

# Three Rivers SONS BOOK



BATTLE HYMN OF THREE RIVERS  
(by Stephen Ironhand)

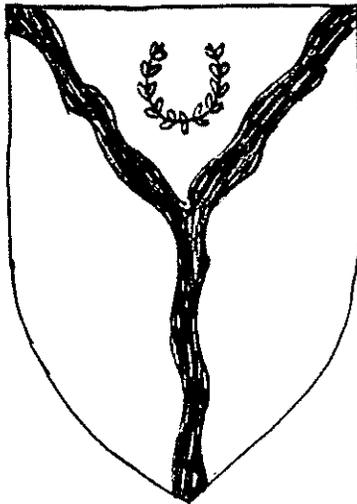
Gather, warriors of Three Rivers;  
Don your helms and fill your quivers,  
Sharpen your blades to deliver  
Death to every foe!

CHORUS: Charge into the melee!  
Watch our swords as they slay  
As we hack our way through shield-wall,  
Helmet, skull, and brain,  
And watch as they fall.....  
Pull your sword out;  
Move along to kill another foe!

Tremble, foemen of Three Rivers:  
Look upon our host and quiver;  
Stand there in your boots and shiver;  
Soon you'll be laid low.

(CHORUS)

Forward, warriors of Three Rivers;  
Carve their kidneys and their livers;  
Chop them into little slivers;  
Feed them to the crows!



"PLAGUE RAT"  
(Tune: "My Bonnie...")  
by the entire Shire of Three Rivers

FOR STEPHEN IRONHAND

Our Seneschal gives bad instructions;  
The stupid things aren't worth a dime--  
So when we get back to Three Rivers  
He'll get the plague rat one more time.

*our*  
*when we get there the event is all over*  
*He'll get the Plag*

CHORUS: Plague rat, plague rat,  
The Seneschal gets it again, again;  
Plague rat, plague rat,  
The Seneschal gets it again.

We got lost at the Sylvan Vale tourney;  
We got lost on our way to the Crown;  
We got lost on our Louisville journey;  
Dear Stephen reads maps upside down!

(CHORUS)

He gets lost in his 2 x 2 bathroom  
(There's an EXIT sign over the door!)--  
We've been meeting in SUPAC since Christmas,  
But he still can't remember what for!

*B.!*  
*Pat*  
*Larry*  
*Leonard*  
*Barb*

(CHORUS)

His ox-cart's a rolling disaster  
With Kleenex all over the floor;  
If you're lucky, the brakes are still working,  
But don't try to open the door!

(CHORUS)

His excuses are many and varied--  
His lateness he always explains;  
He leaves our group nervous and harried,  
But the time and the place slipped his brain!

(CHORUS)

At the Tourney there was great elation,  
For Stephen's opponent had won;  
Steve dies at the least provocation:  
One blow, and the battle was done!



(CHORUS)

Oh, Ironhand's a natural leader;  
I must admit he has got guts!  
He goes out to fight with a greatsword  
With nothing to cover his .....

(CHORUS)

"A LETTER TO T.R.M."  
 -Alphia Biraz-pars  
 (A Letter from Camp)

Hello King and Hello Queenie  
 How're you doing, ruling regally?  
 Do you ever wonder what  
 , All these royal honors are all about?

Well, Sir King, you won a Tourney.  
 You beat all comers fair and squarely.  
 Now to show there're no hard feelings,  
 They heap honors on your head  
 And Call you King.

And dear Queen, you were selected  
 From all others as the fairest.  
 It's no matter, 'fairest' what--  
 Just as long as you can sit beside that nut.

Just remember one little thing:  
 In six months, you'll not be King.  
 And dear lady, there'll be another  
 To whom the Kingdom will all  
 Courtsy and give honor.

-----

FIVE FOOT TWO

Five foot two, aim so true  
 Oh what those five feet can do  
 Has anybody seen my Hun?

Lots of foes, good with bows,  
 Lootin' and Killin's what he knows  
 Has anybody seen my Hun?

If you run into five foot two  
 Covered with mail  
 Gold and rings, all those things  
 Bet your life you'd better quail.

Could he kill, 'course he will  
 It's your blood he's gonna spill  
 Has anybody seen my Hun?

Five foot two, aim so true  
 Oh what those five feet can do,  
 Has anybody seen my Hun?

"ZORABB'S SONG"  
(Tune: Winter Wonderland)  
by Brumbar von Schwarzberg

Slave chains ring....are you listening?  
In the air, whips 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.



"GOLDEN DUCATS"  
(Tune: Rubber Duckie)  
by Eldoreth & Klaus the Mighty

CHORUS 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 falls who're  
Cute 'n' yella 'n' clinky....  
Clink-a-dink-dinky.....(shake...)

