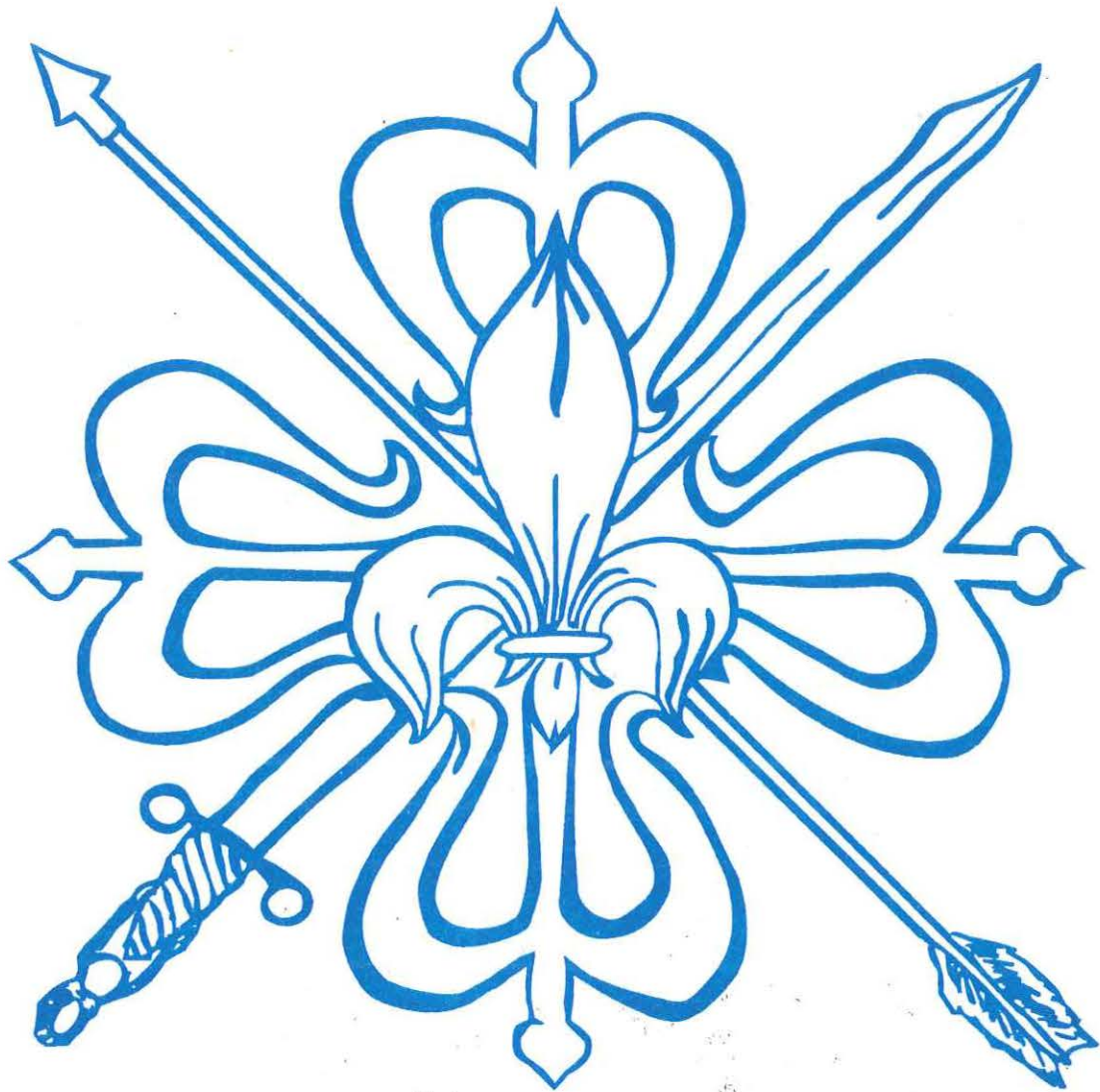

GALONTIR



A.F.

LILIES IX

SONGS OF CALONTIR
COMPILED FOR LILIES IX
BY ALISAUNDRE MUIR

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MARCHING SONGS

*Songs you will likely hear
on the Pennsic march to battle.*

A GRAZING MACE

(Tune: "Amazing Grace")

A grazing mace, how sweet the blow
That killed a wretch like me
My head is flat that once was round
Slain by thy mace and thee.

