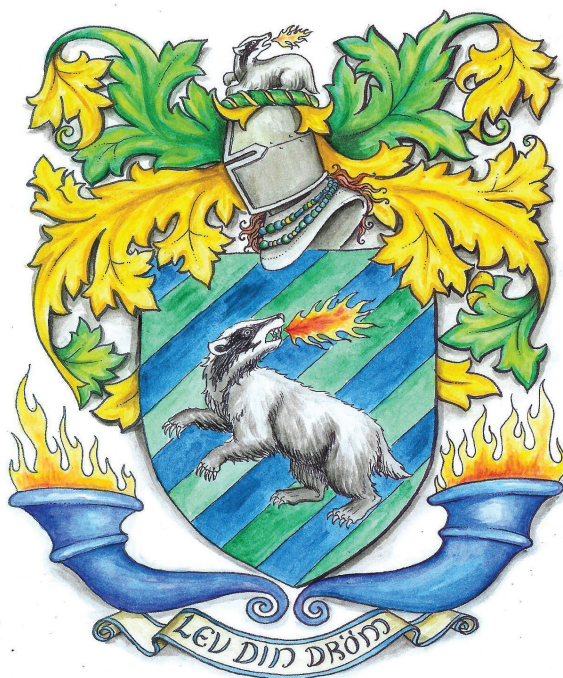


# The Beadmakers Songbook

## English Songs



  
2010

Version 3.0  
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## About

This collection of odd songs are put together for noncommercial use in the SCA. They are completely randomly collected and I do not claim ownership of any of them.

This is not for sale, the collection is free to share and use.

As some might notice, these are not historical songs. They are more like a collection of songs sung in the SCA and on Larps and have been chosen more because they are fun to sing rather than being historically correct. Some might not be appropriate for all company.

Regards

Lady Sigrid the Beadmaker,

In Holmrike, Nordmark, Drachenwald

Anno Societatis LIII



## Agincourt

*Words by Lisa Theriot*

*Music by Ken and Lisa Theriot*

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I left my home to take the coin  
King Henry's army for to join  
A knightly fee I seek to hold  
A belt to wear, and spurs of gold

Two accolades had King Henry  
Just one would be enough for me  
So off we march from keep and town  
To win my King a second crown

*For God, Saint George, and King Henry*  
*I've brought my men across the sea*  
*Honor and right we're fighting for*  
*I'll win my spurs at Agincourt*

I brought in train nine armored men  
and bowmen steady, ten by ten  
We've taken ship and come to land;  
on Normandy's green earth we stand

A hundred years of war we've known,  
our King denied his second throne  
We'll beard the lion in his den  
and show the worth of English men!

*For God, Saint George, and King*  
*Henry...*

To Harfleur Town we laid the siege  
and little could I serve my liege  
My men are sick, the rivers swell;  
how long must we bide here in Hell?

Then Holland's men essay the gate,  
defended bravely, but too late  
Our guns are brought to breach the walls  
and by surrender Harfleur falls

*For God, Saint George, and King Henry...*

King Henry stands in armor clad  
and though we fear, our hearts are glad  
He calls us brothers, happy few,  
I may die my liege, but I'll not shame you!

At last the French are camped in sight  
with battle planned for morning's light  
The minstrels sing with all their breath;  
the priests prepare our souls for death

But defeat I cannot reckon by,  
a prisoner I, my men to die?  
I've asked forgiveness from the Lord,  
so take my soul and bring my sword!

*For God, Saint George, and King Henry...*

The Duke of York my men will guard,  
my bowmen in the archers' yard  
No man may make it back alive—  
for each we have, the French have five

The battle's joined, the arrows fly,  
the French on horse attack hard by  
A mighty press, the Duke is down,  
what price to pay for Henry's crown?

What miracle my eyes have spied!  
Our valiant archers turn the tide  
Before them each a sharpened stave  
from charging horse their life to save

The charge falls back on their own ranks  
with arrows in their horses' flanks  
The wounded mounts run mad with pain,  
the French line breaks, their plans in vain



By English might the French are pressed,  
King Henry fights like one possessed  
The Duke will never rise again;  
it falls to me to lead our men

With rallied cry our van attacks,  
the archers join with sword and axe  
With banners high we meet the fray;  
against all odds we win the day!

*For God, Saint George, and King Henry...*

To London Town and songs of praise,  
in victory we proudly raise  
The banner of Saint George's cross  
to cries of, "Deo Gratias"

But now I ride for my own lands  
to serve the King as he commands  
To keep the faith he placed in me  
with grace and might of chivalry

For God, Saint George, and King Henry  
we gained a mighty victory  
And I return, a squire no more--  
I won my spurs at Agincourt!



## **Bastard king of England, The**

The minstrels sing, Of an English King  
Of many long years ago,  
who ruled that land, With an iron hand  
Though his morals were weak and low.  
His only outer garment was a dirty yellow shirt  
With which he tried  
To hide his hide,  
But he could not hide the dirt.



*He was dirty and filthy and full of fleas  
But he had his women by twos and threes;  
God bless the bastard king of Engaland.*

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous Jane;  
A lascivious wench was she,  
She longed to fool with the royal tool  
of the king across the sea.  
So she sent a royal message with a royal messenger  
To ask the king of Engaland  
to fornicate with her.

*He was dirty and filthy and full of fleas  
But a terrible tool hung down to his knees;  
God bless the bastard king of Engaland*

When Phillip of France, heard this by chance  
He raced before his court,  
“The Queen prefers my rival  
cause my instruments to short.”  
So he sent the Count of Zippity-Zap  
To slip the Queen a dose of the clap  
To pass along to the royal dong  
of the King of Engaland.

*He was dirty and filthy and full of fleas  
But well-endowed and eager to please;  
God bless the bastard king of England!*

When the King of England heard the news  
Outside the castle wall,  
He up and swore,  
“By the royal whore,  
Ill have that frenchmans balls!”  
He offered half the royal purse  
And a piece of queen Hortense  
To any British subject who’d  
Undo the king of France

*He was dirty and filthy and full of fleas  
But could spread a maid with practiced ease;  
God bless the bastard king of England!*

When The Earl of Sussex heard of this  
He straightaway went to France.  
Where he swore he was a fairy,  
So the king would down his pants.  
He knotted a thong around that prong,  
and he jumped his horse, and he rode along  
And dragged him to the bastard king of England.

*He was dirty and filthy and full of fleas  
But a king can indulge in lecheries;  
God bless the bastard king of England!*

When the King of England saw the sight  
he fainted, dead on the floor,  
For during the ride, his rival’s pride...  
Had stretched a yard or more.  
Then and all the maids of England  
Came down to London Town  
And shouted round the battlements,  
“To Hell with the British Crown!”

*So Philip alone Usurped the throne;  
His scepter was his royal bone With which he whipped  
The bastard king of England.*

*He was dirty and filthy and full of fleas  
But a terrible tool hang waaay passed his knees  
Farewell the bastard king of England.*

## Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond, The

By yon bonnie banks an' by yon bonnie braes  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond  
Where me an' my true love will ne-er meet again  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

*Chorus:*

*O ye'll tak' the high road, and Ah'll tak' the low road  
And Ah'll be in Scotlan' afore ye  
Fir me an' my true love will ne-er meet again  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.*

'Twas there that we perted in yon shady glen  
On the steep, steep sides o' Ben Lomon'  
Where in a purple hue, the hielan hills we view  
An' the moon comin' oot in the gloamin'.

*O ye'll tak' the high road...*

The wee birdies sing an' the wild flouers spring  
An' in sunshine the waters are sleeping  
But the broken heart, it kens nae second spring again  
Tho' the world knows not how we are grieving

*O ye'll tak' the high road...*

## Bored on the Listfield

*Text by Andrew Scarhart and Othar Morganson  
with apologies to Ivar Battleskald  
melodi: Born on the Listfield*

Once came a warrior,  
Fresh from the bar;  
Reeling, before his king he came;  
When he had risen, he was still drunk  
And these words he slurred unto his king:

*I was bored on the list field,  
I got smashed at the war  
And the booze has been flowing all night;  
Though some say my wits will grow rusted and dull,  
I will drink like a mad dog tonight.*

The king's men were pissed off,  
They all drew their swords,  
Ready to beat up this rude knight,  
But the king wouldn't let them, 'cause he was drunk  
too  
And these words he said unto his men:

*You were bored on the list field,  
You got smashed at the war  
And the booze will be flowing all night;  
Though some say your wits will grow rusted and dull,  
You must party like mad dogs tonight.*

The king's men were rallied,  
They all drained their cups;  
Calling for more, they soon were drunk;  
When off in the distance  
They heard their ladies' call  
And they sang this song as they did flee:

*We were bored on the list field,  
We got smashed at the war  
And the booze has been flowing all night;  
Though some say our wits will grow rusted and dull,  
We will drink all the Mad Dog tonight.*

All through the night, then,  
The king's men did drink;  
By dawn, they looked distinctly green;  
Though their bodies were on the list field,  
Their heads were spinning round  
And they groaned this song as they did hurl:

*We were bored on the list field,  
We got smashed at the war  
And the booze (it) kept flowing all night;  
Though it's true our wits have grown rusted and  
dull,  
We partied like good knights last night.*

## Born on the list field

Once came a warrior,  
Fresh from the field;  
kneeling, before her king she came;  
When she had risen, she was a knight  
And onto her king this oath she gave

*I was born on the list field,  
I was raised in the war  
And this day you have made me a knight;  
Though some day my sword may grow rusty and dull,  
I will live by my oath till I die.*

Great grew the knight and her fame she did win  
And never before a foe would yield  
Great were the numbers, she never called defeat  
And she sang this song behind her shield

*I was born on the list field,  
I was raised in the war  
And one day my king made me a knight;  
Though some day my sword may grow rusty and dull,  
I will live by my oath till I die.*

Old grew the knight and returned to her farm  
Said the king you will not be called again  
This knight she knew honor and duty knew well  
And onto her king this oath she gave

*I was born on the list field,  
I was raised in the war  
And one day you did make me a knight;  
Though some say my sword will grow rusty and dull,  
I will live by my oath till I die.*

War tore the country and the king was in plight  
And his knights they could not win the day  
Onto the field rode that brave lady knight  
and some swear that they heard her say

*you were born on the list field,  
you was raised in the war  
And one day your king made you a knight;  
Though some day your swords may grow rusty and dull,  
You must live by your oaths till you die.*

The kings men they rallied and they slew all their foes  
They began to count their hurt and dead  
They found that lady knight ringed round by slain foes  
And onto her king this oath she gave

*I was born on the list field,  
I was raised in the war  
And one day you did make me a knight;  
Though it seems my sword has grown rusty and dull,  
I have lived by my oath now I die.*



## **Bow to the crown**

*By Heather Dale*

*Bow to the crown,  
and Bow to the throne,  
And bow to the one whose favour you own  
Remember their eyes are watching the fray  
Then bow to each other and fight as you may*

Honour the crown and fight for their duty  
The champions of right and of all we should be  
The greatest of burdens, the highest renown  
The first ones to rise and the last to lie down

*Bow to the crown...*

Honour the one whose favour you bear  
And strive in their honour to ever be fair  
Think on their fate when the battles begun  
And let them be proud of whatever you've won

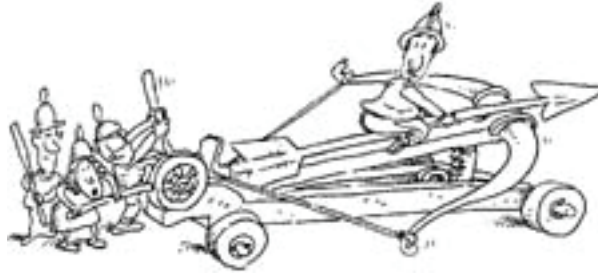
*Bow to the crown...*

Honour your foe, and keep your aim true  
Remember they fight with the same heart as you  
Trust in their judgement of all that you throw  
For they are a part of the valour you show

*Bow to the crown...*

*Bow to the crown..*

*Bow to each other and fight as you may  
Bow to each other and fight as you may*



## **Catapult Song, The**

*tune: "Tramp Tramp Tramp"*

Oh they thought it was a joke when my catapult it broke  
And they said it would not fire beyond the wall  
So the Captain came to look, and I pulled the trigger hook  
And my catapult it caught him in the jaw!

