

The Beadmakers Songbook

English Songs



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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 wipped
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

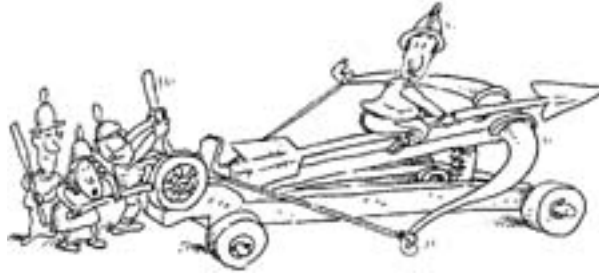
Bow to the crown...

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...

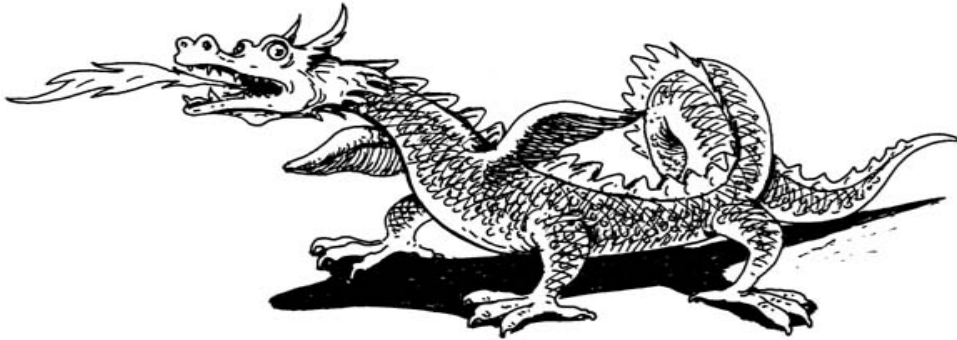
He cracked my shield and broke my helm
and beat me to the ground.
My armor lay in tatters
all the tourney field around.
They gathered it together
through one boot they never found
And I aint a gonna fight no more.

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..



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...

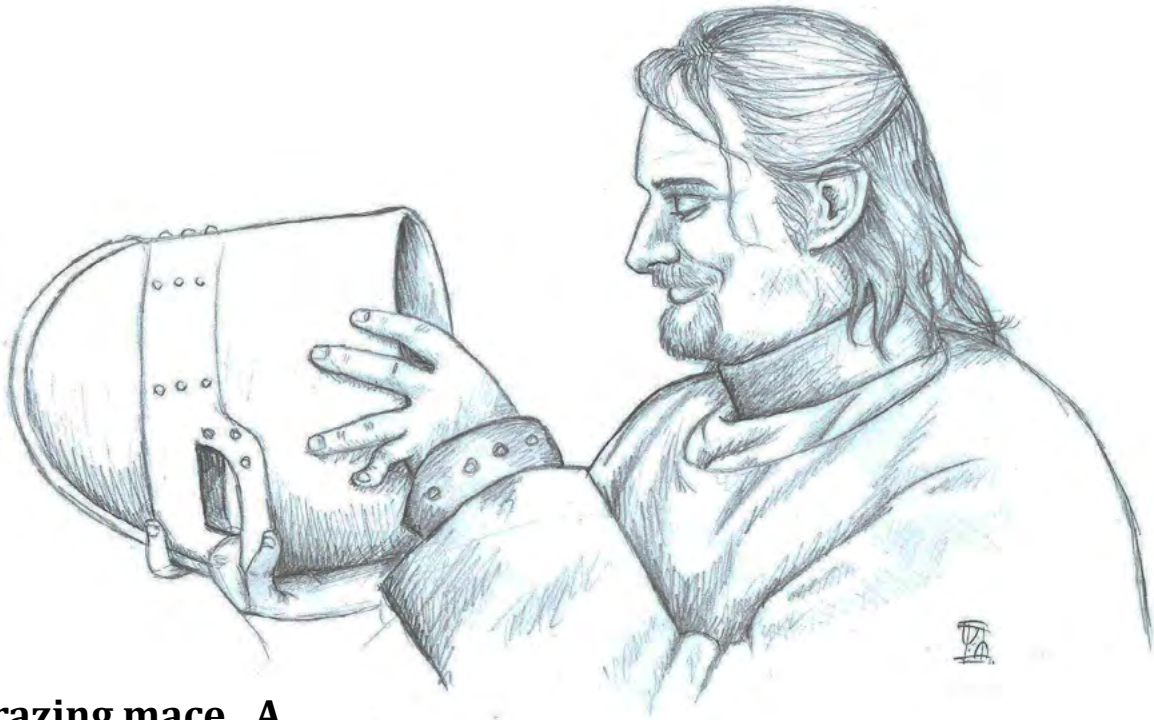
God rest ye frantic autocrat
Let nothing you dismay
It's stinking hot, it just might hail
You'd better start to pray
The gas ran out, the food will spoil
So serve it anyway...

