
It's off we ride to War

CHORUS

With Scarlet Banner's now unfurled
Our King takes up the challenge hurled
And we prepare to leave this world
Our King must have his War

CHORUS

The armour's piled deep and wide
The wagons' rock from side to side
No army stands against the tide
Of Ealdormere at War

CHORUS

The armies clash beneath the sun
A' fore night falls they will be done
And we'll be dead or we'll have won
That's how we fight a War

CHORUS

Beneath the scarlet we stood fast
So on we march, this battle past
Yet still we know it's not the last
We'll win our King this War

CHORUS

To foemen, heed my warning cry
North men are not afraid to die
So give your wife her last goodbye
We'll see 'her after War.

CHORUS

Song of the Shieldwall

Words by Malkin Grey, Music by Peregryn Wyndryder

Hasten, oh, sea steed, over the swan road
Foamy-necked ships o'er the froth of the sea!
For Hengest has called us from Gotland and Frisia
To Vortigern's country, his army to be

We'll take our pay there in sweeter than silver,
We'll take our plunder in richer than gold,
For Hengest has promised us land for our fighting,
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold

Hasten, oh, fyrd-men, down to the river
Dragon Necked ships on the in-coming tide!
The linden wood shield and the old spear of ash wood
Are needed again at the cold waterside.

Draw up the shield wall, oh, shoulder companions;
Later whenever our story is told,
They'll say that we died guarding what we call dearest,
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold!

Hasten, oh, huscarls, north to the Danelaw,
Harald Hardrada's come over the sea!
His longships he's laden with berserks from Norway
To claim Canute's crown and our master to be!

Bitter he'll find here the bite of our spearpoints,
Hard ruling Northmen too strong to die old.
We'll grant him six feet - plus as much as he's taller -
Of land that the sons of the Saxons will hold!

Hasten on Southwards, strong son of Godwin,
Triumph is sweet, and your men have fought hard.
But William the Bastard has landed at Pevensey,
Burning the land you have promised to guard.

Draw up the spears on the hilltop at Hastings,
Fight 'til the sun drops, and evening grows cold
And die with the last of your Saxons around you,
Holding the land you were given to hold!

Sons of the Dragon

By Master Garraed Galbraith

In the days of legend and old, Three Sons did the Dragon first claim.

The Falcon of Calontir bold; The Wolf that gives Ealdormere fame.

The Gryphon of Northshield the strong; Each proved well the strength of the Wyrn.

In battle, in deed or in song, Each grew to full strength in its turn.

For we are the Sons of the Dragon; What foe could stand fast 'gainst all three

The Falcon flies high. The Wolf prowls below
And the Gryphon between them roams free.

Of Calontir, legends unveil, The fall of the bird from it's nest.

The catch of the wind, like a sail; In the beat of its' wing and its' breast

To the glove it ne'er will return; Though the hills still echo it's cry

For once given the freedom to sing, The Falcon must roam free or die!

For we are the sons of the Dragon; Together we ever shall roam

The falcons that soar. The wolves at the door
And the gryphons that guard fast the home

Of Ealdormere history will tell How the wolf in its lair was chained

And the land into dread silence fell Until finally it's freedom was gained

To the cage it ne'er would return

Though the hills still echo it's cry

For once given the freedom to sing The White Wolf must roam free or die!

For we are the sons of the Dragon; The falcon flies free in the air

The wolf wild runs in the woodland

And the Gryphon grows fast in his lair

Of Northshield the Skalds will decry The might of the Gryphon at war

As the youngest of brothers it came But its strength has now come to the fore

To its brothers he now has returned And the hills will echo its cry

For once given the freedom to sing The Gryphon must roam free or die!

For we are the sons of the Dragon; The falcon flies free in the air

The wolf wild runs in the woodland

And the Gryphon grows fast in his lair

For we are the sons of the dragon; Together we ever shall roam

The falcons that soar. The wolves at the door

And the gryphons that guard fast the home

For We are the Sons of the Dragon; What foe could stand fast 'gainst all three

The Falcon flies high. The Wolf prowls below

And the Gryphon between them roams free.