Flip, flip, flip, my Captain's flying  
High up o'er the Norman camp!  
Well, he landed with a thump  
and he crumpled in a lump  
with his head between his knees upon a stump!

Yippee yea, my catapult's working  
Yippee yea, we'll have a ball!  
Oh we'll load it up again  
with another Cap-i-tain  
and we'll fire the bloody bastard o'er the wall!



## Chandlers Wife, The

A man walked into a chandler's shop some candles for to buy,  
He looked around the chandler's shop but no one did he spy.  
So he got disappointed and some angry words he said  
When he heard the sound of a <clap, clap, clap> right above his head.  
Yes he heard the sound of a <clap, clap, clap> right above his head.

Well he was slick and very quick so up the stairs he sped,  
And very surprised was he to find the chandler's wife in bed;  
And with her was a another man of most enormous size,  
And they were having a <clap, clap, clap> right before his eyes.  
Yes they were having a <clap, clap, clap> right before his eyes.

When the fun was over and done and the lady raised her head,  
And very surprised was she to find him standing by her bed  
“If you would keep my secret sir, if you would be so kind,  
Then I'll gladly wax your <clap, clap, clap> whenever you feel inclined.”  
“Yes I'll gladly wax your <clap, clap, clap> whenever you feel inclined.”

So, many a day and many a night to the chandlers he would roam  
to buy himself some candles when the chandler wasn't home,  
But not a one she sold to him , but gave to him instead,  
A dip of his wick in her <clap, clap, clap> to light his way to bed.  
Yes a dip of his wick in her <clap, clap, clap> to light his way to bed.

So, all you married men take heed, whenever you go to town,  
If you must leave your wife alone, be sure to tie her down.  
Or, if you would be kind to her, just lay her right down on the floor,  
And give her so much of that <clap, clap, clap> she won't want any more.  
Yes give her so much of that <clap, clap, clap> she won't want any more.



## Colorful Bruise

*By Sir Steven MacEanruig  
and Sir William the Lucky  
(Tune; Battle Hymn of the Republic)*

My legs have felt the pounding of  
a hundred thousand blows  
The times my sword has broken  
only God in heaven knows.  
Each blow upon my helmet  
jolts me clear down to my toes  
And I aint a gonna fight no more.

*Glory glory what a colorful bruise I've got.  
Glory glory what a colorful bruise I've got.  
Glory glory what a colorful bruise I've got  
And I aint a gonna fight no more.*

On the morning of the tourney  
I stepped bravely on the field,  
And then I saw my foeman  
and my senses they did reel.  
He was sixfooteight, threehundred pounds  
and forged all out of steel  
And I aint a gonna fight no more.

*Glory glory what a colorful bruise...*

He cracked my shield and broke my helm  
and beat me to the ground.  
My armor lay in tatters  
all the tourney field around.  
They gathered it together  
through one boot they never found  
And I aint a gonna fight no more.

*Glory glory what a colorful bruise...*

And when the melee teams were picked  
my heart was filled with fear,  
They put me in the foremost line,  
although I craved the rear,  
The blows I took disabled me  
for almost half a year,  
And I aint a gonna fight no more.

*Glory glory what a colorful bruise...*

So now the tourneys come around  
I watch them from the side.  
The blood and gore upon the field  
my body can't abide.  
And with the lovely ladies  
on the sidelines I reside,  
And I aint a gonna fight no more.



### **Dragon song, Do Virgins Taste better?**

*R. Farran*

*(Tune: "The Irish Washerwoman")*

A dragon has come to our village today.  
We've asked him to leave, but he won't go away.  
Now he's talked to our king and they worked out a deal.  
No homes will he burn and no crops will he steal.

Now there is but one catch, we dislike it a bunch.  
Twice a year he invites him a virgin to lunch.  
Well, we've no other choice, so the deal we'll respect.  
But we can't help but wonder and pause to reflect.

*Do virgins taste better than those who are not?  
Are they salty, or sweeter, more juicy or what?  
Do you savor them slowly? Gulp them down on the spot?  
Do virgins taste better than those who are not?*

Now we'd like to be shed of you, and many have tried.  
But no one can get thru your thick scaly hide.  
We hope that some day, some brave knight will come by.  
'Cause we can't wait around 'til you're too fat to fly.

Now you have such good taste in your women for sure,  
They always are pretty, they always are pure.  
But your notion of dining, it makes us all flinch,  
For your favorite entree is barbecued wench.

*Do virgins taste better than those who are not...*

Now we've found a solution, it works out so neat,  
If you insist on nothing but virgins to eat.  
No more will our number ever grow small,  
We'll simply make sure there's no virgins at all!

*Do virgins taste better than those who are not...*

## Dragons Retort, A

(C) 1985 by Claire Stephens

(Tune: "Irish Washerwoman")

Well, now I am a dragon please listen to me  
For I'm misunderstood to a dreadful degree  
This ecology needs me, and I know my place,  
But I'm fighting extinction with all of my race

But I came to this village to better my health  
Which is shockingly poor despite all my wealth  
But I get no assistance and no sympathy,  
Just impertinent questioning shouted at me.

*Yes, virgins taste better than those who are not  
But my favorite snack food with peril is fraught  
For my teeth will decay and my trim go to pot  
Yes, virgins taste better than those who are not*

Now we worms are deep thinkers, at science we shine  
And our world's complicated with every new line  
We must quit all the things that we've done since the flood  
Like lying on gold couches that poison our blood

Well I'm really quite good almost all of the year  
Vegetarian ways are now mine out of fear  
But a birthday needs sweets I'm sure you'll agree  
And barbecued wench tastes like candy to me

*Yes, virgins taste better than those who are not...*

As it happens our interests are almost the same  
For I'm really quite skillful at managing game  
If I messed with your men would your excess decline?  
Of course not, the rest would just make better time

But the number of babies a woman can bear  
Has a limit and that's why my pruning's done there  
Yet an orphan's a sad sight, and so when I munch  
I'm careful to take out only virgins for lunch.

*Yes, virgins taste better than those who are not...*



## Drums over Pennsic

By: Lorelei Skye

The dawn begins on Pennsic morning  
Sun creeps up at break of day  
Lifts the dew off Rune Stone meadows  
Softly drums begin to play  
House Maxwell is brewing up the good stuff  
A Flaming Griffin Says, “ ‘ello”  
From largest tent on top of steepest hill  
Drums awake sleepers below

*With their Dun Ka Tecca Dun Ka Tec  
Dun Tecca Tecca Dun Dun Tecca Tec  
Dun Tecca Tecca Tecca Dun Tec Dun Tec  
Dun Dun Tecca Tec Dun Tecca Tec*

Fighters arm for field of battle  
Rapier, sword, bow, axe, and mace  
Armies gather singing battle songs  
Banners fly high as they come to place  
Drums they call to march more quickly  
War point battle's soon to start  
Canons fire - they run off to their fate  
Drums pound on to stir the heart

*With their Dun Ka Tecca Dun Ka Tec..*

Afternoon the sun is hazy  
Many things to fill the day  
Go to class, browse the market place  
Take a nap in a patch of shade  
Stop for a snack at the Inner Vagabond  
Frozen Chocolate sets me right  
Watch dancers through gauzy window shades  
Drummer's improv in fading light

*With their Dun Ka Tecca Dun Ka Tec..*

Pennsic nights - start off slowly  
Steal a dance, pavanne with grace  
Bardic Fires to sing in harmony  
Walk with friends to Chalkman's place  
As I wander on in the darkness  
Another sound beckons me in  
Though the gates of the Casa Bardicci  
Dance 'til dawn to those drums within

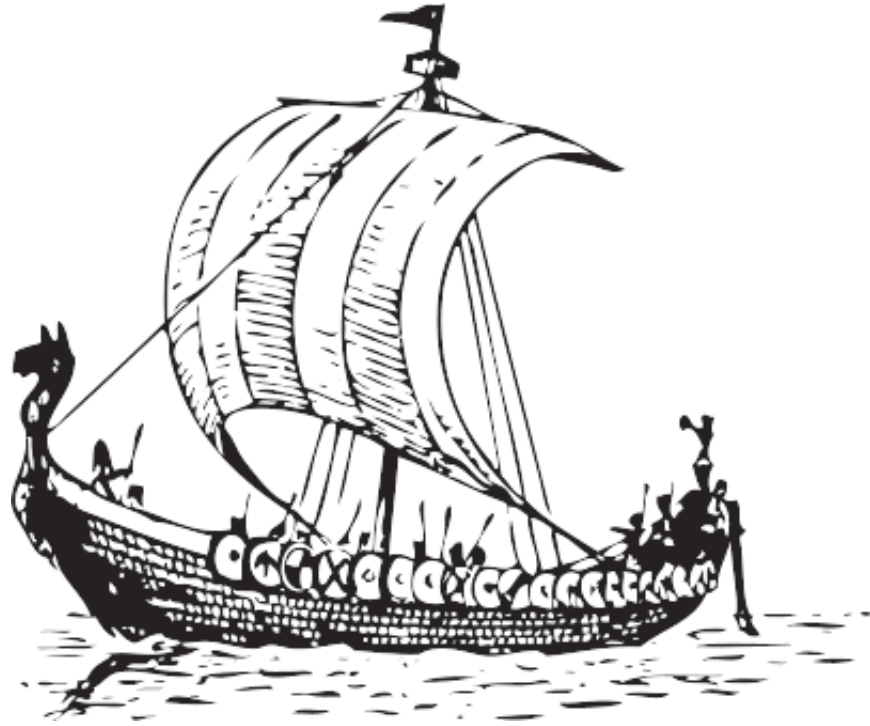
*With their Dun Ka Tecca Dun Ka Tec..*

I stumble home on Pennsic Morning  
Starlight fades from dawning sky  
Lifts the dew off Rune Stone meadows  
Drums call out as I walk by  
House Maxwell is brewing up the good stuff  
A Flaming Griffin Says, “ ‘ello”  
Turn towards my camp to start another day  
Drums awake sleepers below