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 2)

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 3)

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.

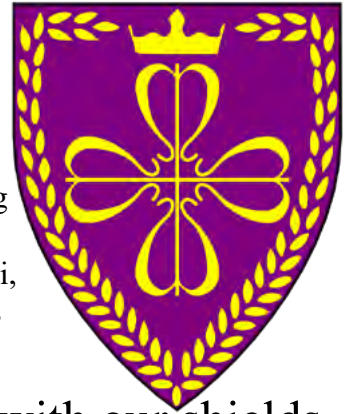
I am your mother's darkest... (home ...)

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

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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, Jipiece, 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
Missouri

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.
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.

Matilda, 1140

By: Robinleaf in Song Lyrics



*The throne is mine
My living brothers are all bastards
The throne is mine
The nobles swore to it twice
If Stephen the Oath-breaker thinks he's safe, he's not
For the throne is mine, the throne is mine*

At eight years old a queen, I made Germany my home
With twenty thousand silver marks to help Heinrich subdue Rome
The Pope made him Emperor with unwilling hands
In four years, we were wed; in fifteen, Heinrich was dead

My brother, William, five years earlier, King Henry's chosen heir
Had drowned crossing the channel; too much wine the culprit there
I went home a widow; Father's new wife bore no sons
And all the nobles fought to be the first to swear I was the one

The throne is mine...

To strengthen our border to the south of Normandy
I must wed the heir to Anjou, my Royal Father had decreed
A fifteen-year-old peacock was never my choice
I'm a woman who has ruled, yet I seem to have to have no voice

After years of estrangement and Father's maneuvering
The nobles swore again support for my right to succeed the King
I rejoined my husband and bore two healthy sons
Yet Father still refused to give my husband castles he had won

The throne is mine...

I was far away in Anjou when I heard the King was dead
My cousin Stephen seized the treasury, put the crown upon his head
I took the castles denied us, but had to stop to bear a son
By the time I had recovered, Stephen's treachery was done

I got a foothold in my country; my brother Robert joined my quest
After five years of battle, the pretender we did best
The Lady of England was the title given me
As Stephen rotted in his chains, I proclaimed my sovereignty

The throne is mine...

Fortsättning nästa sida...

In two years' time, my mother, the great Matilda, was betrayed
She fled to safety with her knights, and Stephen once more King was made
But she never gave up and she fought anew for me
And she raised me up a warrior to defeat our enemy

We claimed Normandy as ours and closed in on Stephen's men
Stephen feared our might, so a treaty we did pen
He remained King until death, as we allowed
Then, after nineteen years of bloodshed, King of England I was crowned

*The throne is mine
My mother fought for our birthright
The throne is mine
That is why I shall be known
As Henry FitzEmpress, son of the great Matilda
The throne is mine, the throne is mine
The throne is mine, the throne is mine*

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...



Reign For All Time

Words and Music: Dolan Madoc

Long ago the year
When I first saw Calontir,
And from that day did learn to love this land.
Often I'd been told
Of a pair with crowns of gold
And that they our love and fealty did command.

*Not of greatest renown,
Nor the first to wear the crowns,
Nor are they the last of our line.
From the day they took the thrones
They made Calontir their own
And in my mind they reign for all time.*

Young as I was then
Seldom court I would attend.
'Twas chance alone that brought me to their hall.
The King stood proud and strong,
The Queen's voice a sweet soft song,
And by their grace was I there enthralled.

Not of greatest renown...

Since then Kings both wise and fell
And gracious Queens have ruled us well,
Each adding fame and glory in their time.
As they wear those crowns of gold
I hearken back to days of old
And an image comes unbidden to my mind.

Not of greatest renown...

Now as reign follows reign
And new King and Queen we gain,
They heed the good advice of our Peers.
As you rule be aware
Our whole Kingdom sees you there
And for some you may become Calontir!

Not of greatest renown...

And in my mind they're King and Queen
for all time.



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)

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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-didde-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-didde-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-didde-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-didde-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.

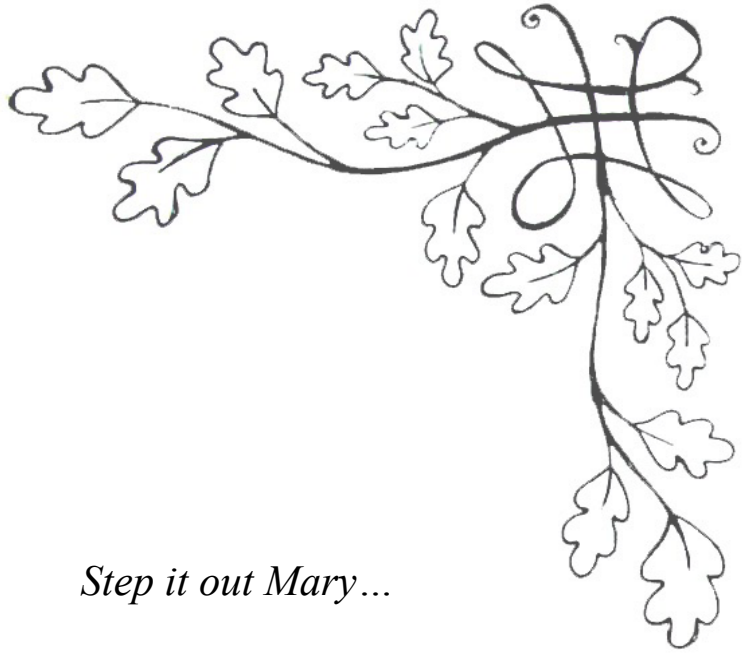
He lifted up his kilt, an then he gawks at what he sees.

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-didde-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 wear 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!

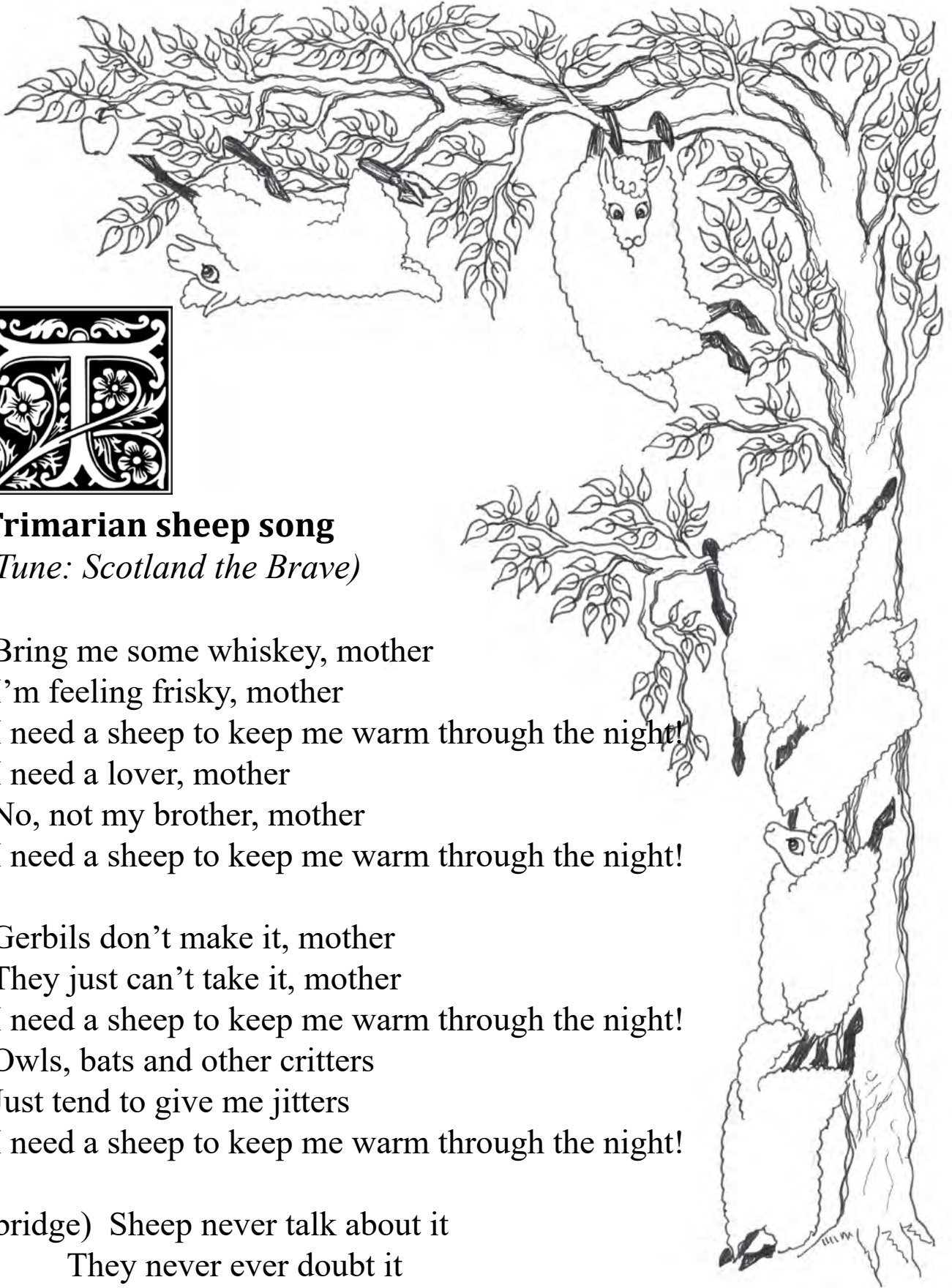


Hasten, O fyrds-men, down to the river;
The dragon ships come on the in-flowing tide.
The linden-wood shield and the old spear of ash-wood
Are needed again by the cold waterside.
Draw up the shield-wall, O shoulder-companions;
Later, whenever our story is told,
They'll say that we died guarding what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



Varangian Recruiters' Song

Words and Music: Bertram of Bearington

The summers are short in the lands of the North.
The soil *it* is poor and the winters are hard.
But the sun beats down hot in the lands of the South,
And I hear they need men for the guard

*Come men of the North, come fighters of Thule
Come to the warm south where the Caesars still rule
The road it is tough and the journey is far
We're selling our swords to the S.P.Q.R.*

They gave me a tunic that was redder than blood
A cloak of a rich royal hue
They gave me a blade to bite Saracen's steel
So their shirts could run red as blood too

Come men of the North, come fighters of Thule...

The men of Byzantium are honorable men
No matter the tales you've been told
They call for our service again and again
The pay is on time and in gold

Come men of the North, come fighters of Thule...

The Senate and men of New Rome, it is said,
Live soft lives of leisure and ease.
But Byzantine ladies like Northmen in bed,
So we fight and make love (OR we fuck) as we please.

Come men of the North, come fighters of Thule...

We fought with the Persians and Caucusus tribes
The Normans we've had on the run
And if, by bad wierd, we should give up our lives
At least we shall die in the sun

Come men of the North, come fighters of Thule...



The Veil

Music and Lyrics by Tim Jennings ©2006

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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 trought 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 a from the bog bring sounds of merriment and drums and cheer
songs of drunks and laughs 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 through the taverns and i sing duets of love alone,
but one day I hope to hear that voice I searched for many years
and see the smile of that friend who's 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 a pirate bard who wanders through the nightly mist
I ask of you to think of me, and then 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

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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