Stone Soup

By Mistress Marian of Heatherdale

The cook was in the kitchen; The feasters in the hall
A single lady slaving would attempt to feed them all.
A family of newcomers saw her cooking on her own
Each one took a pot and swore she wouldn't cook alone!

CHORUS:

**The stone is in the kettle, the water's on the boil
The work is always lighter when there's many hands to toil!**

Next there came a countess always giving, always kind
She was set to chopping carrots and she bent to task assigned
Around the corner peering came a shy and gentle man
"Forgive me for intruding, but I'll help with what I can."

CHORUS

The butcher's son declared that he would brave both cold and heat
And spent the day outdoors to turn and baste the roasting meat.
A mother said, "I'd cook but I've my little one to feed,
But we'd be happy to attend to any errands that you need!"

CHORUS

So soon the fires were roaring up to meet the feast's demand!
And the single lady slaving had a dozen cooks at hand!
So though the work was frenzied when the servers hit the hall
The feast was bright and merry with food enough for all.

The stone is in the kettle, the water's on the boil
The work is always lighter when there's many hands...
The stone is in the kettle, the water's on the boil
The work is always lighter when there's many hands...
The stone is in the kettle, the water's on the boil
The work is always lighter when there's many hands to toil!

The Trillium Crowned Maid

By THL Gwerydd verch Rhys, this is a poem.

A grey wolf came upon the glade,
So Nothern bards this legend write,
To mark the trillium crowned maid.

When fell the veil of twilight shade
Upon a field of blossoms white,
A grey wolf came upon the glade.

The stars of Ealdormere arrayed,
Her silver blessing shining bright,
To mark the trillium crowned maid.

Our Princess sat. Our worth was weighed
By he who did our lands unite,
A grey wolf came upon the glade.

As sharp as any Princes blade,
His stare was golden in the night,
To mark the trillium crowned maid.

Then by her feet, the proud beast laid,
His head. Aglow with firelight,
A grey wolf came upon the glade
To mark the trillium crowned maid.

*The story of Aaron Worgamson and Rustique du Sorde as Prince and Princess of Ealdormere in 2001 at Ragnarok. While they sat at the bardic circle in Their High Seats they were visited by a large, grey dog that could have been either a husky dog or a wolf. The animal made it's way around the circle until finally deciding to rest at the Princesses feet. After a while had passed, it slipped away into the night never to be seen again.

True and Destined Prince

By Mistress Marian of Heatherdale

My kinsmen and my brother,
My shieldmate and my guide.
May my arm always defend you,
And your honor lift you high.

CHORUS:

**You are true and destined prince
And my sword is by your side
I will fight for you in glory
'Till I die.**

When you sit upon the trillium throne
The banner I will fly.
The flower upon the scarlet
And our voices raised up high.

CHORUS

When the time for bloody war has come,
Your right hand I will be.
Where you lead, my prince, I'll follow,
As we sweep to victory.

CHORUS

We will keep the shieldwall fast, my king,
That day our foes will die.
As prince you'll rein victorious,
You will hear the battlecry.

CHORUS

May you sing the deeds of glory,
Of your kinsmen gone away.
May they see your glowing pride,
If I should fall upon that day.

CHORUS x2

Waves on the Shore

By Ollamh Emer nic Aidan

CHORUS (Sung after each verse):

**Green, green grow the fields, where purple blooms the heather.
And blue, blue are the rolling sea that encircles our lands forever.**

Fair Eriu and Alba are ever besieged by wave over wave of invaders.
The Fomorians first by the Danaan defeated, then Mil's sons, the first human raiders.
They'll not be pushed underground:
They are as waves upon our shores; each one reaching, touching, passing,
Returning to the sea once more...

Gaul's hill-forts now fly Roman standards: recruited, her sons fight their kin.
Though our names they shall change and a wall they shall build beyond that, they never shall win:
The Empire's troops must march on,
They are as waves upon our shores; each one reaching, touching, passing,
Returning to the sea once more...

Invited, the kinsmen of Hengeist have come; the White Horse runs swift at their prow.
Generations shall pay the hired army's price and they call us the 'foreigners' now
They too shall have prices to pay:
They are as waves upon our shores; each one reaching, touching, passing,
Returning to the sea once more...

The North Sea betrays the Northern shore's trust, as she bears the dragon-ships forth.
Norsemen a-Viking for women and land, which they claim as their own from henceforth
But a heart can't be stolen by force
They are as waves upon our shores; each one reaching, touching, passing,
Returning to the sea once more...

Though the tides of invasion still crash on our shores, the souls of our first ones still live
Memories are passed from parent to child; what more have we left to give?
They are as seeds in the ground,
They are as waves upon our shores; each one reaching, touching, passing,
Returning to the sea once more...

Green, green grow the fields, where purple blooms the heather.
And blue, blue are the rolling seas...

We Be Ealdormerians

By THL Yngveldr Adisardottir, to the tune of “We be Three Poor Mariners” a King Henry VIII, 1609

We be Ealdormerians brave in word and deed.
We spend our days in making war and drinking ale and mead.

CHORUS:

**This year we’ll fight our evil Eastern foes,
And next year we’ll fight our evil Midrealm foes,
And then we’ll feast and celebrate, cause that is how war goes.**

To our valiant enemies, we send our best regards.
For tales to tell by firelight, by both our Kingdoms’ Bards.

CHORUS

For our friends and allies, we’ll fight as best we can.
We’ll kill off all the enemy, down to the very last man.

CHORUS

Where Treads the Ram

By THL Dietrich von Sachsen, to the tune of
“Ólafur Liljurós”

In days of yore, brave Cordigan,
For the Ram, For the Ram!
He sought to claim the Westerlands,
And so he found the Ram;
*Raise the horn and hold the banners high,
Our foes shall flee like lambs,
Where treads the Ram!*

By sandy hill dwelt the beast,
Bold the Ram, Bold the Ram!
With horns-of-iron and silver fleece,
It guarded west and east;
*Raise the horn and hold the banners high,
Our foes shall flee like lambs,
Where treads the Ram!*

To challengers the Ram ne'er yields,
Fierce the Ram, Fierce the Ram!
And to its foes, it shall not kneel,
Such power does it wield;
*Raise the horn and hold the banners high,
Our foes shall flee like lambs,
Where treads the Ram!*

That Baron he was most impressed
By the Ram, By the Ram!
And raised his strong shield o'er the West,
And these words he professed:
*Raise the horn and hold the banners high,
Our foes shall flee like lambs,
Where treads the Ram!*

And to the Ram, Cordigan swore
Vowed the Ram, Vowed the Ram!
To guard Ramshaven evermore,
In peace or bloody war;
*Raise the horn and hold the banners high,
Our foes shall flee like lambs,
Where treads the Ram!*

We to this day those oaths maintain,
Great the Ram, Great the Ram!
The barony's strength we proclaim,
Our wisdom and our fame!
*Raise the horn and hold the banners high,
Our foes shall flee like lambs,
Where treads the Ram!*

White Rose

By Mistress Heather Dale

I'll tell you a tale of when time had no meaning,
When legend and history walked hand in hand,
When the swords of the mighty had bested the
Dragon,
But the Elven still walked in the land.

CHORUS:

**White rose: queen of the summer,
White rose: queen of the fall,
White rose: the new guard will follow,
White rose: the old guard will fall.**

The sun and the moon were fixed in the heavens.
The whole world grew weary as summer stood still.
A queen of great courage and the heart of the
Dragon
Set her throne above the Elf Hill.

CHORUS

The queen on her throne called the Elven before
her,
And said: look around you; time should march on.
I ask you to bow and make history the victor--
The day of the legends is gone.

CHORUS

The people approached her to offer their blessings,
And each brought red roses to lay at her feet.
While the Elven came forward to lay their last
flowers:
White as the summer's defeat.

CHORUS

The cycles of time weave the world in their circles,
And the flower-crowned queen is among us again.
While the Elves have their place in the verses of
legend
But not in the history of Man.