*With their Dun Ka Tecca Dun Ka Tec..*

*With their Dun Ka Tecca Dun Ka Tec..*





## Drunken Viking

*By Evan the Mad Wanderer*

What shall we do  
with the drunken viking  
What shall we do  
with the drunken viking  
What shall we do  
with the drunken viking  
Erlic in the morning

Way, hey and down he drinks it  
Way, hey and down he drinks it  
Way, hey and down he drinks it  
Erlie in the morning

///  
:///

Erlie in the morning  
*Way, hey and...*

///  
Erlic in the morning  
*Way, hey and...*

///  
:///

Erlie in the morning  
*Way, hey and...*

```
///: Shave his belly with a rusty broadsword
:///
```

Erlie in the morning  
*Way, hey and...*

///: Tie him to a rope and toss him over :///  
 Erlic in the morning  
*Way, hey and...*

///: Put him in bed with a welsh lord's  
daughter :///  
Erlie in the morning  
*Way, hey and...*

///: Dress him up in a hurny helmet :///  
 Erlic in the morning  
*Way, hey and...*

///: Give him an axe and send him to battle  
:///  
Erlic in the morning  
*Way, hey and...*

///: Whatever you do don't let him get sober  
:///

Erlie in the morning  
*Way, hey and...* 17



## Early to rise

By: *The Merry Wives of Windsor*

My husband he's a very fine man  
Look what he does for me,  
he takes me to the market,  
All the pretty things to see  
But wouldn't a horse be a grander steed,  
and carry you just as well  
The ride I get from my husband dear,  
does better ring my bell

*It is true that I don't need a man for anything in life  
there are other things to fill my need,  
that don't cause me such trife.  
like a horse to ride or a mule to plow,  
or a dog to heard the sheep.  
But nothing beats his growing cock  
to wake me from my sleep*

My husband he's a very fine man  
Look what he does for me,  
He plows the fields and plants the crops to feed his  
family  
But wouldn't a mule pull the plow as well  
as a man and be more trusty,  
hey, haps thats better to plow my fields  
but my husband's far more lusty

*It is true that I don't need a man...*

My husband he's a very fine man  
Look what he does for me,  
He makes me blush and always laugh  
He makes me so happy  
But a cup of ale and spring good cheer  
And fills your belly so.  
Well.. my husband has a sweeter foam  
to fill my chalice below

*It is true that I don't need a man. ..*



**God rest ye, frantic Autocrat**

*by Tivar Moondragon*

*Tune: God rest ye merry gentlemen.*

God rest ye, frantic autocrat  
Let nothing you dismay  
Remember that your great event  
is still a month away  
Don't panic yet, there's still some time  
And don't get swept away

*And sing ye in chorus*  
*"Never again, Never again!"*

*And sing ye in chorus*  
*"Never again!"*

God rest ye, frantic autocrat  
Let nothing you dismay  
Remember that your great event  
Is still two weeks away  
The site is grand though if it rains  
It might just wash away...

God rest ye frantic autocrat  
Let nothing you dismay  
Remember that your great event  
Is still a week away  
The music's fine, if only they  
Remember how to play...

God rest ye frantic autocrat  
Let nothing you dismay  
Remember that your great event  
Is still three days away  
The feast is planned, the food's been bought  
Though God knows how you'll pay...

God rest ye, frantic autocrat  
Let nothing you dismay  
Despite the fact your great event  
Is scheduled for today  
The war is grand, the rain won't last  
For very long they say...

God rest ye frantic autocrat  
Let nothing you dismay  
Despite the fact that everything  
Is going wrong today  
The King and Queen came unannounced  
And God knows who else may...

God rest ye frantic autocrat  
Let nothing you dismay  
The ants have eaten half your food  
And dragged your tent away  
Some mundanes called the cops  
And they took all the knights away...

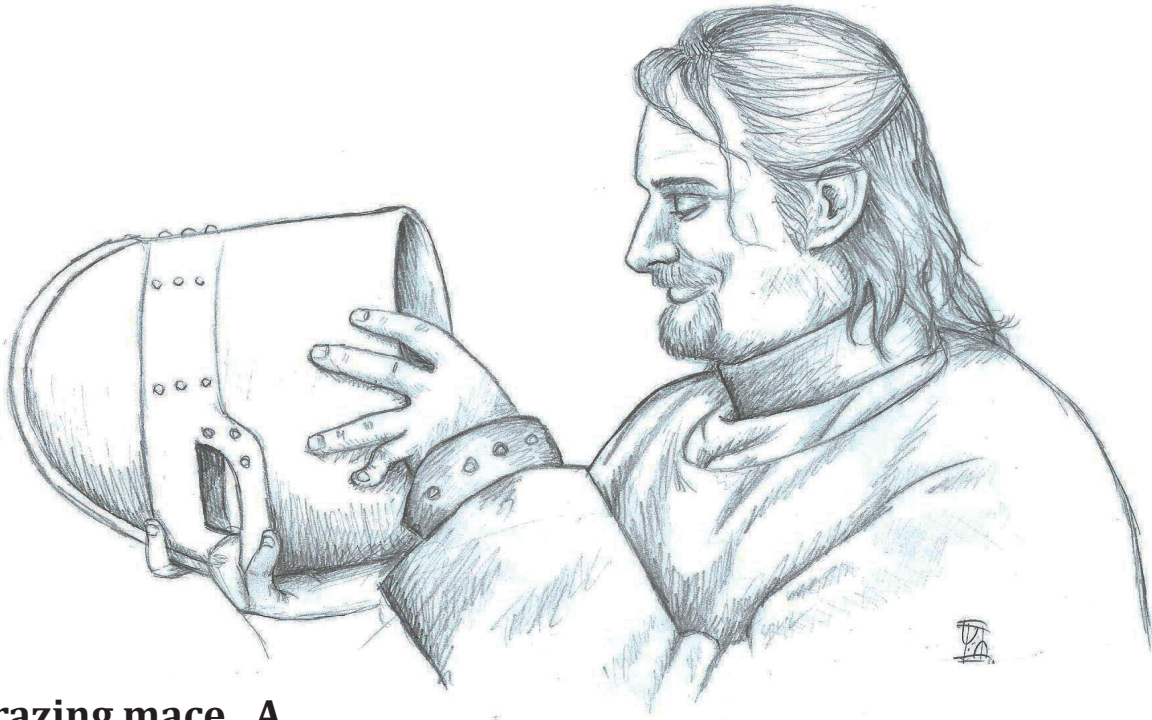
God rest ye frantic autocrat  
Let nothing you dismay  
It's stinking hot, it just might hail  
You'd better start to pray  
The gas ran out, the food will spoil  
So serve it anyway...

God rest ye frantic autocrat  
Let nothing you dismay  
The feast was grand though half the court  
Is dying of the plague  
The revel would have been great, but  
The tavern blew away...

God help ye, frantic autocrat  
You'd better run away  
The Queen is mad - her tent and King  
Have both been washed away  
It might be wise to change your name  
And quit the SCA

God rest ye, frantic autocrat  
Now hide ye while ye may  
The gentry loved that damned event  
That happened yesterday  
They're asking for another one  
The King hopes you'll obey

And they sing all in chorus  
"Do it again, Do it again!"  
And they sing all in chorus  
"Do it again!"



## **Grazing mace , A**

*tune: "Amazing Grace"*

A grazing mace, how sweet the sound, that felled my foe for me  
I bashed his head, he struck the ground, and thus came victory

My mace has taught my foes to fear, that mace my fear relieved  
How precious did my mace appear, when I my mace received

Through many tourneys wars and fairs, I have already come  
My mace has brought me safe thus far, my mace will bring me home

The King has promised good to me, his word my hope secures  
I will his shield and weapon be, when he gives me my spurs

And when my mace my foeman nails, that mortal strife shall cease  
And we'll possess within our pale, a life of joy and peace

A grazing mace, how sweet the sound that flattened a wretch like thee!  
whose head is flat, that once was round; done in by my mace....and me!

A grazing mace, how sweet the sound that smites a foe like thee  
You're left there lying on the ground, you've left the field to me!

## Greensleeves

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,  
To cast me off discourteously.  
For I have loved you for so long,  
Delighting in your company.

*Greensleeves was all my joy  
Greensleeves was my delight,  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
And who but my lady greensleeves.*

Your vows you've broken, like my heart,  
Oh, why did you so enrapture me?  
Now I remain in a world apart  
But my heart remains in captivity.  
*Greensleeves was all my joy...*

I have been ready at your hand,  
To grant whatever you would crave,  
I have both wagered life and land,  
Your love and good-will for to have.  
*Greensleeves was all my joy...*

If you intend thus to disdain,  
It does the more enrapture me,  
And even so, I still remain  
A lover in captivity.  
*Greensleeves was all my joy...*

My men were clothed all in green,  
And they did ever wait on thee;  
All this was gallant to be seen,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.  
*Greensleeves was all my joy...*

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,  
but still thou hadst it readily.  
Thy music still to play and sing;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.  
*Greensleeves was all my joy...*

Well, I will pray to God on high,  
that thou my constancy mayst see,

And that yet once before I die,  
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.  
*Greensleeves was all my joy...*

Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu,  
To God I pray to prosper thee,  
For I am still thy lover true,  
Come once again and love me.  
*Greensleeves was all my joy...*

## Greensleeves II

*Melodi: Greensleeves*

Alas, my lady you've done me dirt  
You've sewn green sleeves to my purple shirt  
And then you've done me worse than that  
You've made me go out and wear it

*Oh, Oh, what a dismal fate  
To be seen at events in this terrible state  
Oh, how I wish I could come late  
Say, seven \*\*\*\* after it's over*

*\*1st: days, 2nd: weeks, 3rd: months, 4th: years,  
5th: centuries*

Alas, my lady I'm born to lose  
You've sewn pink bows to my purple shoes  
You've done my hair up in waves and curls  
My mother thinks I'm a girl

Alas, my lady why did you think  
My cloak would look nice in that shade of pink  
You've decked me over in bobbins and lace  
My costume's become a disgrace

Alas, my lady I've been bereaved  
Someone's just slandered my beautiful sleeve  
He's questioned my taste in every way  
My God, he said, I must be gay

Alas, my lady you've done me wrong  
You've made my tunic much too long  
You've made it seven feet, ten inches, or more....  
It drags across the floor!



## Hastings 1066

*Lyrics and Music Derek Foster*

© 1978, Raven Boy Music

We sailed our way cross the treacherous channel  
To confront the usurper with promises old  
To take England's crown or to die in the battle  
That the Duke should be King as King Edward foretold

Twelve hours in ships as the wind blew us onward  
To the white cliffs of Dover, and then to the shore  
We saddled our horses and struck out for Hastings  
Where the priests told us that there was land  
we could hold

*So ride, ride, good knights of Normandy  
Ready your weapons and pennants so bold  
Carry the Pope's banner onward before you  
And England will fall before the winter turns cold*

At Hastings we waited for Harold in battle  
And sent him a message, his downfall foretold  
Duke William has sworn he will hear your death-rattle  
And take all of England to have and to hold

Now just two weeks before at a bridge up in Stanford  
King Harold had sent his own brother below  
But now he faced William's knights armored for battle  
And fought us as though he were shod all in stone

*So ride, ride, good knights...*

King Harold was dead and his army was shattered  
As we marched out of Hastings for old London Town  
We circled that city for two weeks unceasing  
Then marched into London to see William crowned

But we've word from the North  
The resistance is forming  
With traitors and rebels to Duke William's crown  
We'll ride down upon them and cut them back quickly  
And return here to London  
'Fore the snow hits the ground

*So ride, ride, good knights of Normandy  
Ready your weapons and pennants so bold  
Carry the Pope's banner onward before you  
And England will fall \_\_\_\_\_.*



# Heralds Complaint, The

Lyrics and Music by Derek Foster

© 1978, Raven Boy Music

When I was just a pursuivant at Herald High,  
I studied with a conscience as the days went by;  
I listened to the lectures and took note of every phrase,  
And I gave my life to learning  
the correct heraldic ways.  
But with evening come and classes closed  
and midnight candles burnt,  
I would lie in bed and hearken back  
to all that I had learnt;  
And as I lay near slumber's door  
beneath the candle's gleam,  
An eerie vision came to me, appearing in a dream...

*I was a dove displayed upon a billet  
Chequy Or and gules  
Between a pair of cockatrices  
Clad in motley like a fool's  
Their feathers were dimidiated  
With a tree eradicated  
Limbed and fructed counter-compony.*

Beside the field of honor at a tournament,  
I was resting from my labors at the Herald's tent  
When my reverie was broken by a newly-belted knight  
Who had come for some assurance  
that his coat-of-arms was right  
I sat him down and lectured him about simplicity  
And shared with him the good advice  
that had been taught to me  
“My lord,” he said, “My thanks to thee  
you really have been kind  
Now let me tell you of the coat-of-arms  
I have in mind...

*I want a dove displayed upon a billet  
Chequy Or and gules  
Between a pair of cockatrices  
Clad in motley like a fool's  
Their feathers are dimidiated  
With a tree eradicated  
Limbed and fructed counter-compony.”*

“Your blazon is impossible,” was my response;  
“It's so complex the College would  
reject it at the nonce.  
It breaks the rules of heraldry:  
it can't be done, you see;  
Besides, the arms you've blazoned  
have been registered to me...”

*I have a dove displayed upon a billet  
Chequy Or and gules  
Between a pair of cockatrices  
Clad in motley like a fool's  
Their feathers are dimidiated  
With a tree eradicated  
Limbed and fructed counter-compony.  
And those are the arms that belong to me!”*



## Home Boys Home

Oh well, who wouldn't be a sailor lad a'sailing on the main  
To gain the good will of his captain's good name  
He came ashore one evening for to be  
And that was the beginning of my own true love and me

*And it's home boys home  
Home I'd like to be, home for a while in me own country  
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowantree  
Are all a'growin' green in the north country*

Well I asked her for a candle for to light me way to bed  
And likeways for a handkerchief to tie around me head  
She tended to me needs like a young maid ought to do  
So then I says to her "Now won't you jump in with me too!"

*And its home boys home...*

Well she jumped into bed, making no alarm  
Thinking a young sailor lad could do to her no harm  
Well I hugged her, I kissed her the whole night long  
Til she wished the short night had been seven years long

*And its home boys home...*

Early next morning the sailor lad arose  
And into Mary's apron threw a handful of gold  
Saying "Take this me dear for the mischief that I've done  
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son"

*And its home boys home...*

Well, if it be a girl child, send her out to nurse  
With gold in her pocket and with silver in her purse  
And if it be a boy child he'll wear the jacket blue  
And go climbing up the rigging like his daddy used to do

*And its home boys home...*

Oh come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me  
And never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee  
For I trusted one and he beguiled me  
He left me with a pair of twins that dangle on me knee



## **I am my Mother's Savage Daughter**

*Tune by: Windrift Berginsdottir*

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

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

*I am my mother's savage daughter...*

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

*I am my mother's savage daughter...*

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

*I am my mother's savage daughter...*

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

*We are our mother's savage daughters  
the ones who run barefoot, cursing sharp stones.  
We are our mother's savage daughters.  
We will not cut our hair. We will not lower our voice.*



## **I am Your Mothers Darkest Nightmare**

*Tune by: Windrift Berginsdottir*

*(I'm am my mother's savage daughter)*

*Words by: Master Avery Austringer & Lord Dahrien  
Cordell*

*I am your mother's darkest nightmare.  
The one whom she curses when your not home.  
I am your mother's darkest nightmare.  
I will not shave my beard,  
I'll not have you home by one.*

I took you to an SCA meeting,  
And then I suggested we go for a bite.  
We were quite late, so we blamed the service  
For why we had been out for half of the night.

*I am your mother's darkest... (home by two)*

Now we two travel to far away tourneys.  
We share ride and tent to keep down the cost.  
No one else minds these living arrangements  
But your mother is certain your virtue is lost!

*I am your mother's darkest... (home by three)*

So here stand I aflame with desire  
Upon bended knee, I ask for your hand.  
Your mother is having a king-sized conniption  
An SCA wedding is not what she'd planned.

*I am your mother's darkest... (home ...)*



## **I Charged the Calontiri army**

I charged the Calontiri army,  
Out on the wooded battlefield.  
We saw two up on a hill,  
And you know we meant them ill,  
So we strode to engage them with our swords and with our shields.

**Calontir,**  
Kingdom including parts of  
Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri,  
Iowa and Arkansas

Tierlock and I rose up to meet them  
Right up the hilly wooded crest.  
We quickly slew the two,  
‘Cause we knew just what to do,  
Then we heard a mighty shouting, and we looked and saw the rest.

A mighty army stood before us,  
Decked out in purple and in gold,  
A vast and mighty horde  
Of nobles and of lords,  
With bloodlust in their eyes and with their voices loud and bold.

They strode up the hill to meet us,  
Wielding swords and axe and spear.  
They struck us in the chest,  
The face, and all the rest,  
Then they kept on advancing and we only saw their rear.

Tierlock and I lay dead and bloody,  
After the massive charge of men,  
But he looked at me and said,  
Through the pounding in my head,  
“Let’s get back up to rez point and we’ll do it once again.”  
“Let’s get back up to rez point and we’ll do it once again!”

## **I will Go**

*(Trad, translated from Gaelic  
and additional words by Roddy MacMillan)*

*Chorus:*

*I will go, I will go, when the fighting is over  
To the land o' McLeod that I left to be a soldier,  
I will go, I will go.*

When the King's son came along, he called us a' together,  
Saying, "Brave Highland men, will ye fight for my  
father?"

*I will go, I will go...*

I've a buckle on my belt, a sword in my scabbard,  
A red coat on my back and a shilling in my pocket,  
*I will go, I will go...*

When they put us all on board the lasses were singing  
But the tears came to their eyes when the bells started  
ringing

*I will go, I will go...*

When we landed on the shore and saw the foreign  
heather,  
We knew that some would fall and would stay there  
forever,

*I will go, I will go...*

(sing slowly: ad lib)

When we came back to the glen, the winter was turning,  
Our goods lay in the snow and our houses were burning.  
I will go, I will go.

*Chorus: I will go, I will go...*



## **I'm a Pelican and I'm Okey**

*tune: "I'm A Lumberjack..."*

*Oh, I'm a Pelican and I'm OK  
I work all night and I work all day!*

I autocrat, I run events, I order the lava'trie!  
On Sundays I clean up the camp; I'm always last to leave!  
*Oh, I'm a Pelican and I'm OK  
I work all night and I work all day!*

I wear this bird around my neck to impress both young and old  
My talents they are many, and younger Peers I scold!  
*Oh, I'm a Pelican and I'm OK  
I work all night and I work all day!*

When things go wrong it's me you seek to put them back on  
course  
If I'm not round to steer things right: there's always God, of  
course!  
*Oh I'm a Pelican and I'm OK  
I work all night and I work all day!*

We stand around and polish Crowns of all the Royalty  
We fix Their Thrones, we make no bones, for Pelicans are we!  
Yes, I'm a Pelican an proud to say  
that if it's done right it's done MY way!

## **I'm my own Grandpa**

*By: Dwigth Latham & Moe Jaffe (1947)*

Many, many years ago when I was twenty-three,  
I was married to a widow who was pretty as could be.  
This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red  
My father fell in Love with her and soon the two were wed.

This made my dad my son-in-law which changed my very life!  
My daughter was my mother cause she was my fathers wife!  
To complicate the matter even though it brought me joy,  
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.

This little baby he became a brother-in-law to Dad.  
That made him my uncle which made me very sad!  
Cause if he was my uncle then he also was a brother  
To the widows grown-up daughter, who, of course, was my  
stepmother.

*I'm my own grandpa! I'm my own grandpa!  
It sounds funny, I know, but it really is so!  
Oh, I'm my own grandpa!*

My fathers wife then had a son who kept them on the run.  
And, he became my grandchild cause he was my daughters son.  
My wife is now my mothers mother and this makes me blue  
although she is my wife, she is my grandmother too!

*I'm my own grandpa! I'm my own...*

Now if my wife is my grandmother, well, then I am her grandchild,  
And every time that I think about this, it nearly drives me wild!  
Because now I have become the strangest case that you ever saw  
As husband of my grandmother, I'm my own grandpa!

*I'm my own grandpa! I'm my own...*

## **In The Trade Of Jester**

*Av: Jauvet*

In the trade of jester, we're fools that play our part.  
In an act sworn by folklore, where the lines are made by heart.

*Getting gold from the nobles and mocking from yey all.  
But we drink with the greatest warriors and we dance in every hall.*

We travel through the countries. We go from town to town.  
We're the sworn kings of jester. But we never wore a crown.

*Getting gold from the nobles and mocking from yey all.  
But we drink with the greatest warriors and we dance in every hall.*

I never had a family. Nor have I had a wife. It's a high cost of living.  
It's the price I pay for life.

*Getting gold from the nobles and mocking from yey all.  
But we drink with the greatest warriors and we dance in every hall.*

We meet the fairest ladies but we never had a chance.  
So we play our bagpipes as the common people dance.

*Nasal chorus*

To die without a nickel is a scare for anyone.  
So we work until our last day and we die like common man.

*Getting gold from the nobles and mocking from yey all.  
But we drink with the greatest warriors and we dance in every hall.  
Yes we drink with the greatest warriors and we dance in every hall.*

## Irish Ballad, The

By: Tom Lehrer

About a maid I sing a song,  
*sing rickety tickity tin,*  
about a maid I sing a song,  
who did not have her family long,  
not only did she do them wrong,  
she did every one of them in,  
them in,  
she did every one of them in.

One morning in a fit a pique,  
*sing rickety tickity tin,*  
one morning in a fit a pique,  
she drowned her father in the creek,  
the water tasted bad for a week,  
and we had to make due with gin,  
with gin,  
we had to make due with gin.

Her mother she could never stand,  
*sing rickety tickity tin,*  
her mother she could never stand,  
and so a cyanide soup she did planned,  
her mother died with a spoon in her hand,  
and her face in a hideous grin,  
a grin,  
her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sisters hair on fire,  
*sing rickety tickity tin,*  
she set her sisters hair on fire,  
and as the smoke and flames rose highr,  
she danced around the funeral pyre,  
a playin' a violin,  
o-lin,  
a playin' a violin.

She weighted her brother down with  
stones,  
*sing rickety tickity tin,*  
she weighted her brother down with stones,  
and sent him off to Davy Jones,  
all they ever found were some bones,  
and occasional pieces of skin,  
of skin,  
occasional pieces of skin.

One day when she had nothing to do,  
*sing rickety tickity tin,*  
one day when she had nothing to do,  
she cut her baby brother in two,  
and served him up in an Irish stew,  
and invited the neighbors in,  
bors in,  
and invited the neighbors in.

And when at last the police came by,  
*sing rickety tickity tin,*  
and when at last the police came by,  
her little prank she couldn't deny,  
to do so she would have to lie,  
and lying she knew was a sin,  
a sin,  
and lying she knew was a sin.

My tragic tale, I won't prolong  
Sing rickety tickety tin  
My tragic tale I won't prolong  
And if you did not enjoy my song  
You've yourselves to blame if it's too long  
You should never have let me begin,  
begin  
You should never have let me begin



## Itsy Bitsy teeny weenie... The

*-Joseph of Locksley*

*copyright 1989 W.J.Bethancourt III*

*Tune: Itsy bitsy teeny weenie...*

She was afraid to come out to the Tourney  
She was worried that “something might show..”  
She was afraid to come out to the Tourney  
And the poor thing did NOT want to go...

(2 - 3 - 4, tell the people what she wore!)

It was an itsy bitsy teeny weenie little rabbit fur bikini  
That she wore, for the first time, that day.  
An itsy bitsy teeny weenie little rabbit fur bikini  
And in her apartment she wanted to stay!

Now the Heralds made up a new Rulebook  
And to read it is some kind of gas!  
It’s a bureaucrat’s dream, this new Rulebook  
Now NOBODY’S blazon can pass!

(Win - Place - Show, tell the Heralds where to go!)

I want an itsy bitsy teeny weenie little rabbit fur bikini  
On my shield, as my blazon, today!  
An itsy bitsy teeny weenie little rabbit fur bikini  
But “that’s offensive” the Heralds all say!

I sat down at the Revel last evening  
To a feast of green meat, and Rat Pie...  
It was cold, and disgusting, and greasy  
And I just want to upchuck and die!

(6 - 7 - 8, tell them what was on your plate!)

It was an itsy bitsy teeny weenie little rabbit fur bikini  
With a side dish of cold cabbage pie!  
An itsy bitsy teeny weenie little rabbit fur bikini  
With the fur on, and NOTHING inside!



### **Johnny be Fine**

Johnny be fine and Johnny be fair  
He wants me for to wed  
I would marry Johnny,  
But me father up and said  
“Oh let me tell you daughter,  
What your mother never knew  
Johnny is a son of mine  
And so he’s kin to you.”

Thomas be fine and Thomas be fair  
He wants me for to wed  
And I would marry Thomas,  
But me father up and said  
“Oh let me tell you daughter,  
What your mother never knew  
But Thomas is a son of mine  
And so he’s kin to you.”

William be fine and William be fair  
He wants me for to wed  
And I would marry William,  
But me father up and said  
“Oh let me tell you daughter,  
What your mother never knew  
But William is a son of mine  
And so he’s kin to you.”

Never did you see a lass  
as sorry as I was  
all the lads in town me kin  
And father was the cause  
If things will go along this way  
I’ll die a single miss  
I think I’ll go to mother  
And complain to her of this.

“Oh, daughter, haven’t I told you  
To forgive and to forget?  
Your father sowed his oats its true,  
But still there is this yet,  
Your father may be father  
To all the lads in town, but still  
He’s not the one who sired you,  
So marry whom you will.”



## Lament of the Combat Archer

*Words by Lisa Theriot*

*Music by Ken Theriot*

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“Your pardon, Sir, I’m sure you were  
Quite heedless of my kill,  
And never thought my arrow shot  
Struck full upon your grill;  
I just wanted to alert you,  
As a service, as I’ve said,  
A combat archer loosed a bolt  
That hit you in the head.”

“And who are you, when day is through,  
That you should come to me,  
A chained knight, with belt of white,  
And leaves of strawberry?  
I recognize no injury  
From men of lesser skill,  
So take your little bow, my man,  
And hit me where you will.”

“Hold on, Your Grace, I know my place,  
But serf or chivalry,  
The rule’s the same within this game  
For you as well as me;  
Perhaps my King’s commander  
Or the marshal of the field  
Would like you to explain why you  
Have no intent to yield.”

“Though you may press, there’s no redress—  
I’m on the B-oh-D;  
The autocrat wants her brass hat;  
The marshal works for me.  
I outrank each official  
Even up to your own Crown  
There’s no one you can turn to  
Who will tell me to lie down.”

“Your Grace, I see we disagree  
In little things and great;  
I will not plead, but here concede  
The point in our debate.  
Since honor cannot move you  
To behavior just and right,  
Perhaps there is another way  
To make you see the light.

Though next to you, I’ve titles few,  
I’ve something to confess--  
In life mundane, I must explain,  
I’m with the IRS;  
So, unless you want an audit  
Every year until you’re dead,  
You’ll lie down when a combat archer  
Hits you in the head!”



## Letter to Drachenwald

*Tune: My Bonnie*

My Lord We Have Great News to Tell You  
Too Wonderful Simply To Write  
While You've Been Away At The Crusades  
Your Lady's Been Learning to Fight

*Oh Boy, Oh Boy,  
She's Learning to Handle  
a Sword, A Sword  
Oh Boy, Oh Boy,  
Oh What A Surprise For Her Lord*

It's True She's a Delicate Creature  
A Vision Of Sweetness And Light  
We Know That It's Hard To Believe, But  
Your Lady's Been Learning To Fight

*Oh Boy, Oh Boy...*

With a sword of rattan wrapped in duct  
tape  
In armor and helmet so bright  
You'd better start practicing quickly  
Your lady is learning to fight

*Oh Boy, Oh Boy...*

So Polish Up Weapons And Armor  
And Hone Up Your Skills To Their Height  
And Say A Few Prayers While Your At It  
Your Lady Has Learned How To Fight

*Oh Boy, Oh Boy...*

So This Puts An End To Carousing  
No More You'll Go Wenching All Night  
We're Sorry For The Inconvenience  
But We've Taught Your Lady To Fight

*Oh Boy, Oh Boy...*

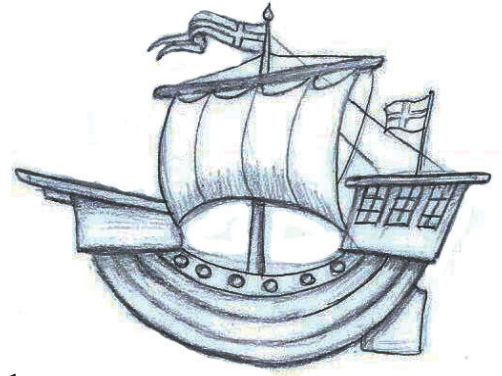
We Know That You May Not Believe It  
She Once Was So Timid And Meek  
But You'd Better Get Used To It Quickly  
Cause She Won Crown Tourney Last Week

*Oh Boy, Oh Boy...*

So We Thought We'd Send You A Letter  
And Spare You A Terrible Scene  
Of Returning At Last To Your Homeland  
To Find Out That You Are The Queen

## Letters from Sea

*By: The Merry wives of Winsor*



My husband went to sea, six long months ago  
His fortune for to find and I long to see him so,  
Then one fine day I met, a sailor out on leave,  
He'd met my husband dear and this letter he received.

My dearest wife,  
I think we have been at sea for a bit too long my dear,  
I now feel wary as the group calls me Mary and I sleep each night in fear,  
Yesterday I caught em staring at my bottom, I will come back when I can,  
I love to fornicate for sex is great, but not with another man.

Several weeks had past, I could not remain merry  
Because of lived in fear, For my husband's cherry,  
And to my great relief, good tidings for this day,  
I met another sailor and a second letter came.

My dearest wife,  
I know that we have been at sea for far too long I dread,  
For the pious pastor and the fat quartermaster, Sleep in the same bunk bed  
Oh redhed Roy the cabin boy, Has locked himself below,  
I will leave when I can when we next spy land, and I'll find my way back home

Several months had passed my passion had a burn,  
To see my husband dear, awaiting his return,  
When much to my surprise there came another boat,  
And another sailor, Jipiee, bearing another note

My dearest wife,  
I think that we'll remain at sea for a few more months true to tell  
for the second mate thinks I'm great and we hit it off quite well  
In a drunken mist I couldn't resist when the rum passed round I went  
Oh the sex is right in a sailors life if your indiscriminant

My husband dear  
I think that thee should stay at sea, For the streuth is truth I tell,  
For on your return, the house I'll burn and I'll send you straight to hell  
So all young wives with happy lives do heed this sorry song,  
You can't compete with the men of the fleet, When your husband's away too long



## Local S.C.A.

*Tune: "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen"*

*Words: Morgana bro Morganwyg*



Barony of Three Rivers

Arrest these merry gentles, nay, it would be so unkind,  
If you'll but wait a moment, sir, we will relieve your mind.  
We are not escaped lunatics, so kindly us unbind,  
For we are your local S C A, SCA,  
For we are your local S C A.

These men aren't wearing dresses, sir, Those are not pantyhose. Missouri  
No, those are tights and tunics, sir, They are medieval clothes.  
And men were really macho then, As everybody knows,  
So please do not look upon us that way, that way.  
For we are your local S C A.

We recreate past ages, sir, And that is all we do.  
Please give our swords and knives to us, We'd like our axes, too.  
Return us all our weapons, sir, The act you will not rue,  
For we mostly use them for display, display.  
For we are your local S C A.

We really are not dangerous Although we like to fight.  
We do it on a tourney field, You see, so it's all right.  
And we wear lots of armor, too, Like any noble knight,  
And use our wooden sticks to whale away,  
For we are your local S C A.

Oh, we pavanne in public, sir, The horse bransle do, also.  
Full many fine a feast attend And to a revel go.  
And all that night we sing and drink, For free the mead doth flow,  
Then drive four hundred miles the next day, the next day.  
For we are your local S C A.

We have a King and Prince who do Our loyalty command  
This is Three Rivers Barony, The finest in the land.  
And we are on our way to court, But not the one you planned.  
Oh, please let us go upon our way, our way.  
For we are your local S C A.

Arrest these merry gentles, nay, Discretion you should use.  
For we are lords and ladies, sir, So how can you refuse.  
I say, that is a lady, sir, You should not her abuse.  
It is not genteel to act this way, this way,  
And lock up your local S C A.



## **Mongols Sleep tonight**

(tune: “Wimoweh” aka “The Lion Sleeps Tonight”)

Near the village, the peaceful village, the Mongols creep tonight.  
Near the village, the quiet village, the Mongols creep tonight.

*Chorus:*

*bass: the Mongol Horde, the Mongol Horde, the Mongol Horde,  
etc.*

*soprano: Yang! Yang! Yang! Yang! etc.*

*non-singers: creative screaming as they deem appropriate*

In the village, the Mongols pillage, kill everything in sight.  
In the village, take sheep and foodage, leave nothing, not a bite.

*Chorus: as above*

In the Kingdom, the peaceful Kingdom, the Mongols plot tonight!  
In the Kingdom, the quiet Kingdom, the ninjas creep tonight!

*Chorus: as above*







## Never wed an old man

Trad.

An old man came courting me,  
*hey ding dorum daa,*  
an old man came courting me,  
*me being young*  
An old man came courting me,  
said he would marry me,  
*maids, when you're young, never wed an*  
*old man*

Chorus:

*For he's got no fallorum,*  
*fall diddle, Ay orum*  
*he's got no fallorum,*  
*fall diddel all day,*  
*He's got no fallorum,*  
*he's lost his ding-dorum*  
*Maids, when you're young, never wed an*  
*old man*

And when we went to church,  
*hey ding dorum daa,*  
when we went to church,  
*me being young*  
when we went to church,  
he left me in the lurch,  
*maids, when you're young, never wed an*  
*old man*

Chorus: *For he's got no fallorum...*

And when we went to bed,  
*hey ding dorum daa,*  
when we went to bed,  
*me being young*  
when we went to bed,  
he lay as he was dead,  
*maids, when you're young, never wed an*  
*old man*

Chorus: *For he's got no fallorum...*

But when he went to sleep,  
*hey ding dorum day,*  
when he went to sleep,  
*me being young*  
when he went to sleep, out of bed I would  
creep,  
into the arms of a handsome young man

*And I found his fallorum,*  
*Hey diddle ay orum*  
*I found his fallorum,*  
*Fall diddel all day,*  
*I found his fallorum,*  
*he's got my ding-dorum*  
*Maids, when you're young, never wed an*  
*old man*





## **Oh Knaeckebroed**

*By Gorlan of the Red Lands 1997  
To the Tune of Oh Christmas Tree*

Oh Knaeckebroed, Oh Knaeckebroed  
One side of you is holey  
Oh Knaeckebroed, Oh Knaeckebroed  
The other side is Flat  
In Nordmark there's great pondering  
On which side gets the buttering  
In May they fight  
To find who's right  
The holey or flat siders.

Oh Knaeckebroed, Oh Knaeckebroed  
With pomp and celebration  
Oh Knaeckebroed, Oh Knaeckebroed  
You split the Nordmark Nation  
It's what a fighters looking for  
This nobel reason for a war  
We'll drink all night  
All day we'll fight  
As holey or flat siders.

Oh Knaeckebroed, Oh Knaeckebroed  
What side of you would hit the floor?  
Oh Knaeckebroed, Oh Knaeckebroed  
To find out we'll go off to War  
We'll fight in woods and in the field  
We'll fight in towns and never yield  
And by the night,  
We'll know who's Right  
The Holey or Flat siders

### **(Last Verse)**

Oh Knaeckebroed, Oh Knaeckebroed  
Until next May we now know  
Oh Knaeckebroed, Oh Knaeckebroed  
Just where the Butter should go

### **(Holey Sider Version)**

Let all of Nordmark's People Know  
It's on the Holes the butter goes  
The Day is done  
The Holes have won  
Vivat the Holey siders

### **(Flat Sider Version)**

Let all of Nordmark's People Know  
It's on the Flat the butter goes  
The Day is done  
The Flat side won  
Vivat for the flat siders

# One for the Leaving

by: Garraed Galbraith

*And it's one for the leaving. Two, I must go.  
Three for the wishing. Ah, what for you'll never know  
and at five o'clock we hit the dock  
we'll never more be seen  
as we sail away by break of day  
to serve our Northern Queen*

Come gather round ye ladies, come listen to my song.  
My story it's a simple tale, and it wont delay you long  
On how to choose a Mistress, the true love of your life  
If you list right well to the tale I tell it'll save you all some strife!

*And it's one for the leaving...*

I'd always been a rover, could never settle down  
I had a lass in every port, a girl in every town  
but when they tried to claim me, I had to tell them no  
for the Northern Sea would beckon me, and off to her I'd go

*And it's one for the leaving...*

And then one day I saw her, that lass I'd call me own  
although she loved another who sat beside her throne  
I entered in her service, she sent me far away  
so now I roam the Northern Sea, and to ya all I'd say:

*And it's one for the leaving...*

So when you find your Lady, make sure her love is free  
and pray she loves no other man, or soon ya all may see,  
that love it can be fickle, just like the ocean green,  
my tale is done, now I must run, to serve my Northern Queen.

## Queen of all Argyle

*Version by Silly Wizard*



Gentlemen it is my duty  
To inform you of one beauty  
Though I'd ask of you a favor  
Nor to seek her for a while  
Though I own she is a creature  
Of character and feature  
No words can paint the picture  
Of the queen of all Argyle

*And if you could have seen her there  
Boys, if you had just been there  
The swan was in her movement  
And the morning in her smile  
All the roses in the garden  
They bow and ask for pardon  
For not one could match the beauty  
Of the Queen of all Argyle*

On the evening that I mentioned  
I passed with light intention  
Through a part of our dear country  
Known for beauty and for style  
In a place of noble thinkers  
Of scholars and great drinkers  
But above them all for splendour  
Shone the Queen of all Argyle

*And if you could have seen her...*

So my lads I needs must leave you  
My intentions no' to grieve you  
Nor indeed would I deceive you  
Oh I'll see you in a while  
I must find some way to gain her  
To court her and attain her  
I fear my heart's in danger  
From the Queen of all Argyle

*And if you could have seen her...*







### Rite of Passage

*Words & Music: Conn MacNeill*

In Hyberia born to a father full worthy  
Who died fighting Normans with a sword in his hand.  
My schooling was then taken up by my uncle  
A pirate more clever than the scholars of France.

*He said,  
I've seen a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,  
I've seen a blade of the good Spanish steel  
I've seen a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,  
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea  
I've seen them all, I've seen them all-a-all.  
I've seen them all in my travels at sea.*

Now my eyes met the knight's as we boarded his vessel  
My rusty blade sundered by his first blow at me  
As I bore him to the deck my wound burned like fire  
But not quite as brightly as the things in my dreams.

*I said,  
I'll have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,  
I'll have a blade of the good Spanish steel  
I'll have a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,  
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.  
I'll have them all, I'll have them all-a-all,  
I'll have them all with the ransom for thee.*

The ransom by law, well it went to my uncle  
A tunic and dagger were all he gave me  
I drank the French wine as the knight spoke of tourney  
And the fine things and glories that waited for me.

*He said,  
You want a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,  
You want a blade of the good Spanish steel  
The bonnet for thee is of Rhineland gilt iron,  
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.  
You'll have them all, You'll have them all-a-all,  
You'll have them all if you come back with me.*

So I went with the knight for my heart was a lion's  
But I had no skill with the horse or the lance  
Through the pain and the shame of my training I  
chanted  
When my head hit the ground, or I stumbled at dance.

*I'll have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,  
I'll have a blade of the good Spanish steel  
I'll have a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,  
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.  
I'll have them all, I'll have them all-a-all,  
I'll have them all when I've mastered these deeds.*

The tournament field held both demons and angels  
Men well-scarred and ruthless and ladies full fair  
My horse and my armour were much cause for laughter  
But I laughed right back when I saw the knights there

*For  
One sat a horse a fine Andalus stallion,  
One girt a blade of the good Spanish steel,  
Another donned a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,  
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea  
I'll have them all, I'll have them all-a-all,  
I'll have them all when I've won them from thee*

Now the knights in the meadow they numbered five hundred  
But midst that death's throng I saw clearly but three  
The first one still carries my lance in his shoulder  
The second and third lie well bitten by steel

*Now,  
I have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,  
I have a blade of the good Spanish steel  
I have a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,  
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.  
I have them all, I have them all-a-all,  
I have them all and now all shall know me*

The ladies in the evening they looked on me frowning  
Saying "Any wild beast can do the deeds that we've  
seen"

So I danced in the galliard and lilted a chanson  
Now all the knights there grow quite jealous of me

*For,*

*I have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,  
I have a blade of the good Spanish steel  
I have a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,  
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.  
I have them all, I have them all-a-all,  
I have them all, all the ladies I mean*

By torchlight we hearkened to tales of armed pilgrims  
Who told us of wonders in the lands to the East  
Where a butler through merit became Prince of Jaffa  
I cried out "My lords pray book passage for me."

*For,*

*I have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,  
I have a blade of the good Spanish steel  
I have a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,  
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.  
I'll have it all, I'll have it all-a-all,  
I'll have it all, all the lands there for me*

My hauberk has warded a dozen barbed arrows  
My stallion with hoofs shod in iron fells three  
The blow of an Emir is turned on my bonnet  
My blade swift as lightening flies straight at his teeth

*For,*

*I have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,  
I have a blade of the good Spanish steel  
I have a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,  
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.  
I have them all, I have them all-a-all,  
I have them all, all his lands left to me*

My fief on the marches looks east on Damascus  
A holding fit only for the fierce and the bold

And I need strong vassals with hearts like a lion's  
To help me bring back what the caravans hold.

*And,*

*You'll have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion  
You'll have a blade of the good Spanish steel  
You'll have a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron  
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.  
You'll have them all, You'll have them all-a-all  
You'll have them all, all the spoils of the east*

*You'll have them all, You'll have them all-a-all  
You'll have them all, if you come back with me.*





## SCA Grove, The

*Tune: Ash Grove (early 1700s)*

*Copyright 2008 by Jeff Suzuki*

When I was a young lad I joined recreators  
Who cherished the past and loved learning its ways  
I met my dear wife there and soon we had children  
A boy and a girl who've now reached their school days  
In open house season we went to their classroom  
But all of the parents and staff tried to hide.  
I asked "What's the problem?" and that's when their  
teacher  
Took hold of my hand and then led me aside.

She said, "I'm accustomed to watching their antics  
At recess their cries of 'Lay on' are quite cute.  
And if they use words such as defenestration  
And call the sky azure, that's really a hoot.  
Your children are joys and I'm happy to teach them  
They're quite well behaved and so eager to learn.  
Believe me I know this is really quite awkward,  
But there are a few things that cause us concern.

"They say that their mother's a mistress to someone  
And you've helped the king to kill many a man.  
They say that their spelling is good for old English  
And their uncle's master of some southern clan.  
At craft time they made up some working contraption  
I called it a catapult, which made them laugh.  
Good sir, will you tell me, what cult are you part of.  
Should I call the cops and the counseling staff?"

I smiled and I said there's a good explanation  
I sat down and told her of the SCA.  
We're regular people who've got some odd int'rests  
Like brewing and dancing the whole night away.  
And now there's no problem, for she's joined our canton  
She's working away on a High Tudor gown.  
Her class now does chain mail and she's started fencing  
And she's got the principal fighting in crown!

## **Sick note, The**

*By: Pat Cooksey*

*Melody: The garden where the praties grow*

Dear Sir I write this note to you to tell you of my plight  
For at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight  
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly grey  
And I write this note to say why Paddy's not at work today.

Whilst working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear  
To throw them down from such a height was not a good idea  
The foreman wasn't very pleased, the bloody awkward sod  
He said I had to cart them down the ladders in my hod.

Now clearing all these bricks by hand, it was so very slow  
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below  
But in my haste to do the job, I was too blind to see  
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

And so when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead  
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead  
I shot up like a rocket till to my dismay I found  
That half way up I met the bloody barrel coming down.

Well the barrel broke my shoulder, as to the ground it sped  
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head  
I clung on tightly, numb with shock, from this almighty blow  
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks, fourteen floors below.

Now when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor  
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once more  
Still clinging tightly to the rope, my body racked with pain  
When half way down, I met the bloody barrel once again.

The force of this collision, half way up the office block  
Caused multiple abrasions and a nasty state of shock  
Still clinging tightly to the rope I fell towards the ground  
And I landed on the broken bricks the barrel scattered round.

I lay there groaning on the ground I thought I'd passed the worst  
But the barrel hit the pulley wheel, and then the bottom burst  
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I hadn't got a hope  
As I lay there bleeding on the ground, I let go the bloody rope.

The barrel then being heavier then started down once more  
And landed right across me as I lay upon the floor  
It broke three ribs, and my left arm, and I can only say  
That I hope you'll understand why Paddy's not at work today.

## Sleeping Scotsman, The

*Trad.*

Oh, a Scotsman dressed all in his kilt left the bar one evening fair.  
you could tell by the way he walked that he'd drunk more than his share.  
He staggerd 'round until he could no longer keep his feet.  
Then he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.  
*Ring-ding-diddle-diddle-i-dio, Ring-di-diddle-i-o*  
*Then he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.*

Now about that time two young and lovely girls where passing by.  
One said to the other with a twinkle in her eye.  
See one sleeping Scotsman so strong and handsome built.  
I wonder if it's true that he wears nothing neath his kilt.  
*Ring-ding-diddle-diddle-i-dio, Ring-di-diddle-i-o*  
*I wonder if it's true that he wears nothing neath his kilt.*

So they crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as can be.  
And lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see.  
Lo and behold for them to view, beneath his Scottish skirt.  
Was nothin' more than God had graced him with, upon his birth.  
*Ring-ding-diddle-diddle-i-dio, Ring-di-diddle-i-o*  
*Was nothin' more than God had graced him with, upon his birth.*

They marveled for a minute then one said, "We must be gone.  
Let's leave him a souvenir before we travel on."  
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow.  
Around the bonnie spar the Scott's mans kilt did lift and show.  
*Ring-ding-diddle-diddle-i-dio, Ring-di-diddle-i-o*  
*Around the bonnie spar the Scott's mans kilt did lift and show.*

Now the Scotsman rose to nature's call and he headed for the trees.  
He lifted up his kilt, an then he gawks at what he sees.  
And in his drunken voice he says to what's before his eyes.  
"Oh, lad I don't know where you've been, but I see you've won first prize."  
*Ring-ding-diddle-diddle-i-dio, Ring-di-diddle-i-o*  
*"Oh, lad I don't know where you've been, but I see you've won first prize."*



## **Step it out Mary**

*By: Sean McCarty*

In the village of Kildoran,  
Lived a maiden young and fair  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds,  
She had long and golden hair

The countryman came riding,  
He rides up to her daddy's gate  
Mounted on a milk white stallion  
He came at the stroke of eight

*Step it out Mary my fine daughter  
step it out Mary if you can,  
step it out Mary my fine daughter  
show your legs to the country man.*

I have come to court your daughter  
Mary of the golden hair  
I have gold and I have silver  
I have goods beyond compare

I will buy her silk and satin  
And a gold ring for her hand  
I will buy for her a mansion  
she'll have servants to command

*Step it out Mary...*

Oh kind sir I have a soldier,  
And I pledge to him my hand  
I don't want your gold nor silver  
I don't want you house nor land.

Mary's father spoke up sharply  
You will do as you are told  
You are to be married on next Sunday  
and you will were the ring of gold

*step it out Mary ...*

In the village of Kildoran  
there is a deep stream running by  
They found Mary there on Sunday  
She had drowned with a soldierboy

In the village there is music  
I can hear her daddy say  
Step it out Mary my fine daughter  
Sunday is your wedding day

*step it out Mary my fine daughter  
step it out Mary if you can,  
step it out Mary my fine daughter  
**Sunday is your wedding day.***

## **Soldiers Daugther**

*By: Cassandra Peverell*

I was raised in Lincoln Town my father's only child  
For war he left me on my own with plow and domicile  
But two years hence his death was knelled and a lord's right to his lands upheld  
And I was cast aside

Horse and sword and armor strong are all that's left to me  
But father taught me my life long so well I know all three  
To Dover I will find my way and I'll bind my breasts for soldier's pay  
And fear shall not me find

For though I am a young girl, a soldier's daughter  
I'll race across the plains on the backs of armored steeds  
My father's sword I'll hold high and shed the blood of war-like men  
No quarter to them given

My father died by Frenchmen's pike and in France his body remains  
So there I'll go to deal the like, with their blood they'll sate my pain  
The prince's army southward sails that England shall on France prevail  
And I with them shall go

For though I am a young girl, a soldier's daughter  
I'll race across the plains on the backs of armored steeds  
My father's sword I'll hold high and shed the blood of war-like men  
No quarter to them given

My boyish shrews held o'er the sea unto the shores of France  
At last I vanquished enemy with halberd, sword and lance  
A courage beat within my chest that before no man would dare to test  
My father's blood runs deep

And so have I a young girl, a soldier's daughter  
Raced across the plains on the backs of armored steeds  
My father's sword I've held high and shed the blood of war-like men  
No quarter to them given

I've stood beside both lord and knight, in ranks for battle dressed  
Beneath the lion banner's flight, I toiled and gave my best  
The soldier's life I now endure and I'll ne'er return to needlework  
By the sword I'll live and die

For though I am a young girl, a soldier's daughter  
I've raced across the plains on the backs of armored steeds  
My father's sword I've hold high and shed the blood of war-like men  
No quarter to them given

At Armagnac, war did it's worst though the battle we had won  
An arrow in me quenched it's thirst so my warring days are done  
I've begged my mail and sword to keep in the hope that I should guarantee  
That with honor I can die

For though I am a young girl, a soldier's daughter  
I've raced across the plains on the backs of armored steeds  
My father's sword I've held high and shed the blood of war-like men  
No quarter to them given

But on my chest his sword they laid and granted final grace  
They vowed to me a soldier's grave in a quiet resting place  
As the sun sets on my final day I have naught else but this to say  
Brothers weep not for me

For I have tasted glory sweet as a stalwart English soldier  
I've raced across the plains on the backs of armored steeds  
My father's sword I've held high and shed my blood with war-like men  
No quarter was I given  
And no quarter did I give



## Song of the Shield Wall

*Words: Malkin Gray (Debra Doyle)*

*Tune: Peregrynne Windrider (Melissa Williamson)*

Hasten, O sea-steed, over the swan-road,  
Foamy-necked ship o'er the froth of the sea!  
Hengest has called us from Gotland and Frisia  
To Vortigern's country, his army to be.  
We'll take our pay there in sweeter than silver,  
We'll take our plunder in richer than gold,  
For Hengest has promised us land for our fighting,  
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold!

Hasten, O fyrds-men, down to the river;  
The dragon ships come on the in-flowing tide.  
The linden-wood shield and the old spear of ash-wood  
Are needed again by the cold waterside.  
Draw up the shield-wall, O shoulder-companions;  
Later, whenever our story is told,  
They'll say that we died guarding what we call dearest,  
Land that the sons of the Saxons will hold!

Hasten, O house-carls, north to the Danelaw;  
Harald Hardrada's come over the sea!  
His longships he's laden with baresarks from Norway  
To claim Canute's crown and our master to be.  
Bitter he'll find here the bite of our spear-points,  
Hard ruling Northmen too strong to die old.  
We'll grant him six feet - - plus as much as he's taller - -  
Of land that the sons of the Saxons will hold!

Make haste, son of Godwin, southward from Stamford,  
Victory's sweet and your men have fought hard,  
But William the Bastard has landed at Pevensey,  
Burning the land you have promised to guard.  
Draw up the spears on the hill-top at Hastings,  
Fight till the sun drops and evening grows cold,  
And die with the last of your Saxons around you,  
Holding the land you were given to hold!





### **Trimarian sheep song**

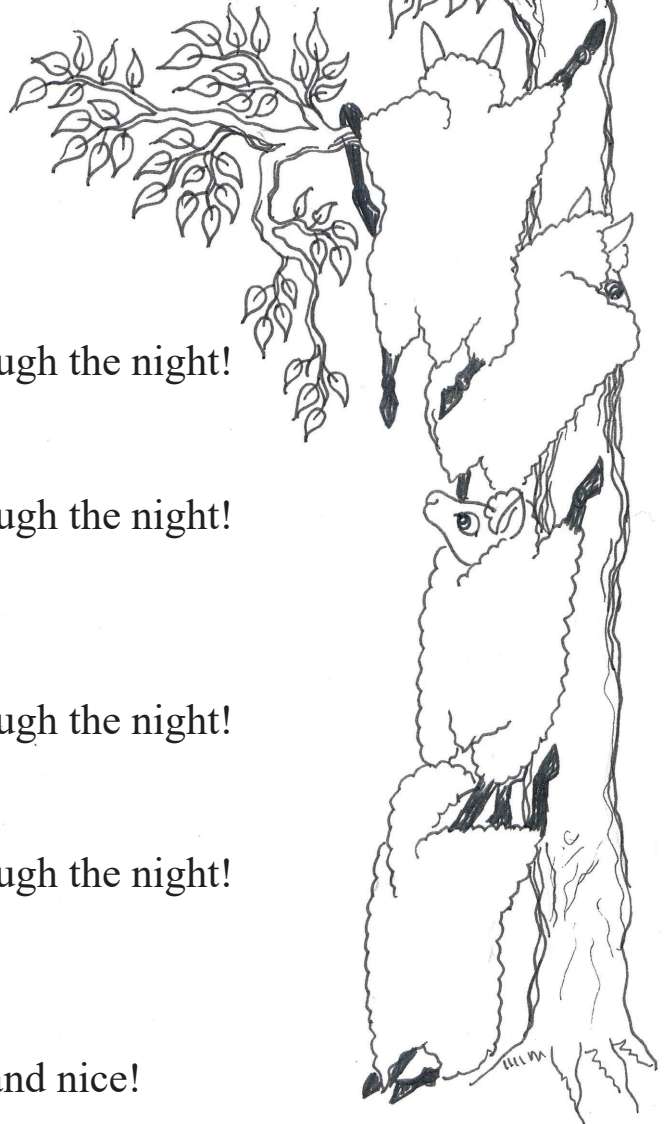
*(Tune: Scotland the Brave)*

Bring me some whiskey, mother  
I'm feeling frisky, mother  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
I need a lover, mother  
No, not my brother, mother  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

Gerbils don't make it, mother  
They just can't take it, mother  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
Owls, bats and other critters  
Just tend to give me jitters  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

(bridge) Sheep never talk about it  
They never ever doubt it  
Always so placid, affectionate and nice!

Give me that lanolin  
Better than flannel-in  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!





## **The Veil**

*Music and Lyrics by Tim Jennings ©2006*

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without express written permission of the author*

*Tim Jennings is known in the SCA as Garraed Galbraith*

At the age of sixteen I crossed the wide ocean  
To take arms and stand 'neath the flag of my king  
And there on my belt hung the veil of a lady  
Still salted with tears and the promise they bring

*She said come back to me  
though the whole world you travel  
Win through each day and do honour for me  
And let every vic'try you claim be a token  
Return to my arms, your true love I will be*

For six months or longer I journeyed to find them  
An army assembled, like nothing I'd seen  
Ten thousand men stood by the banks of the river  
With armour of sunlight and swords battle keen.

I joined in the ranks of a stalwart battalion  
My captain stood shoulder to shoulder with me  
Though he fell, I fought through. Her veil as my armour  
And for her in battle, I claimed Victory

*She said come back to me...*

Promotion was mine through both luck and attrition  
The King made me captain, a knight soon to be  
If I could but win him the city we cordoned.  
I won it for him, but t'was her victory.

A decade passed by in the blink of an instant  
A full 'knight commander' bestowed upon me.  
My company rode 'neath the high Kings own banner  
Above it the favour of my own lady

*She said come back to me...*

And then the wars ended, and we journeyed homeward  
Estates now were mine in five countries and more  
That rag on my belt was a thousand times mended  
I came home to her, to forget about war

She stood in her doorway, as if she were waiting  
Her sons nine and seven. A daughter of three  
She smiled as she stared at me, trying to remember  
The boy and the veil and her promise to me

*'She'd said' come back to me...*

I left her bewildered, with gifts for her children  
Her eyes had changed colour in ten years it seems  
For hers were the grey of that mother and housewife  
And not the blue ocean I held in my dreams

I joined then my King, as he rode forth to battle  
To fight a new war in some land o'er the sea  
He asked of my lady and of the worn favour  
and smiled as I told him of her words to me

*She said come back to me...*

So now we return to the battle and bloodshed  
My men call her name, as we join in the fray  
I'll see her forever through veils of my dreaming  
And still it's for her I will win through this day

*She said come back to me  
though the whole world you travel  
Win through each day and do honour for me  
And let every vic'try you claim be a token  
Return to my arms, your true love I will be!*

The girl in my dreams... is still waiting for me!!!







## Walk of Shame

By: *The Merry Wives of Windsor*

Yesterday's drinks have hurt me today,  
I've got a hangover that wanna go away  
shards of the bore, sure I started my flight  
But what the hell happened to me last night.

I get to my feet to see where I am,  
looking at me is a cow and a lamb  
slowly I start to creep back into town  
Just one more Night I'll Never live down

*I'm wearing one red shoe and a saddle on my back  
a codpiece om my rear and two tankards on my rack  
I have to pass trough town and my head is full of pain  
my god what have I done?  
I must walk the walk of shame*

I tiptoed to court trying not to recall,  
for Darwy he told me, strip-pokers your fall  
you lost all your clothes to the Cardigan lass  
so I gave you my codpiece to cover your hiny

I walk up the road and a cathouse is near,  
the madam screams, how's your head today my dear,  
she said you stole my shoes and kissed the mayor and the grr  
and strode out of town with all our hard liquors.

*I'm wearing one ....*

I crept passed the Stables the boy he did say  
Can I have back the saddle you took yesterday  
You rode away screaming to the hot summer night  
Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!

except for my head I was feeling all right  
til I found out that I got married last night  
I guess I'm resigned to the old ball and chain  
If someone could please just tell me his name... Please.?

*I'm wearing one...*

## **Wandering pirate bard**

*By Lady Sigrid the Beadmaker, Pennsic 42.*

*Tune: strongly reminding of "Kvædet om Vindklyve"*

I can see the sun is setting over tents by Coopers Lake  
the pirate-ships has come ashore to join in on our yearly wake  
winds afrom the bog bring sounds of merriment and drums and cheer  
songs of drunks and laughts of men I hear in darkness everywhere

*But when I walk the bogroads,  
I miss a dear, dear friend,  
a restless walking piratebard,  
I hope to see again.*

Each and every single year walk along the greenest shore,  
I wander trough the taverns and i sing duettes of love alone,  
but one day I hope to hear that voice I searched for many years  
and see the smile of that friend whos memory I hold so dear.

*cause when I walk the bogroads...*

I do know that he cannot be mine as I cannot be his  
cause my heart I've long since sworn away and so is surely his,  
cause men that travel pon the sea they have their girl on every shore  
And most of them some loving wife that's waiting for them even more

*so when I walk the bogroads...*

Now there is only one thing I would ask of you my bardic kin  
to pass along this song I sing as a message onto him  
So if you meet that pirate bard who wanders through the nightly mist  
I will ask of you to think of me, and then you please just tell him this

*That when I walk the bogroads...*

*Yes, a restless walking piratebard,  
I hope to see again.*





## Widows Promise, The

High up on a lonely moor a widow lived alone  
An inn she kept, and as she slept her pillow heard her moan  
“For many’s the lonely traveler that spent the night with me  
There’s not a man in all creation gives content to me!

“For some can manage once or twice, and some may three or four  
but it seems to me a rarity is the man who can do more  
I’d do anything to find him, in heaven or in hell!”  
And as these words were spoken then she heard her front doorbell

*And the wind blew cold and lonely across that widow’s moor  
And she never ever turned away a traveller from her door*

So boldly ran the widow, and the door she opened wide  
And as she did a tall and handsome stranger stepped inside  
She gave him bread and brandy and when that he was fed  
He said, “My dear, now have no fear, it’s time to come to bed

“For I heard you call way down below and I’ve come to see you right  
But you must come to hell with me if I can last the night!”  
She said, “You randy devil! To this bargain I’ll agree  
For hell on earth or hell in hell it’s all the same to me!”

*And the wind blew cold and lonely across...*

well then they both fell into bed, the devil was working well  
He thought before the night would end that she’d be in his hell  
But when they came to number nine the widow cried out, “More!”  
And when the twelfth time came around the widow cried “Anchore”



At twenty-five the devil felt compelled to take a rest  
But the widow said, "Come raise your head and put me to the test!"  
At sixty-nine the widow laughed, "Again, again!" She cried  
And the devil said, "Well I can see just how your husband died!"

*And the wind blew cold and lonely across...*

At ninety-nine the devil he began to wail and weep  
He said, "I'll give you anything if you'll let me go to sleep!"  
Before the morning light was up the devil hobbled home  
And the widow, still not satisfied, once more was left alone

She lay there and she crumbled and she thought of ninety-nine  
"If only that poor devil could have made it one more time  
I'll call him up again tonight to see what can be done –  
With a little more application he could make it a hundred and one!"

*And the wind blew cold and lonely across...*

But when she called to him that night no devil did appear  
For the first time in eternity the devil shook with fear  
He said, "of all the torment I've witnessed here in hell  
I never knew what pain was till I rang your front doorbell!"

## Wilted Rose, the

*By: Baldwin of Erebor*

*copyright 1980 Derek Foster*

Once I was a Lady of the Blood Royale, a Ruler of this land  
Now I spend my days as an Old Used Queen, and I find it's not so grand

*With a heigh ho, derry derry down I sing:  
Never any fun for an Old Used Queen!*

My Lord spends his time out on the Field, and dreams of strawberry leaves  
I spend my days in a castle room, embroidering on his sleeves!

*With a heigh ho, derry derry...*

The other Ladies sit and talk of Barons, Dukes and Kings  
But when I draw near they rise, and bow, and don't tell me a thing!

*With a heigh ho, derry derry...*

The common folk may flout and flirt and frolic in the grass  
I'm the Model of Decorum..it's dull as hell!...no one will make a Pass!

*With a heigh ho, derry derry...*

But one day soon, there'll be a change: I'm learning how to fight!  
And my Lord will learn, when I become a Duchess in my own damn Right!

*With a heigh ho, derry derry down he'll sing:  
Never any fun for an old used....**King!***





## **You can have my dearest knight**

*Av: Moa Råhlander*

*You can have my dearest knight, when I'm dead,  
- When I am dead.*

*You can have my dearest knight when I'm dead,  
- When I'm dead.*

He might not be rich in gold  
But he is very well bestowed  
*You can have my dearest knight ....*

He might not be much in tourneys  
But he's big and strong and horny  
*You can have my dearest knight ....*

During banquettes he is shy  
but his tongue can make you fly  
*You can have my dearest knight ....*

He might seem clumsy like a sod  
but in bed he is a god  
*You can have my dearest knight ....*

he might never win a crown  
but he is jolly fat and round  
*You can have my dearest knight ....*

His looks may be under average  
But he can shag you like a savage  
*You can have my dearest knight ....*

If you do not want the swede  
Into the deal I'll throw his steed  
*You can have my dearest knight ....*