Golden Ducats, you're the ones  
You make tax time lots of fun  
Golden Ducats, we're awfully fond of....  
Golden Ducats, we're awfully fond of....  
Golden Ducats, we're awfully fond of you!

"ELVES DO IT IN THE TREES"  
by Eldoreth of Laurelindorinan

A lad was in the woods one day  
An Elfin maid spyed he  
She lured him up an ancient tree  
And he came down most untidy.

Those broken branches on the ground,  
You say t'was storms or some disease?  
Well, take another look around,  
'Cause elves do it in the trees.

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.

A maiden fair, both chaste and pure  
Strolled where the great trees towered.  
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)

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

He laid he 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)

A faithful husband caught a glimpse  
In yonder tree above the well  
Of a group of naked Elfin nymphs  
And he did fall within 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)

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.

A E A E  
D A E A  
F H E A E  
D A E A

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)

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 this realm of leafy green  
Is guaranteed to satisfy  
The lustiest of libertines.

(CHORUS)



ORCS DO IT IN THE DIRT  
by Magluk the Orc (Eldoreth)

Those strange depressions in the ground  
you say t'was war, or a natural quirk,  
well take another look around  
'cause orcs do it in the dirt.

REFRAIN: Orcs do it in the dirt  
          orcs do it where it hurts  
          orcs do it like such perverts  
          orcs do it in the dirt.

A lad was in the woods one day  
an orc-maid grabbed him by the arm  
She dragged him off into a cave  
where he was sure he'd come to harm.

She stripped them both till they were bare,  
then picked up a whip so cruel  
don't beat me, he cried, in despair  
no, you beat me, she said, then drooled.

REPEAT REFRAIN

An orkish soldier spied a friend  
sorely lame and badly bruised,  
with body scarred and clothing rent,  
and his face was much abused.

Pray, tell me by what war or fight  
thou hast met such dreadful doom?  
ah, t'was worse the friend replied,  
I've just been on my honeymoon.

REPEAT REFRAIN

An orkish soldier got aroused  
on his way to battle,  
when he heard the sound of cows  
he said, "I'll rape some cattle"

but the cow he mounted was a male  
that like not this intrusion,  
so rather than a piece of tail  
he got only contusions.

REPEAT REFRAIN

An orc was walking through the slag  
when a dragoness he chanced to meet,  
and by the way her tail did wag  
he knew that she must be in heat

She pounced upon him forcefully  
and pinned him fastly by his wrists  
so great was that worm's ecstasy  
she burned him to a crisp.

REPEAT REFRAIN

An orkish husband newlywed  
asked of his disgusting bride  
"before I take your maidenhead  
how can you best be satisfied?"

If me you do wish to arouse  
she said, with a warm embrace,  
then with this fullfill your vows  
and so-saying produced a mace.

REPEAT REFRAIN

So listen well, and my words mark  
when you go wandering in the caves  
if you'r captured by an orc,  
it may give you cause to rave

For making love lurched oh so sly  
amid this realm of fetid mists,  
is guaranteed to satisfy  
any sado-masochists.

REPEAT REFRAIN

CHICKEN KNIGHTS OF THE YELLOW BRIGADE  
by Eldoreth Greysquirrel

Fighting knights in gleaming mail;  
Knights who turn and show their tail.  
Knights who mean just what they say;  
Knights who say, "Let's run away."

The clash of armor fills the air,  
From knocking knees of knights so scared,  
Of their own shadows they're afraid,  
The chicken knights of the Yellow Brigade.

They have the keenest fighting style.  
They watch discreetly from a mile,  
Behind a ten-foot barricade,  
The chicken knights of the Yellow Brigade.

Catapults let boulders fly.  
They squash our soldiers like cream pies,  
Except for those who run away,  
The chicken knights of the Yellow Brigade.

Farmers have to guard their cattle,  
When our knights go into battle,  
For slaying cows is their forte,  
The chicken knights of the Yellow Brigade.

Strange aromas fill the air.  
Our knights have soiled their underwear;  
Rusted armor and brown stains,  
The stock-in-trade of the Yellow Brigade.

Fighting knights in gleaming mail;  
Knights who turn and show their tail.  
Knights who mean just what they say;  
Knights who say, "Let's run away."

"THE GREAT NORSE ROVER"  
 (Tune: The Irish 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 10 with a full crew of men,  
 In an effort to sack the whole world.

We'd a hell of a ship, through the waves she did slip  
 And, oh, how the sark 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 raids;  
 We had two million axes, all told.

