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| Page | Animal         | Symbol in Medieval and Renaissance Religious Art  |
|------|----------------|---|
| 1    | Camel          | Temperance; oriental sign of royalty  |
| 6    | Goat           | the damned of the Last Judgement, sign of the sinner  |
| 7    | Horse          | lust; in interpretation of Jeremiah 5:8 "They were as fed horses in the morning: every one neighed after his neighbor's wife."  |
| 8    | Centaur        | savage passion and excess, brute force, the heretic (as a person divided against himself)   |
| 13   | Wolf           | Sign of St. Francis of Assisi, due to the famous story of his conversion of the wolf of Gubbio  |
| 14   | Stork          | Prudence, piety, vigilance and chastity; Associated with the Annunciation   |
| 17   | Bear           | Cruelty and evil influence; sign of St. Euphemia, who, when thrown in with wild animals in the arena, was worshiped, rather mauled by the bears   |
| 18   | Phoenix        | Resurrection of the dead, of Christ to new Life; sign of faith and constancy  |
| 22   | Toad/Frog      | Sign of those who snatch at life's fleeting pleasures; repulsiveness of sin   |
| 24   | Winged Lion    | Sign of St. Mark and his Gospel   |
| 27   | Sparrow        | sign of the least among peoples   |
|      | Unicorn        | Purity, feminine chastity, symbol of the Virgin (and of Christ); attribute of Sts. Justina of Padua and Justina of Antioch  |
| 29   | Griffen        | Two opposite meanings; one, the Savior, the other, those who persecute the Christians.  |
| 30   | Buck/Deer/Stag | Piety and religious aspiration, solitude and purity of life; the stag with the cross between its antlers is attributed to Sts. Hubert and Eustance, one with no cross, to St. Julian the Hospitator |
| 36   | Dragon         | sign of the Devil (the name is interchanged with serpent/snake) sign of Sts. Margaret, Martha, and Fabulous George of Cappadocia  |
| 38   | Eagle          | Sign of St. John the Evangelist and his Gospels; represents the inspiration of all the Gospels; stands for courage, faith, contemplation, and the just man.   |
| 44   | Winged Ox      | Sign of St. Luke and his Gospels; no wings, symbolic of sacrificial offering  |

- 46 Snail Laxness, laziness, symbolic of the sinner
- 49 Mandrakes NO BEASTIE INCLUSTICA INATPROPA
- 50 Doves Purity, peace, sign of the Third Person of God, the Holy Spirit; attributed to Sts Gregory the Great, and Scholastica.

Dragon: Wyvern Class See Ill. no. 36

Allegorical note on picture

Medieval bestiaries list doves as living in the Perindeus tree for its fruit. The dragon, who feeds on doves, fears the tree and the shadow it casts. However if a dove leaves the tree it will be devoured by the dragon. Interpretation: The Tree is God the Father, the Shade, God the Son; and the Doves are Christians who have received the Holy Spirit. If the Christian leaves God the Devil (the Dragon) will consume him.

- 53 Cock/Rooster Watchfulness and vigilance; sign of Christ's Passion and of St. Peter
- 55 Bees Activity, diligence, work, good order and monasticism
- Hive NO BEASTIE sign of a pious and unified Christian Community, also a sign of Sts. Ambrose and Bernard de Clairvaux
- Honey NO BEASTIE sign of the work of God and the ministry of Christ
- 58 Ram Christ sign (of his sacrifice of himself to the Father for our sins)
- 59 Dog Fidelity and watchfulness, attribute to St. Dominic (who's name means a dog with a flaming brand/torch in its mouth) and his order (Domini canes 'dogs of the Lord')
- Rabbit/Hare sign of defenseless men who put their hope in Christ, also it symbolizes lust and fecundity
- 
- 61 Whale Another sign of the Devil and his evil cunning; the whale's (often depicted as a dragon's) open mouth was often used to represent the gates of Hell
- 64 Peacock Immortality (due to the belief that its flesh never decays) also a symbol of worldly pride and vanity
- 65 Boar?Hogg Sensuality and gluttony



BE TRUE TO YOUR SHIRE

By Arloch MacAuleth

When some loud fighter tries to put me down  
To take my sword and helm  
I'll tell him right away  
That's the matter m'lord, ain't you heard of my shire?  
It's number one in the realm.

(chorus)  
So be true to your shire  
Just like you would to your lady, lords,  
Be true to your shire, now  
Go get your shields and swords  
Be true to your shire.

I got a twisted cord with a grant of arms  
I got from Peers of the realm  
I proudly wear it now  
When I travel off to other tournaments now  
They know where I am from.

(chorus)

Next weekend we'll be going to the Pennsic Wars  
I'll be ready to fight  
You're gonna kill 'em now  
My lady will be working on a cloak and gown  
You're gonna revel tonight.

(chorus)

(tune: So True To Your School)

Paddle, Paddle Your Viking Craft (tune: Row, Row, Row.....)

Musical notation for the first line of the song. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "Paddle, paddle your Viking craft, through the North-ern Sea, for jewels". There are handwritten numbers 1, 2, and 3 above the notes, indicating different parts of a round.

Musical notation for the second line of the song. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "Gold, Silver and Slaves, The looting life for me!". There are handwritten numbers 4 and 5 above the notes, indicating different parts of a round.

5-Part round

BIG BAD PAUL

by Kevin Perigryne (revised ending; Another version  
of Big Bad Paul exists by Arrond the Grey)

Every morning at the tourney, you could see him arrive.  
He stood six-foot-one and weighed two-ninety-five,  
Kind of board at the sword and round at the shield,  
And everybody knew that you had better yield to Big Paul,  
Big Paul, Big Paul, Big Bad Paul.

Wistland was said to be where Paul called home,  
But he'd beaten all their fighters, so he had to roam,  
He didn't say much, just gave a big toothy grin,  
And if you spoke at all, you said "Ouch! You win!" To Big Paul.  
Some said that in a tourney in fair old  
With his strength of arm he did a mighty deed,  
When a crashin' blow from erect to erased, Big Paul,  
Big Paul, Big Paul, Big Bad Paul.

Then came that day in the grand melee  
When the shield wall cracked and the flanks gave way,  
And knights were dyin' and masters bled,  
And everybody thought that they were surely dead, 'cept Paul.  
Through the killing and the carnage of this man-made hell  
Stalled a giant of a Duke, that the fighters knew all.  
With a sword in his hand he waded into the fray,  
And slaughtered every infidel that got in his way, Big Paul,  
Big Paul, Big Paul, Big Bad Paul.

And with a mighty shout he began to charge  
And the enemy yelled: "There's a Duke out at large!"  
And twenty warriors reformed on their would-be grave  
And charged right in behind him, 'cause they had to save Big Paul.  
With their axes and maces they were gonna swing,  
But the dust was so thick they couldn't find one thing,  
When the dust cloud cleared, they looked on aghast,  
Their foes had been killed, right down to the last, by Big Paul,  
Big Paul, Big Paul, Big Bad Paul.

In that place they buried all his dead in one pit,  
And raised a barrow mound above, to cover it,  
On a stone they carved these runes by hand:  
"Underneath this mound lies the work of one man, Big Paul."  
Big Paul, Big Paul, Big Bad Paul.

(tune: BIG BAD JOHN)

BRUMBAR AND THE LORDS

Barlow d'Aurillac, Lord Shadowcaster, and one of the lords  
 went to a wedding, lookin' for some men to play,  
 but feelin' mean, he was gonna cream anyone who got in his way.  
 When he came across Stephen of Norfolk, he ain't come parrin'  
 and doin' it not,  
 Brumbar jumps up on a high hay stump and says, "Boy, let  
 me tell you what."

"If you didn't know it, but I'm a sword-and-shieldman too.  
 You're not scared of Herr Brumbar, I'll have a fight with you.  
 You're a pretty good swordsman, boy, but give the barlord  
 his due.  
 A bottle of wine, and that's just fine, 'cause I know I'm  
 better than you."

Stephen says, "My name's Stephen, and I'm just an old man.  
 I hope you won't hit me too hard, but I'll fight the best I can."

Stephen, you duct-tape up your sword and straighten up your pose,  
 Herr Brumbar's in his leather and he ain't a-swallin' blows.  
 If you win you get yourself a bottle for tonight,  
 If you lose, this is your last fight!

Barlow chuckled his visor shut, said, "I'll start this fight  
 with flair,"  
 A fire flew from the end of his sword as he slashed it  
 through the air.  
 Stephen slashed his sword across his shield, and it made a  
 thunderclap,  
 With all the crowd was saying that Stephen was a sea.

Barlow said, "Well, barlord, you're good for one go round.  
 With your shield ready now, I'll show you how it's done!"

With a flashin', Stephen struck;  
 Brumbar staggered, the crowd said "uch!"  
 Brumbar fell with a leathery thud,  
 And Stephen sighed, "Another dud."

Barlow doffed his hat because he knew that he was  
 beat,  
 (alternate: lead)  
 He said that fine son-of-a-bitch  
 on the ground at Stephen's feet. (aside: Stephen's best.)  
 He said, "Just come on back if you ever want to fight again,  
 I'll tell once, you leather head, I'll save your  
 what in!"

(title: "The David vs Goliath to come")

Calontir

y Naamir Mentur Amone

Oh, once there was a region of the Midreals,  
Where chivalry had not then yet to appear;  
Where fighters fought for nothing more than honor,  
Called Calontir!

Where seneschals are known to change allegiance  
About as often as their underwear;  
And Elves take over well-established baronies  
In Calontir!

Calontir! Calontir!  
The Middle wants to hold us fast!  
But in Calontir! Calontir!  
We know that it can't last!

We've earned a reputation as a region  
But we will need a new one now, we fear;  
For one day soon we'll be  
**A Principality,**  
And then we'll swear allegiance to the Prince of Calontir!

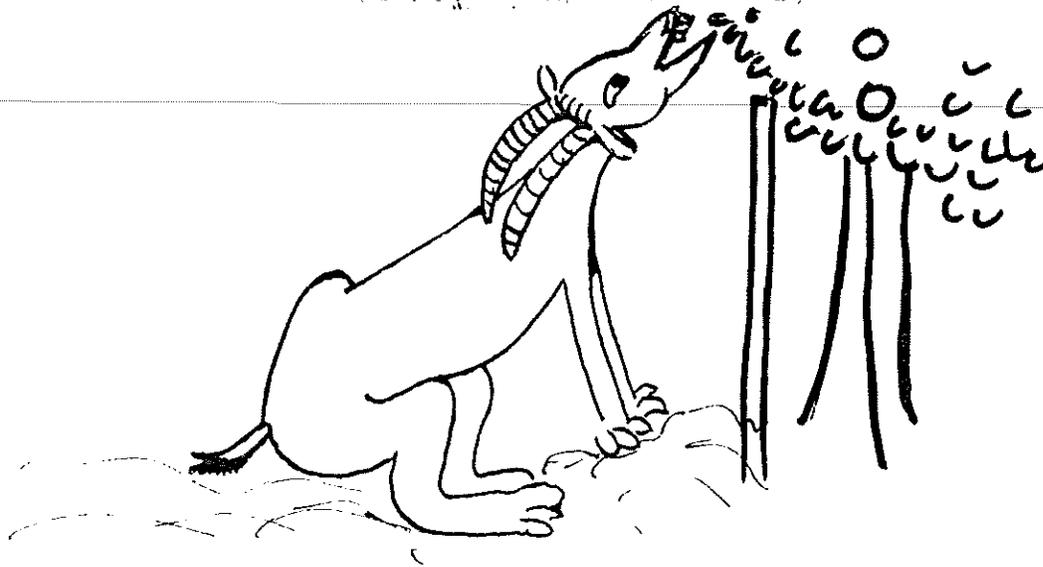
(tune: Camelot)

Calontir Ninja

by Sta-li-sun

Calontir Ninja sing this song:  
Ughal Ughal  
Calontir Ninja sing this song:  
Ughal Ughal Ughal  
Go in to lurk all night,  
Go in to lurk all day,  
I killed five warriors with throwing stars,  
and nobody looked my way.

(tune: Sun toon Ladies)



Calontir's Song

By William George "Bill" Gouge

I'm not scared to fight with the chivalry  
 of the men of Tree-dirt-Sea  
 or the Northwoods Tareny;  
 I'm not scared of the men of Cleftlands, see?  
 We are from Calontir.  
 We are from Calontir. We are from Calontir.  
 I'm not scared to fight with the chivalry.  
 We are from Calontir.

(Chorus Only)

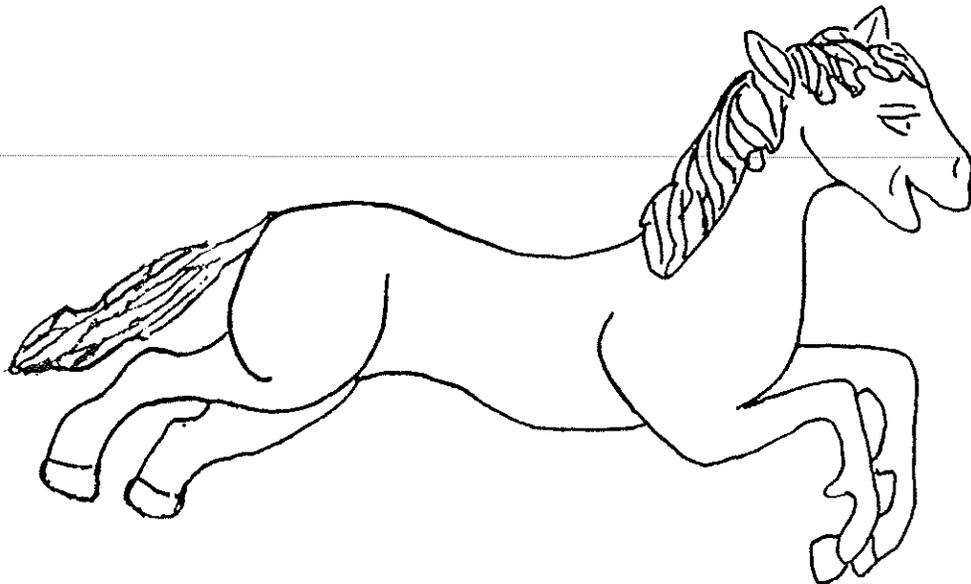
We've drunk champagne with the best of them,  
 and with the worst of them,  
 and with the rest of them.  
 We are the Hiderick's big, hairy-chested men;  
 We are from Calontir.  
 We are from Calontir. We are from Calontir.  
 We are the Hiderick's big, hairy-chested men,  
 We are from Calontir.

(Verse Only)

We've drunk champagne with the best of them,  
 and with the worst of them,  
 and with the rest of them.  
 We are the Hiderick's big, hairy-chested men--  
 the men of Calontir.  
 We are the Hiderick's big, hairy-chested men--  
 the men of Calontir.  
 We are the Hiderick's big, hairy-chested men--  
 the men of Calontir.

(Repeat: "We are from Calontir")

(From the Calontir Song Songbook)



Calontir Stands Alone

by Lord Brom Blackhand

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 len 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 TreegirtSea, Waes Hael. Drink Hael.  
And Rivenstar with its flag unfurled  
Is damn near the other side of the world--  
That's one good reason why  
Calontir stands alone.

We haven't got belted chivalry, WaesHael. Drink Hael.  
Just good old unbelted fighters we, Waes Hael. Drink Hael.  
But on battlefields many we've stood the test,  
Proved our bravery, skill, and our 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.  
Let all 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 I think we'll see  
A merry Principality  
On that bright high day when  
Calontir stands alone.



(tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

(From the Calon Song Songbook)

CHIVALRY

By Lady Morgana bro Morganywyt

I was just a lad of ten,  
My father said to me,  
"Come here and take a lesson from  
The belted Chivalry.  
Don't put your trust in knights, my boy,  
My father said to me.  
Come here and watch the Vikings kill  
The belted Chivalry.

Chorus

Chivalry, very pretty,  
And the ladies all are sweet,  
But they find that the Vikings are  
Impossible to beat.

But when I grew I fell in love,  
The lady said to me,  
"I think that I will keep my heart  
For the belted Chivalry.  
I said that I'd become a knight  
As quick as can be.  
The music of her laughter hid  
My father's words to me.

Chorus

So off to tourney I did go  
In chainmail all belted red,  
A scimitar broadsword in my hand,  
A helmet on my head.  
I charged onto the tourney field  
To fight so nobly,  
When a blow from a Viking axe  
Came in my helm for me.

Chorus

My father had to hear me from the field,  
But I could hardly see,  
But I could hear my lady weeping  
For the belted Chivalry.  
I'll never love again  
Until that you will see  
Who wants a Viking love.  
The belted Chivalry.

Chorus (repeat twice)

(Verse: Lemon Tree)  
(Near the Calen Court Courtyard)

Calontir Should Stand Alone

Noddel of the Alan

Calontir should stand alone; so say all of us  
 We're going to fight the Kingdom; 'cause they're make-en  
 such a fuss  
 Hit the field a' runnin' lads, and swing those blades around;  
 We're going to fight the Middle; 'cause the Middle let us  
 down.

Calontir should stand alone; and fight for what is ours  
 To have a King, that is our own; and all the Kingdom powers  
 Hit the field a' runnin' lads, and swing the blades around;  
 We're going to fight the Middle; 'cause the Middle let us  
 down.

We're going to fight the Middle; 'cause the Middle wants  
 us not  
 We're going to fight the Middle; 'cause they left us here  
 to rot  
 Hit the field a'runnin' lads, and swing those blades  
 around;  
 We're going to fight the Middle; 'cause the Middle let  
 us down.

Knights we have deserving; who haven't got their belts  
 This can be proven; Ansteoran welts  
 Hit the field a'runnin' lads, and swing those blades  
 around;  
 We're going to fight the Middle; 'cause the Middle let  
 us down.

The warriors of Calontir; have kept the Mid-realm  
 strong  
 But we know our recompence; has waited far too long  
 Hit the field a'runnin' lads, and swing those blades  
 around;  
 We're going to fight the Middle; 'cause the Middle let  
 us down.

Artisans and crofters; rally to Calontir  
 Fight with sycths and hammer; beside the heart-lands  
 'fyrd  
 Hit the field a'runnin' lads, and swing those blades  
 around;  
 We're going to fight the Middle; 'cause the Middle let  
 us down.

We won't be used again; to fight the Middle's wars  
 When next our warriors goto fight; we'll be at the King's  
 own doors  
 Hit the field a'runnin' lads, and swing those blades  
 around;  
 We're going to fight the Middle; 'cause the Middle let  
 us down.

//

So heed now the weeping; honor the maidens tear  
 Now for the heartland; and the right of Calontir  
 Hit the field a'runnin' lads, and swing those blades  
 around;  
 We're going to fight the Middle; 'cause the Middle put  
 us down.

Calontir should stand alone; so say of us  
 We're going to fight the Kingdom; 'cause they're maken'  
 such a fuss  
 Hit the field a'runnin' lads, and swing those blades  
 around;  
 We're going to fight the Middle; 'cause the Middle let  
 us down.

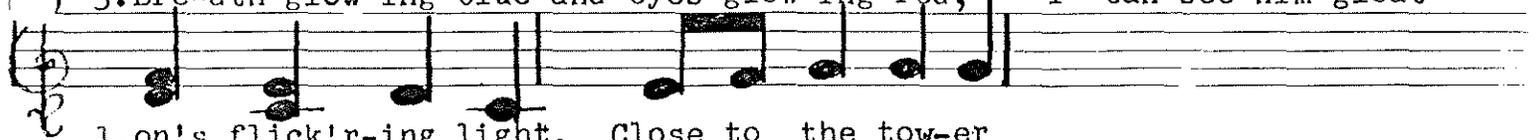
(tune: Sinking of the Bismark by Johnny Horton?)

Dragon

Ld. Anamdraig O'Rioghbardain de Danaan de Muscraige



1. Out of my win-dow look-ing in the night, i can see the drag-  
 2. Com-ing clos-er and wreck-ing all the way, when i'm rea-dy all  
 3. Bre-ath glow-ing blue and eyes glow-ing red, i can see him gloat-



1. on's flick'r-ing light. Close to the tow-er  
 2. his due he'll pay. For my sword is sharp  
 3. ing up a head. Come to me my darlin'



1. by the riv-er and the sea, i can see him burn-ing wick-ed-ly.  
 2. and my lance is poi-oi--ted, when we meet i know who will be dead.  
 3. as fast, as 'er as you can, for i know you think to eat this man.

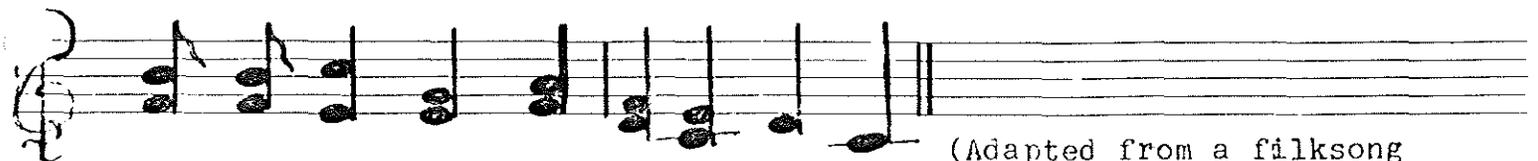


chorus

Drag-on, i would be off if i were you, for my sword will beat



you black and blue. Drag-on, your de-struc-tion is my lot,



for your head will grace my man-tle spot. (Adapted from a filksong called "Barges")

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

By Donald MacFarlane

The dragon-ships came sailin' doon  
 'Til the stars above the stern;  
 The seas were calm in the midnight breeze,  
 And the moon was shinin' clear, clear,  
 And the moon was shinin' clear.

The clansmen gathered on the ridge  
 As the rovers neared the shore;  
 The Scots had near a thousand men,  
 But the Northmen had still more, more,  
 But the Northmen had still more.

The longships beached in the mornin' swell  
 As the tide came sweerin' in,  
 And the rovers stormed upon the shore  
 Wit' their steel bright and grim, grim,  
 Wit' their steel bright and grim.

The clansmen met them on the beach  
 Wit' calymore, axe, and targe,  
 And they drove the Northmen free the shore  
 As the pipes they skirled the charge, charge,  
 As the pipes they skirled the charge.

The Danish axe and the claymore met  
 In that deadly clash of steel;  
 The berserks craved a bloody path,  
 But still the Scots were leal, leal,  
 But still the Scots were leal.

When it was long upon the beach  
 As the sun crossed the sky,  
 As the sun lay low in his golden hall  
 As he watched the warriors die, die,  
 As he watched the warriors die.

Over yon circle in the sky  
 As the black is leaped wi' death,  
 The sun now hides behind the hills,  
 And the tide is bloody red, red,  
 And the tide is bloody red.