My knight has promised help for me
He'll save my ass for sure.
He will my shieldwall anchor be
As long as life endures.

That mace has taught my heart to fear
My shield no fear relieves.
How swiftly did that mace appear
The hour it first killed me.

Through many fighters, knights and Earls
I had already come.
My knight had kept me safe thus far
But Mace did send me home.

That mace has slain ten thousand foes
All sweating in the sun
I'd no more grace to duck that mace.
I was ten thousand one.

HOTSPUR

Squire, bring my armor, my sword and my destrier,
I've raised an army to break Henry's power.
South from the Humber, we've marched to the Severn,
With Douglas of Scotland, to join with Glendower.

Ready your weapons, and don warlike harness
The King rides to greet us at Shrewsbury town.
He'll pay what he owes me, or fight on the morrow,
The Blue Lion of Percy will bloody the ground.

Hal, Prince of Wales has brought forth an army,
To halt us he's planning, he'll bar naught to me.
Yon rides his father, a king made by Percy,
His host in the thousands a, a hard fight 'twill be.

So let loose your clothyards, my stout Cheshire yeomen,
The hiss of your bowstrings, 'tis soft as a sigh.
Now King's knights you've halted, so up roar the horsemen,
We charge for the center, brave Douglas and I.

Lay low a sergeant, and then slay his master,
Rend through the armor, and hew clear away.
There by the banner, a king rides before me,
I swear by my honor, 'tis his final day.

But Prince Hal has broken my right wing of battle,
And he's for his father, a whirlin' around.
Now one of his yeomen has sent me an arrow,
The Blue Lion of Percy is pulled to the ground.

(SOFTLY)

Squire, bring my armor, my sword and my destrier,
I'll live forever to spite Bolingbroke!

(BACK TO NORMAL)

Know then of Hotspur who died by the Severn,
And list what was heard when Lord Percy spoke;

Ready your weapons, and don warlike harness,
The King rides to greet us at Shrewsbury town.
He'll pay what he owes me, or fight on the morrow,
The Blue Lion o Percy will bloody the ground.

Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood

CALONTIR STANDS ALONE

(Tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")

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

We're far from the Northwoods Barony, Waes Hael! Drink Hael!
And damn near as far from Tree-Girt Sea, Waes Hael! Drink Hael!
And Riven star with its flag unfurled
Is damn near the other side of the world--
O, that's one good reason why Calontir stands alone.

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

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

O, Ladies and Lords of Calontir, Waes Hael! Drink Hael!
Put your hearts into what you do this year, Waes Hael! Drink Hael!
And in the end the Worlde will see
A Kingdom proud and strong and free
On that high bright day when Calontir stands alone.

Words: Brom Blackhand

RAVEN BANNER

Siguard, the Jarl of the Orkney Isles,
Has called to his banner a Viking band'
And sailed to Dublin to make himself
King of the Irish lands.

But crowns are never so quickly won,
The Norns, they well know --
The king of the Irish blocks our way.
We must to battle go.

The Raven Banner of the Orkney Jarl
Brings luck in battle, but its bearer dies.
Two men have fallen 'neath its wings today,
But still the raven flies.

The Jarl tells a third man to take it up.
The third man answers, "No!
The devil's your own, take it up yourself,
And back to battle go."

"'Tis fitting the beggar should bear the bag,"
Replies the Jarl, "And I'll do so here."
He fought with the banner tied around his waist
And fell to an Irish spear.

He died and the Irish broke our line.
We had no chance but flight.
I'm not hurried, it's a long way home;
I won't get there tonight.

The Norns have woven a bloody web,
A tapestry made of guts and bone,
And parceled it out to the Orkney host;
Our day in Ireland's done.

The gray wolf howls and the raven soars
Above the arrow's flight,
And Odin is waiting beyond the fray
For some of us tonight.

Words: Malkin Grey
Music: Peregrynne Wyndryder

STRONGEST AND BEST

Muster is called now, the war horns are sounding.
Each heart is pounding with thirst for the fray.
Draw up the lines now, salute every foeman.
We wear our own omen, the gold bird of prey.

CHORUS: Strongest and best of the lords of the battle
Staunchly we stand with our sword ax and spear.
Purple and gold wave our banners above us.
No heroes among us, hold fast Calontir.

