



The Old
Christmas
Caroles
Songbook

of the
Barony of Three Rivers



Ransome Song

(Tune: "White Christmas")

I'm ransoming a church bishop,
A lord, two abbots and a knight.
I want gold and silver,
And they will deliver,
'Cause it's plain they don't know how to fight.

I'm ransoming a fat cardinal,
And all the books that I could steal;
And they'll pay me handsome
Exorbitant ransom,
'Cause I've got to give these fools their meals.

I'm ransoming a Lord Mayor;
I plan to trade him for his wealth.
It's a real pleasure,
And for my leasure,
I took his daughter for myself.

And when I've ransomed these Christians,
Then I'll be rich and they'll be poor.
They'll go home to freedom --
I'll no longer need 'em!
And I'll go out and catch some more.

Morgana bro Morganwyg



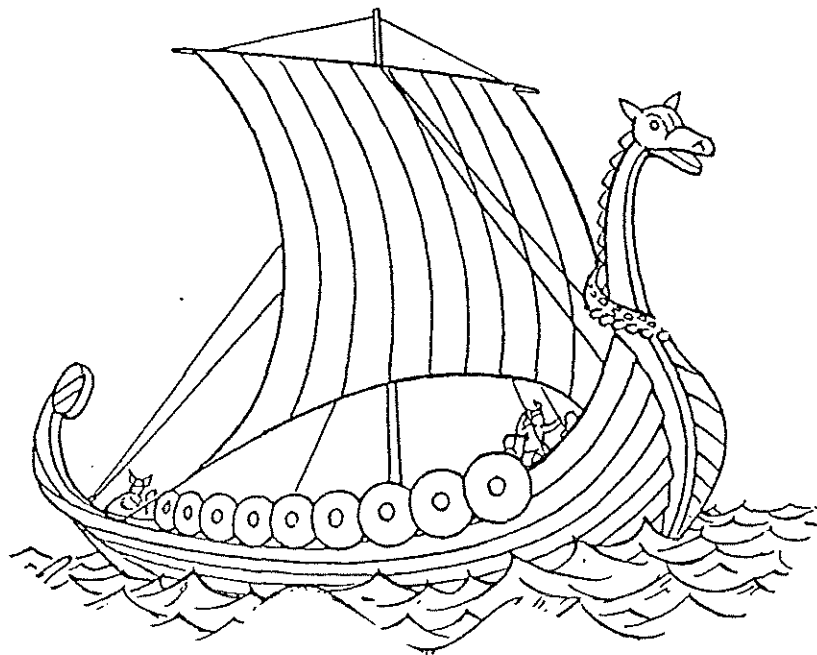
"ZORABB'S SONG"
(tune: Winter Wonderland)
-by Herr Brumbar von Schwarzberg

Slave chains ring....are you listening?
In the air, whips are whist'ling.
What a beautiful sight, there's a flogging tonight!
Traveling with a slave caravan.

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

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

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



Victims' Song

(Tune: "Winter Wonderland")

Short swords ring, are you listenin'?
In the square, blood drops glistenin'.
The church is on fire,
The flames rising higher,
Viking raiders plundering the town.



We had gold, we had riches;
Now we hide in the ditches.
They stole my wife
And I ran for my life;
Viking raiders plundering the town.

Once the town had lovely virgin daughters,
And some fine young warriors, so brave;
The warriors all are gone in the slaughter,
And the daughters have got nothing left to save.

Our whole town is on fire,
And the clergy's expired.
But now we're unafraid,
Nothing's left to raid.
No more Viking raiders in the town.

Morgana bro Morganwyg

Silent Knight

(Tune: "Silent Night")

Silent knight, cowardly knight,
Tried to hide from the fight,
In the habit of Sister Marie,
Thought the Vikings would just let him be.
Made his captor quite sore,
He's not alive any more.

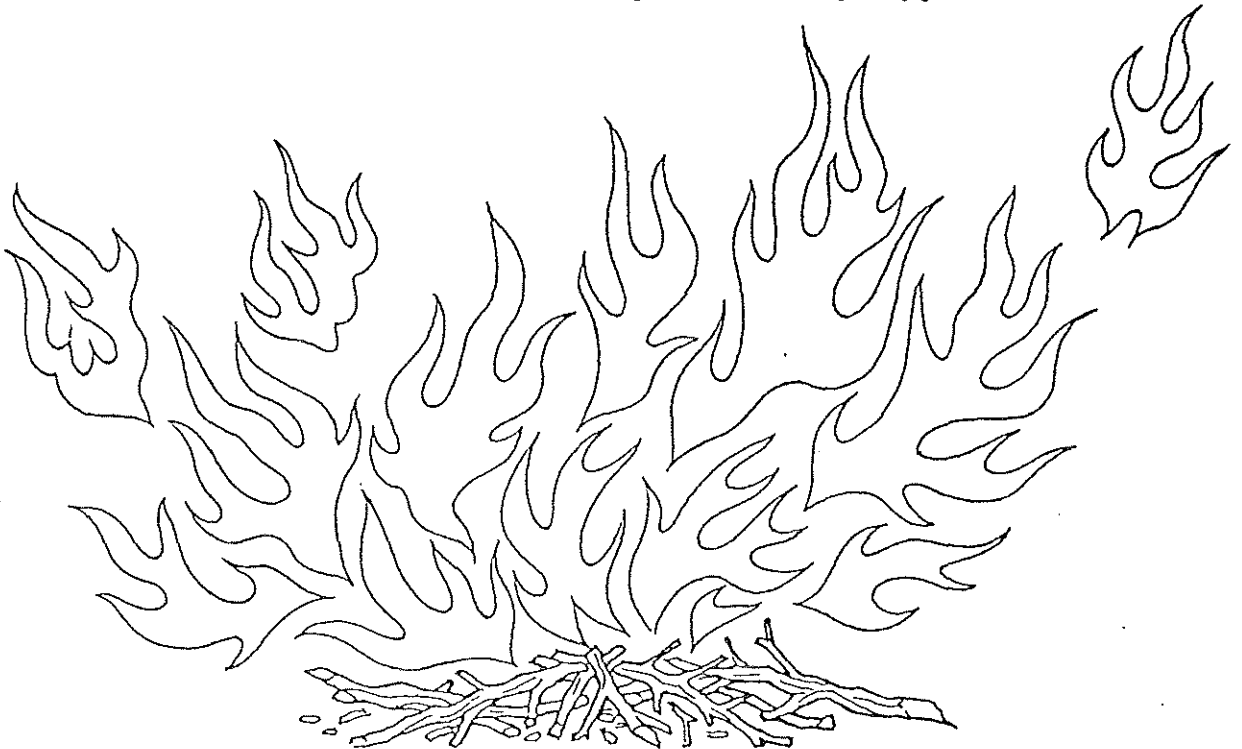


Silent knight, finished quite,
Clerics quail at the sight.
A Viking axe left him in a state,
With two-piece helm and riven plate.
Of axe wounds, he has a score,
And he is covered with gore.

Silent knight, sorry plight,
Ravished wife in his sight.
With a sword, he sought revenge;
Brought him to an untimely end.
Now forth his life-blood doth pour,
Which does not even the score.

Silent knight, Viking might
Set the town all alight,
Killed the defenders, took all of the gold,
Carried the women off to be sold.
And if it seemed bad before,
They're coming back for some more.

Morgana bro Morganwyg



The Secret of Barbaric Happiness

(Tune: "The Secret of Christmas")

It's not the glow you feel when flame appears,
It's not the dragonship you've sailed for years;
Nor the happiness that plunder brings,
Or the battle songs Vikings sing.
The woman that you raped in victory
Is now the nagging wife of misery:
So may I suggest the secret of happiness
Is not the things you keep while plundering,
But the girls you rape and leave as you go!

Barthel aus Pennswald



A Norse Coventry Carol

(Tune: "The Coventry Carol")

Lullay, thou little tiny child, Lullay, thou little tiny child,	By, by, lully, lullay; By, by, lully, lullay.
O daughters too, what may we do This poor youngling to whom I sing	For to preserve this day By, by, lully, lullay?
Your father Leif, this tribe's own chief, Unto a land of warmth and sand.	Sailed he hath one day By, by, lully, lullay.
In dragonship he made this trip To slay his foes and murder those	And full armor display Who did hinder his way.
In dark of night was seen a light; In courage bold, to slay for gold.	There he went straight away By, by, lully, lullay.
Your village, child, was soon defiled, Your streets did flood with mire and blood.	Plundered and raped that day. By, by, lully, lullay.
Then did they turn, your town to burn, When you were found upon the ground.	And did not rue that day By, by, lully, lullay.
My husband dear than brought you here A gift to me, that all might see	In honor of that day. Your disgrace, too, display.
Gone is the home that you have known; A stranger here, ever in fear.	Here you shall live away: By, by, lully, lullay.
Here is thy fate, in lowly state: To pass your life without a wife.	Never to raid or slay, By, by, lully, lullay.
So woe is me, poor child, for thee But keep your rest upon my breast.	And ever mourn away. By, by, lully, lullay.

Barthel aus Pennswald



The Monks' Song
(No More Vikings)

(Tune: "Chestnuts Roasting on an Open Fire")

Abbeys burning, each an open fire,
Clerics bleeding in the snow,
Raiders torching pulpit and choir,
Monks recording tales of woe.

Everybody knows Toledo swords and coats of mail
Help to get them through the fight.
Puny monks, in fear of each sail
Will find it hard to sleep tonight.

They know the longships will appear,
Bringing pillage to each village far and near.
Every lookout fort that's set on high
Will see the dragonships as they draw nigh.

And so monks offer up this fear-filled prayer.
Priests recite their vows again.
Clerics chant, with fervor so rare:
"No more Vikings, no more Vikings,
Amen."

Tom the German



Yul Song

(Tune: "The Twelve Days of Christmas")

On the first day of Yul, Father Odin gave to me:
A magic rune on an ash tree.

On the second day of Yul, Father Odin gave to me:
Two sharp new spears...

On the third day of Yul, Father Odin gave to me:
Three bright swords...

On the fourth day of Yul, Father Odin gave to me:
Four axes fine...

On the fifth day of Yul, Father Odin gave to me:
Five dragonships...

On the sixth day of Yul, Father Odin gave to me:
Six willing swordsmen...

On the seventh day of Yul, Father Odin gave to me:
Seven wild berserkers...

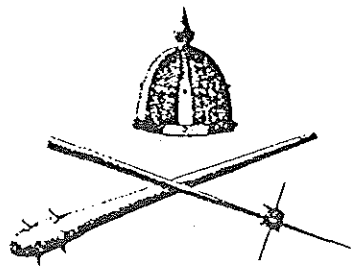
On the eighth day of Yul, Father Odin gave to me:
Eight lords to ransom...

On the ninth day of Yul, Father Odin gave to me:
Nine maids to ravish...

On the tenth day of Yul, Father Odin gave to me:
Ten churches' treasures...

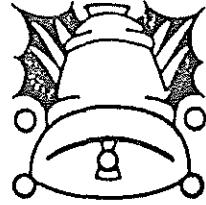
On the eleventh day of Yul, Father Odin gave to me:
Eleven knights to battle...

On the twelfth day of Yul, Father Odin gave to me:
Twelve towns to plunder
Eleven knights to battle
Ten churches' treasures
Nine maids to ravish
Eight lords to ransom
Seven wild berserkers
Six willing swordsmen
Five dragonships
Four axes fine
Three bright swords
Two sharp new spears
And a magic rune on an ash tree!



The Peasant's Lament

(Tune: "Silver Bells")



Tourneys make you feel emotional.
They may bring revels and crowds commotional.
Whatever happens or what may be,
Here is what tourney-time means to me...

A.O.A. scrolls, Purple Fret scrolls, and a Laurel or two
(Yes, they even had one for the Baron!).
Dragon Hearts and Leather Mallets and a knighting to see,
But I ask you, why are none for me?

They all have thier A.O.A.'s -- Lords and La-
Dies with thier Willows and Torses (of courses!).
But look at me, and you'll see
I'm just an ordinary man!

They're for service, they're for fighting, they're for chivalry too!
Oh, the crowds ooh and aah with much ado.
Calon Crosses, Calon Lilies, it's so silly at times!
But I ask you, why can't one be mine?

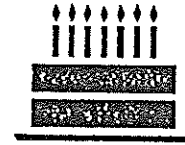
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But look at me, and you'll see
I'm just an ordinary man!

Barthel aus Pennswald

The Ballad of the Bloody Birthday Baron

(Tune: "Good King Wenceslas")

All good gentles do keep watch
For the Baron Stephen.
When a birthday rolls about
No one can get even.
Loudly will the Baron sing
His own birthday greeting.
And, good gentles, be forewarned,
You will take a beating.



Hear how William Coeur de Boeuf
Did once save a gentle
From the ravage of Stephen's voice
(Yes, it's detrimental!).
As Stephen prepared to sing,
He was not alone.
For William of Coeur de Boeuf
Played his Saxon-phone.

Good gentles, my song is done
Of the Baron Stephen.
Should he try to sing to me,
Our score shall be even.

Barthel aus Pennswald

Mister Maegril

(Tune: "Mister Sandman" or "Mister Santa")

Mister Maegril, pass my device,
Upon my surcoat it would sure look nice.
It should be easy, you've done it before. I've got
Gules, a pall inverted argent, stag trippant or!
Maegril, why don't you see
Procrastination is idiocy?
You could give me Paradise:
Maegril, pass my device!

And now, translated back into the "original" German:

O Herr Maegril, bestark meine Devise,
Auf meinen Überrock sie wurde so schon.
Es sollte leicht sein, du habat es getan. I' hab'
Rot, eine Deichsel umdrehte silberweiss, Hirsch gehend Gold!
Maegril, kannst du nicht seh'
Verzogerung is Idiotie?
Du kannst gib' mir Paradies:
O Herr Maegril, bestark meine Devise!

Barthel aus Pennswald

Author's Note: At the time this number was written, my device was blazoned: Gules, a pall inverted argent cotised, overall a stag attired of thirteen trippant or. This, of course, is subject to alteration during the registration process. -BaP



O, Holy Knight

(Tune: "O, Holy Night")

O, holy knight! Your helm is brightly shining.
You are the knight who shall be Calon's Prince.
Long lay the realm, the region dark and bloody
'Til you appeared, and your blade proved you worth.
A thrill of hope, the Falcon now rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Ternon is Prince! O, hear the bells and voices!
O, knight divine! O, Knight of Calontir!
O, knight divine! O, Knight of Calontir!

Barthel aus Pennswald

Author's Note: Yes, I realize that Ternon was not a knight at the time of his investiture, but who wants to pass up the Knight-Night parallel? I claim artistic license. -BaP



Three Rivers Carol

(Tune: "The Cherry Tree Carol")

Inside the Middle Kingdom, inside Calontir,
There is a stately Barony, so you shall hear,
There is a stately Barony, so you shall hear.

The Baron of this place did at last become a peer,
Well, better late than never, at least in Calontir,
Well, better late than never, at least in Calontir.

The Barony Three Rivers is known to have elves;
To them, nothing is serious, least of all themselves,
To them, nothing is serious, least of all themselves.

About cruel attack they need have little care,
For those in Three Rivers, they keep an arm Bear,
For those in Three Rivers, they keep an arm Bear.

Baroness Three Rivers, 'tis said, did seldom smile,
Until they built for her use a torture dungeon vile,
Until they built for her use a torture dungeon vile.

Full many men have fallen to the Barony's swords,
But still more folk succumb to Senor Juan's words,
Yes still more folk succumb to Senor Juan's words.

And many more folk dwell in this Barony,
I trust you shall hear of them, but no more from me,
I trust you shall hear of them, but no more from me.

Morgana bro Morganwyg



Local SCA

(Tune: "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen")

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.
We are your local SCA, SCA,
Yes, we are your local SCA.

These men aren't wearing dresses, sir; those are not panty hose.
No, those are tights and tunics, sir, they're medieval clothes;
And men were really macho then, as everybody knows,
So please do not look at us that way, that way,
For we are your local SCA.

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 SCA.

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 wooden sticks to whale away, whale away,
For we are your local SCA.

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

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'd planned;
So please let us go upon our way, our way,
For we are your local SCA.

Arrest these merry gentles, nay, discretion you should use;
For we are lords and ladies all, 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 SCA.

Morgana bro Morganwyg

Twelve Meetings

(Tune: "The Twelve Days of Christmas")

When I first joined Three Rivers my mundane friends all said:
I think it sounds pretty wierd.

After my next meeting my mundane friends all said:
You mean they all wear costumes?...

After my third meeting my mundane friends all said:
You'll get arrested...

After my fourth meeting my mundane friends all said:
We never see you!...

After my fifth meeting my mundane friends all said:
What's a pavanne?...

After my sixth meeting my mundane friends all said:
Take off that silly armor..

After my seventh meeting my mundane friends all said:
What's a rattan broadsword?...

After my eighth meeting my mundane friends all said:
Where were you this weekend?...

After my ninth meeting my mundane friends all said:
What's an A.O.A.?...

After my tenth meeting my mundane friends all said:
Can I try on your helmet?...

After my eleventh meeting my mundane friends all said:
Who won Crown Tourney?...

After my twelfth meeting all of my friends said:
We've joined the SCA!
Who won Crown Tourney?
Can I try on your helmet?
What's an A.O.A.?
Where were you this weekend?
What's a rattan broadsword?
Loan me your armor?
That's a pavanne!
Now we'll see you!
Who'll get arrested?
Of course we all wear costumes!
And I think it sounds just fine!

SCA

(Tune: "Silver Bells")

Rattan broadswords, barrel helmets, and a round shield or two,
These are all things you take to the tourney.
All your armor, lots of duct tape, one dress tunic will do;
And from every fighter you hear:
SCA, SCA,
I want to be in the battles.
SCA, SCA,
I'm going to be King some day.

Stately pavannes, rowdy horse bransles, galliard and a reel,
All the dances that make us look proper.
Graceful ladies, noble lords make it pomp you can feel;
And from every dancer you hear:
SCA, SCA,
I want to move with the music.
SCA, SCA,
I'd rather dance well than be King.

Silk and satin, wool and linen, houppleande, Boelyn sleeve,
In the costumes we look like the paintings.
Feudal English, late Italian, look too real to believe;
And from every seamstress you hear:
SCA, SCA,
I want to dress in its beauty.
SCA, SCA,
I'm more authentic than you.

Glowing forgelight, ringing hammers, metal shaped to a plan,
Armor made with the skills of a past age.
Mitten gauntlets, visored helmets more than protect a man;
And you hear every armorer sing:
SCA, SCA,
I'd rather wear steel than satin.
SCA, SCA,
It works better when it's made real.

Turn the spit and roast the pig, and make two dozen pies,
Get the food on the table by seven.
It's a feast, and it's well researched, and it's all done with style;
And the autocrats collapse and sing:
SCA, SCA,
I know it's more work than glory.
SCA, SCA,
I'm happy when it's done right.

SCA (cont'd)

Ink and gold leaf, pen and parchment, scrolls that look like a dream,
A scriptorium moved to the present.
Lion rampant, or, vert, sable, Heralds know what they mean;
And the voices around you all say:
SCA, SCA,
Here, what I do well has value.
SCA, SCA,
Here, talent's worth more than gold.

Politics and lots of hassles, and sometimes it's a pain,
And sometimes we don't like each other.
Then the swords flash, and it's magic, and that moment, it's real;
And we get misty-eyed and we say:
SCA, SCA,
Sometimes the magic surrounds us.
SCA, SCA,
Sometimes the dream can come true.

Middle Ages, knights and ladies, it's a glorious dream,
Of a time with more Grace than the present.
Time and money, lots of hard work, but we're more than we seem;
And it is heart-felt when you hear:
SCA, SCA,
We've lots of reasons to love it.
SCA, SCA,
For us it's like coming home.

Morgana bro Morganwyg