CHORUS

The Wolves' Song

By Master Hector of the Black Heights

We come from the land of the glen and high hill,
Where wild wolves still howl and the singing birds trill;
We take up our arms if our Queen and King will,
For we are the folk of the Northlands,
A people our foemen well heed.

**So come, come ye wolves of the breed, come from the Northlands, come down to feed.
Come, come ye wolves of the breed, come from the Northlands, come down to feed.**

We sail 'cross the sea, past the rapids and isles,
We land on far beaches and tread many miles,
We face many foes and o'ercome many trials
For we are the folk of the Northlands,
We're known by each valorous deed.

So come, come ye wolves of the breed...

Our shieldwall advances like thundering gale,
The lindenwood stretched like a billowing sail,
Our allies will cheer and our enemies rail
When they see the swords of the Northlands
Which strike where our King has decreed.

So come, come ye wolves of the breed...

The seasons slip past and the summers soon fly,
Some day in our homeland these old bones will lie
But new hearts will race at the warriors' cry
And they shall be swords of the Northlands
And young hearts to battle will speed.

**So come, come ye wolves of the breed, come from the Northlands, come down to feed.
Come, come ye wolves of the breed, come from the Northlands, come down to feed.**

Woods Battle Day

By Baroness Sibylla of Glyndmere, to the tune of "Teddy Bear's Picnic"

If you go out in the woods today you're in for a big surprise
If you go out in the woods today protect yourself, no lies
For every man that ever there was
Will gather there for certain because
Today's the day the armored men go ballistic!

CHORUS:

**Woods Battle Day for armored men
The armored men are to capture bloodied flags today
Bashing, slashing, crippling,
And see them scramble on their knees and pray
See them struggle with their foes
They strike their mighty blows
And clashing shields ring in the air
At cannon's blast the marshals of Pennsic
Will examine their helms and heads
Because their grins are stretched from ear to ear**

If you go out in the woods today you'd better not go alone
It's bloody out in the woods today be safer to stay at home
For every knight that ever there was
Will gather their for certain because
Today's the day the knighted go ballistic!

CHORUS

Every woman in arms is good they are sure of a treat today
There's plenty of armored men to beat they'll kill you with no delays
Beneath the trees where nobody sees
They'll hide and seek, take you out at the knees
Today's the day the Ladies go ballistic!

CHORUS

Y'Daren't Be Goin' Ta Glyndmere

By Baroness Sibylla of Glyndmere

Y' daren't be goin' ta Glyndmere
Y' daren't even darken the door!
There's a troll ya see
e's bigger than me
So mind y' don't ignore, ignore
So mind y' don't ignore

His feet are in the basement
His hands so big an' strong
He can pluck off yer head
So you'll be dead
An' his arms can reach third floor, third floor!
His arms can reach third floor!

Y' daren't be goin' ta Glyndmere
Y' daren't even darken the door!
They use hammers y' see
On anvils, there's three
And black iron lays 'bout the floor, the floor
And black iron lays 'bout the floor

he forge is always goin'
Hot pokers red a glow
An' the smoke is thick
It'll blind ya quick
Y'll find yer way no more, no more
Y'll find yer way no more

Y' daren't be goin' ta Glyndmere
Y' daren't even darken the door!
They've hawks ya see
Big as dragons they'd be
You'd look like dinner for sure, for sure
You'd look like dinner for sure
Now the mead is always flowin'
And the ale is very brown
But the doors'r too big
To push to escape
And the dragon 'll get ya be warned, be warned
And the dragon 'll get ya be warned

Y' daren't be goin' ta Glyndmere
Y' daren't even darken the door!
Lest ye ha bread to feed
To the heathens and beast
Do listen I implore, implore
Do listen I implore

It's danger to be goin'
You'd be mad, condemned and more!
But lure's too good,
The witch, she can cook
Y'd be darin' to darken the door, the door
Y'd be darin' to darken the door
Y'd be darin' ta darken the dooooooor!
Y'd be darin' ta darken the door!