Summon the levy, the knights, lords and squires,
From cantons and shires, and five baronies.
Well trained and ready to fight any season,
Whatever the reason, in hills, swamps and trees.

CHORUS

First rank is kneeling, behind them more shieldmen
Seeing none of the field when the call comes to fight.
Foemen are reeling, 'neath pole arms and spearmen,
The Huscarls and Fyrdmen, the novice and Knight.

CHORUS

Long was our journey o're mountains and rivers,
With armor and quivers and gear packed for war.
Tired of the tourney, we long for the battle.
The destrier is saddled, come join melee's roar.

CHORUS

Andrixos Seljukroctonis

CALONTIR, PROUD CALONTIR

(Tune: "Roddy McCorley")

See the purple banners fly,
The flacon's wings unfurled
O'er the army that is best
Throughout the whole known world.

CHORUS: We are Calontir, proud Calontir
The best and bravest we.
We will fight for right and honor bright
Whene'er a wrong we see.

Our chivalry is best by far
In all the world around.
And the ladies of the Heartland are
The fairest to be found.

CHORUS

We will build our shield wall strong and firm
And never shall it fall
Held fast by honor, truth, and pride
In battle great or small.

CHORUS

So march we onward to the fray,
Our hearts and heads held high.
While overhead for all to fear,
The golden falcons fly.

CHORUS

Words: Alisaundre Muir

FUN SONGS OF CALONTIR

*Songs to sing at post revels
(some not as common as they were)*

THE NAVY OF CALONTIR

When I saw all the fighters lugging tons of gear
I thought I'd have it easier in the Navy of Calontir.
With lots of swash and buckle, a tot of rum for cheer,
I'd like to be a sailor in the Navy of Calontir.

CHORUS:

Yo-ho! Yo-ho! On land we'll sail our boat.
We'll hit the deck, but won't get wet, with never a ship afloat!

I've heard of lady swabbies, buxom, without peer.
I had to join and ride the waves in the Navy of Calontir.
With little competition, I found my new career.
And now I am a sailor in the Navy of Calontir.

CHORUS:

So think of all the fighters with bungs 'cross their rear.
You never have to mess with that in the Navy of Calontir.
So sit and suck your Gatorade; I'll be drinking beer!
Don't you wish you'd signed aboard the Navy of Calontir

CHORUS:

Steven Westerman
s/k/a Wolfgang Zungwohle von Volkersheim

IOSIVICH TO THE WAR HAS GONE

(Tune: "The Minstrel Boy")

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

Oh Paval fought, and the Tuchux fell,
 'Neth his weapons bloody and fearsome.
They spy a wren on a tabard of green,
 And they flee in fear before him.
Oh do they flee in fear of DEATH?
 Or do they fear dishonor?
More likely still, I think they fear,
 The odor of the armor!

Words: Conn MacNeill

With the addition of the following two verses by Chrystofer Kenson, this becomes known as
Paval's Song

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

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

LAMENT OF A NOVICE

(Tune: "Finnegan's Wake")

Oh, I just joined the S.C.A., I'd really like to be a knight.
They said, "Your white belt's on the way, but first you'd better learn to fight."
They told me, "You must authorize, or in the list you can't compete."
"Sir Ternon doesn't hit too hard; go toss a gauntlet at his feet."
Broken shield and broken helm, broken arm--what can I say?
That's the first mistake I made, the year I joined the S.C.A.

I asked "is there another way;" I couldn't face the knight's attack.
They said, "Go join the next melee, go hit some fyrdmen in the back."
Erich killed me with a sword, Valens' axe is in my face;
Paval's thugs just bit my leg, Sir Cormac hit me with a mace.
Bloody nose and twisted fingers, I don't like the games they play.
That's the second big mistake, the year I joined the S.C.A.

I said, "For fighting I don't care, what else is there a knight can do?"
They said, "Attend the ladies fair, a court of love may smile on you."
They told me, "Come seduce a maid." With eager lust my heart was filled.
They said, "These ladies crave your touch." and brought me to the virgins guild.
Female screams and vicious kicks, how do they learn to fight that way?
That's the third mistake I made, the year I joined the S.C.A.

They filled my goblet to the brim, for drinking is a knightly deed.
The revel grows a little dim, I think I had six pints of mead.
I tried to drink Hufda down, "He can't hold very much." they said.
I hauled a willing wench upstairs, and passed out when we hit the bed.
Fuzzy teeth and aching skull, I don't think I'll live through the day.
That's the fourth mistake I made, the year I joined the S.C.A.