The dragon-ships are sailin' home  
 Wit' the booty they bought dear,  
 And within they will gang no more  
 When the moon is shinin' clear, clear,  
 When the moon is shinin' clear.

( tune: Johnnie o' Ainslie )

## Earl Marshall

By ?????

Earl Marshall, Earl Marshall, Please let me fight  
 Melee or lists, Squire or Knight.  
 Any conditions you want, if you will,  
 Just let me go out and kill!

Earl Marshall, Earl Marshall. give me achance,  
 Why do men think women just dance?  
 I have a cause that I'd like to advance,  
 And honors yet to enhance.

For Yang my point-work will flourish,  
 For Dagan I will swing with my axe.  
 My whips for those who are churlish,  
 I'll play any son of a duck who quacks!

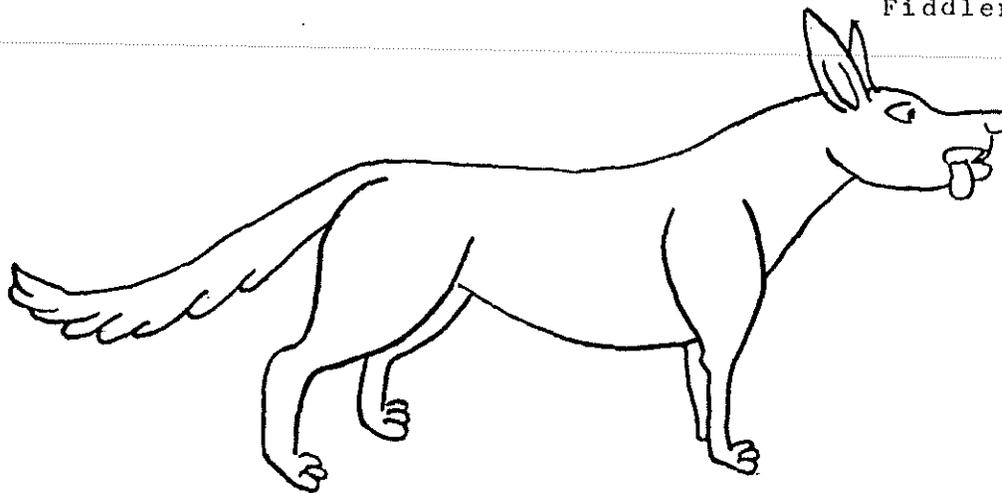
Earl Marshall, Earl, Marshall, I'll be concise:  
 What is your price? Jewels, or spice?  
 Earl Marshall, Earl Marshall, I could be nice...  
 To hell with the board! I'm from the Horde!  
 Give me a sword! Let me go out and slice!

Tar-khanum Zarina, have I got a match for you!  
 He's timid. He's shy. He's also eight foot two.  
 But he's a worthy opponent, True? True!  
 He says that fighting women is never chivalrous,  
 But for every blow that kills him, he'll raise quite a fuss.

Tar-khanum Zarina, I think we've got a fight,  
 But first, before he'll fight with you, he'll take off his belt  
 that's white.

But he's a worthy opponent, right? Right!  
 He'll hit you with such power that you'll think you really died,  
 Unless, of course, you hit him first, in which case he never tried.

(tune: The Matchmaker; From the  
 Fiddler on the Roof)



By, ...  
April 2, ...

Oh, your shield is hacked and ...  
I'm standing here, though you ...  
I hate to wake you up to see you die;  
But the shieldwall's breaking in a ...  
The herald's calling, he's blowing his ...  
Already I am mourning for your ...

chorus

(so) Wake up, and fight for me,  
Tell me that you'll die for me.  
Hurry and get armoured up and go:  
You'll go out there and get slain,  
--don't know if you will fight again--  
(oh) My Lord, you have to go.

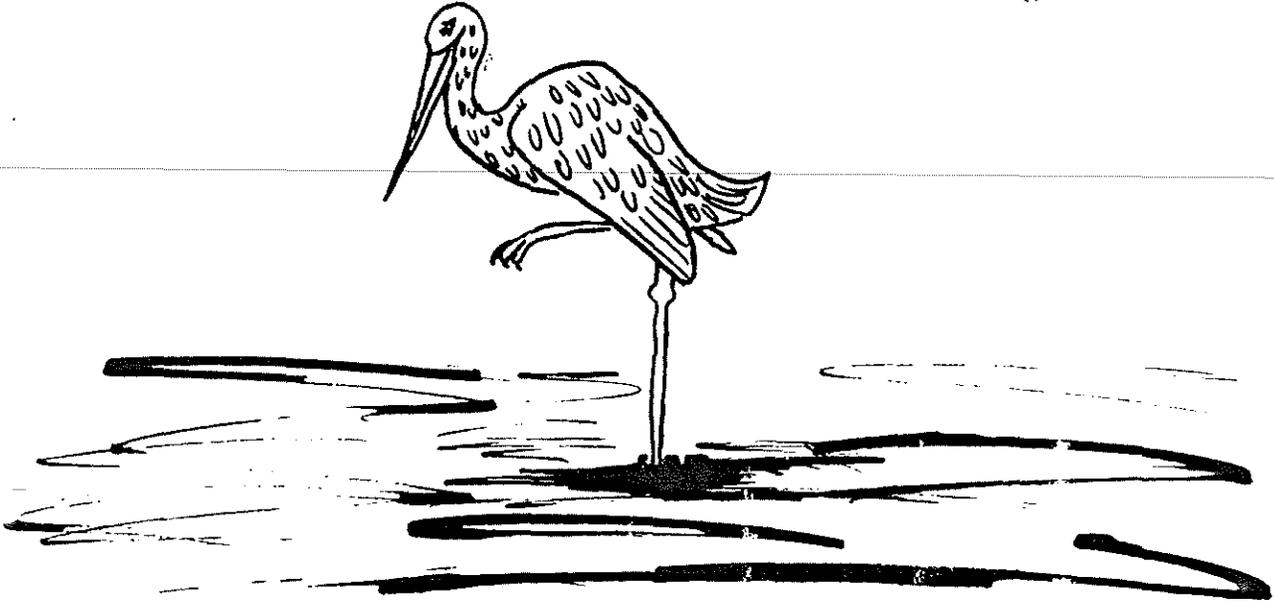
There's so many times they've knocked you down,  
So many times you've lost a pound.  
I tell you now: they don't mean a thing:  
Every battered helm is word by you.  
If you come back I'll mend your chainmail rings.

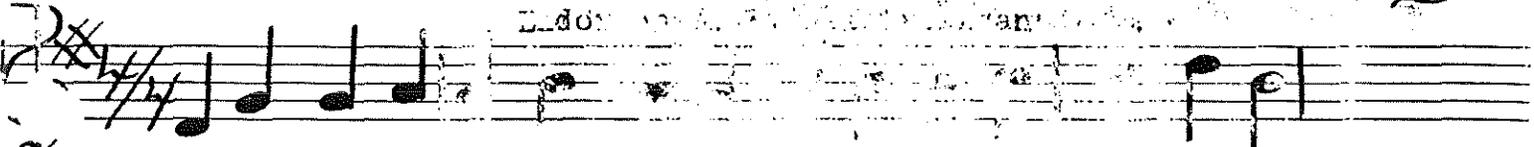
chorus

Now the time has come to wake you,  
One more time must I shake you,  
You soon will be deep within the fray;  
Think about the days to come,  
While you go out there all alone,  
About the time I won't have to say:

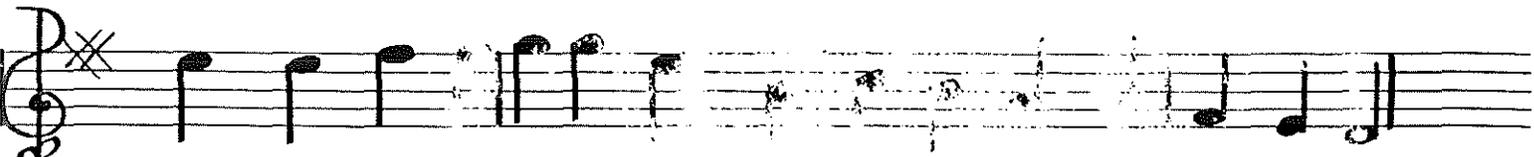
chorus

(tune: Leaving on a Jet Plane)





1. A lad was in the woods once, and he said he-e,



1. She lured him up an an-cient tree And he came down most un-tidy.



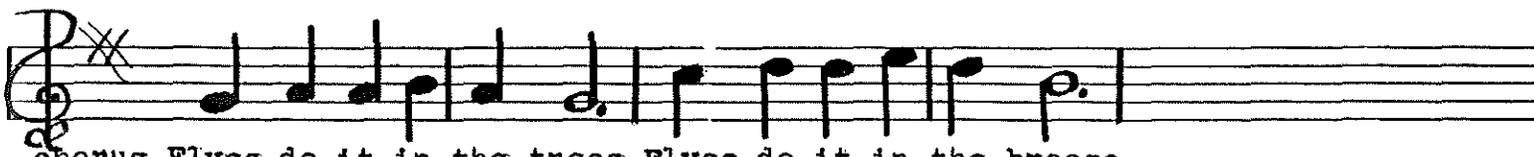
1. Those bro-ken bran-ches on the ground, You say they're storms



1. or some disease? Well, take an-oth-er look a-round,



1. 'Cause Elves do it in the trees! (must be a green-elf song!)



chorus Elves do it in the trees Elves do it in the breeze



Elves do it where they please Elves do it in the trees

2. A maiden fair, both chaste and pure,  
Strolled where the great trees towerd.  
She chanced beneath a sycamore  
And strolled away deflowered....

A handsome lad of twenty-nine  
Was walking in the forest green,  
He stopped to rest beneath a pine....  
Praytell, the rest is too obscene...

chorus

3. A maid at night within a field  
Saw an elf a-dancin',  
And such great powers he did wield  
They commenced romancin'....

He laid her down in a great oak tree  
And ployed her with his wiles,  
So great was that maid's ecstasy  
She could be heard for miles....

chorus

4. A faithful husband caught a glimpse,  
In yonder tree above the well,  
Of a group of naked elfin nymphs,  
And he did fall beneath their spell.

They bore him up into the boughs,  
And thrilled him so within the trees,  
That Wifey Dear's still wonderin' how  
He got so chaffed between the knees....

chorus

5. A woodsman's wife was snaring game  
Deep within a stand of spruce,  
When by the dozens, elf lads came,  
And thus she found herself seduced.

She came back late from her task  
And met her husband at the huts.  
"Saw ye any squirrels?" he asked.  
"No," she said, "but lots of nuts...."

chorus

6. So mark my words and listen well  
When you go wanderin' in the woods,  
If you're bewitched by an elvish spell,  
You may decide to stay for good.

~~For making love perched oh, so high,~~  
Within the realm of leafy green,  
Is guaranteed to satisfy  
The lustiest of Libertines.

chorus

(Music written from the prevalent versions, the editor has heard, and not necessarily the version the composer of the folksong, had in mind. AdC'RdeDdeM)

The Eyes of Ninja

Sta-li-Sun

The eyes of Ninja are upon you,  
All the live long day,  
The eyes of Ninja are upon you,  
You cannot get away.  
You don't know that they're around you,  
Till you get an arrow in the back.  
You won't know that they're around you,  
Till after they attack!

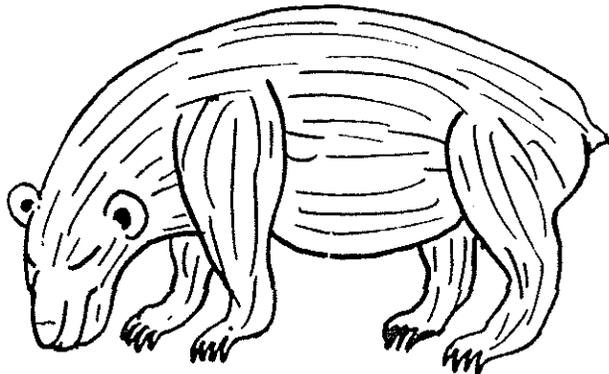
(tune: The Eyes of Texas)

Fafhrd's Hangover

Bob Asprin

If you go out on the streets today, you'd better not go alone.  
Do not go out on the streets today, it's safer to stay at home!  
The least excuse that ever there was  
Today will mean a challenge because,  
From drink last night, old Fafhrd is quite hung-o-ver!  
Hungover barbarian! You must beware of him  
He's certainly not himself today!  
If you see him, better run,  
'cause you'll get killed if you get in his way.  
He is in a cloud of gloom, so give him lots of room,  
And better not come too near!  
You gentle folk who value your life, better stay at home today,  
'cause Fafhrd's hung-over out to HERE!  
So, if you go out on the streets today, you'd better go with a  
guard;  
There's lots of pleasanter ways to die than crushed by a ton  
of lard!  
If you pretend my mountainous friend  
Is not a threat, you'll come to your end;  
For Fafhrd's quite prepared to fight,  
He'd like to pound you into the ground,  
His head and brain, in terrible pain,  
From drink last night, old Fafhrd is quite....hung-o-ver.

(tune: Teddy Bear Picnic)



FIREBALL WIZARD

By Lord Jason Di Westershire  
Lord Leric Sveltiche

Ever since I was a young boy, I've swung my iron maul,  
From Solo Down to Brighton, I must have slain them all,  
But I ain't seen nothing like him in my free-for-all,  
That magic-user sure throws a mean fireball.

He stands concentrating, don't ever sway or lean,  
Then he points his finger; always burns 'em clean,  
Not by intuition, his foemen always fall.  
That magic-user sure throws a mean fireball.

Oh a fireball wizard, there has to be a twist  
The fireball wizard will never, ever miss.

"How do you think he does it?"  
"I don't know!"  
"What makes him so good?"

He don't use no familiar, just lets his power swell,  
When there's lights a-flashing, and a smoky smell,  
Always gets his target, never slips at all.  
That magic-user sure throws a mean fireball.

Thought I was the halloo killing him,  
But I just handed my iron cross to him.

At the deapest levels, he can beat the best.  
He carry carts the treasure, and he just does the rest.  
With hot crazy flaming fingers, all his foemen fall,  
That magic-user sure throws a mean fireball.

(tune: Pinball Wizard)



GOLDEN DUCATS

By Eldoreth and Klaus the Mighty

Golden ducats, you're the one,  
You make tax time lots of fun,  
Golden ducats, we're awfully fond of you,  
Bo-Do-Do-De-O...

Golden ducats, joy of joys,  
When we shake you, you make noise, (Shake, Shake...)  
Golden ducats, we're awfully fond of you.

Oh...every day when I  
Make my way to the treasury,  
I find these little fellas who're  
Cute 'N' yella 'N' clinky...  
Clink-adink-a-dinky...(shake)...

Golden ducats, you're the one,  
You make tax time lots of fun,  
Golden ducats we're awfully fond of you.

(Repeat from begining; for last line substitute: )

Golden ducats, we're awfully fond of...  
Golden ducats, we're awfully fond of...  
Golden ducats, we're awfully fond of you!

(tune: Rubber Duckie)

Hi Ho! Anybody Home.

5-Part round

Handwritten musical notation for the first part of the song. It features a treble clef, a 4/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is written on a five-line staff. The first measure is marked with a '1.' and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. The second measure is marked with a '2.' and contains a quarter note C5, a quarter note Bb4, and a quarter note A4. The third measure is marked with a '3.' and contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The fourth measure contains a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note Bb3. The lyrics 'Hi, Ho! An-y-bod-y home, No meat no drink' are written below the staff.

Handwritten musical notation for the second part of the song. It features a treble clef, a 4/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is written on a five-line staff. The first measure is marked with a '4.' and contains a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note Bb3. The second measure is marked with a '5.' and contains a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a quarter note F3. The third measure contains a quarter note E3, a quarter note D3, and a quarter note C3. The fourth measure contains a quarter note Bb2, a quarter note A2, and a quarter note G2. The lyrics 'no mon-ey do I own, Still I will be mer-r-r-r-r-r-r-r' are written below the staff.

THE GREAT NORSE ROVER

by Lord Brom Blackhand

In the year of Thor nine-hundred-and six,  
Our flags and our sails we unfurled.  
And we cast off at ten with a full crew of men,  
In an effort to sack the whole world.

We'd hell of a ship, through the waves she did slip,  
And, oh, how the dark wind drove her.  
She had one score of masts and two thousand oars,  
And they called her the Great Norse Rover.

We had ten million spears, and enough food for years;  
We had three million chests for our gold;  
We had one thousand maids for the days between faids;  
We had two million axes, all told.

We had fifty fierce cats for our thousands of rats,  
And they battled about all over.  
We had ten million kegs of the best Danish mead  
On the decks of the Great Norse Rover.

There was Ingolf the Grim; there was no fear in him;  
There was Ivar from Novgorod town;  
There was Floki the Light who was too scared to fight,  
And we hoped he'd fall over and drown.

There was Erik the Fool, who was drunk as a rule,  
And raisin' hell all over.  
And old Hrothgar the Brown, who sacked Dublin town,  
Was the skipper of the Great Norse Rover.

We'd been five years at sea when the scurvy got bad,  
And the ship lost her way in the fog,  
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two;  
It was me and the Captian's old dog--(BIG dog.)

Then the ship struck a rock, a great big rock,  
And she almost tumbled over,  
And when I looked around, the poor dog was drowned--  
Hey, I'm the last of the Great Norse Rovers.

(tune: The Irish Rover)

Hark! The Herald<sub>1</sub>.

Tamar Ibn Vakare<sub>2</sub>.

Hark! The Herald Alfgar screams,  
 Don't use blues on top of greens!  
 Or and argent, that's all right  
 Metals and tinctures do not fight.  
 Use a blend, no highland plaids,  
 Keep it simple, PLEASE my laids.  
 Azure, vert, purpure and gules,  
 Must follow all my herald's rules.  
 Hark! The Herald Alfgar screams,  
 Don't use blues on top of greens.

Hark! The Herald Alfgar yells,  
 Don't use cars and oilwells.  
 Peroid, we beg you PLEASE!  
 Tygers we can draw with ease.  
 Please don't ask for rubber bands,  
 These must pass through Laurel's hands.  
 We draw rampart, couchant too,  
 Dancing the Hustle, no can do!  
 Hark! The Herald Alfgar yells,  
 Don't use cars and oilwells!

(tune: Hark! The Herald Angels Sing)

#### Footsnotes

1. Published in Pikestaff; 6 July 1976 by Tamara
2. Tamara Fitzgloucestre, Alia Bint Ulek Ibn El Kharish, Sigismund Wasa Care

Hark! The Heralds Loudly Cry

Sir Steven MacEamruig<sub>3</sub>.

Hark! The Harlds loudly cry,  
 "Who will live and who will die/"  
 Tourney time is here once more.  
 Kingdom's crown we're fighting for.  
 Join us on this tourney day.  
 Joyously we'll main and slay.  
 Hark! The heralds loudly sing.  
 "One of us will soon be King."

(tune: Hark! The Herald Angels Sing!)

3. From the NESFA Hymnal, 2nd ed.

Have I Told You of Paddockis?

Lady Hibrida Longhair

How doth the little paddocki  
Improve his wartish skin  
So that it glows most merrily  
In every lowish den!<sup>1</sup>.

How cunningly he plights his trap  
Baited with his jewels  
And labors hard to entrap  
Divers credulous fools.

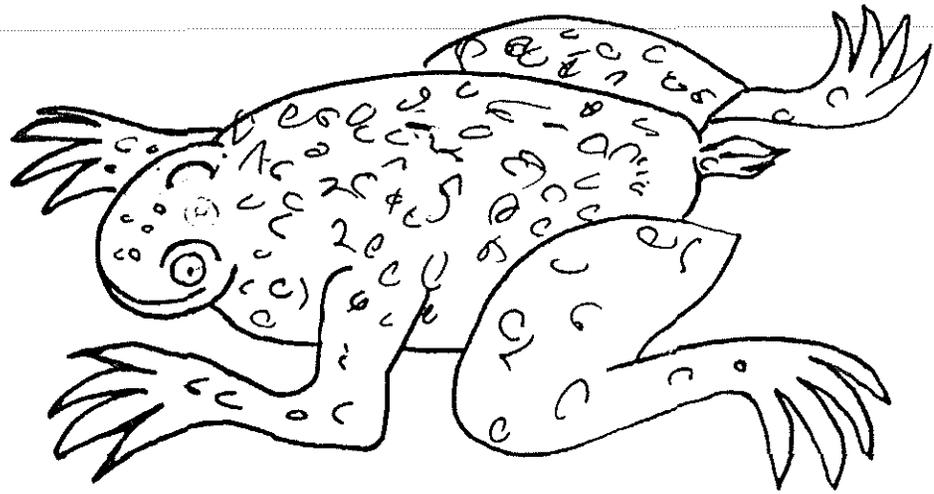
In works of ardor or in swill  
He has no subtlety  
But strives for ere for his will<sup>2</sup>.  
With damned dexterity.

In hel,<sup>3</sup> in fire, or witches brew,  
He may be found at last,  
With this curse upon his crew,  
"May their own stones be passed!"<sup>4</sup>.

(after a tune; "Against Idleness & Mischief",  
from Divine Songs for Children (1715) by Isaac Watts,  
melody unknown....but my be sung to "Comming Through  
the Rye".)

Notefoots? Nootfotes? Footnotes!

- 1.He takes tetracycline which is deposited on his skin,  
where it floresces under black light at disco's.
- 2.Pun; "heir for his will".
- 3.Spelled correctly.."hel" means grave or hole..ie  
toad-in-the-hole.
- 4.Refers not to Kidney Stones.



## HAVING A SWORD FROM TOLEDO GUERRIDO

By Kevin Perigryne

(versions also exist by Stone of Stoncroft  
and Ganthavar Chutkandra)

Having a sword from Toledo Guerrido  
I like having no sword at all.  
All through the Tourney  
How the battles do fly,  
Then you lay down and die.  
Ah! 'Cause, after the duke's blow, the knight or the count's kill  
When your squires come to drag you away,  
They straighten it out  
From its pretzel-like bend  
Then you pick it back up  
And you go fight again.

'Twas forged by a smith  
With a night school diploma,  
From tin cans and alloys unknown.  
And you're stuck on the fields  
With your sword from Toledo,  
You'd be better with bare hands alone.

You ask how I know 'bout the swords of Toledo,  
Well, I tried to use one, one day.  
They have many uses to dazzle your eyes;  
When you're not cutting cheese,  
You can also cut pies.  
But let's not forget that the folks of Toledo  
Quite logically also make scale.  
"No chinks, never sheds!"  
As a claim, it's the best;  
But you're wise to remember  
They used their swords to test.

So, "live and let live",  
This must be their motto,  
But next time you want someone dead,  
Remember the swords of Toledo Guerrido,  
You'd best use a bread knife instead.

(tune: Saturday Night in Toledo Ohio)

Helpa Helpa Helpa Help Me

Galawen Goldenfair & Airielle Elveria Goldenfleur

I was feeling done in,  
 Couldn't win.'  
 I never fought so hard before  
 I thought there's no use getting  
 In to heavy fighting.  
 It only leads to trouble.  
 And regretting  
 Now all I want to know  
 Is how to go.  
 I've tasted blood and I want more,  
 More, more, more!

I'll put up some resistance,  
 I want to go the distance.  
 Is there a helping hand?  
 I need assistance!

chorus

Helpa Helpa Helpa Help Me  
 I wanna fight dirty  
 Slash Basha don't Crash me.  
 Where's a preacher or a knight?  
 If strength was on my side,  
 I'd tan their hides  
 I'd bash them up and crash them down,  
 down, down, down!

And that's just one small fraction  
 Of the main attraction  
 Here they come again (go for it!)  
 I need Action (you missed it!)

chorus

(tune: Toucha-Toucha-Toucha Me! From: The Rocky Horror  
Picture Show.)



HELP ME BRUMMBAR

by Amleth MacAuleth

The Atens cornered me, so I couldn't turn and run  
They sparred with me before, but now the odds are ten to one.  
Oh, Brummbar you fight so fine  
Oh, I know it wouldn't take much time  
For you to help me Brummbar,  
Help me get 'em off of my back.

Help me Brummbar, help, help me Brummbar (repeat)  
Help me Brummbar, yeah, get 'em off of my back.

They were gonna take Three Rivers so we were gonna fight them all.  
But the Atens swarm like lemmings and hide behind their sheild-wall.  
Oh, Brummbar you Calon-champ,  
We could revel in the Aten camp,  
If you'd just help me Brummbar,  
Help me get 'em off of my back.

Help me Brummbar, help, help me Brummbar (ect.)

(tune: Help Me Rhonda)

HIGH FLY THE NAZGUL

By Ted Johnstone

I'll sing you one, oh.  
High fly the Nazgul, oh.  
What is your one, oh?  
One for the One Ring, Lord of All,  
That was destroyed by Frodo.

Ten for the battles of the Ring,  
Nine for the nine brave walkers.  
Eight for the ancient Elfswords,  
Seven for the Dwarf-Lords magic rings,  
Six for the names of Strider,  
(Six for the names of the King)\*

Five for the Wizards from the West,  
Four for the questing hobbits,  
(four for the hobbits on their quest)\*

Three, three, the Elven rings,  
Two, two, the watchful towers, guarding over Mordor, oh,  
And one for the One Ring, Lord of All,  
That was destroyed by Frodo.

\*The parenthesized version is sung when this line is sung for the first time, and the other version thereafter.

(tune: Green Grow the Rushes, Oh)



## I AM NOT A NINJA POLKA

By ?????

When you travel round the Middle Kingdom,  
 A melody will greet your ears,  
 It's a malady that's been around the Kingdom  
 For what seems like twenty years:  
 Each and every Canton dances to the strains  
 Of the "I am not a Ninja" polka,  
 All without exception join in the refrain  
 Of the "I am not a Ninja" polka.

We all think that Mongols are something we should thrash.  
 Sing the "I am not a Ninja" polka.  
 The Kingdom is so peaceful. We love each other so.  
 Rebellion is the last thing on our minds.  
 We don't attend post revels, and really do believe  
 That the whole Dark Horde should stick to their own kind.  
 I never read a handout, or said "The King is a fink!!!"  
 To the "I am not a Ninja" polka.

Is that not a Khanate kit?  
 I have not a Khanate kit.  
 Sing the "I am not a Ninja" polka.

Did you not help write this song?  
 I did not help write this song.  
 Sing the "I am not a Ninja" polka.

And did you not tell Yang our plan?  
 I did not tell Yang...Yang who?  
 Yang who!?

Yeah. Yangwho? should I know him? Is he a Filksinger?  
 You never heard of Yang?  
 No. Tell me about him.

Well, he was a lucid man, very lean, very loud and brash,  
 Always smiles, laughed a lot, scrawny black mustache.  
 He's the one, clapped his hands, went into a dance,  
 When the news came to him, "Eodred's on France".  
 He's the one, Christmastime, told the Baronies,  
 "To you the battles, tomorrow tome!"  
 Tomorrow to me! Tomorrow bel--I never heard of him myself,  
 I'm neither.

To our eastern allies, let us drink a toast,  
 To the "I am not a Ninja" Polka.  
 Sure there are some Hordesmen, two or three at most,  
 Sing the "I am not a Ninja" polka.  
 We all conduct ourselves in a European way,  
 We never pay ourselves when we can borrow.  
 We don't like Irish whiskey and we really do believe  
 That the whole dark Horde will lead us all to sorrow,  
 No sorrow, to sorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow! to--

## I AM NOT A NINJA POLKA (con't)

We are all quite loyal as subjects to... .. the King!  
Sing the "I am not a Ninja" polka,  
And we so not approve of the songs the Hordesmen sing  
To the "I am not a Ninja" polka.

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. No, no, you are not singing.

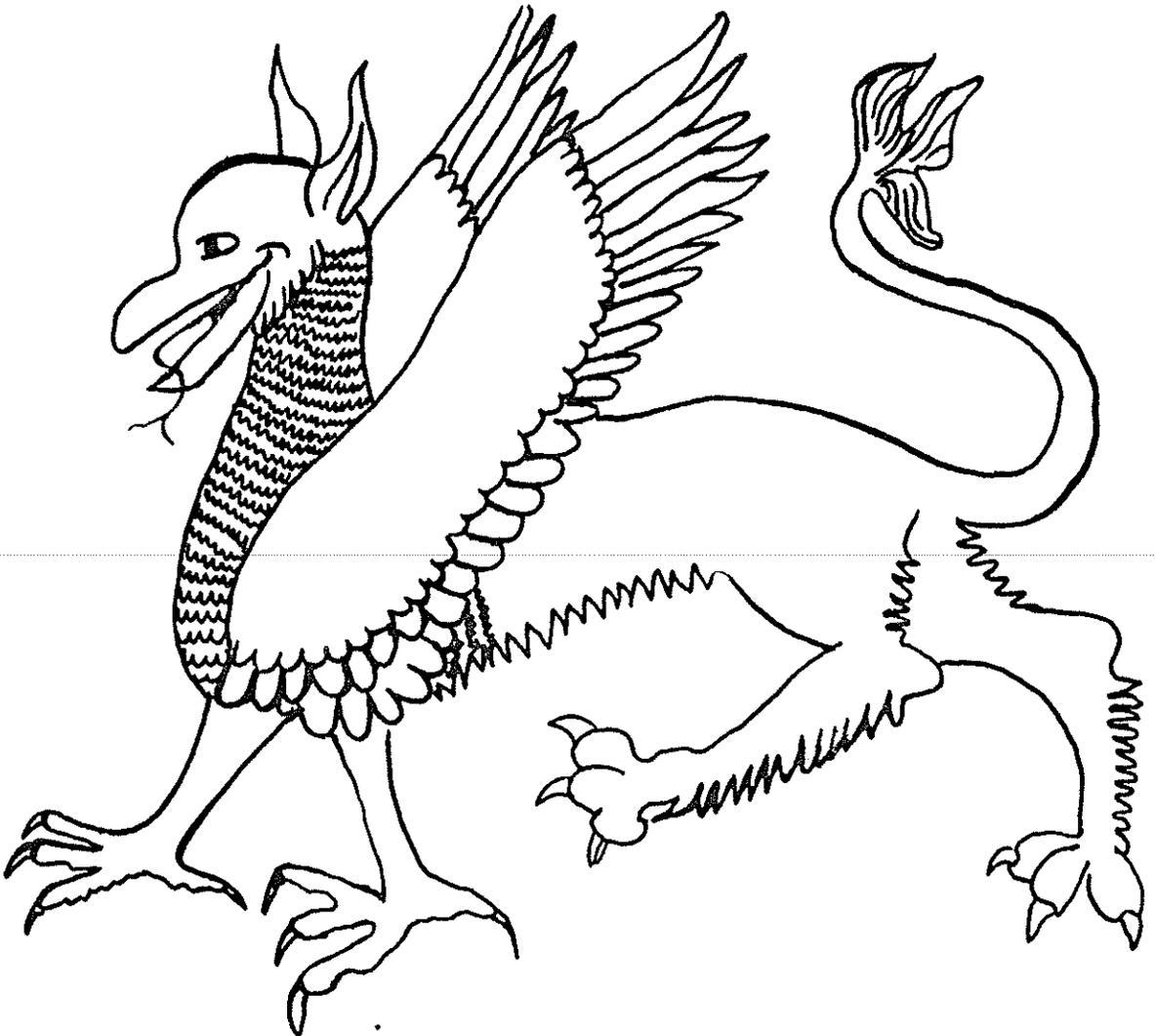
Umm...

Perhaps you do not like to sing?

No...

You have relatives living perhaps in East Lansing, Michigan, eh?  
You will sing!  
Sing the "I am not a Ninja" polka! Watsu!!

(tune: I am Not a Nazi Polka)



## I. I HAD A SWORD

By ??????

If I had a sword, I'd practice in the morning,  
 I'd practice in the evening all over this land,  
 I'd cut up the English, I'd slay all the Mongols,  
 I'd go make war between the Angles and the Saxons.  
 Oh, Oh, All over this land.

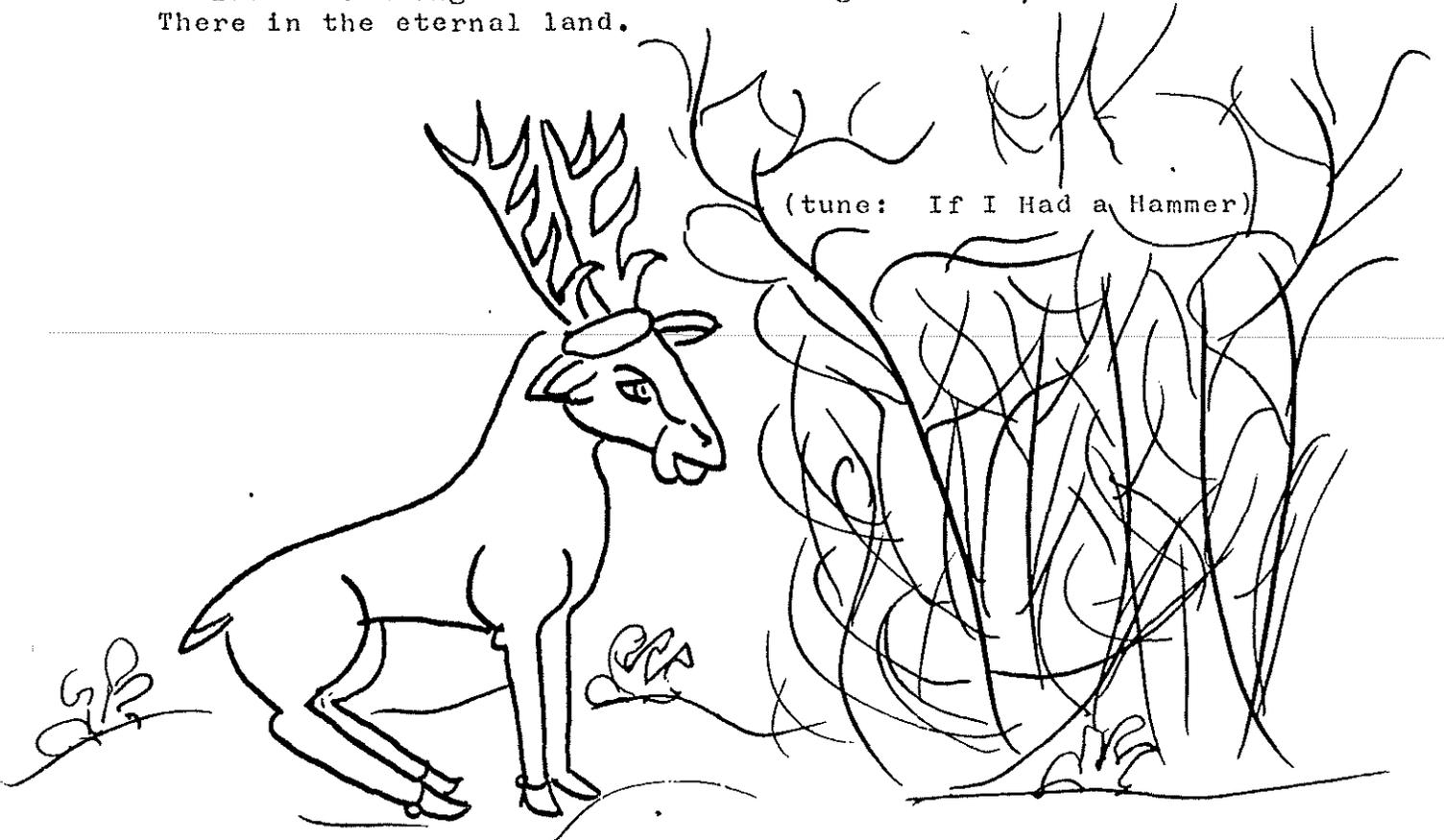
If I had an axe, I'd swing it in the morning,  
 I'd swing it in the evening all over this land,  
 I'd chop down a forest and build me a longship,  
 And then I'd sail to go and harry all the Irish,  
 Oh, Oh, All over this land.

If I had a crown, I'd don it in the morning,  
 I'd wear it in the evening, whenever I can,  
 I'd rule as a strong King, and yet be a wise man,  
 I'd give fine gifts and peace to all my loyal subject,  
 They'd prosper all over this land.

If I had a son, I'd raise him in the morning,  
 I'd teach him at noon time, so he'd be a man,  
 I'd give him a broadsword, a fine shirt of mail,  
 I'd give him many more retainers and a longship,  
 And a crown to rule over this land.

And then when I die, I'll die in the morning,  
 I'll burn in the evening, a pyre so grand,  
 I'll go live with Odin, hunt lion with Thor,  
 I will live among the heroes and the gods there,  
 There in the eternal land.

(tune: If I Had a Hammer)



I'M A TAR-KHAN

By ?????

Just 'cause I'm a Tar-khan,  
Yeidel, Deidel, Deidel, Deidel, Deidel, Deidel, Dum,  
All day long I pillage, Rape and burn,  
Just 'cause I'm a Tar-khan in the Horde.

I never have to work hard,  
Yeidel, Deidel, Deidel, Deidel, Deidel, Deidel, Dum,  
All day long my Ninja's sneak and lurk,  
While I lie with women in my yurt.

I have a Khanate strong with Hordesmen and women,  
Enough to turn the Khakhan Yang quite green,  
And most of all I've Ninja's you've never seen.

If the Changa wasn't careful of his manners,  
We act as though he's never ever been,  
Or maybe shove a blade into his spleen  
And turn, and turn, and turn!

The most important Tar-khans come and try to bribe me,  
Like Ghengis Khan they praise me,  
While trying to save face with me.  
"If you please, Tar-khan Jube."  
"If you would, Tar-khan Jube."  
Pouring wine enough to cross poor Dagan's eyes.  
Hoi, Hoi, ect.

And what is more, it won't make one bit of difference,  
If I am right or I am wrong,  
If you wear a smile, they think you know.  
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho.

Just 'cause I'm a Tar-khan.  
Yeidel, Deidel, Deidel, Deidel, Deidel, Deidel, Dum.  
All day long I pillage, rape, and burn.  
When I arrive all heads they seem to turn.  
They're afraid their town I've come to burn.  
Just 'cause I'm a Tar-khan in the Horde.

(tune: If I Were a Rich Man; From  
Fiddler on the Roof)

Imperium Compound

Tune: Lydia Pinkham's Medicinal Compound

Here's a story, a little bit gory, (1)  
A little bit happy, a little bit sad,  
About a drink called Imperium Compound,  
And how the S.C.A.'s been had! (Pass the Bottle...)

Chorus  
We think, We think, We think,  
The king is a fink, a fink, a fink,  
A figure of respectability,  
Rules the kingdom through Imperium Compound,  
The results are plain to see!

Duke Tregirtsea, was known for his courtesy, (2)  
And his fighting prowess was well-renowned,  
Took a thimble of Imperium Compound,  
And the poor duke nearly drowned!

Chorus

Words with Andy, you never should bandy, (2)  
He is strong enough to kill a moose.  
He drinks copious Imperium Compound,  
But he can't take jungle juice! (The sissy!)

Chorus

Meriwold, he is the bane of a skald, he (3)  
Has no attributes of which to sing.  
Polite and formal, incredibly normal  
Are you sure he was the king? (Boing...Boing... Boing...)

Chorus

Bearengaer, he was very wary,  
And his opponents learned his blade in fear,  
Dipped his blade in Imperium Compuond:  
Now we're stuck with him this year!

(Alternative)

Bearengaer, he lived solitary,  
From his presence folks would hide in fear,  
Dipped his blade in Imperium Compound:  
Now we're stuck with him this year!

Chorus

Thaid Mak Tlessown, he taught us a lesson, (1)  
And his praises now we sing,  
With the aid of Imperium Compound,  
Any fool can be king! (In northwoods)

Chorus

There was Al Frank, Some thought him an old crank,  
But a billiant touradour and skald,  
Drank a toast with Imperium Compound  
Now he's prematurely Bald!

(1)

(And married)

Chorus

There was roland, hew wrote with a slow hand,  
But in what he writes he does take pride,  
Dipped his quill in Imperium Compound;  
And took wandor for a ride!

(2)

(for money)

Chorus

Azarael, a melodious fellow,  
Sings a song both sweet and terse,  
After drinking Imperium Compound  
He gets Verse and Verse and Verse!

(he wrote this

Chorus

Hakan redbeard, we thought him a bit weird,  
We thought vikings all were six foot four,  
Bathed his beard in Imperium Compound,  
And shrank right to the floor!

(still singing)

Chorus

After hakan, we sing of the Kakhan,  
And his horde, which never seems to leave,  
They just smile at Imperium Compound:  
I wonder what is up his sleeve?

(2)?

(wheet-thunk!)

(Alternative Chorus)

We think, We think, We think,  
The khan is a fink, a fink , a fink,  
A figure of incredibility,  
Rules the Khanate through Genghis Compound,  
With results you never see!

Robert Asprin, pulled many a fast one,  
On the kingdom and its kings,  
~~So we all drank Imperium Compound,~~  
Now we can stand the songs he sings!

(4)

(Oh yeah)

Chorus

There was Rolac, some thought him a Polack,  
But he was a scot, you see,  
He took treatments of Imperium Compound,  
Now he's as wise as you or me.

(1)

(not likely)

Chorus

Michael of Boar, he did not know the score, he  
Had a lot of problems with his queen,  
And the shit that he pulled down in Wurmwald  
Turned the Midrealm Dragon green.

(oh, Boarsy)

Chorus (Substitute: He needed a thrink, a shrink, a shrink)

Master Moonwulf was a very great fighter,  
he led us Pennsic and we did quite well.  
But he lost to Imperium Compound,  
Now he collects his dues in hell.

(he deserved it)

Chorus

Good King Nathan, some thought him a no one,  
But his twilsey was the best atound,  
Then he drank some Imperium Compound,  
Now his twilsey can't be found.

(he's on it)

Chorus

Laurelen Darksbane, as a king he is not vain,  
As an elf he plays with squirrels in trees,  
Then he drank some Imperium Compound,  
Now he only needs the trees.

(he's Nutty)

Chorus

Duke Siggie, a west coast biggie,  
Didn't know enough for his own good,  
Threw a knife at Y.T. Nauseating,  
And escaped with brotherhood!

(2)

Chorus

Kenneth of Chevoit, I haven't quite rhymed yet,  
But he has a fair and roving eye,  
When imbibing Imperium Compound,  
He is never, ever shy.

(2)

(Shai Dorsai)

Chorus

Kevin Perigrinne, we hoped that he'd win.  
When he made Duke William's helmet ring,  
Though a mere Knight, he showed his great might,  
Now he's our curly-headed king.

(5)

Chorus

Said Kevin Perigrinne, "I've really got to win,  
My fighting poem is three years old today!"  
Rubbed his pinions with Imperium Compound  
And brought an old grey wolf to bay!

(6)

(Alternate Chorus)

We think, we think, we think, (6)  
The king is a fink, a fink, a fink,  
A figure of delectability,  
Combs his hair with Imperium Compound,  
The results are plain to see,

Said princess Patti "we're going batty, (6)  
"But the kingdom must come first, I've heard.  
"We'll run our lives with Imperium Compound  
"And give the western crown the bird!"

Chorus

Lady Trude thought it her duty, (6)  
To turn a social wrong into a right;  
Proved her point with Imperium Compound  
And showed that Cheshire cats can fight! (And Scratch)

Chorus

Mary of Uffington said "Fighting's a lot of fun, (6)  
"But I've found a bigger thrill."  
Earned a club with Imperium Compound  
Because it's lots more fun to kill!

Chorus

King Allen was quite a wimp, he (10)  
Let Emelynn give all the toast  
Till he drank some Imperium Compound  
But then he couldn't find his host. (he's still looking)

Chorus

(West Kingdom Additions to Imperium Compound)

Siegfried the Urbane, Disguises a sharp brain, (7)  
Beneath a mop of flashy golden hair,  
He rakes and he boozes, but it's Compound he uses,  
When he runs out of savoir faire!

Chorus

The board of directors, styled themselves "The electors", (6)  
And another con they tried to swing:  
Now the bod drinks Imperium Compound,  
So we no longer need a King.

(Alternate Chorus)

The Bod, The Bod, The Bod, (6,8)  
It thinks it is god, it's god, it's god,  
The figure of supreme authority,  
And if we'd O.D. on Imperium Compound,  
There'd be no need for royalty!

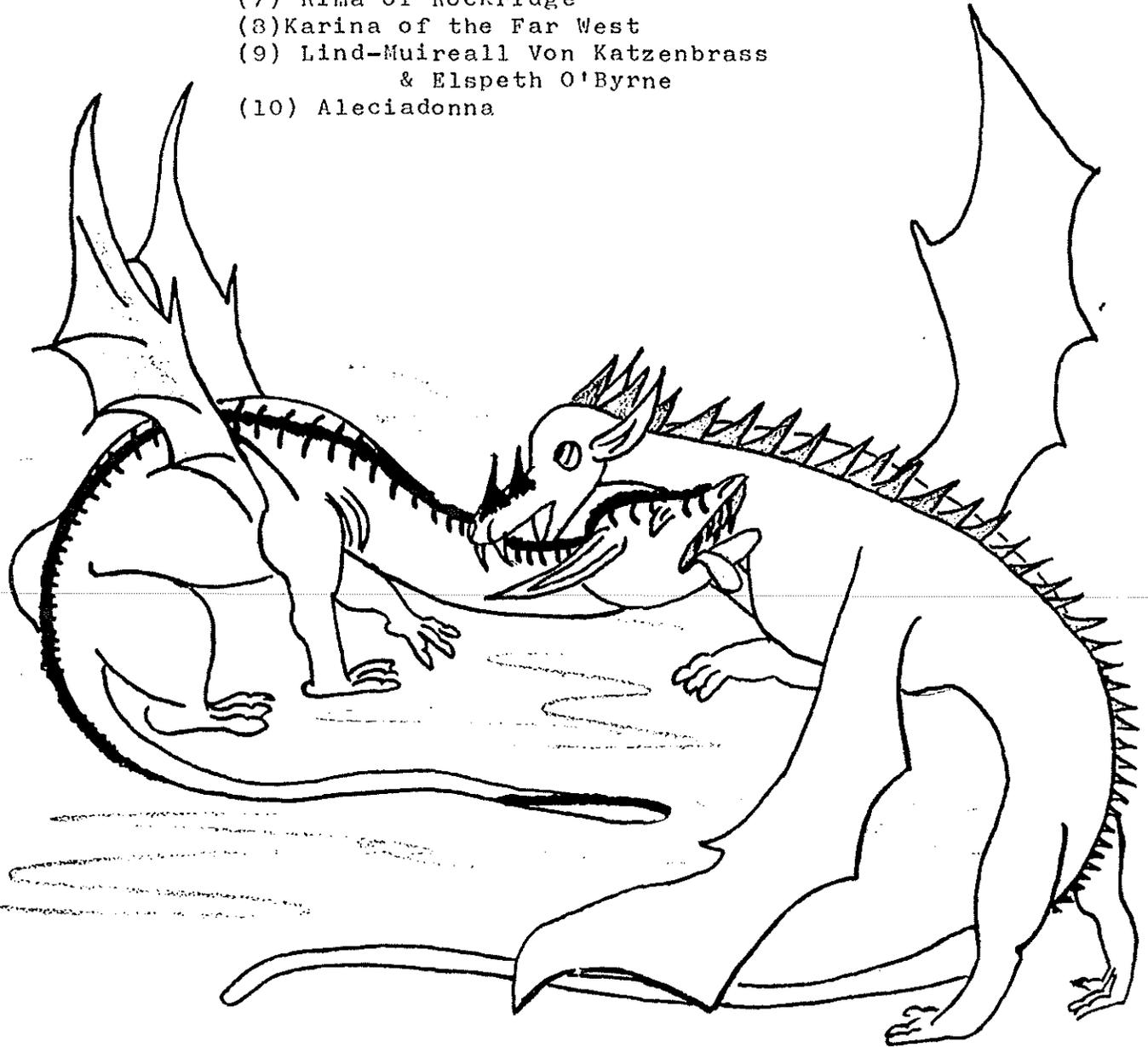
Jon Decles rules as if we were all fools  
And won't even try to change his way,  
Once the horde drinks Imperium Compound  
The board will be de Classe

(9)

(Alternate Chorus)  
The board, the board, the board,  
It isn't the Horde, the horde, the horde,  
And in its difference lies its fall from grace:  
Even the Dukes found they had to use Compound  
Just to keep it in its Place.

VERSE CREDITS:

- (1) Yang The Nauseating
- (2) Azarael the Soul Separator
- (3) Hael of the Broken Mask
- (4) Richard of Alsace
- (5) Ganthavar Chutkandra
- (6) Siegfried Von Hoflichskait
- (7) Rima of Rockridge
- (8) Karina of the Far West
- (9) Lind-Muireall Von Katzenbrass  
& Elspeth O'Byrne
- (10) Aleciadonna



It's Dying Time

Ed. Leric Speltigha

It's dying time again, you're gonna cleave me,  
I can see that battle-axe look in your eyes.  
You're swingin' up your arm,  
And I can tell you'll do me harm,  
And I know that it will soon be dying time.

It's dying time again, you're choppin' at me  
I can see that sharp edge swingin' in the sun.  
You're gonna cause me pain,  
You're gonna chop me right in twain,  
So I know that it will soon be dying time.

(tune: It's Crying Time)

Joy to the World

Sr. Steven MacEanruig & Sr. William the Lucky

Joy to the world, for war has come  
And we can fight again.  
Let every foe  
Know fear and woe  
And swords and axes swing,  
And swords and axes swing,  
And swords, and swords, and axes swing.

We'll rule the world with axe and mace  
And Heaven up above.  
Let battle cry  
Ring fierce and high,  
For war is what we love,  
For war is what we love,  
For war, for war, is what we love.

Joy to the world, for war has come  
With sword and arrow's flight.  
We'll maim and slay  
All through the day,  
And rape and loot at night,  
And rape and loot at night,  
And rape, and rape, and loot at night.

(tune: Joy to the World)

From the 2nd edition of the NESFA Hymnal.

La Belle Dame

Lady Hibrida Longhair

My lady has gold vinyl slippers  
Over her sheer panty hose.  
She closes her gown with a zipper,  
And neatly darts all of her clothes.

chorus  
Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my lady to me, to me,  
Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my lady to me.

My lady wears long Saxon hair braids,  
She fastens them with rubber bands,  
Or leaves it loose like a pure young maid  
Though her peroid demands well-bound strands.

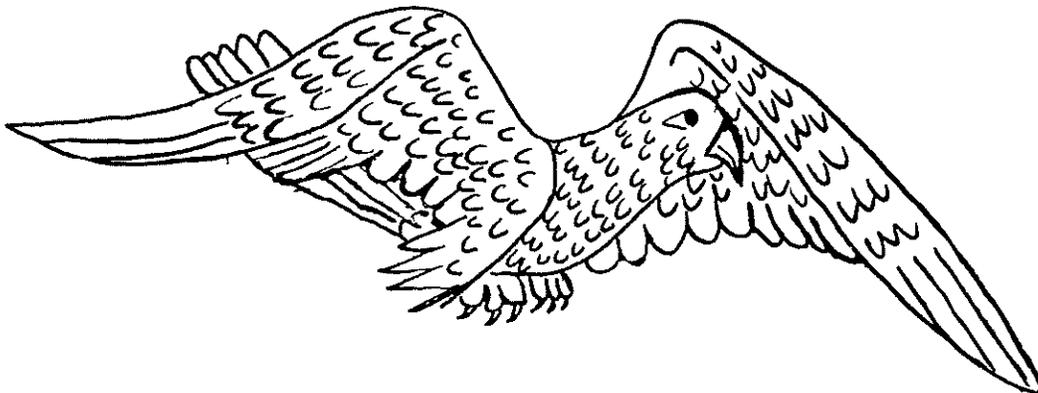
chorus  
My lady's laced so tight she can't breathe,  
She leans back because she can't sit,  
If she sneezes she'll loosen her Velcro  
Exposing more than we'll permit.  
chorus

My lady's no saucer-eyed new-new,  
She's been in the SCA for years,  
But still her old garb she won't redo  
Though the MOA's prompted to sneers.  
chorus

My lady has double-pierced buttons,  
To fasten tight both of her sleeves,  
Their tops flair-out like leg-o-muttons,  
The MOA's calling the Reeves.  
chorus

Oh, the Reeves have ejected my lady,  
They have no regard for her purse,  
Her continued costuming perfidy  
Has taken her from bad to verse!  
chorus

(tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)



I Mangled a Mongo!

Ld. Anamdraig O'Rioghphardain de Danaan de Muscraige

Musical notation for the first staff, including treble clef, key signature, and time signature.

- (all) 1. I mangled a Mon- -gol, Mon- -gol, Mon- -gol. I mangled a
- 2. I nab'd a Nin- -ja, Nin- -ja, Nin- -ja. I nab'd a
- 3. I maul'd an In-fi-del, In-fi-del, In-fi-del. I maul'd an

Musical notation for the second staff.

- 1. Mon- -gol, Mon- -gol today.
  - 2. Nin- -ja, Nin- -ja today.
  - 3. In-fi-del, In-fi-del today.
- (go to chorus...go directly to chorus...do not end song!)

Musical notation for the third staff, including lyrics for Choir 1 and Choir 11.

Choir 1 (chorus) Hack him down, (it) you 1.chiv' -rous war-yer.  
2.Sho - gun  
3.Christ-ian

Choir 11 Hack him down, (it)

Musical notation for the fourth staff.

Choir 1 Hack him down, (it)

Choir 11 you 1.chiv' -rous war-yer.  
2.Sho - gun  
3.christ-ian Hack him down, (it)

Musical notation for the fifth staff.

- (all) you 1.chiv -al-rous Knight, Knight, Knight, Knight, Knight, Knight.
- 2.Sho -o -gun Gen'rl, Gen'rl, Gen'rl, Gen'rl, Gen'rl, Gen'rl.
- 3.Christ-ist-ian King, King, King, King, King, King.

- 4. I d'troy'd chiv-al-ry, chiv-al-ry, chiv-al-ry.
- I d'troy'd chiv-al-ry, chiv-al-ry today.

.....  
you Mongol war-yer....  
you Mongol war-yer....  
you Mongol Chief, Chief, etc.

- 5. I stab'd a Shogun etc.
- .....
- you Ninja war-yer etc.
- .....
- you Ninja 'sassin etc

- 6. I zonked a Christian etc.
- .....
- you Moslum war-yer etc.
- .....
- you Moslem Sheik etc.

(Adapted from a spiritual called "Isack-ka-sum-ba" or some such silly name)

(Beware! this song is the new & improved version of "I Bop'da Mongol")

M\*A\*S\*H

By Johnny Mandel

Through early morning fog I see  
Visions of the things to be;  
The pains that are withheld for me,  
I realize and I can see

Chorus

That suicide is painless,  
It brings on many changes,  
And I can take it or leave it if I please.

Try to find a way to make  
All our little joys relate  
Without that ever-present hate  
But now I know that it's too late  
And+-

--Chorus

The game of life is hard to play,  
I'm going to lose it anyway,  
The losing card I'll someday lay,  
So this is all I have to say,  
That+-

--Chorus

The only way to win is cheat  
And lay it down before I'm beat,  
And another give a seat  
For that's the only painless feat,  
'Cause--

--Chorus

The sword of time will pierce our skins,  
It doesn't hurt when it begins  
But as it works its way on in  
The pain grows stronger, watch it grin.  
For--

--Chorus

A brave man once requested me  
To answer questions that are key,  
Is it to be or not to be  
And I replied, "Oh, why ask me?"  
'Cause--

--Chorus

MEN OF CALON

adapted by Goodleech

Hark, I hear the foe advancing  
Barbed steeds are proudly prancing  
Helmets in the sunbeams glancing  
Glitter through the trees.

Men of Calon, lie ye dreaming?  
See ye not their falchions\* gleaming  
While their pennons gaily streaming  
Flutter in the breeze?

From the rocks resounding  
Let the war cry sounding  
Summon all at Kingdom's call  
The haughty foe surrounding.

Men of Calon on to glory,  
See your banner famed in story  
Waves these burning words before ye,  
"Middle scorns to yield!"

Mid the fray see dead and dying  
Friend and foe together lying  
All around the arrows flying  
Scatter sudden death.

Frightened steeds are wildly neighing  
Brazen trumpets loudly braying  
Wounded men for mercy praying  
With their parting breath.

See, they're in disorder  
Comrades keep close order  
Ever they shall rue the day  
They ventured over the border.

Now, the Saxon flees before us,  
Vic' cry's the banner floatheth o're us  
Raise the loud exulting chorus,  
"Calon wins the field!"

\*(Swords)

(tune: Men of Harlech)

Td

A MONGOL ON THE ROOF

By ?????

(First part--to Tradition)

A mongol on the roof--  
A most amazing sight,  
It may not mean a thing,  
But then again it might.

The mongol on the roof, a strange thing you might say,  
But here in our happy land of outer Mongolia we all live with a  
Mongol on the roof--  
A lookout!

Now, you may ask, "Why are you all dresses in black and red,  
Even mundanely?"  
"Why do you all carry at least a dozen weapons with you at all times,  
Even mundanely?"  
"Why so you all walk aroun with those silly, all-knowing,  
inscrutable smiles,  
Even mundanely?"  
You might ask, and we'll tell you: "Don't ask,  
Even mundanely."

What can it mean, this Mongol on the rooftop,  
Sitting on the shingles, sawing through the beam?  
And, as he sits there, I can see him smiling,  
And all the while, he sings:  
"Tomorrow, Tomorrow, Tomorrow, Tomorrow, Tomorrow, Tomorrow."

At three I learned to ride a horse, at six to shoot a bow,  
I'm sacking my first town tonight, I hope it's worth it.

And who does Maral teach the simple way to reach  
The heart of every warrior without the use of speech?  
The dancers, the dancers, the dancers, the dancers, the dancers,  
the dancers.

At three I learned to ride a horse, at six to shoot a bow,  
I'm raping my first girl tonight, I hope she's worth it.

And who has to sneak and sulk around the kingdom?  
Gets no recognition? Hides behind a tree?  
Who never sings, while seated at the revels:  
"Tomorrow, belongs to me!"  
The Ninjas, The Ninjas, the Ninjas, the Ninjas, the Ninjas,  
The Ninjas.

MY LEAST FAVOURITE THINGS

By Mary Taran of Glastonbury  
Maelen of Kynge's Lea  
Kerrinda of Kymry

Castle walls dripping with green, slimy algae,  
Tapestries rotting and food that is raunchy,  
A stench in the moat in the summers and springs;  
These are a few of my least favourite things.

Stitching his tunics till eyes become bleary,  
Bearbaiting in the court gets rather dreary,  
Trying to manage on mere candlelight,  
On top of it all the potatoes have blight.

Chorus

When the stories, shout the glories,  
Of medieval life,  
I simply remember my least favourite things,  
And say it's not worth the strife.

Licence in the pastry and rats in the reeding,  
Grease on the master who drools while he's eating,  
The same vile manners for churls as for kings,  
These are a few of my least favourite things.

Sharing the bed with your fathers and mothers,  
Aunts and your uncles, your sisters and brothers,  
Visiting nobles and grandpa as well,  
It gets pretty bad when they all start to smell.

Chorus

Answering questions and settling quarrels,  
Frequently dealing with young maidens' moral,  
Constantly watching like hawks on the wing;  
These are a few of my least favourite things.

Stumbling o're partners who don't know the dances,  
To avoid someone who thinks he entrances.  
Lousy musicians and bards who can't play,  
Make you wish your ears were stopped with clay.

Chorus

(Tune: My Favourite Things)

From Mary Taran 20 June, 1976 at the Crown Tourney  
in Big Trees.

MY SENESCHAL'S FAULT

By ?????

Tourneys that start late and courts that are too long,  
Fighters who fall 'cause they tied their own shoes wrong,  
Buttons that fall off and beer without malt,  
We know these things are our Seneschal's fault.

Weather that's rainy and dirt on that new gown,  
Lists that go on until just after sundown,  
Armor that's broken and girls who say halt,  
We know these things are our Seneschal's fault.

Chorus

When my sword breaks,  
When the soup's cold,  
When I'm feeling lame,  
I simply remember that -----'s (his/her) name,  
And that (he/she)'s the one to blame.

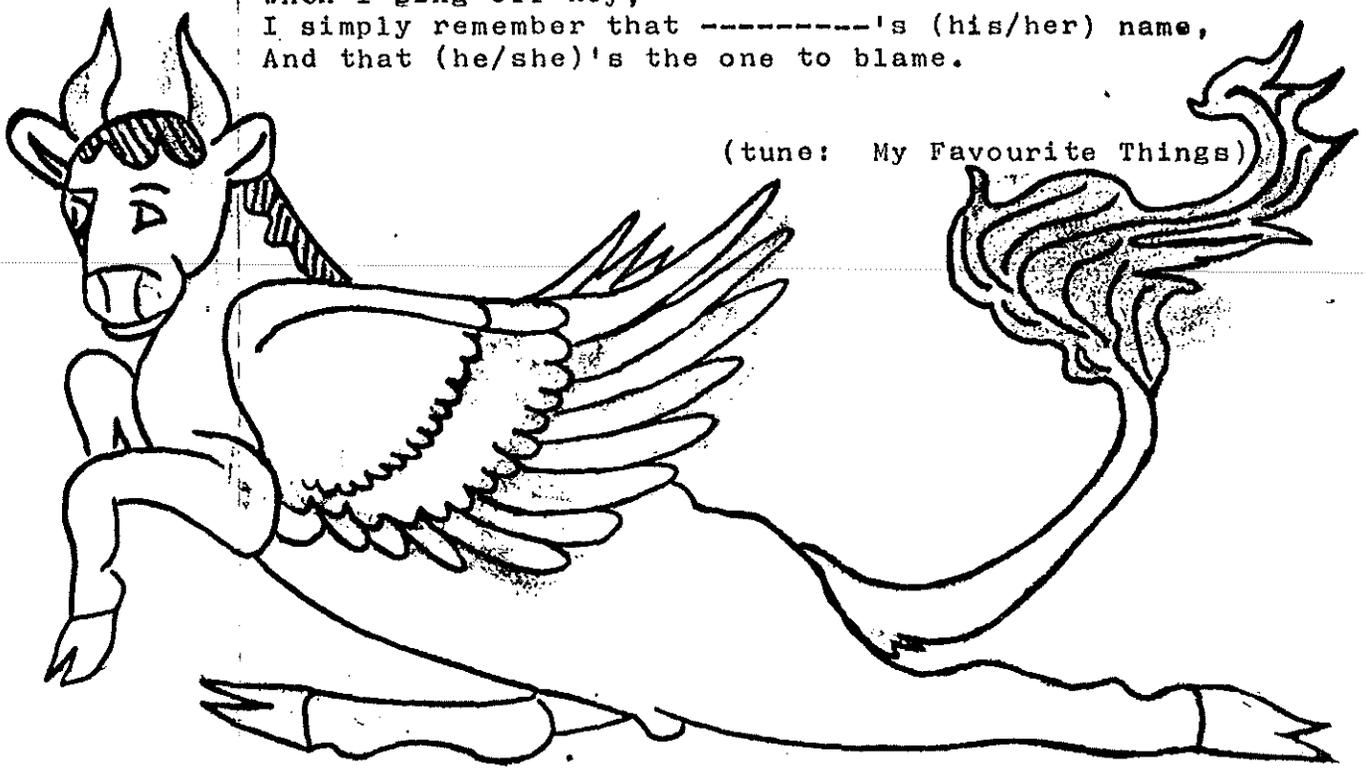
Schedule revisions and banquets with cold food,  
Kings who are irate and conduct that is lewd,  
Unwritten reports and beer without malt,  
We know these things are our Seneschal's fault.

Rotten performers and mixed up reporters,  
Captions with wrong names and off-key recorders,  
Favors not returned and fields of basalt,  
We know these things are our Seneschal's fault.

Chorus

When I'm Injured,  
When the map's wrong,  
When I sing off-key,  
I simply remember that -----'s (his/her) name,  
And that (he/she)'s the one to blame.

(tune: My Favourite Things)



Lady Híbrida Longhair

7e

Oh, I'm a reticulated pythor,  
I'll squeeze you 'til your cold and dead,  
Unless you're a reticulated pythor,  
Comely and ready to bed.

Give me a knotty python sweetheart,  
I'll be her naughty bea beau.  
Kinky Python wen' 'round the world  
To find his beledi,  
Live, on The Mount ye Python Show.

(tune: George M. Cohen's "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy")

Rolling to Jerusalem

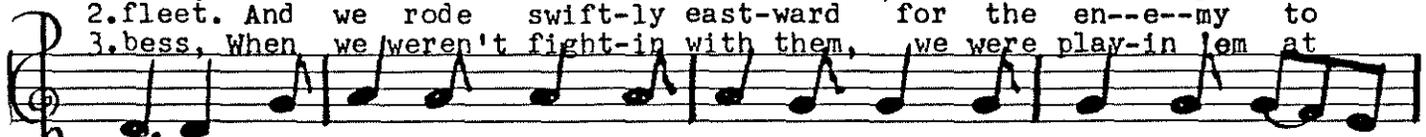
Brom Blackhand



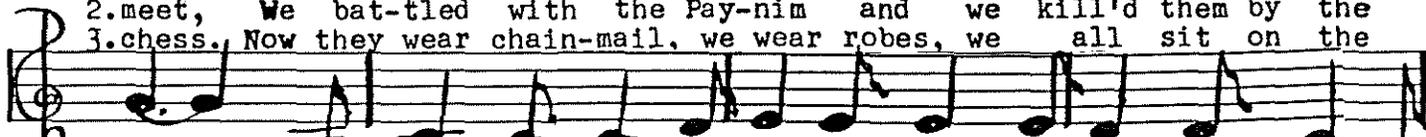
1. We were hang-in' out near Lon-don, chas-in' Maids and rais-in'  
2. Oh, we sad-dled up and rode and cross-ed the ocean with the  
3. Oh, we met them on the bat-tle field, to see who was the



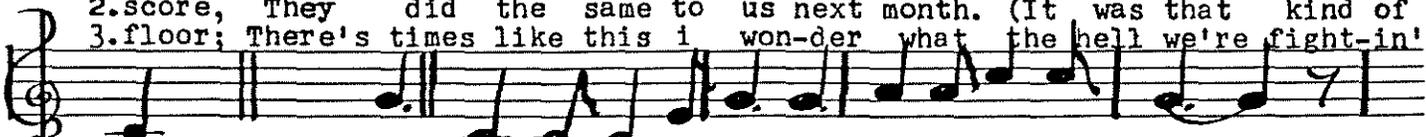
1. hell, We'd rob'd a coup-ple of churchs, we were do-in' pret-ty  
2. fleet. And we rode swift-ly east-ward for the en--e--my to  
3. bess, When we weren't fight-in with them, we were play-in lem at



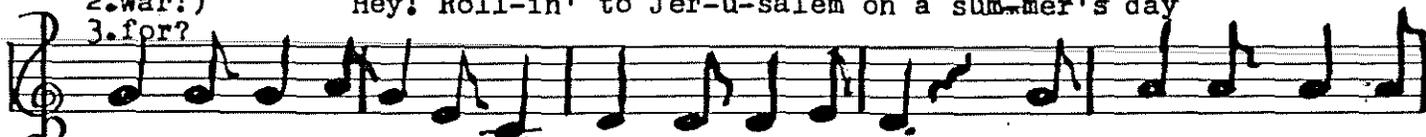
1. well, We get a note from Lion-on-heart, these were the words it  
2. meet, We bat-tled with the Pay-nim and we kill'd them by the  
3. chess. Now they wear chain-mail, we wear robes, we all sit on the



1. bore: "Your King says get your ass-es out and fight the Ho--ly  
2. score, They did the same to us next month. (It was that kind of  
3. floor; There's times like this i won-der what the hell we're fight-in'



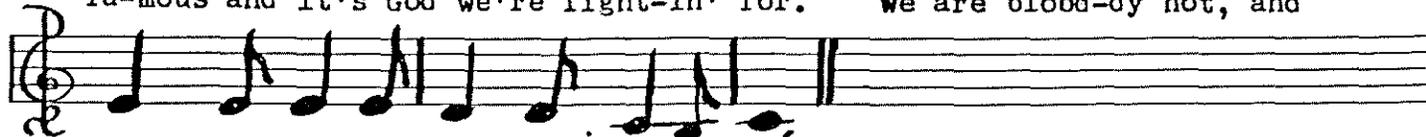
1. War chorus  
2. War!) Hey! Roll-in' to Jer-u-salem on a sum-mer's day  
3. for?



Hack-in' on the In-fi-dels, get-tin' in the way Wer're get-tin' rich and



fa-mous and it's God we're fight-in' for. We are blood-dy hot, and



thirst-ty, but by damn we're nev-er bored!

PILLAGE LOOT AND RAPE AND BURN

(Sung with a  
Melody)

Chorus

Oh, pillage loot, and rape, and burn,  
but all in moderation,  
If you follow this advice  
You'll soon rule all the nations,  
First you kill your enemies,  
And then, then kill their relations,  
Pillage loot, and rape and burn,  
But all in moderation!

Um diddle iddle iddle, um diddle I,  
Um diddle iddle iddle, um diddle I...

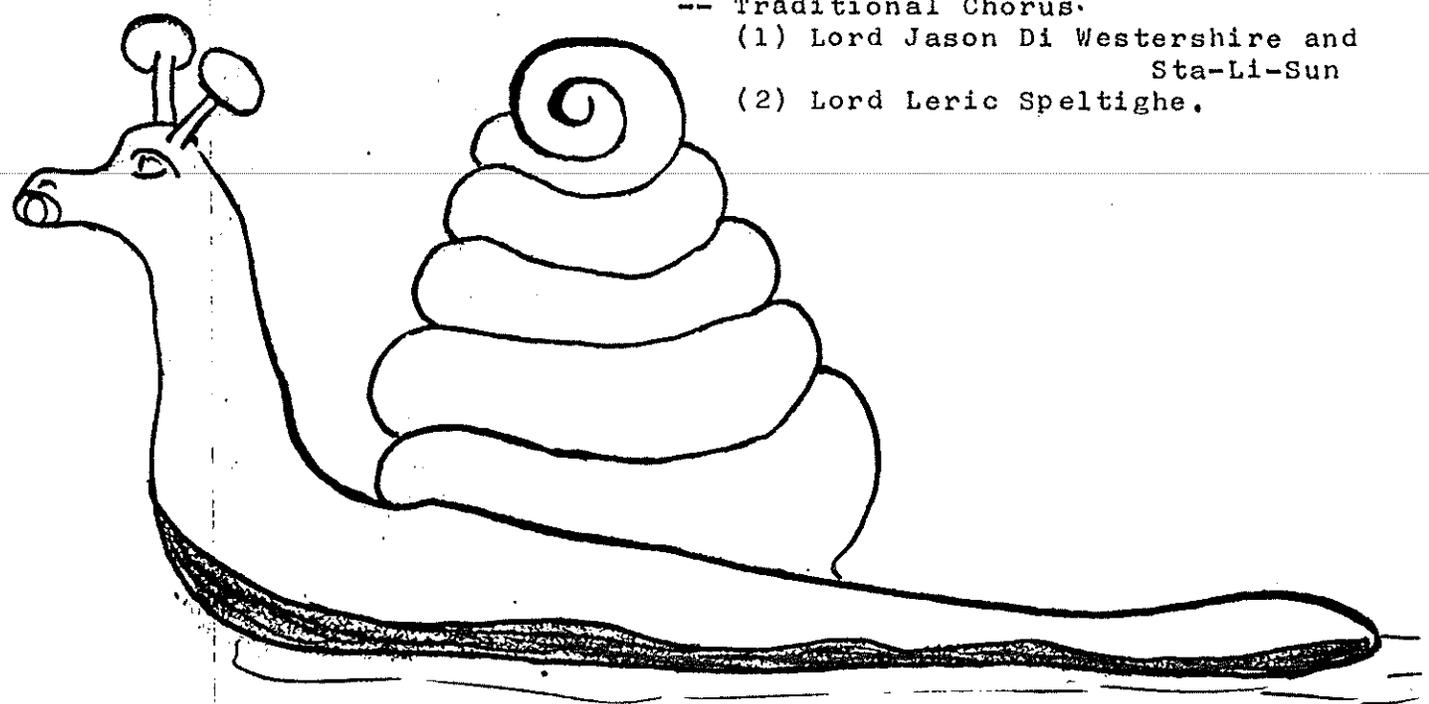
When I was a younger lad,  
I roamed the kingdom round,  
In inns, and houses everywhere,  
My money could be found,  
And then one day I found a way  
To save my aching purse:  
The greatest way, some would say,  
And some would say the worst! (1)

Chorus

When I was but a Viking lad,  
My father said to me,  
"Son, you'll go far if you recall  
This simple litany: "  
"You kill the men, and rape the women,  
Loot the town, and flee,"  
"But do not mix them up  
Or you'll be laughed off the seat!" (2)

Chorus

-- Traditional Chorus.  
(1) Lord Jason Di Westershire and  
Sta-Li-Sun  
(2) Lord Leric Speltighe.



## THE SERVING WENCH'S LAMENT

by Phiana Emrys Bohden

See the fight,  
 See the feast,  
 Where the men compare with beasts,  
 'Cause we're having a tourney today.

Oh, the men,  
 Are just fine,  
 But they're getting out of line,  
 'Cause we're having a tourney today.

Oh, we think, think, think,  
 That our herald is a fink,  
 But we'll escape him, come what may,  
 (no sweat)  
 We'll be dashing toward the door,  
 When the fighters start to roar,  
 'Cause we're having a tourney today.

(tune: The Cassions Go Rolling Along)

## SKEAN DHU

by Amleth MacAuleth

'Twas the Scots revolt in '45  
 You had to fight to stay alive  
 I met a man in the King's dragoons  
 I shook his hand with my skean dhu.

(chorus)

Skean dhu, skean dhu,  
 The man hates the Scot's skean dhu,  
 Skean dhu, skean dhu,  
 The man hates the Scot's skean dhu.

My clan's dispute with clan McNiel  
 Was settked off the battlefeild  
 We made the pact in this saloon  
 I closed the deal with my skean dhu.

(chorus)

And English knave, he captured me  
 He had his eyes on my bounty  
 Before the dog could run me through  
 The man's last words were "damned skean dhu."

(chorus)

(tune: "Can do" from "Guys and Dolls")

SONG OF THE PEOPLES

BY ?????

Oh, they sleep with their ponies, and they very seldom wash, (repeat)  
And they drink fermented mare's milk and they very often slosh.  
And we'll know they are mongols by their smell, by their smell,  
Yes, we'll know they are mongols by their smell.

Oh, they mount on their ponies, and forth they do ride, (repeat)  
And whenever they get upwind, the peasants choke and hide,  
And we'll know they are Mongols by their smell, by their smell.  
Yes, we'll know they are Mongols by their smell.

Oh, they sound like a landslide that is going in reverse, (repeat)  
and a trio of tone-deaf mules could hardly sound worse,  
And we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs, by their songs,  
Yes, we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs.

Oh, they play on an instrument that makes a dead dog flee, (repeat)  
And just to hear their music makes a foeman bend his knee.  
And we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs, by their songs,  
Yes, we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs.

Oh, they set sail for England and arrived south of France, (repeat)  
And they stomp out the floorboards and they think that it's a dance,  
And we'll know they are vikings 'cause they're dumb; 'cause they're  
dumb,  
Yes we'll know they are vikings 'cause they're dumb.

Oh, they love to loot cattle, and to rape wenches too, (repeat)  
But they sometimes get it backward and they don't know what to do,  
And we'll know they are vikings, 'cause they're dumb, 'cause they're  
dumb,  
Yes, we'll know they are vikings 'cause they're dumb.

They keep pigs in the kitchen and they eat with their knives, (repeat)  
And they take their entertainment in the sleaziest of dives,  
And we'll know by their manners that they're Huns, that they're Huns,  
Yes we'll know by their manners that they're huns.

Oh, they sleep on the table, or you'll find them beneath, (repeat)  
And whenever folks get married they will send a funeral wreath,  
And we'll know by their manners that they're Huns, That they're HUNS,  
Yes, we'll know by their manners that they're Huns,

Oh, they drink beer and whiskey, and they never sober up, (repeat)  
And they smell like rancid still, and their breath could stop a dragon,  
And we'll know they are celtics by their booze, by their booze,  
Yes, we'll know they are celtics by their booze.

They frement all their shamrocks and they make some rivengut, (repeat)  
And if you take a realbig drink you'll wind up on your butt,  
And we'll know they are Celtics by their booze, by their booze,  
Yes, we'll know they are celtics by their booze.

Oh, they leap upon ladies and they very often miss, (repeat)  
 And when ladies faint from their bad breath they think it is their kiss,  
 And the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan, they're Don Juan,  
 Yes, the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan.

They send hours at the mirror and rehearsing all their "lines", (repeat)  
 When their lady yawns from boredom, Zt's from passion she repines,  
 And the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan, they're Don Juan,  
 Yes, the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan.

Oh, they sit in the cafe eating garlic all the day, (repeat)  
 And they surely keep the vampires and the other folk away,  
 And we'll know they're Italians by their breath, by their breath,  
 Yes, we'll know they're Italians by their breath.\*

Oh, they walk through the doorway and they tell you their names,  
 And the folk say, "gesundheit" and it's always the same  
 No one else can pronounce it so they make it all a game,  
 And we'll know they are Welshmen by their speech, by their speech,  
 Yes, we'll know they are Welshmen by their speech.\*\*

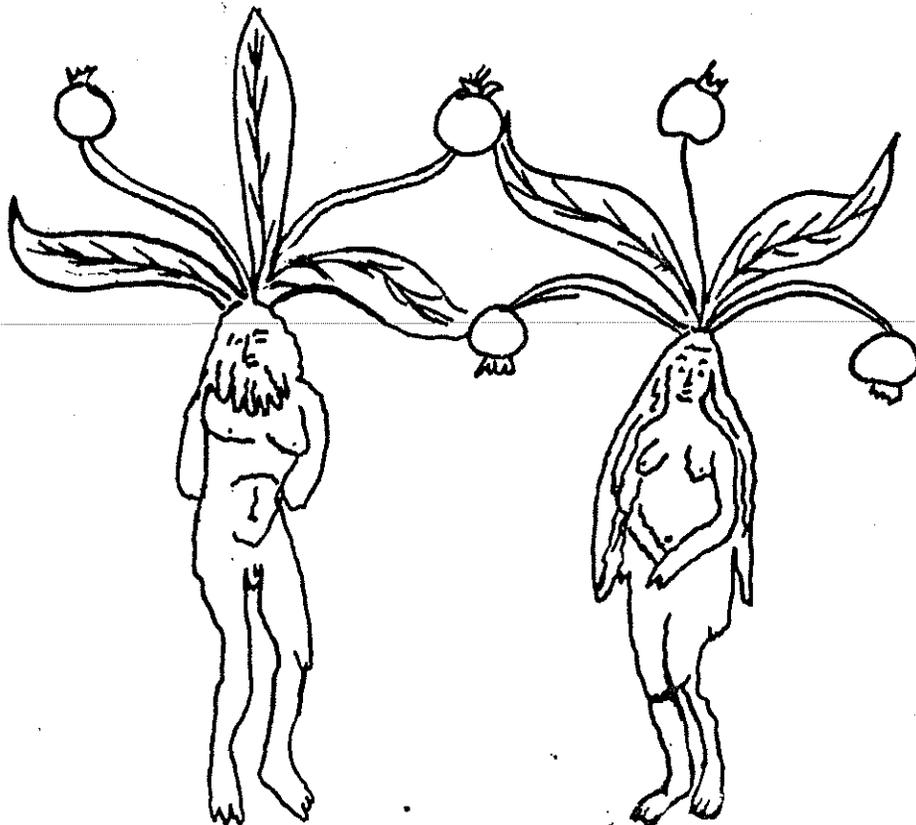
Oh, they write songs and lyrics and they write epics too, (repeat)  
 And when seen it's made wholly of "l's," "y's," and "w's",  
 And we'll know they are Welshmen by their speech, by their speech,  
 Yes, we'll know they are Welshmen by their speech.\*\*

\*by Lord Erich Hlodowechssun

\*\*by Cyfrwys Llewyrch Gan Annibyniaeth in Sigridson

---Any and all additions to this ditty are welcome, we accept  
 slurs on anybody---

(In part from: A Songbook of some Middle Kingdom Favorites)



THE SPANISH INQUISITION

By Anthony R. Lewis

Oh, my name is Torquemada' I'm the leader of theis band.  
Although we're few in numbers, we are feared throughout the land.  
We work on Jews and Protestants; we kick them as they fall.  
But when we work on heretics, we work the best of all.

Oh, the rocks ye creak and the thumbscrews squeak  
And the whips, they flail away.  
The Jesuit slams the Iron Maiden shut.  
While I sit in the corner and pray.  
Oh, the auto-da-fe is God's chosen way  
And the screams of the victims are grand.  
Another soul to Heaven...  
From Troquermada's band.

(From the NESFA Hymnal, Second edition)

(tune: MacNamara's Band)



SURGEON'S LAMENT  
(or, The Standing Stones Challenge Song)

By Crag Duggan (Goodleech) et al.

Oh, the surgeon of our shire gets no tail,  
Oh, the surgeon of our shire gets no tail,  
When asked what it's all about,  
He roars, "Cut it out!"  
Oh, the surgeon of our shire gets no tail.

Oh, the peasants of our shire gets no tail,  
When with wenchies he'd be tumbling,  
With his belt he's still a-fumblig.  
Oh, the peasants of our shire gets no tail.

Oh, the seneschal's lord gets no tail,  
At least that's what he says to us,  
So believe it all we must,  
But the shire sheep all smile and wag their tails.

Oh, the shire MoA gets no tail,  
Though she loves a noble lord,  
She craves the Mongol Horde.  
Oh, the shire MoA gets no tail.

Oh, the shire Marshall Donal gets no tail.  
You see it's hard to love a Scotsman,  
Thus, it's seldom that he got some.  
Poor Marshall MacRorie gets no tail.

Woe, Ayrbaird MacTavish gets no tail,  
Pretty ladies, when you lavish,  
Do not ravish poor MacTavish,  
Your attentions are too much for one so pale.

Oh, the shire seneschal gets no tail,  
While she's sighing for a fling,  
Her lord's wool-gathering.  
Oh, the shire seneschal gets no tail.  
My lady Alarba, she gives no tail,  
But I'd better say no more,  
Lest there break out Holy War!  
And hereby bring an end to my tale.

(A scurrilous Scot wrote this doggerel verse: )

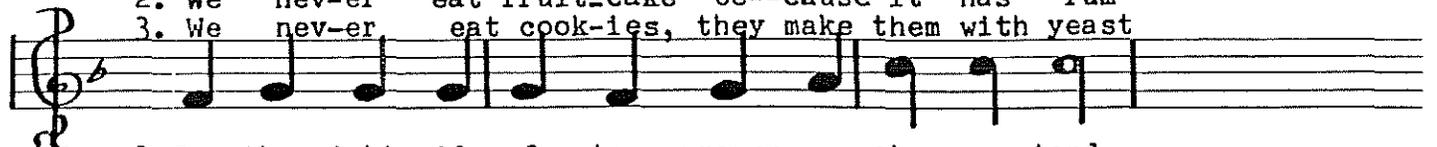
The chirurgeon of our shire gets no tail,  
Though with a scalpel he's at ease,  
He thinks sex is a disease!  
The chirurgeon of our shire gets no tail.

(tune: The Bulldog Down at Yalc)

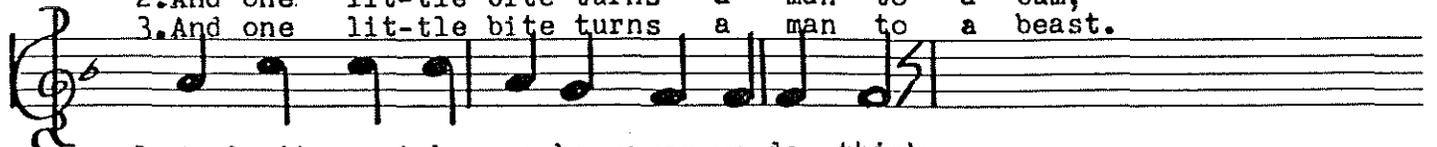
Temperance Union



1. We're com-ing, we're com-ing our brave lit-tle band,  
2. We nev-er eat fruit\_cake be--cause it has rum  
3. We nev-er eat cook-ies, they make them with yeast



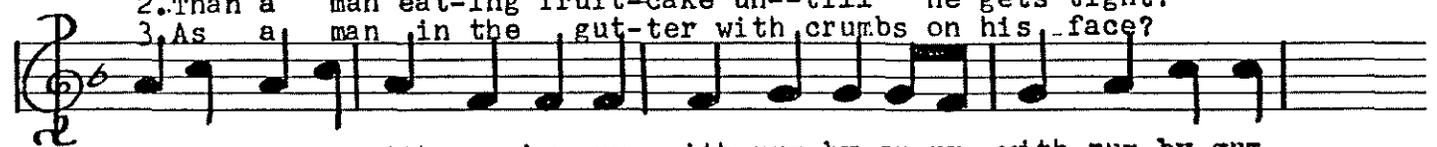
1. On the right side of tem--prance we make our stand.  
2. And one lit-tle bite turns a man to a bum,  
3. And one lit-tle bite turns a man to a beast.



1. We don't use tobac-co be-cause we do think  
2. Can you im--ag--ine a sor-ri-er sight  
3. Can you im--ag--ine a sor-ry dis-grace



1. That the peo-ple who use it are lik---ly to drink.  
2. Than a man eat-ing fruit-cake un--till he gets tight?  
3. As a man in the gut-ter with crumbs on his face?



chorus A-way, A-way with rum by gum, with rum by gu-um, with rum by gum,



A-way, A-way with rum by gum, It's the song of the Tem-per-ance Un-ion.

4. We never drink Pepsi, it's made from cocaine,  
And you might as well shoot it into your vein.  
Can you imagine a sorrier bind,  
Than rotting your teeth while blowin' your mind?

chorus

5. We never drop tea 'cause it comes from a pot,  
And that could be evil as likely as not,  
We don't mind the taste, but it's really bad news,  
To get busted for holding what Tom Lipton brews.

chorus

6. We don't step on grapes because that's making wine,  
And one single stomp turns a man to a swine.  
Can you imagine a fouler defeat,  
Than a man getting stonkered by licking his feet?

chorus

7. Shun girls who are witty and pretty and kind,  
There's nothing like love for corrupting your mind.  
At least in our circle it just isn't done,  
Our kids are adopted, we never have fun.

chorus

8. We never eat jelly, they make it with wine,  
 And one little bite turns a man to a swine.  
 Can't you imagine in Hell he will roast,  
 That teenager drunk on his jelly and toast?

chorus

9. We nev'r use money 'cause that's gambolin'  
 And that my friend is shurely a sin  
 Our life may be simple, surely a bore  
 But what can you do when you are so poor?

chorus

10. We never drink water, they mix it with gin.  
 Just one little sip and a man starts to grin.  
 Can you imagine a sillier clunk  
 Than a man swigging water until he's geshtunk?

chorus

11. We never give backrubs, we think a crime,  
 And lower and lower you'll sink every time.  
 An alcohol backrub's a terrible sin.  
 Just think of the liquor absorbed through the skin.

chorus

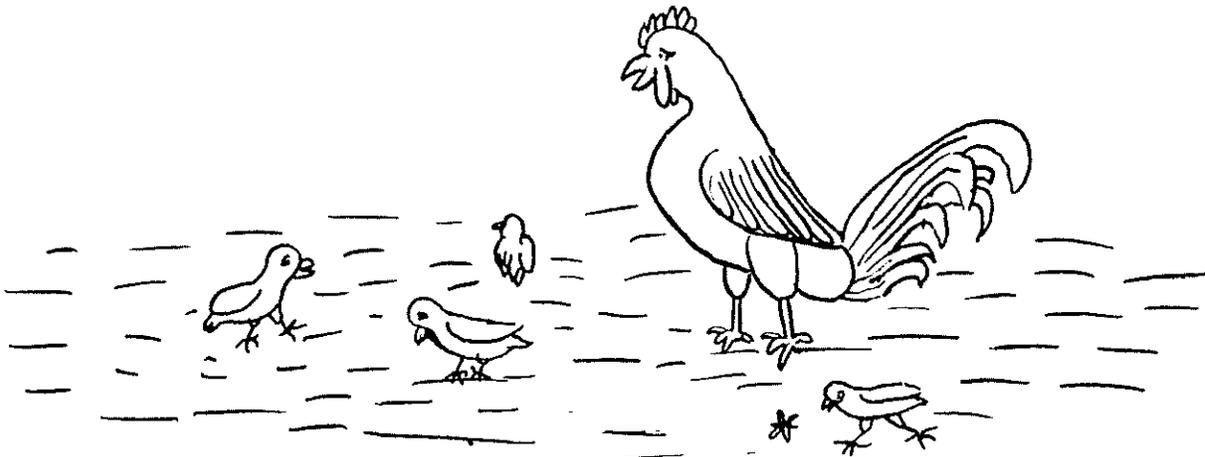
12. We never sing filksongs, they're evil and lewd.  
 They celebrate Sin, and their language is crude.  
 Their language is shocking, their politics vile,  
 And their grammer and retoric ain't got no style.

chorus

13. So drinking and eating and loving, you see  
 Are bound to destroy spi-ri-tu-a-li-ty.  
 Our tastes are austere, our virtue is sure.  
 We don't have much fun, but, by golly, we're pure.

chorus

14. We're coming, we're comming our brave little band,  
 On the right side of temprance we take our stand.  
 If you agree, come join our happy crew  
 For our purity nobody cannot eschew!



TIPTOE 'CROSS THE ROOFTOPS

By Bob Asprin

Won't you come along and, tiptoe, 'cross the rooftops,  
'Cross the rooftops, won't you come along,  
And tiptoe, 'cross the rooftops, with me?

Walking, cross the rooftops, cross the rooftops,  
Won't you come along, and walk, 'cross the rooftops with me?

Strolling, 'cross the rooftops, 'cross the rooftops,  
(aren't you putting on a little weight, there, Fafhrd?)  
As you stroll, 'cross the rooftops, with me?

Fighting, 'cross the rooftops, 'cross the rooftops,  
(I thought you silenced the guard!)  
As you fight, 'cross the rooftops, with me!

We'll soon be rich, now, from the rooftops,  
Won't you come along, and...steal....  
'Cross the rooftops, with me?

(tune: TIPTOE THRU THE TULIPS)

TOMMORROW BELONGS TO THEE(ME)

--Slightly adapted by Lord Anamdraig O'Rioghbhardain  
of Muskerry

The sun on the meadow is for everyone:  
The stag in the forest runs free.  
But gather together to greet the sun.  
Tomorrow belongs to thee(me)

The branch if the linden is leafy and green:  
The rain gives its gold to the sea.  
But somewhere a glory awaits unseen--  
Tomorrow belong to me.

The babe in his cradle is closing his eyes:  
The blossom embraces the bee.  
But soon there's a whisper: "Arise! Arise!  
Tomorrow belongs to thee(me)!"

Oh father, Oh father, show us the signs:  
Your children are awaiting to see.  
The morning will come when the world is thine(mine)!  
Tomorrow belongs, Tomorrow belongs, Tomorrow belongs to thee(me)!

Oh father, Oh father, show us the signs: (fatherland, fatherland..  
Your children are awaiting to see!  
The morning will come when the world is thine(mine)!  
Tomorrow belongs, Tomorrow belongs, Tomorrow belongs to thee(me)!  
Tomorrow belongs, Tomorrow belongs, Tomorrow belongs to thee(me)!

-- tune: Tomorrow belongs to me (from Cabaret)

TULLEY DEW

By Brom Blackhand

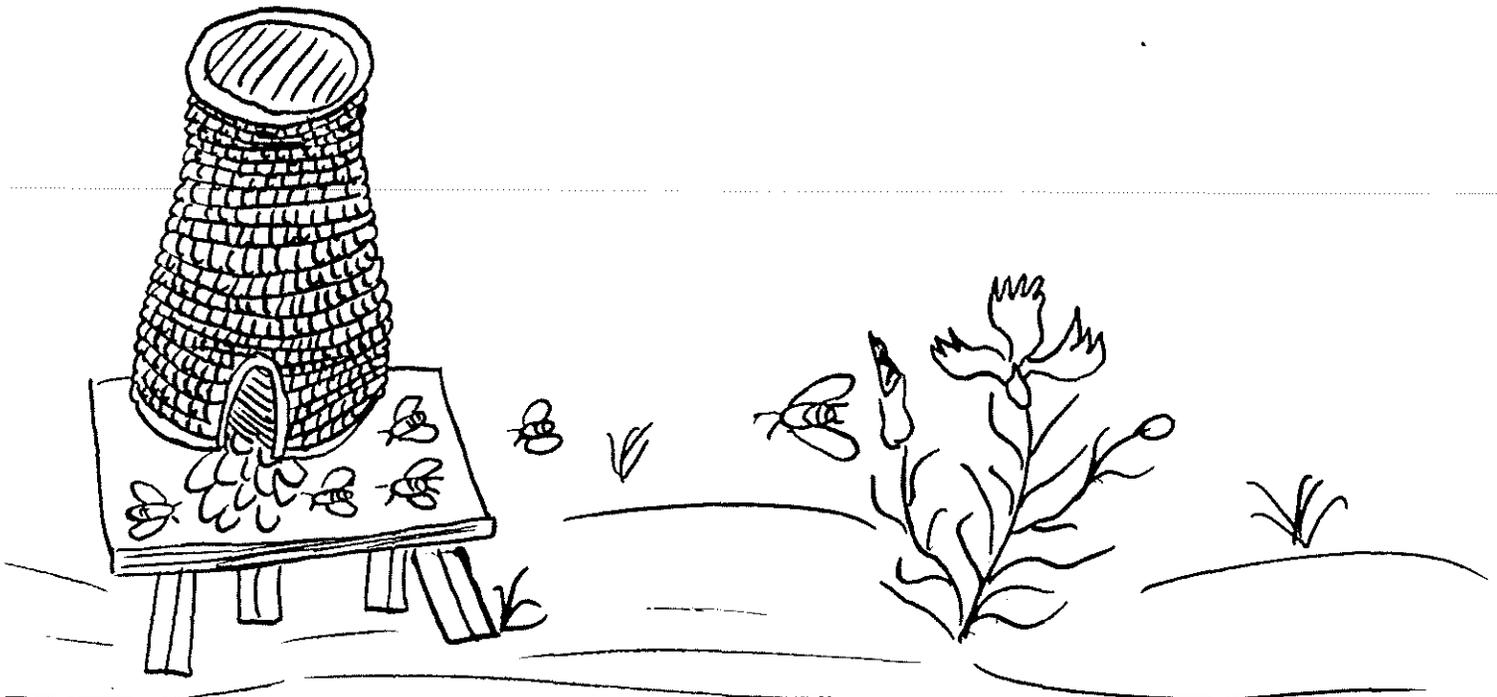
As down the glen, one early morn, ar a tourney fair and high,  
 There came mad lines of drunken men in armour passed me by,  
 Oh, half and some from the kingdom come,  
     And there were some hordesmen, too.  
 Said one going by, with a winking eye,  
     "They've been sipping on the Tulley Dew."

As back through the camp I took a tramp my heart with my grieg was sore  
 To see viking men worship toilet bowls instead of the great god Thor.  
 Oh, hours, they moan with weapons strewn,  
     And utter strange war-cries new;  
 It's not from the cuts that they spill their guts--  
     It's from sipping on the Tulley Dew.

At last my sight, in the early night, the camp was in a merry roar.  
 Now the bodies around on the cold hard ground bespeak a dreadful war.  
 They lary around on the cold hard ground,  
     with faces anemic and blue;  
 With cold stone beds 'neath their swirling heads,  
     All from sipping on the Tulley Dew.

Two kingdom knights did have a fight o're a wench to take to lair,  
 For when you've had enough of that vile stuff,  
     Oh, the rattiest wench looks fair.  
 The dreadful sight in the morning light  
     should teach us some lessons new;  
 Emotions mislaid and your friends betrayed,  
     All from sipping on the Tulley Dew.

(tunc: Foggy Dew)



THE TWELVE STAGES OF AUTHORIZATION

By Harald of Three Rivers

At the first event I went to, the marshall said to me:  
"You've got to protect your left knee."

At the second event I went to, the marshall said to me;  
"You need s better helm, and you've got to protect your left  
knee."

At the third event I went to, the marshall said to me:  
"Wear elbow pads, you need a better helm, and you've got to  
protect your left knee."

At the fourth event I went to, the marshall said to me;  
"Buy hockey gloves,...." etc.

At the fifth event I went to, the marshall said to me:  
"Guard your neck! Buy hockey gloves, ..." etc.

At the sixth event I went to, the marshall said to me:  
"My God, you need a cup! Guard your neck! ..." etc.

(then the new marshallate rules appeared.)

At the seventh event I went to, the marshall said to me:  
"Pad your upper spine, My God you need a cup, ..." etc.

At the eighth event I went to, the marshall said to me:  
"Get a gambeson, pad your upper spine, ..." etc.

At the ninth event I went to, the marshall said to me:  
Your knee braces need wings, get a gambeson, ..." etc.

At the tenth event I went to, the marshall said to me:  
"Buy a leather belt, your knee braces need wings, ..." etc.

At the eleventh event I went to, the marshall said to me:  
"Get a heavy vanbracc, buy a leather belt, your knee braces  
need wings, get a gambeson, pad your upper spine, my God you  
need a cup, guard, your neck! Buy hockey gloves, wear elbow  
pads, you need a better helm, and you've got to protect your  
left knee."

At the twelfth event I went to, the marshall said to me:  
(broken;) "Fully authorized, m'lord!"

(tune: The Twelve Days of Christmas )

VIKING AXE

By Jondo O'Kenshield

When I was just a viking lad, full of health and joy,  
My father homeward came from a raid and gave to me a toy,  
A wonder to behold it was, made of steel so bright,  
The moment I laid eyes on it, it became my heart's delight.

Chorus

It went, swish, when it moved, and Thwack, when it stopped,  
It never did stand still,  
A viking axe is what it was and it was made to kill!!!

The first time that I picked it up, I had a big surprise,  
'Cause I swung it then it swung me, I couldn't believe my eyes,  
It first swung once, then swung twice, then whirled over my head,  
And when I went on my first raid, this is what it did:

Chorus

It first slashed left, and then slashed right,  
then flew out of my hand,  
And when I looked where it had gone, not an enemy did stand,  
I found that it had slashed tight through a hundred  
Mongols' (warriors) heads,  
And when I picked it up again, the Kakhan (chivalry) was dead.

Chorus

The raids have gone by, too quickly it seems, I've my own little  
viking brat,  
And yesterday I gave to him my glorious (gor-ious) viking axe.  
His eyes nearly popped out of his head, he gave a sneer of glee,  
Neither one of us knows just why it is, but he loves it,--  
Just like Me!

Chorus

It went, swish, when it moved, and thwack, when it stopped,  
It never did stand still,  
A viking axe is what it was, and it was made to Kill, Kill,  
Kill, Kill, Kill, Kill!!!!!!

(tune: The Marvelous Toy)

VIKING SONG

By Ayrbaird MacTaviish

Chorus

We are Vikings,  
Many we are,  
Guided by our Northern Star,  
Raping, burining, then returning,  
Bearing loot from afar.

Gems are mine, those brilliant stones,  
Taken from the very thrones  
Of nations sacked, besieged, attacked,  
And left only their dying groans.

Chorus

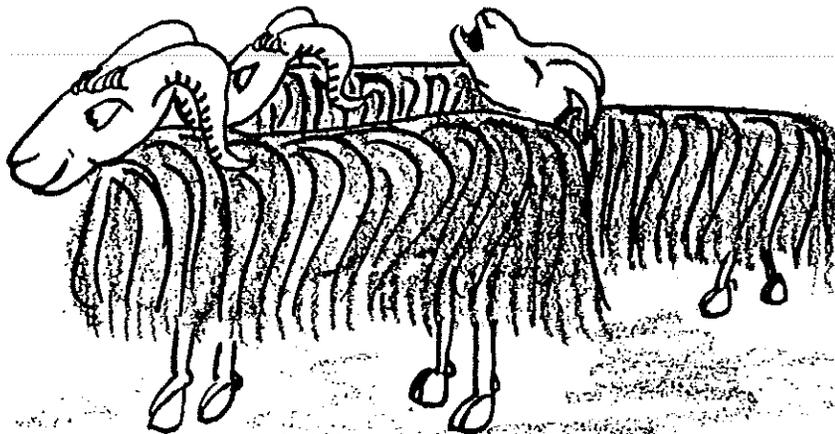
Gold is mine, that precious ore,  
Stolen from a wealthy store  
Of jewelry fair from everywhere,  
And it's mine forevermore.

Chorus

Women are mine, from high and low,  
Captured from the vanquished foe,  
I travel earth, leaving the birth  
Of children wherever I go.

Chorus

(tune: We Three Kings)



## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SHIRELING?

BY GOODLEECH

Where shall we look for our missing Kyrie?  
 Where shall we look for our missing Kyrie?  
 Where shall we look for our missing Kyrie?  
 Early in the morning.

Look underneath the Blackhand's bed...

What shall we do for a drunken Brom?...  
 Keep him away from Kyrie till morning....

What shall we do with a drunken Scotsman?...  
 Drop our gum into his bagpipes....

What shall we do with a drunken peasant?...  
 Lock him in jail until he sobers....

What shall we do with the Morsling women?...  
 Make them serve their Celtic masters....

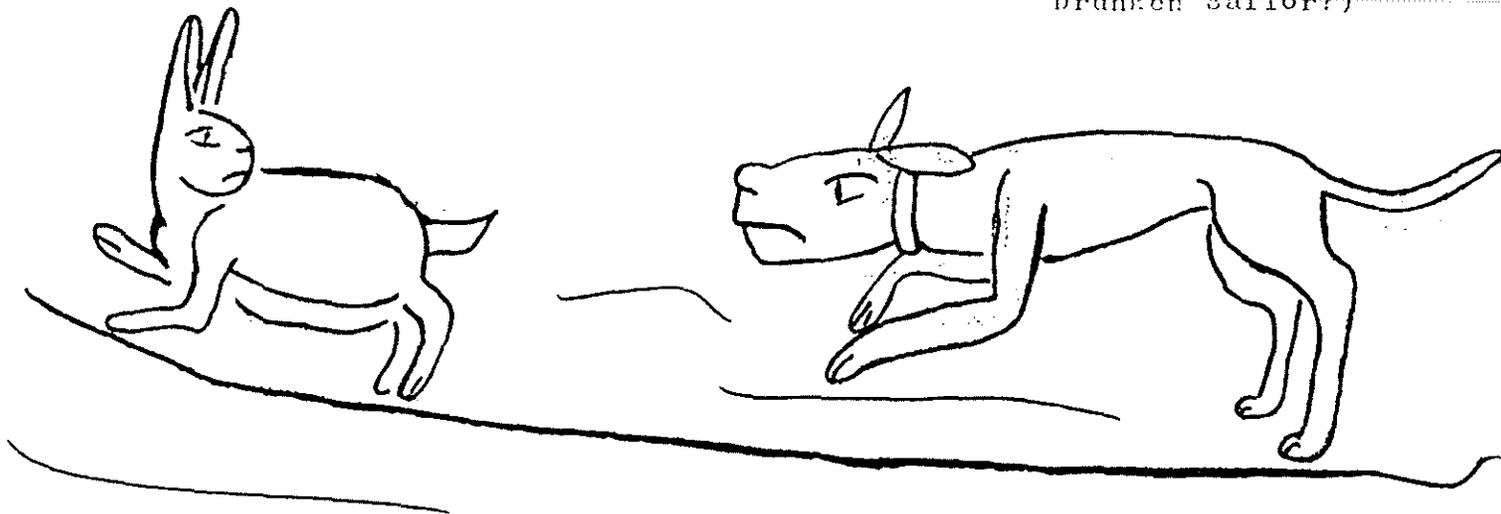
What shall we do with our Frankish foxes?...  
 Lead them forth to greener pastures....

What shall we do with a drunken Tuareg?...  
 Put her to work in our local cat house....

What can you do with drunken derelicts?...  
 Keep them quiet with rotgut mead...  
 Sell them off for junk steel prices....

What can we do with Atrackq'vix-it?...  
 Paint Celtic crosses on his what's-it....

(Tune: What Shall We do With the  
 Drunken Sailor?)



Where Have All the Young Men Gone?

Where have all the young men gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the young men gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the young men gone? Gone a viking, every one!  
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the young girls gone? Vikings took them, every one!  
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the houses gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the houses gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the houses gone? Vikings burned them, every one!  
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

Where has all the plunder gone, long time passing?  
Where has all the plunder gone, long time ago?  
Where has all the plunder gone? Burned in houses, every one!  
When will they ever learn, PILLAGE before you burn!!!!!!!!!!!!?

(tune: Where Have All the Flowers Gone?)

Zorabb's Song

Brumbar von Schwartzberg

Slave chains ring....are you listening?  
In the air, wips are whistling.  
What a beautiful sight, a flogging tonight!  
Traveling with a slave caravan.

Gone away is their freedom  
Sell 'em to whoever needs 'em.  
We sing a war song as we go along,  
Traveling with a slave caravan.

In the meadow we can burn the village,  
We can burn it right down to the ground!  
Then we'll rape the women and we'll pillage....  
Or maybe it's the other way around...?

Later on, we'll conspire  
Dividing loot around the fire  
To face unafraid the enemies we made,  
Traveling with the slave caravan.

(tune: Winter Wonderland)

## THE AUTOCRAT'S CREED

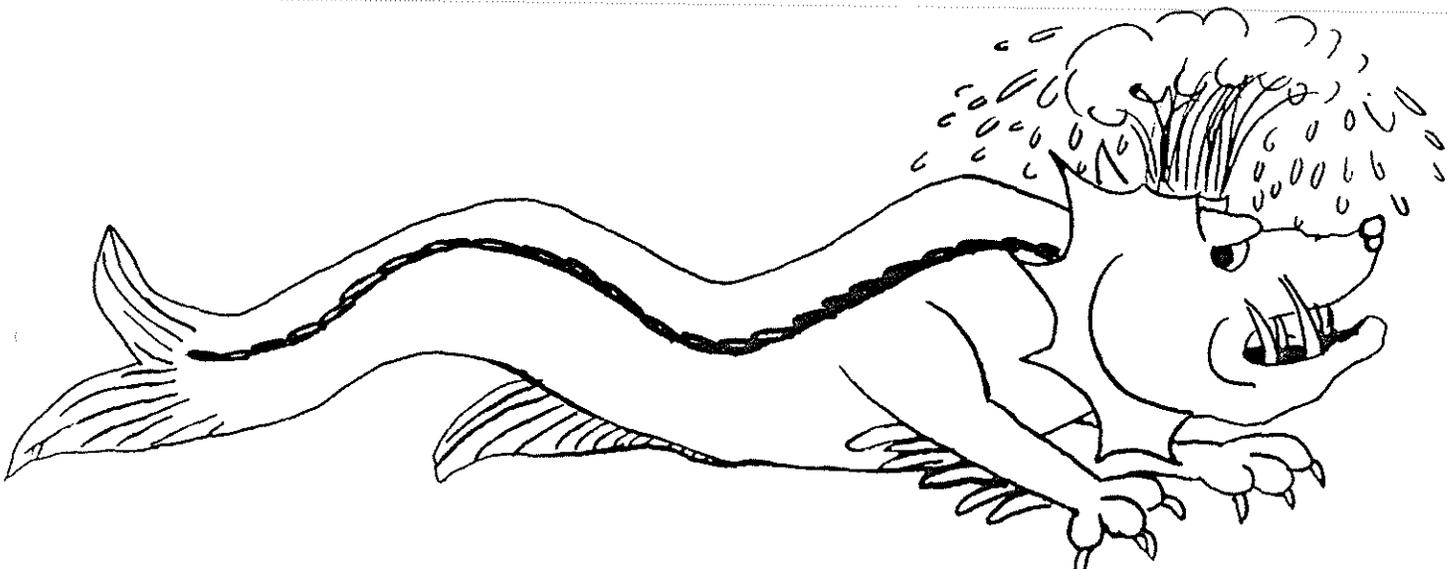
We the willing  
Led by the unknowing  
Are doing the impossible  
For the ungrateful.  
We have done so much fo so long with so little  
That we are now qualified  
To do anything  
With nothing.

## WORDS OF WISDOM

Loose change may be found beneath seat cushions.  
Always store beer in a dark place...  
Chocolate chip cookies are the secret that will save the universe  
Beware of fat friars bearing staves.  
Never dress or act rich.  
Never play cards with anyone who uses a mechanics grip.  
You know the job was dangerous when you took it, Fred.  
Airplanes don't eat your socks!!

## MORE WORDS OF WISDOM

Always keep your clothes where you can find them in the dark-fast.  
Know where the exits are.  
Living well is the best revenge.  
Never trust a man in black who's wearing a ring.  
Never trust weird holymen; Their flutes are usually blowguns.  
Walk loudly and hide your big stick.  
If you must commit religious sacrilege, set up a fall guy.



EVEN SOME MORE WORDS OF WISDOM

(From 17th Century Fire)

Three signs whereby to mark a man of vice  
Are Hatred, Bitterness, and Avarice.

Three graceless sister in the bond of unity  
Are Lightness, Flightiness, and Importunity.

Three savage sisters sharpening life's distress  
Foul Blasphemy, Foul Strife, Foul-moutiness!

Three clouds, the most obscuring Wisodm's glance  
Forgetfulness, Half-knowledge, Ignorance.

Three services the worst fir human hands  
A vile Lord's, A vile Lady's, a vile Land's.

Three gladnissess that soon give way to griefs,  
A wooer's., A tale-bearer's, and a theif.

Three arts that constitue a true physician:  
To cure your malady with expedition,  
To let no after-consequence remain,  
And make his diaggnosis without pain.

Three keys that most unlock our secret thinking  
Are Love and Trustfulness and overdrinking.

Three nurses of hot blood to man's undoing-  
Excess in pride, of drinking, and of wooing.

Three unions, each of Peace a proved miscarriage,  
Confederate feats, joint ploughland, bonds of marriage.

Three youthful sisters for all eyes to see,  
Beauty, desire, and generosity.

Three excellences of our dress are these-  
Elegance, durability, and ease.

---

Three idiots of a bad guest-house are these-  
A hobbling beldam with a hacking wheeze,  
A brainless tartar of a serving-girl,  
For aserving-boy a swinish lubber-churl.

The three worst welcomes that will turn a guest house  
For wearily wayfarers into a Pest-house-  
Within its roof a workman's hammer best;  
A bath of scalding water for your feet;  
With no assuaging draught, salt food to eat.

These finenesses that foulness keep from sight-  
 Fine manners in the most misfeatured wight;  
 Fine shapes of art by servile fingers moulded;  
 Fine wisdom from a cripple's brain unfolded.

Three fewnesses that better are than plenty-  
 A fewness of fine words-but one in twenty;  
 A fewness of milk cows, when grass is shrinking;  
 Fewness of friends when beer is best for drinking.

Three worst of snares upon a Seneschalle's way-  
 Sloth, treachery, and evil counsel they!

Three ruins of a tribe to West or East-  
 A lying Seneschalle, false Brothern, a lustful Priest.

The rudest three of all the sons of earth-  
 A youngster of an old man making mirth;  
 A strong man at a stick man pokin fun;  
 A wise man gibing at a foolish one.

The world's three laughing-stocks (be warned and wiser!)  
 An angry man, a jealoused, and a miser.

Three sparks that light the fire of love are these-  
 Glamour of face, and grace, and speech of ease.

Three steadinesses of wise womanhood-  
 A steady tongue through evil, as through good;  
 A steady chasity, who so else shall stray;  
 Steady house service, all and every day.

Three false sisters: I would! I might! I may!  
 Three fearful bothers: Hearken! Hush! and Stay!

Three sounds of increase: kine that low,  
 When milk into their caves they owe;  
 The hammer on the anvil's brow,  
 And the pleasant swishing of the plough.

---

Three coffers of a depth unknown  
 Are his who occupies the throne,  
 The Church's, and the privileged Poet's own.

Three glories of a gathering free from strife-  
 Swift hound, proud steed, and a beautiful young wife.

Three powers advantaging a Seneschalle most  
 Are Peace, Justice and an Armed Host!

AND A FEW OF THE POET'S OWN

By Anamdraig O'Riorghbhardian of Muskerry

A way of showing Love for God and Men,  
Is to Lead a life of service to the end.

Happy-ness a hundred fold  
Will come to those with hearts of gold.

Every-body is insane  
Some, just have more of the bane.

Make sure the goal you are mastering,  
A rope, not a thread you're grasping.

THE MYSTERY OF AMERGIN

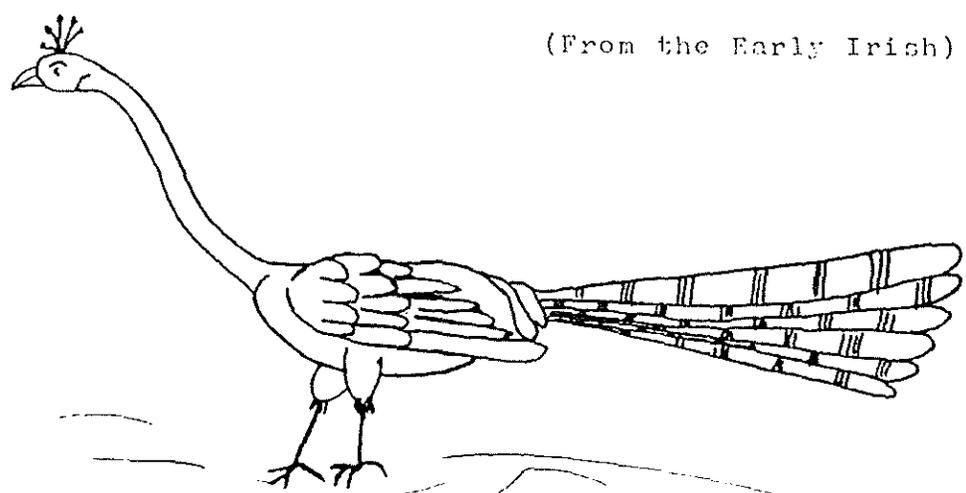
I am the wind which breathes upon the sea,  
I am the wave of the ocean,  
I am the murmur of the billows,  
I am the ox of the seven combats,  
I am the vulture upon the rocks,  
I am the beam of the sun,  
I am the fairest of plants,  
I am a wild boar in valour,  
I am a salmon in the water,  
I am a lake in the plain,  
I am a word of science,  
I am the point of the lance of battle,  
I am the God who creates in the head (i.e. Of man)  
the fire (i.e. the thought).

Who is it who throws light into the meeting on the  
mountain?

Who announces the ages of the moon (If not I)?

Who teaches the place where couches the sun (If not I)?

(From the Early Irish)



THE DANCE OF THE SWORD  
(Ha Korol Ar C'hleze)

Blood, wine, and glee,  
Sun, to thee,--  
Blood, wine and glee!  
    Fire! Fire! Steel, Oh! Steel!  
    Fire! Fire! Steel, and fire!  
    Oak! Oak! Earth and Oak!  
    Waves, oak, earth and oak!

Glee of dance and song,  
And battle-throng,--  
Battle, dance, and song!  
    Fire! Fire! Steel, etc.

Let the sword blades swing  
In a ring,--  
Let the sword blades swing!  
    Fire! Fire! Steel, etc.

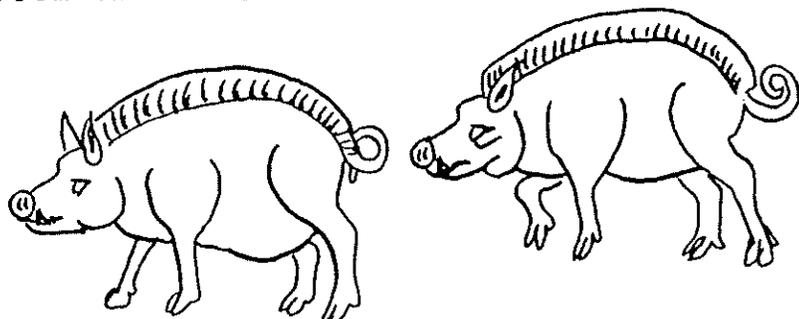
Song of the blue steel,  
Death to feel,--  
Song of the blue steel.  
    Fire! Fire! Steel, etc.

Fight, whereof the sword  
Is the Lord,--  
Fight of the fell sword!  
    Fire! Fire! Steel, etc.

Sword, Thou mighty King  
Of the battle's ring,--  
Sword, Thou mighty King!  
    Fire! Fire! Steel, etc.

With the rainbow's light  
Be thou bright,--  
With the rainbow's light!  
    Fire! Fire! Steel, Oh! Steel!  
    Fire! Fire! Steel and fire!  
    Oak! Oak! Earth and waves!  
    Waves, oak, earth and waves!

From the Early Celtic of Britian



## THE FIAN BANNERS

The Morland King stood on the height  
 And scanned the rolling sea;  
 He proudly eyed his gallant ships  
 That rode triumphantly.

And then he looked where lay his camp,  
 Along the rocky coast,  
 And where were seen the heroes brave  
 Of Lochlin's famous host.

Then to the land he turned and there  
 A fierce-like hero came;  
 Above him was a flag of gold,  
 That waved and shone like flame.

"Sweet bard," thus spoke the Morland King,  
 "What banner comes in sight?  
 The valiant chief that leads the host,  
 Who is that man of might?"

"That," said the bard, "is young MacDoon,  
 His is that banner bright;  
 When forth the Feinn to battle go,  
 He's foremost in the fight."

"Sweet bard, another comes: I see  
 A boal-red banner tossed  
 Above a mighty hero's head  
 Who waves it o'er a host?"

"That banner," quoth the bard, "belongs  
 To good and valiant Rayne;  
 Beneath it's feet are bathed in blood  
 And heads are cleft in twain."

"Sweet bard, What banner now I see  
 A leader fierce and strong  
 Behind it moves with heroes brave  
 Who furious round him throng?"

"That is the banner of Great Gaul:  
 That Silken shred of gold,  
 Is first to march and last of turn,  
 And flight ne'er stained its fold."

Sweet bard, another now I see,  
 High o'er a host it glows,  
 Tell whether it has ever shone  
 O'er fields of slaughtered foe?"

"That gory flag is Cailt's," quoth he,  
 "It proudly peers in sight;  
 It won its fame on many a field  
 In fierce and bloody fight."

"Sweet bard, another still I see;  
 A host it flutters o'er;  
 Like a bird above the roaring surge  
 That leaves the storm-swept shore."

"The Broom of Peril," quoth the bard,  
 "Young Oscur's banner, see:  
 Amidst the conflict of dead chiefs  
 The proudest name has he."

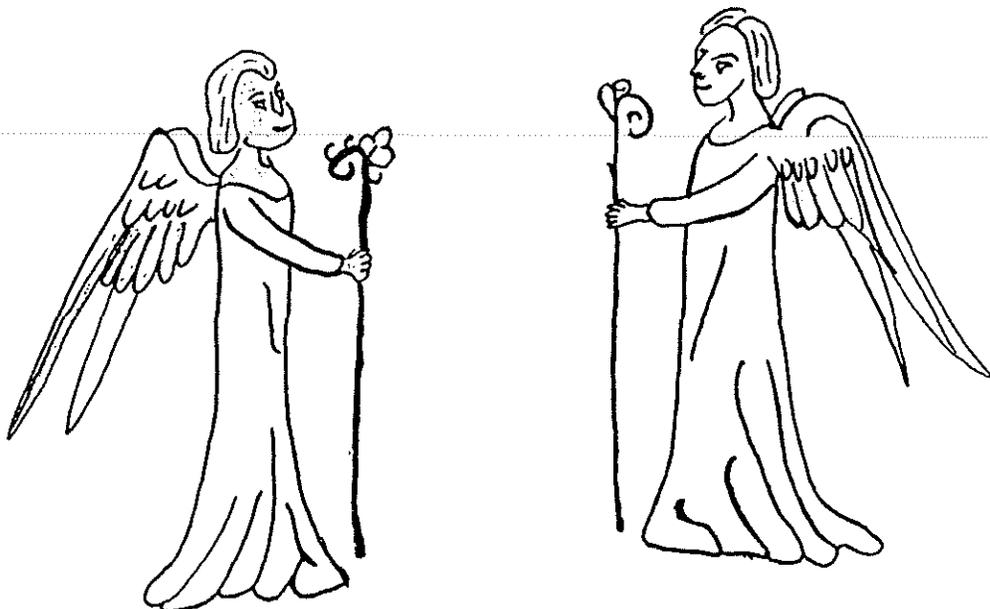
The banner of great fionn we raised;  
 The Sunbeam gleaming far,  
 With golden spangles of renown  
 From many a field of war.

The flag was fastened to its staff  
 With nine strong chains of gold,  
 With nine times nine chiefs for each chain;  
 Before it foes oft rolled.

"Redeem your pledge to me," said Fionn;  
 "And show your deeds of might  
 To Lichlin as you did before  
 In many a gory fight."

Like torrents from the mountain heights  
 That roll resistless on;  
 So down upon the foe we rushed,  
 And victory won.

(from the Ancient Irish)



THE GREAT GOD TYR  
(Also called: "Song of the Men's Side"; Neolithic)

By Rudyard Kipling

Once we feared the Beast; when he followed us we ran,  
Ran very fast 'though we knew  
That it was not right that the Beast should master Man,  
But what could we flint workers do?  
The Beast only grinned at our spears 'round his ears  
Grinned at the hammers that we made,  
But now we shall hunt him for his life with the knife  
And this is the Buyer of the Blade.

Room for His shadow on the grass---Let it pass!  
To the left and the right, stand clear!  
This is the buyer of the blade---be afraid!  
This is the great god Tyr.

Tyr thought hard 'till he hammered out a plan,  
For he knew that it was not right  
And it is not right that the Beast should master Man,  
So he went to the Children of the Night.  
He begged a magic knife of their make for our sake.  
When he begged for the knife, they said,  
"The price of the Knife you would buy is an eye."  
And that is the price he paid.

Tell it to the barrows of the Dead--- run ahead!  
Shout it so the Women's side can hear.  
This is the buyer of the Blade---be afraid!  
This is the great god Tyr!

Our women and our little folk can walk on the chalk,  
As far as we can see them and beyond.  
We shall not be fearful for our sheeo when we keep  
Tally at the shearing pond.  
We can eat with both our elbows on our knees if we please,  
We can sleep after meals in the sun,  
For the Sheperd of the Twilight is dismayed by the Blade;  
Feet-In-The-Night have run.  
Dog-Without-A-Master runs away---Aie, Tyr, Ay!  
Devil-In-The-Dust is done.

Room for His shadow on the grass---let it pass!  
To the left and right, stand clear!  
This is the Buyer of the Blade---be afraid!  
This is the great god Tyr!

## HARL'S SONG

I sing for the wood and the merry, merry doe;  
 I sing to a maiden of beauty-o;  
 I sing to the love of honour over all,  
 And the clear strong call of duty-o.

Glad is my heart for the rising of the sun,  
 And glad is my heart for the evenfall,  
 And gladness holds me still in the clear light of day,  
 When the trumpets of morn again to battle call.

Oh, gie me a lance, and gie me a sword,  
 And I'll once more into battle go.  
 'Til our foes are overcome, and our land is free again,  
 And a man can live in honour-o.

Farewell, ye green hills and ye bright flowin' streams,  
 Farewell, a' ye maids of the countryside.  
 I'm goin' off to war for to fight the eastern king.  
 'Tis the end for his jest and his foolish pride.

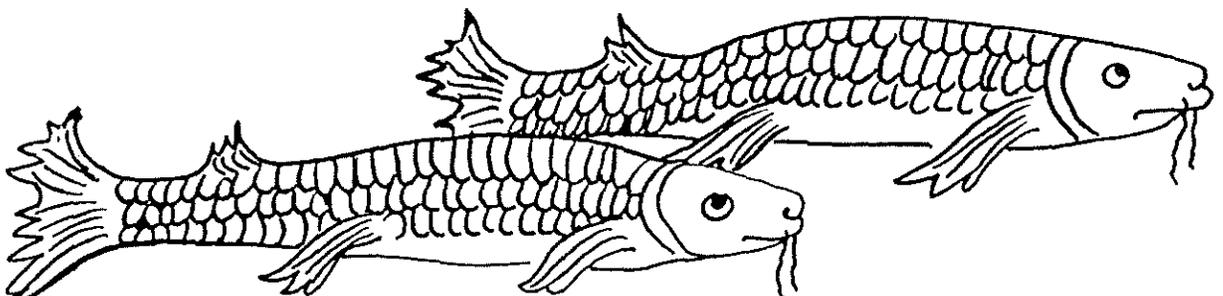
Our men, they are strong, and our men, they are swift,  
 Our men, they are fighters of bravery.  
 We will turn back the march of the eastern chivalry.  
 And sell a' their women into slavery.

Oh, brave will we fight, and long will we fight,  
 'Til our enemy falters beneath our hands.  
 And we'll turn our eyes to the western lands.

Here's a health to the king, and a health to ourselves,  
 And ah health to the men we will slaughter-o,  
 When we've laid them in their graves, we will raise them up again,  
 And toast them with never any water-o.

We'll drink 'til the night, and we'll drink 'til the dawn,  
 And we'll drink the day into night again.  
 For the brotherhood of those that love honour over all,  
 We'll lift our voices in a glad refrain.

We'll sing for the wood and the merry, merry doe;  
 We'll sing to a maiden of beauty-o.  
 We'll sing for the love of honour over all,  
 And ignore the call of duty-o.



## THE ISLE OF THE HAPPY

(From the Ancient Irish)

Once when Bran, son of Feval, was with his warriors in his royal fort, they suddenly saw a woman in strange raiment upon the floor of the house. No one knew whence she had come or how she had entered, for the ramparts were closed. Then she sang these quatrains of Evin the Happy, to Bran while all the host were listening: (note: this poem is rumored to be a pre-Christian composition that predicts the Christ!)

A branch I bear from Evin's apple-trees  
Whose shape agrees with Evin's orchard spray;  
Yet never could her branches best belauded  
Such crystal-gaused bud and bloom display.

There is a distant Isle, deep sunk in shadows,  
Sea-horses round its meadows flash and flee;  
Pull fair the course, white-swelling waves enfold it,  
Four pedestals uphold it o're the sea,

White the bronze pillars that this fair plain,  
The Centuries thorough, glimmering uphold.  
Though all the World the fairest land of any  
Is this whereon the many blooms unfold.

And in its midst an Ancient Tree forth flowers,  
Whence to the Hours beauteous birds out chime;  
In harmony of song, with fluttering feather,  
They hail together each new birth of Time.

And through the Isle glow all glad shades of color,  
No hue of dolour mars its beauty lone.  
'Tis Silver Cloud Land that we ever name it,  
And joy and music claim it for their own.

Not here are cruel guile or loud resentment,  
But calm contentment, fresh and fruitful cheer;  
Not here loud force or dissonance distressful,  
But music melting blissful on the ear.

No greif, no gloom, no death, no mortal sickness.  
Nor any weakness our sure strength can boud;  
These are the signs that grace the race of Evin.  
Beneath what other heaven are they found?

A hero fair, from out the dawn's bright blooming,  
Rides forth, illuming level shore and flood;  
The white and seaword plain he sets in motion,  
He stris the ocean into burning blood.

A host across the clear blue sea comes rowing,  
Their prowness showing, till they touch the shore;  
Thence seek the Shining Stone where Music's measure  
Prolongs the pleasure of the pulsing oar.

It sings a strain to all the host assembled;  
 That strain untried has trembled through all time!  
 It swells with such choruses unnumbered,  
 Decay and Death have slumbered since it's chime.

Thus happiness with wealth is o're us stealing,  
 And laughter pealing forth from every hill.  
 Yea! through the Land of Peace at every Season  
 Pure Joy and Reason are companions still.

Through all the lovely Isle's unchanging hours  
 There showers and showers a stream o silver bright;  
 A pure white cliff that from the breast of Evin  
 Mounts up to Heaven thus assures her light.

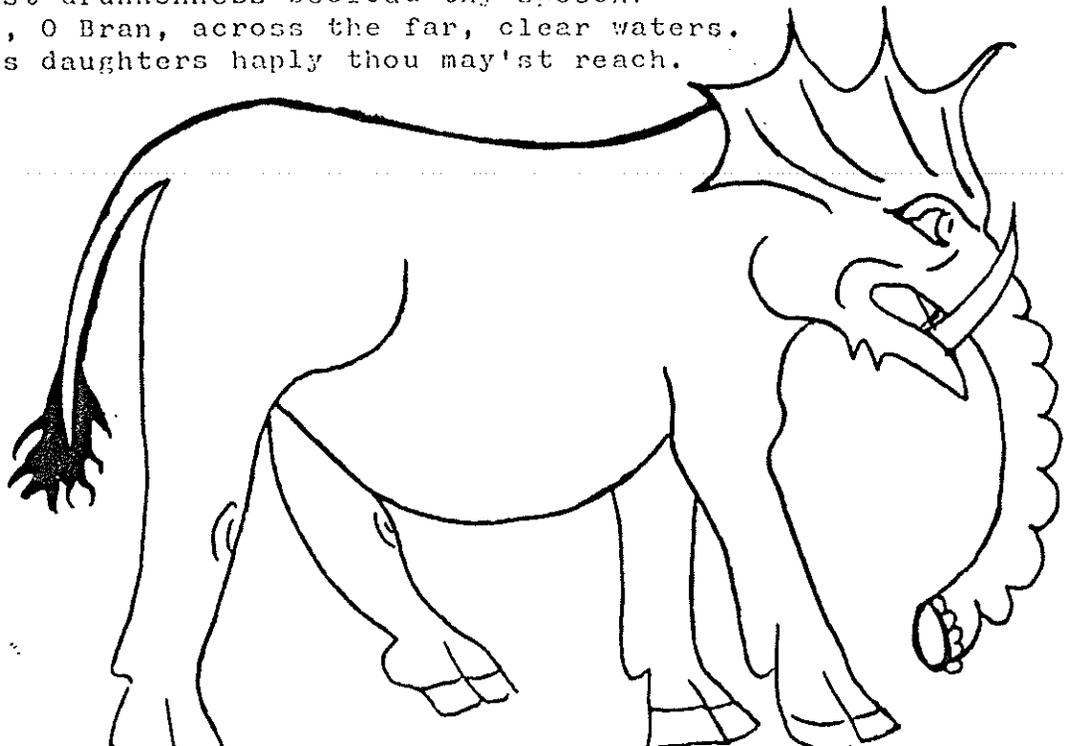
Long ages hence a Wonderous Child and Holy,  
 Yet in estate most lowly shall have birth;  
 Seed of Woman, yet whose Mate knows no man--  
 To rule the thousand thousands of the earth.

His sway ceaseless; 'twas His love all-seeing  
 That Earth's vast being wrought with perfect skill.  
 All worlds are His; for all His kindness cares;  
 But woe to all gain sayers of His will.

The stainless heavens beneath His Hands unfolded,  
 He moulded Man as free of mortal stain,  
 And even now Earth's sin-struck sons and daughters  
 His Living Waters can make, make whole again.

Not unto all of you is this my message  
 Of marvellous preassage at this hour revealed.  
 Let Bran but listen from Earth's concourse crowd  
 Unto the shrouded wisdom there concealed.

Upon a couch of langour lie not sunken,  
 Beware lest drunkenness becloud thy speech!  
 Put forth, O Bran, across the far, clear waters.  
 And Evin's daughters haply thou may'st reach.



JABBERWOCKY

By Lewis Carrol

"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome rathe outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The fumious Bander snatch!"

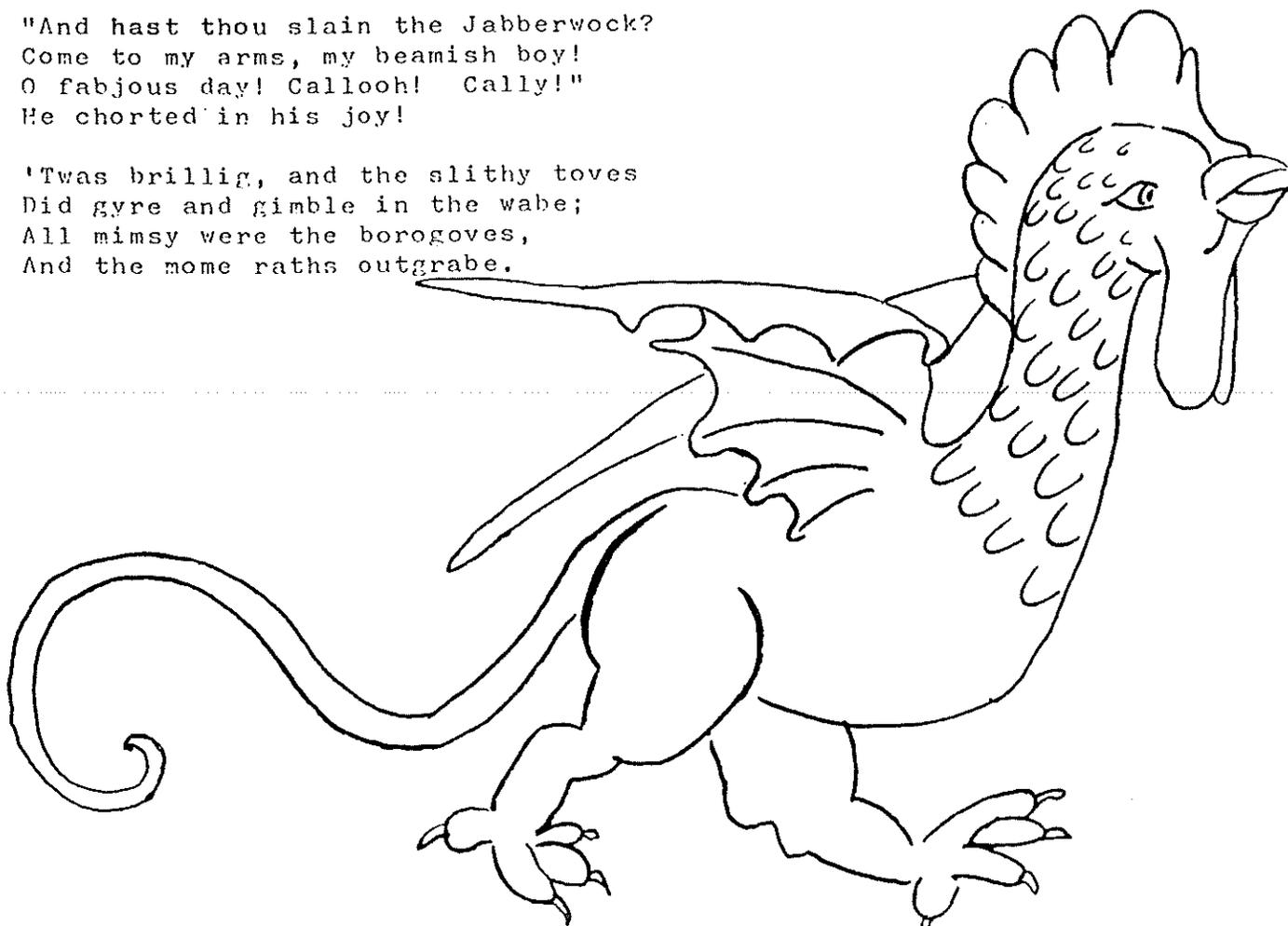
He took his vopæl sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought--  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stod awhile in thought.

And, as in nffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgeywood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vopæl blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galamping back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O fabjous day! Callooh! Cally!"  
He chorted in his joy!

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.



HOW HAPPY THE LITTLE BIRDS

By Anonymus

How happy the little birds  
That rise up on high  
And make music together  
On a single bough!  
Not so with me  
And my hundred thousand loves:  
Far apart on us  
Rises every day.

THE MARCH OF THE TUATA de'DANANN

(From the ancient Irish)

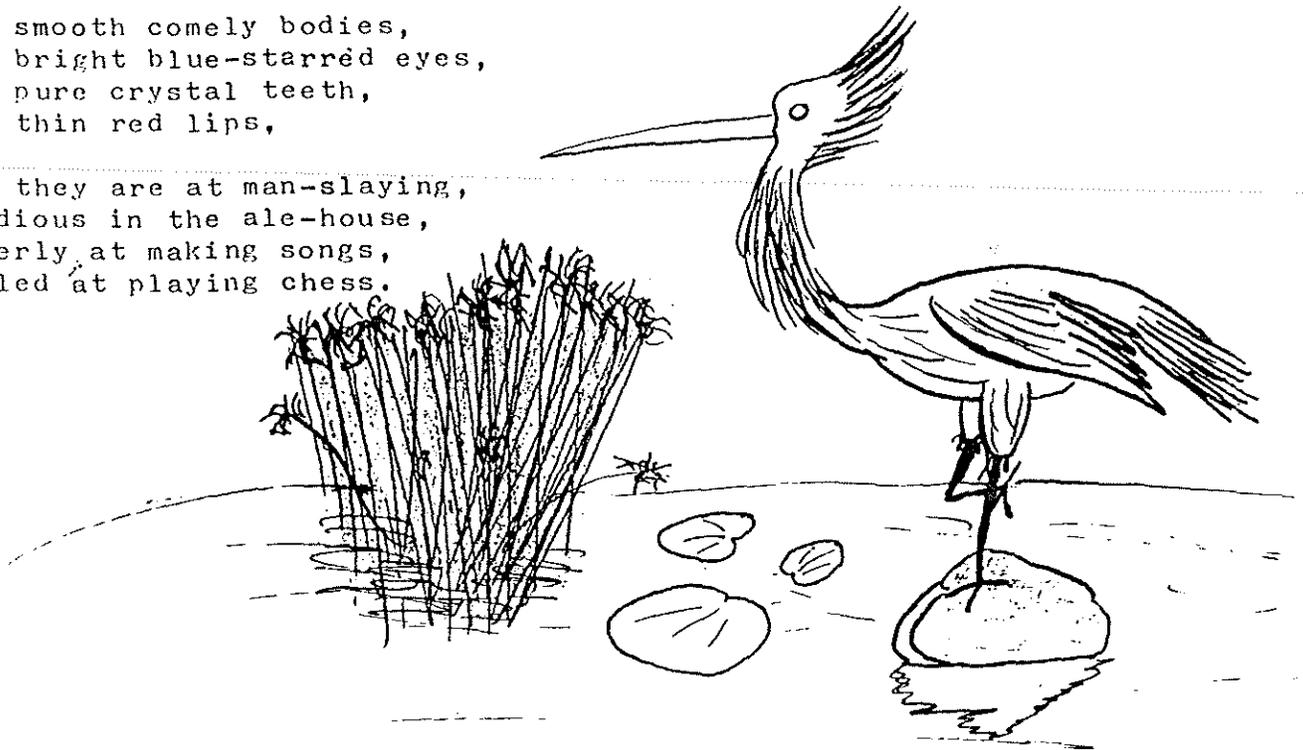
In well-devised battle array,  
Ahead of their fair chieftian  
They march amid blue psears,  
Pale-visaged, curly-headed bands.

They scatter the battalions of the fore,  
They ravage every land they attack,  
Slendridly they march to combat,  
A swift, distinguished, avenging host!

No wonder though their strenght be great:  
Sons of queens and kings are one and all;  
On their heads are  
Beautiful golden-yellow manes.

With smooth comely bodies,  
With bright blue-starréd eyes,  
With pure crystal teeth,  
With thin red lips,

Good they are at man-slaying,  
Melodious in the ale-house,  
Masterly at making songs,  
Skilled at playing chess.



MIDREALM LADIES

By Moonwolf Starkadderson

I sing the praise of the Midrealm ladies,  
By far, the fairest in all the land.  
Their face, their beauty, their form and figure,  
Would charm the heart of the strongest man.

They rise at morning like swans to sunlight,  
On wings of beauty into the dawn.  
My heart's been wrest to the Midrealm ladies,  
A heart once guarded, now stolen and gone.

My mother warned me 'gainst Midrealm ladies,  
If you go by them, you'll never return,  
My mother spoke true of the Midrealm ladies,  
To know them is all that I ever need done.

My Lords, go find you a Midrealm lady,  
And love her and praise her with all your soul,  
Fight for her honor; with death avenge her,  
And make her honor your highest goal.

(Repeat verse one)

THE NINE AGES OF MAN

Age 1, not old enough to know better

Age 2, old enough to know better

Age 3, not old enough to know

Age 4, old enough to know

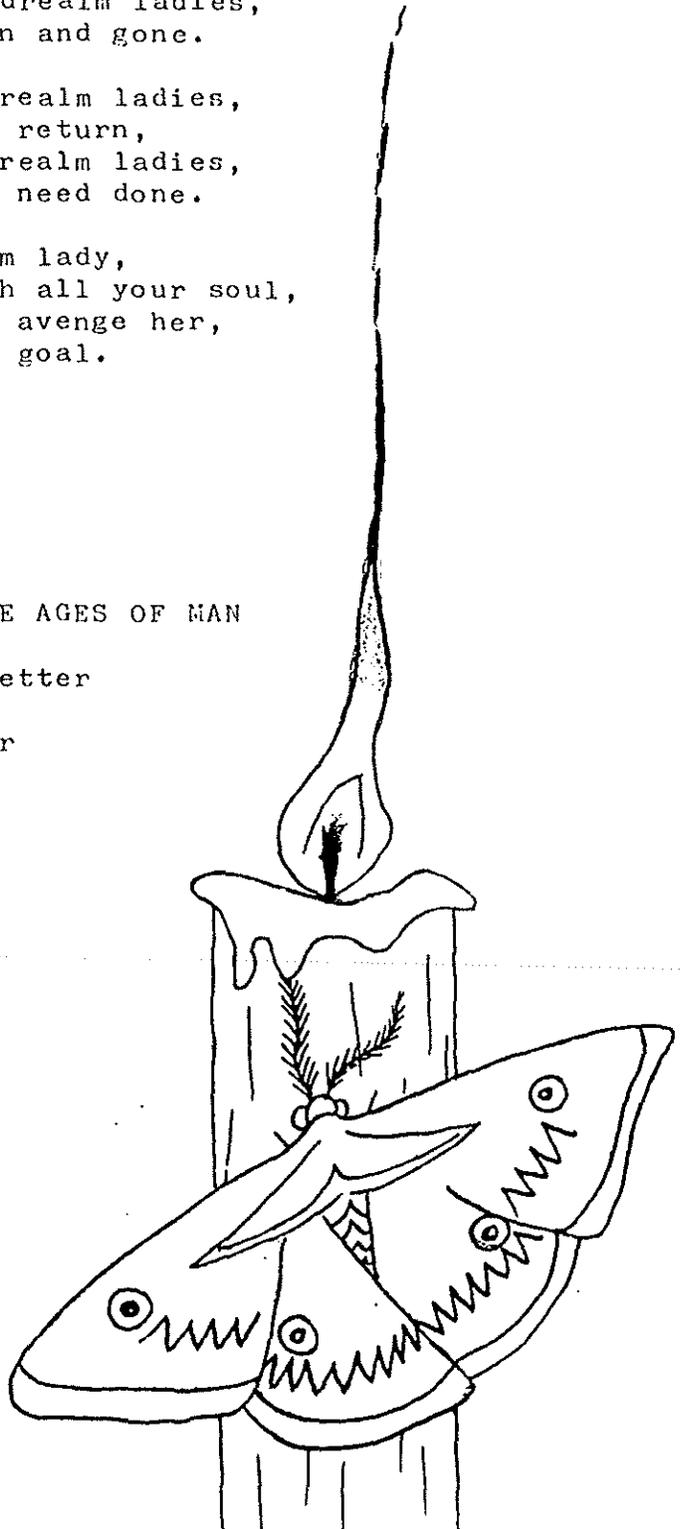
Age 5, not old enough

Age 6, old enough

Age 7, not old

Age 8, old

Age 9, not



## MINIVER CHEEVY

By Edwin Robinson (1869-1935)

Miniver Cheevy, Child of scorn,  
 Grew while he assailed the seasons;  
 He wept that he was ever born,  
 And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old  
 When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;  
 The vision of a warrior bold  
 Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,  
 And dreamed, and rested from his labors;  
 He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,  
 And Priam's neighbors.

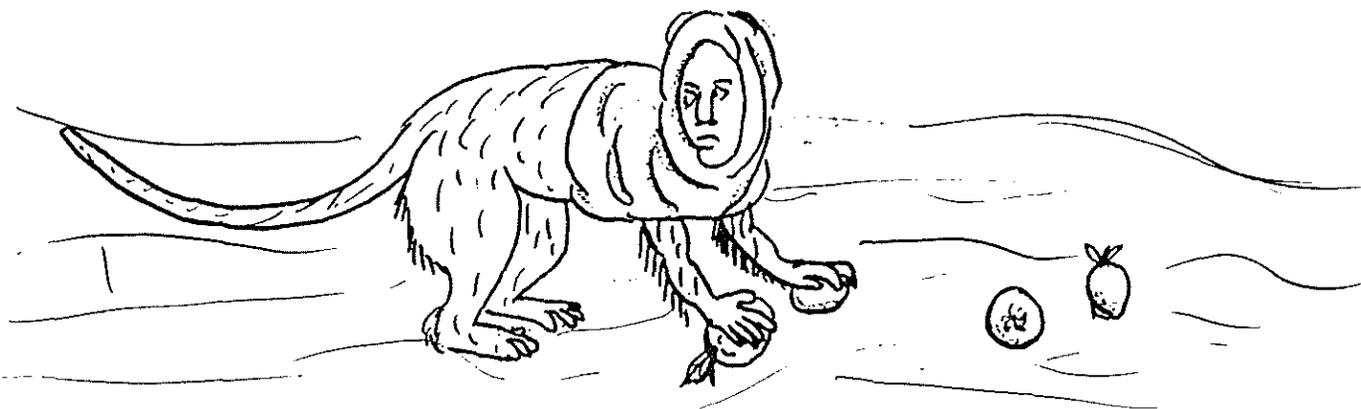
Miniver mourned the ripe renown,  
 That made so many a name so fragrant;  
 He mourned Romance, now on the town,  
 And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,  
 Albeit he had never seen one;  
 He would have sinned incessantly  
 Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace  
 And eyed a Khaki suit with loathing;  
 He missed the mediaeval grace  
 Or iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,  
 But sore annoyed was he without it;  
 Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,  
 And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,  
 Scratched his head and kept on thinking;  
 Miniver coughed, and called it fate,  
 And kept on drinking.



## THE QUEST

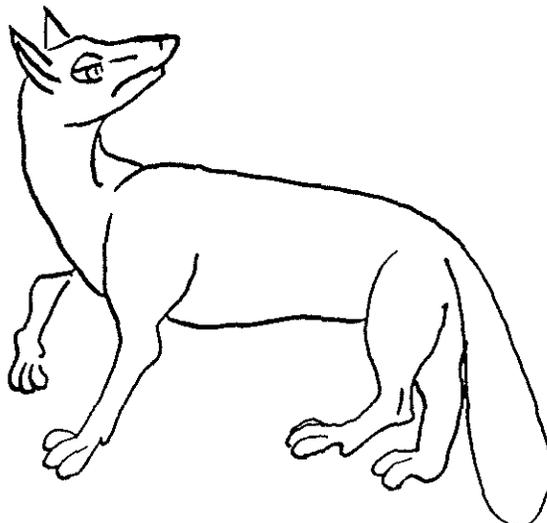
By Rudyard Kipling

The Knight came home from the quest.  
 Muddied and sore he came,  
 Battered of shield and crest,  
 Bannerless, bruised, and lame.  
 Fighting we take no shame;  
 Better is man for a fall.  
 Merrily borne, the bugle-horn  
 Answered the warder's call:  
 "Here is my lance to mend;  
 Here is my horse to be shot;  
 Ay they were strong, and the fight was long,  
 But I paid as good as I got.

"Oh dark and deep their van that mocked my battle-cry.  
 I could not miss my man, but I could not carry by.  
 Utterly whelmed was I, flung under, horse and all."  
 Merrily borne, the bugle-horn answered the warder's call:  
 "Here is my lance to mend. Here is my horse to be shot.  
 Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long,  
 But I paid as good as I got.

"My wounds are misled abroad, but theirs my foemen cloaked.  
 Ye see my broken sword, but never the blades she broke.  
 Paying them stroke, good hansom over all."  
 Merrily borne, the bugle-horn answered the warder's call:  
 "Here is my lance to mend. Here is my horse to be shot.  
 Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long,  
 But I paid as good as I got.

"My shame ye count and know. Ye say my quest is vain.  
 But ye have not seen my foe; ye have not told his slain.  
 Surely he fights again and again, but when ye prove his line,  
 There shall come to your aid my broken balde  
 In this last, lost fight of min!  
 Here is my lance to mend. Here is my horse to be shot.  
 Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long,  
 But I paid as good as I got."



## THE SHIRE OF THE FORGOTTEN SEA

By Gwydion Cinhil Kirontin

There is a place in the Middle Kingdom,  
There is a place I long to see,  
There is a place in the Middle Kingdom,  
Called the Shire of the Forgotten sea.

And there is land where once was water,  
Oh, there is land where once was sea,  
And from the land where once was water,  
Now grows a sturdy tree.

Fountains clear  
Are running to the river,  
River runs into the sea.

There is a place that shines forever,  
There is a place I long to be,  
And to this place that shines forever,  
Won't you come back there with me?

There is a girl with eyes of water,  
There is a girl who waits for me,  
There is a girl with eyes of water,  
Who can tell how far her eyes can see?

Over hills  
I travel as I wander,  
I'm going back to stay.

There is a star in the Midrealm shining,  
There is a star that guide my way,  
There is a star in the Midrealm shining,  
I will follow its light some day.

There is a dream no one remembers,  
There is a dream that guides my way  
There is a dream no one remembers.  
That gave ua all we have today.

OOO,  
Dream a dream to build the future,  
Dream a dream of yesterday....

## "A WORD FROM THE OUTER DARK"

By Robert E. Howard

My ruthless hands still clutch at life --  
Still like a shoreless sea  
My soul beats on in rage and strife.  
You may not shackle me.

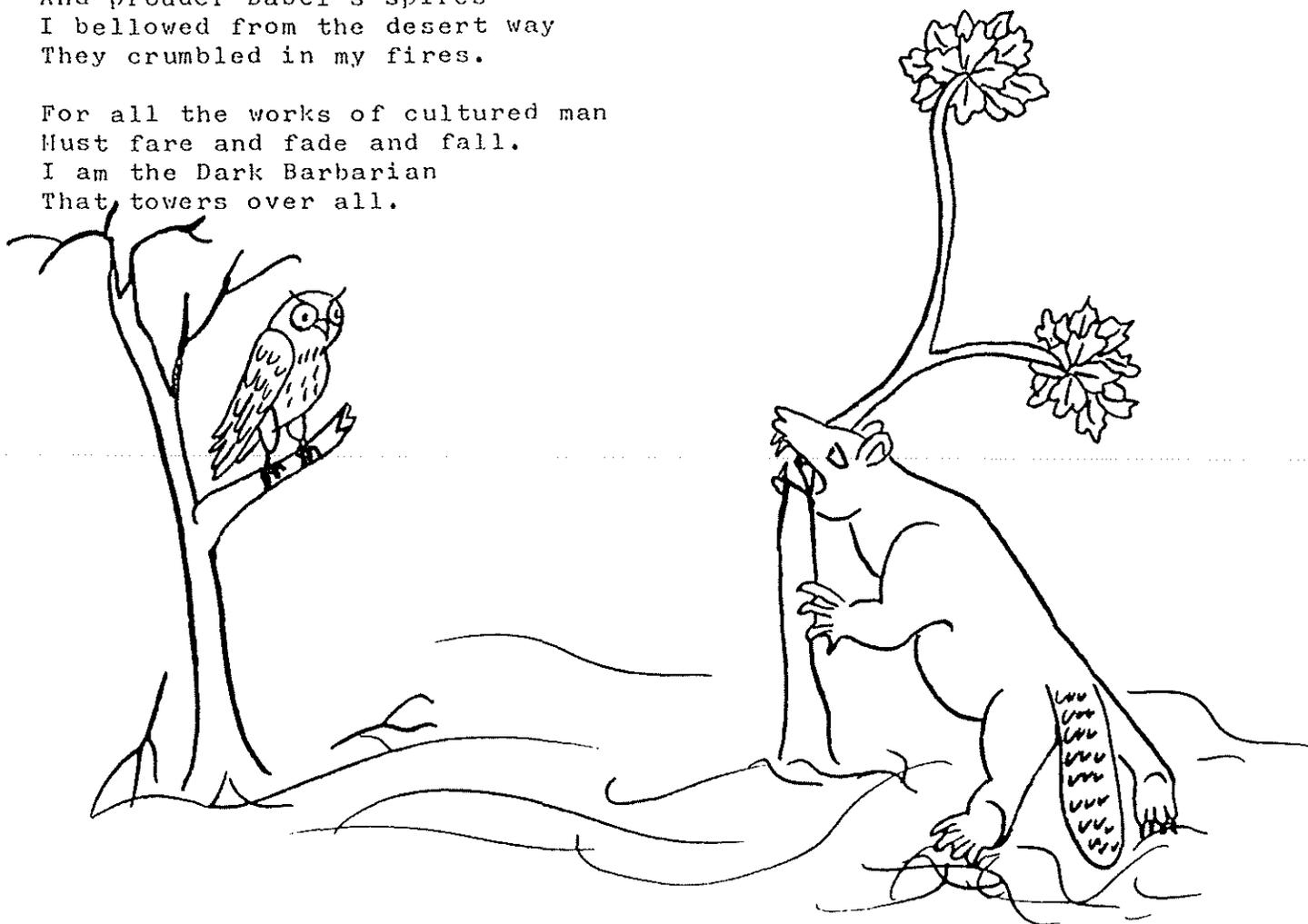
My leopard eyes are still untamed,  
They hold a darksome light --  
A fierce and brooding gleam unnamed  
That pierced primeval night.

Rear mighty temples to your god --  
I lurk where shadows sway,  
Till, when your drowsy guards shall nod,  
To leap and rend and slay.

For I would hurl cities down  
And I would break your shrines  
And give the site of every town  
To thistles and to vines.

Higher the walls of Ninevah  
And prouder Babel's spires --  
I bellowed from the desert way  
They crumbled in my fires.

For all the works of cultured man  
Must fare and fade and fall.  
I am the Dark Barbarian  
That towers over all.



The Slaying Song

1st verse Sta-le-Sun  
Chorus; 1st, 2nd, and 4th line  
by Sta-le-Sun  
Chorus; 3rd, and 5th line  
by Anamdraig O'Rioghbbhardain  
2nd and 3rd verse Anamdraig

Dashing through the snow,  
Swords keeping all at bay  
Through the town we go,  
Killing all the way.  
Guards may lurk around  
Making quite a fight,  
But OH what fun it is to sing  
A slaying song tonight!

chorus

Broad sword "CLEAR!"  
Short sword "CLEAR!"  
Maces make the day!!!!  
Oh! what fun it is to loot,  
And merrily slip away!

Here agin we go,  
Through the bloody snow  
To the ramparts ("ho!")  
Sneeking high and low.  
Guards we silently dispatch  
Troops scatter left and right  
Isn't it fun to laugh and sing  
That slaying song tonight!

chorus

3rd verse migratted to page 80!!!??

chorus

(tune: Jingle Bells)

Now the Castle's ours  
 We've reached for the stars  
 Giving our thanks to Mars  
 The Court we disbar  
 Our loot we split 'round  
 We revel the night  
 But isn't it fun to laugh and sing  
 A slaying song tonight!

Chorus

MORNING HAS BROKEN  
 (from the old Irish)



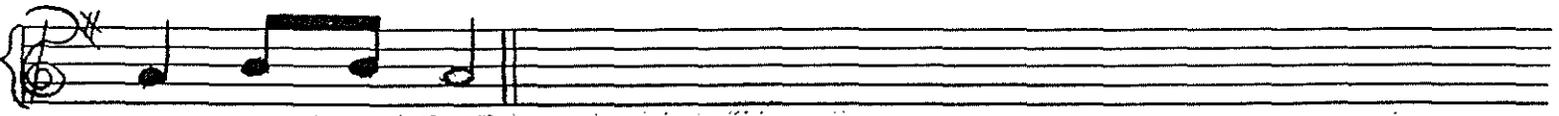
1. Morn-ing has bro-o--ken like the first morn-orn-ing,  
 2. Sweet the rain new-ew fall sun-lit from hea- a -ven,



1. Black bird has spo-o--ken like the first bird. Praise for the sing-ing!  
 2. Like the first dew-ew fall on the first grass. Praise for the sweet-ness



1. Praise for the morn-orn-orn-ing, Praise for them spring-ing-ing  
 2. Praise for the wet gar- ar-den, Sprung in com- ple - et-ness



1. Fresh from the Word! 2.  
 2. Where his feet pass! 3.

3. Mine is the sun-un light! Mine is the morn-orn-ing,  
 Born of the one-one light E-den saw play! Praise with ela-tion,  
 Praise ev-ery morn-orn-orn-ing, God's re-cre-a-tion  
 of the new day!



3/12/82

Hello Craig,

It may take a while (years since i started)  
but i'll stick to finishing it. Sorry for the long wait.  
Any of my melodies you can use, Calaver's, you  
would have to ask her. Lyrics, the same.

Wrote out one copy on (old) Royal type. i gave  
root copies. first section of Song Book. i was  
free use so i couldn't complain. (not much.) The new  
copy (Canon type) was a whole lot better. Some of the  
songs that we both had, some i see have slight variations.  
Some songs that had a not too well known melody (music) i  
included the music (after much peandering the tunes out on the  
piano!). Take care. Don't wait Craig!

Maria Craig