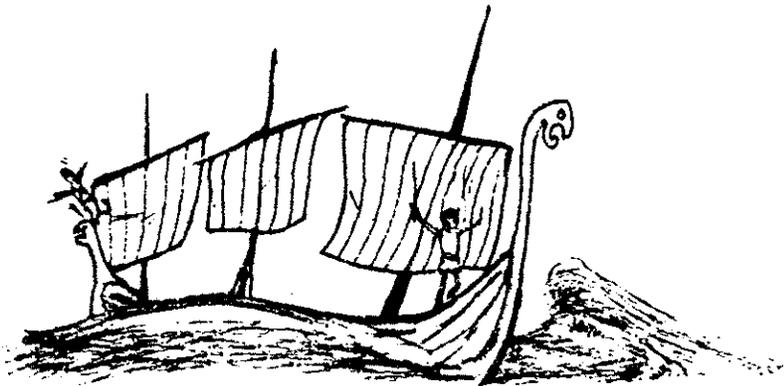
We had fifty fierce cats for our thousands of rats,  
 And they battled about all over.  
 We had ten million kegs of the best danish mead  
 On the decks of the Great Norse Rover.

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 had sacked Dublin town  
 Was the Skipper of the Great Norse Rover.

We'd been five years at sea when the scurvey 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 Captain'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!



"THOR'S SON"  
 by Robert E. Howard  
 Melody by Arwyn Antarae

Serpent prow on the Afric coast  
 Doom on the Moorish town;  
 And this is the song the steersman sang  
 As the dragonship swept down:

I followed Asgrim Snorri's son around the world and half-way back,  
 And 'scaped the hate of Galdjerhrun who sank our ship off Skagerack.  
 I lent my sword to Hrothgar then; his eyes were ice, his heart was hard  
 He fell with half his weapon-men to our own kin at Mikligard.

And then for many a weary moon I labored at the galley's oar  
 Where men grow maddened by the rime of row-locks clacking evermore.  
 But I survived the reeking rack, the toil, the whips that burned and gashed;  
 The spiteful Greeks that scarred by back and trembled even while they lashed.

They sold me on an Eastern block; in silver coins their price was paid;  
 They girt me with a chain and lock; I laughed and they were sore afraid  
 I toiled among the olive trees until a night of hot desire  
 Blew me a breath of outer seas and filled my veins with curious fire.

Then I arose and broke my chain and laughed to know that I was free,  
 And battered out my master's brain and fled and gained the open sea.  
 Beneath a copper sun adrift, I shunned the proa and the dhow,  
 Until I saw a sail uplift, and saw and knew the dragon prow.

Oh, East of sands and sunlit gulf, your blood is thin;  
 Your gods are few;  
 You could not break the Northern wolf and now the wolf has turned  
 On you.  
 The fires that light the coasts of Spain fling shadows  
 On the Eastern strand.  
 Masters, your slave has come again with torch and axe in his red hand!

ROLLIN' TO JERUSALEM  
by Bron Blackhand

We were hangin' near London,  
Chasin' maids and raisin' hell.  
We'd robbed a couple of churches,  
We were doin' pretty well.  
We got a note from Lionheart,  
These were the words it bore:  
Your King says get your asses out  
And fight the holy war!

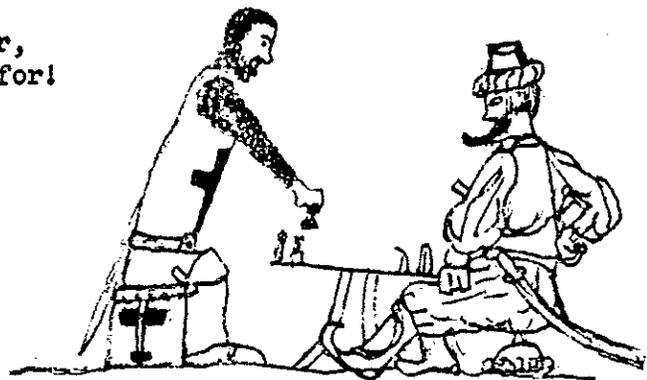
CHORUS: Rollin' to Jerusalem on a summer's day,  
Hackin' on the Infidels gettin' in our way.  
We're gettin' rich and famous,  
And it's God we're workin' for.  
We're bloody hot and thirsty,  
But by damned we're never bored!

We saddled up and rode  
And crossed the ocean with the fleet,  
And we rode Eastward quickly,  
For the enemy to meet.  
We battled with the Paynims,  
And we killed them by the score.  
They did the same to us next month;  
It was that kind of war.

CHORUS

Well we met them on the battlefield,  
To see who was the best.  
When we weren't fightin' with 'em,  
We were playin' 'em at chess.  
Now they wear chainmail, we wear robes,  
We all sit on the floor.  
It's times like these I wonder,  
What the hell we're fightin' for!

CHORUS



"TULLEY DEW"  
 (Tune: "Foggy Dew")  
 by Brom Blacksword

As down the glen, one early morn at a tourney fair and high,  
 There came mad lines of drunken men in armour passed me by.  
 On, 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 grief was sore,  
 To see Viking men worship toilet bowls instead of the Great God Thor.  
 Oh, ours they moon 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 my last 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 lay around on the cold, hard ground,  
     With faces anemic and blue;  
 With cold stone beds 'neath their swirling heads,  
     All from nippin' on the Tulley Dew.

Two Kingdom Knights did have a fight o'er 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.



"UP THE MIDREALM"  
 (Tune: "Song of the Whalers")  
 by Brom Blacksword

When I was a boy of three,  
 My mom took me to the library  
 Saw me a picture book of a knight,  
 Hackin' like hell, goma win him a fight.

Then I joined the S.C.A.  
 I learned new games that I could play  
 Walk around in a shirt of mail  
 Swingin' a broadsword and packin' a flail.

(CHORUS)

Tell me, what kind of fools are these  
 Who get up early on Saturd'ys  
 Saracens--Mongols--Vikings--and Celts  
 Fightin' each other and takin' their welts.  
 Ooay up the Midrealm,  
     Ooay up the Midrealm  
         Ooay up the Midrealm  
 Earli in the morning.

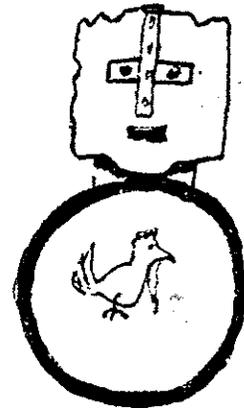
Make your helm from a Freon can  
 And a broadsword from a piece of rattan  
 Gauntlets, cup, and a plywood shield  
 Next thing you know, you're on the field.

Get out from the shield you cower behind  
 And keep this object ever in mind:  
 Drive your opponent from the field,  
 Kill him outright, or make him yield.

You fight near and you fight far  
 But it doesn't matter how good you are  
 You come home and you're black and blue,  
 For the other guy's always better than you.

(CHORUS)

Tell me, what kind of fools are these  
 Who get up early on Saturd'ys  
 In a gym or a college lawn  
 For glory, and honor, and bruises, LAY ON!  
 Ooay, up the Midrealm  
     Ooay up the Midrealm  
         Ooay up the Midrealm  
 Earli in the Morning.



THREE RIVERS IN  
MOONWOLF'S MEMORIES  
by Moonwolf

CHORUS: Today while the blossoms are all turning brown,  
We'll pillage your village, we'll burn down your town;  
A million tomorrows will all pass away,  
Ere we forget all the gold that is ours today.

Well I'll be a Northman, and I'll be a rover;  
You'll know who I am by the things that I do;  
I'll laugh in the battle, I'll brag in my mead cup,  
While swilling down Tullymore Dew.....

CHORUS

We're raiders from Three Rivers, drunkenly vicious,  
\*We'll knock up your daughters and burn down your hall;  
We're rowdy, unruly, and somewhat lascivious,  
And up the White Wolf is our call.....

CHORUS

I can't be contented with yesterday's plunder;  
I can't live on ransom notes winter to spring;  
But show me a woman, and soon she'll go under,  
She'll scream, and she'll cry, while I sing....

CHORUS

\*We'll neuter your knights and we'll burn down your hall;

"CORIN'S SONG"  
 (Tune: Springhill Mining Disaster)  
 by Brom Blacksword

In the Shire of Three Rivers, in the Middle,  
 Last stronghold of the Great Dark Horde,  
 On April third, a tourney held,  
 For to find the novice best with sword,  
     To find the novice best with sword.

Miles came from the Flatlands distant  
 Wurm Walders came to try their swords  
 The rest of them came from Three Rivers,  
 Sons of Death, and the Great Darke Horde;  
     Sons of Death, and the Great Dark Hords.

The fighting was fierce twixt the noble warriors  
 Hard and painful the blows they took  
 And those who watched great valor saw  
 And when men fell, oh, the ground, it shook;  
     When men, fell, oh, the ground it shook.

Then it came to the semi-finals  
 Brumbar and I and Corin good  
 We fought until my shield had splintered  
 I was beat, and two then stood;  
     I was beat, and two then stood.

Brumbar and Corin faced each other  
 After a melee and a rest.  
 They both fought well, till Brumbar fell,  
 At day's end, Corin emerged the best;  
     Day's end, Corin emerged the best.