Now armoring's a noble trade, but first I'll need rattan of course.
Ten bucks a yard, the deal I made, (for) the Smithy was my only source.
I drove out to the Pennsic War; my gear was all in perfect shape.
Barkiller broke my shield in half; I should have used more friction tape.
Broken sword and broken shield, how much can I afford to pay?
That's the fifth mistake I made, the year I joined the S.C.A.

At revels I sing minstrel songs while knights are draining jugs and kegs,
And Paval's thugs will run around below the table biting legs.
The huscarls sang insulting songs where lies and slanders floated free.
I said, "to write one can't take long. If Brom can do it, why not me?"
I slandered every knight and now I'll have to face them all today.
That's the last mistake I made, the year I joined the S.C.A.

Moses Ben Eldad
(Calontir version by
Brian Hlodowechssun)

ARE YOU IN A PLAY?

On afternoons when it is sunny, you can find us at the park.
The passers-by think we look funny, but some stay and watch until dark.
Some of us wear shiny armor and some wear long gowns and a cloak,
We talk about chivalry and honor and smile at the mundane folk.

And then we hear somebody say, "Excuse me; are you in a play?
Or could it be some new religion? Oh why are you dressed this way?"
And though we might like to explain,
"The monarchy's back and we're taking over."
We manage somehow to refrain, and just say "We're the SCA."

Once on our way to a tourney, we stopped at a store for advice
So we could continue our journey, for our map had us lost in a trice.
The man at the store was so friendly, and only too willing to please,
He pointed our road out quite readily. We thanked him and turned to leave,

And then we hear somebody say, "Excuse me, are you in a play?
Or could it be some new religion? Oh why are you dressed this way?"
And though we might like to explain,
"We took a wrong turn back in ten sixty six."
We manage somehow to refrain, and just say "We're the SCA."

When traveling to far away places, we stopped for a call late at night.
With our cloaks and grim looks on our faces, we must have been a strange sight,
For a woman who came through the doorway made a comment which caused us to smile,
"They look like witches." We heard her say, so we cackled and continued to dial,

And then we hear somebody say, "Excuse me, are you in a play?
Or could it be some new religion? Oh why are you dressed this way?"
And though we might like to explain,
"We're born-again druids, protecting the trees."
We manage somehow to refrain, and just say, "We're the SCA."

Our costumes sometimes come in hand for assignments and projects at school.
As Ophelia, my dear, you look dandy, but on campus, you look like a fool.
So you change into jeans and a sweater, but you put on your cloak just for fun.
Then a man walking his Irish Setter says "Excuse me," and you turn to run,

But before you get away, he continues "...are you in a play?
Or could it be some new religion? Oh why are you dressed this way?"
And though we might like to explain,
"It snowed this time last year and I thought I'd be prepared."
We manage somehow to refrain, and just say, "We're the SCA."

In the Far Isles, over in London, you go to a practice one day,
Other lands have strange words and customs, but you have great fun anyway.
So you leave on a "tube" (that's a subway) and then your heart starts to sink,
For a person is blocking your pathway, a "Bobby" they call them, I think.

And then we hear somebody say, "Excuse me, but could you explain to me
just why you're wearing that knife, and give me your name, address, phone
number, date and place of birth, passport number, reason for being in the
country, and by the way, are you in a play?
Or could it be some new religion? Oh why are you dressed this way?"
And though we might like to explain,
"Knife? What knife? oh that, that's just an overgrown toothpick..."
We manage somehow to refrain, and just say "We're the SCA."

In St. Andrews tonight there's a revel, so we might as well spend the whole day,
In the city it won't be unusual if we go in garb anyway.
So we'll stroll by the Wharf with cloaks flying and look at the shops in the Square,
And we'll know, as we walk by them smiling, that we are the normal ones there,

And then we hear somebody say, "Excuse me, are you in a play?
Or could it be some new religion? Oh why are you dressed this way?"
And though we might like to explain,
"Have you seen our social worker anywhere about?"
We manage somehow to refrain, and just say, "We're the SCA."

c. 1983 Heather Jones

For Forgotten Sea version: Substitute Westport for St. Andrews and Street for Wharf.

LORD HUMPK D'BOHUN'S BEARD

(Tune: "The Marvelous Toy")

Chorus:

Lord Humpk D'Bohun's got a beard,
He's got a beard, it's weird.
And for that he's always fyrd,
Because his beard is weird.

When He's in his castle high,
He will always say,
"Those who fight, and run away,
Shall fight another day."

Some they search and fight for gold,
They're eaten up with greed,
But not the Humpk, he's all crashed out,
From drinking too much mead.

Oh, the Humpk will sit and smoke his pipe,
And when his head is cleared,
He'll roast a beast and have a feast,
Then tidy up his beard.

do not know author

THE HAMSTER SONG

(Tune: "The Ballad of the Green Berets")

Fighting hamsters from the sky,
Some will live and some will die;
Hamsters have nothing to fear,
The Fighting Hamsters of Calontir.

Silver tape upon their backs,
A broadsword is all they lack;
Fifty hamsters fight a war,
They won't win without fifty more.

Trained by jumping off the roof,
Trained in combat -- tooth to tooth;
Hamsters fight both far and near,
The Fighting Hamsters of Calontir.

Riding high upon our helmets,
Their war-cry -- it overwhelms;
All opponents become weak,
At their fearsome "Squeaky Squeak!"

Back at home Paval waits,
His Fighting Hamster has met his fate;
He has died from drinking bear,
The Fighting Hamsters of Calontir.

Once again it's off to war,
This time we number a dozen more;
We will fight for those in need,
So this year it's with Caid.

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

Verses 1, 2, 3 & 5 - Chrystofer Kensor

Verse 4 - The Thugs

Verses 6 & 7 - Andrixios Seljukroctonis

OTHERS

*Some of these you will hear, but I
am not teaching them at this time.*

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP: A LEGEND OF ALTENAHR

Now the foemen are burning the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and gone?
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
I'll never drink but this one.

And bring my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead him 'round by the door;
He must take such a leap tonight, perforce,
As a horse never took before.

CHORUS:

I have fought my fight, I've lived my life, I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trieste to Cologne 'twas never a knight led a merrier life than mine!

Well, I've lived in the saddle for twoscore years,
And if I must die on a tree
This old saddle-bow that bore me of yore
Is the only timber for me.

Now, to show to Bishop, to Burgher, to Priest
How the Altenahr hawk can die,
If the smoke the old falcon out of his nest
He will take to his wings and fly!

CHORUS:

So he harnessed himself in the pale moonlight
And he mounted his horse at the door
Then he drank such a cup of the red Ahr-wine
As a man never drank before.

Then he spurred his old war-horse, held him tight
And leaped him over the wall
Out over the cliff, out into the night
Three hundred feet to fall!

CHORUS:

He was found next morning in the glen below
With not one bone left whole:
Say a mass or a prayer good travelers all
For such a bold rider's soul!

CHORUS:

Words: Charles Kingsley -- Music: Leslie Fish

THE BURDEN OF THE CROWN

The battlefield is silent, the shadows growing wan
Though I may view the sunset, I'll not live to see the dawn
The leaves have ceased to rustle, the birds no longer sing.
All nature seems to wonder at the passing of our king.

And now you stand before me, your father's flesh and blood
Begotten of my sinew and the woman that I love
So difficult the birthing, the mother died that day
And now you stand before me to bear my crown away.

The hour is fast approaching, when you come into your own
When you take the Ring and scepter and you sit upon the throne
Before that final hour, when we each must meet our fate
Pray gaze upon the Royal Crown and marvel at its weight.

This cap of burnished metal is the symbol of our land
Supporting all we cherish, the dream for which we stand
The weight, you'll find, is nothing, when you hold it in your palm
The burden of the crown begins the day you put it on.

See how the jewel sparkles when you gaze at it again
Each facet is a subject whose rights you must defend
Every point of light a burden you must shoulder with your own
And mighty is the burden of the man upon the throne.

My waiting now is over, My limbs are growing cold
I can feel the angels waiting to receive my passing soul
Keep well for me my kingdom when my memory is dead
And forgive me for the burden I place upon your head.

I do not know who the writer of this song is, nor do
I know the tune. I have heard Sir Steffan Albert
Rheinbauer sing it.

Alisaundre

Baldwin
of
Erebor

ETERNAL FRIENDS

(Tune: "Blue Ridge Mountain Girl")

In the foothills of Pennsylvania
By the side of Cooper's Lake
Warriors gather for a battle
To be fought for honor's sake.

In the morning mist you'll see them
Like a vision in a dream
Knights of old with armor shining
In the breeze, their banners stream.

And as they meet there in the meadow,
Swords will clash and pole arms bend
When it's over, they'll drink together
Annual foes, eternal friends.

Many years now they have gathered
'Neath the Pennsylvania skies
To relive in bonds of friendship
An age-old dream that never dies.

And as they meet there in the meadow,
Swords will clash and pole arms bend
When it's over, they'll drink together
Annual foes, eternal friends.

Annual foes, eternal friends.

Words: Alisaundre Muir

THE FRUIT OF THE YEW

Grim warriors appeared decked in iron and gold,
Their bright banners snapped in the breeze.
The harvest was over; the weather was cold,
Turning hot breath to cloud in the freeze.

They moved in array over meadow and fields,
The peasantry scattered before.
They gathered the wealth of the land on their shields
And carried it off to the shore.

"And how can this happen and where is our king?
And where the warriors we paid?"
Ah, the king may be king where he sits on his throne,
But his throne is four days ride away!

Swift word was sent to the men of the wood:
There'll be no trade for winter this year.
No sacks of grain for the skin of the fox,
No ale for the flesh of the deer.

But deep in the woodlands of Wales grows a tree,
The name of that tree is the Yew.
And the Fruit of the Yew is a stout longbow stave,
Throwing straight clothyard shafts strong and true.

They gathered in numbers from forest and fen,
Walking soft as the hunting men do.
And hung at their belts were the straight clothyard shafts,
In each hand was the Fruit of the Yew.

And slipping by night through the still burning steads,
They looked for the camp by the shore.
And each made a vow as passed by the dead:
That the morning would even the score.

Well, morning broke clear and the raiders awoke,
With a leisurely thought for the day,
"Til one showed himself and a soft bowstring spoke
From three hundred paces away.

And, as he fell dead, a loud taunting voice cried:
"It's a pleasure to pay you your due.
You've come seeking all of the fruits of our land.
Have a taste of the Fruit of the Yew."

And what use are shields that don't cover the leg?
Or helms that don't cover the eyes?
Or shirts of bright mail 'gainst the straight clothyard shaft
That can pierce through a stag on the fly?

The king arrived early much spattered and tired
Just to look on a field of the dead.
Cut down from the front where they'd stood in their line.
Cut down from the rear as they fled.

"And where are the men who have done me this good?"
Asked the king, from his horse ridden lame.
" 'Twas outlaws and brigands from back in the wood,
They've since fled back whence they all came."

"And would they take pardon and live in my peace?"
Asked the king of his counselor true.
Said the counselor, "Nay, they're a quarrelsome lot.
They'll not become lawful for you."

Aye, raiders take heed to the gist of my tale.
It may lengthen your lives if you will.
When you go a reavin' be sure of your mark,
Have a care that it matches your skill.

For England pays silver and Spain will give gold,
And France will grant land, that is true.
But seek not the wealth in the woodlands of Wales,
For they pay in the Fruit of the Yew!

The writer of this song is a gentle from Caid, those
whom I know do not know his name. He gave this
song to the archers at Lilies (I believe it was VII).

WILL MOURN MY KING

I will mourn my King for William has won,
I will mourn my King, Harald Godwinson
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

When Hardrada came upon the North,
The king called out and we rode forth.
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

At Stamford Bridge, Hardrada fell
The Norse sailed home and all seemed well.
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

Then southward we rode upon fey news,
At Pevensey Cove, William ran loose.
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

On a Hastings' hill, we formed our wall,
With sword and shield, axe and mall.
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

I fought for my King, axe in hand,
I fought for my King, I fought for England.
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

Through arrows fletched and oaken shield
I saw Harold stretched upon the field.
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

A Norman sword had cleft his side,
In battle stormy he did die.
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

Now all folk know that Harold fell.
And with him fell the realm as well.
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

And now we have a **BASTARD** king
His Norman hand wears the signet ring.
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

My wounds still run they will not heal
I slew my foes, but felt their steel
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

Now here die I, a Saxon proud,
I follow Harold's pure white shroud.
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

I will mourn my King, for William has won,
I will mourn my King, Harald Godwinson
OH OH OH OH OH OH(as a dirge)

Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood