

A Collection of Songs



By
ANGUS of BLACK MOOR

King William's Wall

As I came down to Cooper's Lake
In answer to the call
I saw forty-seven Calon men
A marchin' with a wall,
Singing dedi-o, sing Calontir, singin' dedi-o-i-ay.

Did ya come by the Calon men
And did ya come down to stay
And did ya see King William and his men
As they marched away
Singing dedi-o, sing Calontir, singin' dedi-o-i-ay.

Once we were the minions
Of the Middle realm,
But now we have our own king
With a falcon on his helm,
Singing dedi-o, sing Calontir, singin' dedi-o-i-ay.

They winna knock our shield wall down,
They winna break it free,
But if they knock our shield wall down,
Then we will never flee.
Singing dedi-o, sing Calontir, singin' dedi-o-i-ay.

If this sad fate should come to pass
Then I will turn to ye,
And ye'll take yer greatsword in yer hand
And ye'll gang in with me,
Singing dedi-o, sing Calontir, singin' dedi-o-i-ay.

Them That were Calon brothers brave
Went in amangst the thrang
And they swapped doon the Eastern lads
With swords baith sharp and lang,
Singing dedi-o, sing Calontir, singin' dedi-o-i-ay.

The first stroke King William gave
The Tyger king did reel,
The second stroke King William gave
His banner he did steal.
Singing dedi-o, sing Calontir, singin' dedi-o-i-ay.

A cry arose among the Eastern men
As they saw their banner fall,
And we lifted it and carried it
A triumph of our wall!!!
Singing dedi-o, sing Calontir, singin' dedi-o-i-ay.

The Brother Knights of Calontir

The brother knights of Calontir
Honor, brave, and bold (refrain)
The brother knights of Calontir
Two chains of solid gold.

Once there were two young lads
Who met when they were small
And now they wear the golden chains
And guard the King's own hall.
One of them was Roderick
The other, Richard named.
Two greater friends you'll never find,
No two are quite the same.

(refrain)

They cut their teeth upon a sword
That Richard's father made
Roderick on the pommel
And Richard on the blade.
Knighted on the same day
Down in Bois d'Arc shire
Golden spurs upon their heels
And both hearts full of fire.
(refrain)

Valen's Song

His name was Valens and he was our king,
Great leader of huscarls, of him I do sing.

No reign lasts forever, this you well know
He called him his huscarls and readied to go.

Since ancient times they've guarded his throne,
But now he would leave them and they'd stand alone.

No safer a king in all the known lands
Than one with his huscarls with axes in hand.

From Brumbar to Angus, so new in those ranks,
Valens looked on his huscarls and gave them his thanks.

Then he took off his crown and said his goodbyes,
The throne sat empty where gold falcons fly.

Well armed huscarls standing so tall
Stood their ground and guarded the hall.

Knights guard the thrones in lands far and near,
But Valens chose huscarls to guard Calontir.

His name was Valens and he was our king,
Great leader of huscarls, of him I do sing.

The Lily War

AS Twenty-one was a troubled wintertime
Twas the sword that ruled the land
Earl Cire had a thought
For a battle to be fought
Allegiance sworn to the strongest man.

At the Lily War, at the Lily War
You'll see a falcon, golden in the sky (refrain)
Screaming out your victory
Your enemy will be lost
So rally round together, rally round together
Rally round together, on Calontir's Cross.

Prince Valens of Flatrock journeyed out to gather armies
To help him in his fight for the land.
Good Huscarls, Fyrd, and Knights
Did join him for the fights
Together they made a noble stand.

(refrain)

King William called his Knights quickly to his side
They brought with them their able men-at-arms
Their loyalty shone bold
When they wore the birds of gold
And kept their king safe from harm.

(refrain)

In the dusty Carlsby wood the soldiers plied their trade
A chorus of Death did sing its song
Two castles built of hay
Were the focus of the fray
The battle raged three hours long.

(refrain)

The fight was close until the end when William's people won
The fighting was clean and it was fair
And though they traded blows
None were struck by foes
The ones who really lost were never there.

(refrain)

Song of the Calon Huscarl

Stand tall the mighty huscarl
Guardian of our king
Laying low the bitter foeman
As the falcon takes to wing.

Huscarl, huscarl,
you shall guard our land, (refrain)
But we will fight beside you
When you choose to make your stand
Huscarl, huscarl, huscarl

Sitting at the king's right knee
And living in his hall,
Feasting at his table
You're ready for his call

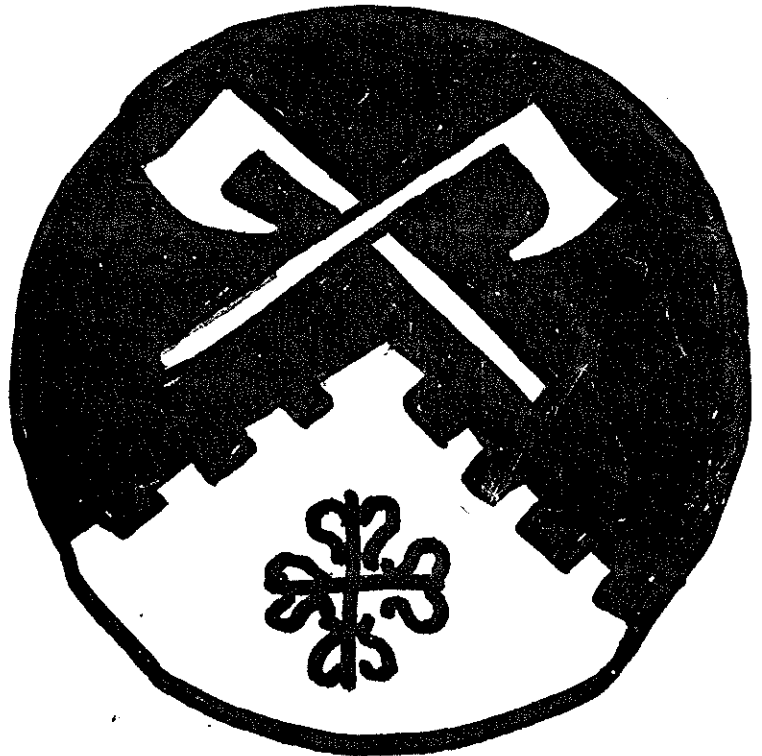
(refrain)

As the battle crushes in
There forms a huscarl ring,
Axes held high over head
None shall touch our king.

(refrain)

And now the battle's over
And our king stands all alone.
Around him fallen huscarls
Whose axes shattered bone.

(refrain)



The Bridge Troll of Stamford

Near a small stone bridge in far Norway
Three billy goats did graze and play.
Underneath the bridge cold waters did roll
And carried off an old dead troll.

A sleepy time troll woke from sleep so good
And to his brother called to bring his food
Seymour! Seymour! the troll he cried
He didn't know his brother had died.

Along comes the smallest goat
And Wayland's voice came to his throat
And claimed the critter for his meal
And the kid in protest was heard to squeal.

With goat blood dripping from ear to ear
Wayland knew another goat came near
And with an old familiar squeal
Blood splashed from Wayland's second meal.

The third goat, he was big, he would not cry
Great horns lowered, this troll would die.
And battle on the bridge was joined
The troll the goat's life he purloined.

Wayland crawled back to his bed
His stomach hurt from too full fed.
and in his dreams he heard a roar
Like many footsteps past his door.

Awake he rose with a start
And to the bridge top leapt his heart
For there he saw men ten score
Marching and singing their way to war.

Wayland dared them to cross his path
And if they did they'd feel his wrath.
He jumped and he howled and pawed around.
The men of Norway stood their ground.

One of the men took off his helm
His kingly air did overwhelm
And Harald Haradrada was his name
And called for Wayland to join his game.

I, King of Norway, call you to my side
To hunt the Saxons where they hide
And if you help us, them to beat
You may have them all to eat.

So Wayland joined King Harald's host
And sailed away from Norway's coast
To cross the ocean to find a ridge
And claim himself another bridge.

The dragon ships with their mighty striped sails
Rode the high waves on the road of the whales.
And Wayland hung out over the bow
And gave to the fishes most of his chow.

At Stamford he found his bridge to claim
And many Saxons came to maim
But none old Wayland they could reach
A bitter lesson he could teach.

Held his bridge near half the day
And finally a Saxon found a way
And made himself a tiny boat
Underneath the bridge he thought to float.

And up he thrust with his spear
And stabbed our troll that we hold dear.
He screamed as he bent and clutched his pain
But life from him it quickly drained.

And that is the end of Wayland the troll
Into the river his corpse did roll
And out to the sea so far away.
He never returned to cold Norway.

The Huscarl's Tale

When the November rains did fall on the Calon soil
A bold German Graf did in a tourney toil.
Shadan sought the crown that we all hold dear
To reign once again in Calontir,
But more than his wish to wear the crown
Did give incentive to he of renown.
For a fair French lady, her favor he wore,
To tourney he went once more.

The king called the combatants to his hall
And bade them to make their claim to all.
When Shadan's name the herald pronounced
The German Graf on a huscarl pounced
His mighty sword he wielded well
And soon was heard a solemn knell
For the fallen Scottish lord
A victim of Sir Shadan's sword.

He through the ranks of the tourney sped
On through the lists his foes he shed
And till the finals he had no rest
He held his sword and met the test.
Then began the final round
Sir Nathan Adelaar stood his ground
And met the Graf with great long blade
And he himself the victor made.

Thou the victor of the fight was he
The tourney wasn't over, twas two of three.
Since Shadan chose his weapon first
A sword and shield quenched Nathan's thirst
Estoc! Estoc! went up the yell!
Shadan thrust and Nathan fell.
Then when each their favorite weapon took
The crowd with sheer excitement shook.

The end was near for both the knights
The slain would gain honor from his fights,
But the victor would rule these Calon lands
And crown his queen with his two hands.
Lay on was called and they did charge,
Sir Shadan with his sword so large
And Sir Nathan with his shield.
Only to death did bold Sir Nathan yield.

The gathered crowd let out a roar
As Shadan's sword dropped to the floor.
The herald announced Sir Shadan's name
As victor of that day of fame
To all the Calons gathered round,
And soon the King, a Prince he crowned
And Shadan knew he would be next
To be the one called Calon Rex.

But he, alone, could never rule,
If he tried he'd be a fool
And so he called to his lady fair
And she came forth with a regal air
And he made her Princess Calontir,
And with his words there raised a cheer
And all made merry in the land
The ring would ride on Shadan's hand.

There ends this part the first
And if for more you might thirst
There will be more my good lord
Good King Shadan and his sword
Lead us to war this season
And many follow with good reason
For all who chanced to see him kill
Know of his great and mighty skill.

Volkmar and Isadora

Volkmar and Isadora
Filled our halls with cheer (refrain)
Volkmar and Isadora
When they ruled Calontir.

Volkmar was our Calon king
So many years ago
He ruled these lands in Twenty-Four
In the season of the snow.
Isadora she sat by his side
As Queen upon the throne.
She brought joy into our weary hearts,
They were Calontir to the bone.

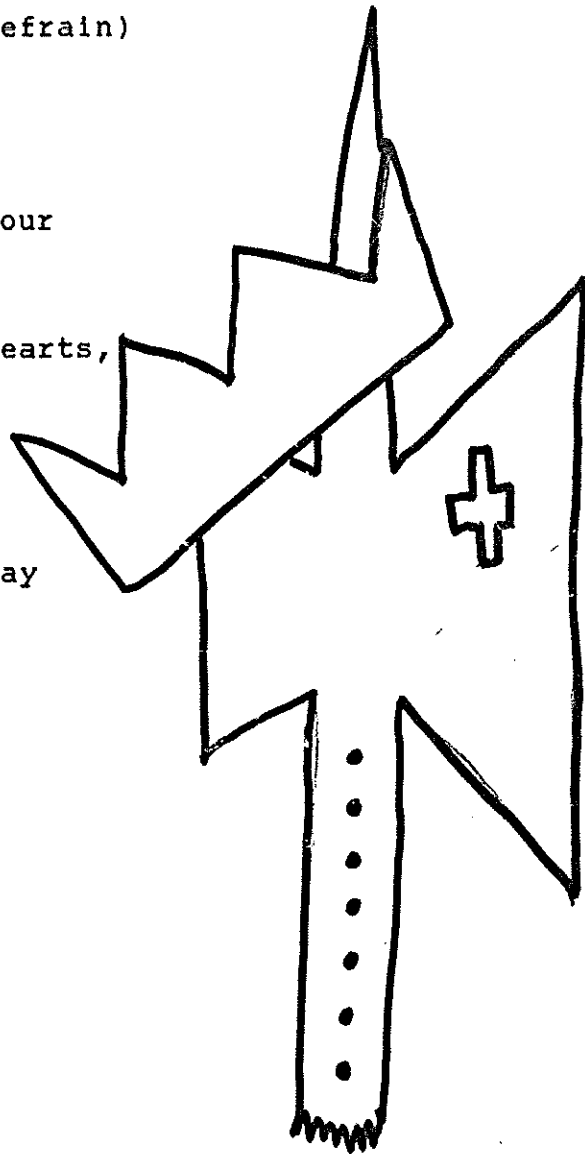
(refrain)

Volkmar was a Huscarl
When he won the Calon Crown
On a misty day in the month of May
That night storm winds blew down
Soon after he was knighted
At the Lily War
And all good folk were witness
To the solemn oath he swore.

(refrain)

Isadora was a Seneschal
Of these Calon Lands
She upheld the word of law
With a gold key in her hands
And those folk who saw her work
Were never at a loss
When at a Beltaine cold
She won the Calon Cross.

(refrain)



I Will Mourn My Gear

Idea by Sherry Foxwell

I will mourn my gear for it is lost,
I will never replace it because of the cost.
Oho, oho.

I dropped my sunglasses in the stool,
That was swift and not so cool.
Oho, oho.

I lost my keys so now I weep,
I guess the site my car will keep.
Oho, oho.

Of all the things I had to lose,
I wish it hadn't been my shoes.
Oho, oho.

Into my gear a gash was rent,
The wind blew up and took my tent.
Oho, oho.

High and swift my arrows flew
I never found them and nor will you.
Oho, oho.

Into my heart great sadness whelms,
In the woods battle I lost my helm.
Oho, oho.

This thing I lost could not be chance,
I'll kill the man who stole my pants.
Oho, oho.

I will mourn my gear for it is lost,
I will never replace it because of the cost.
Oho, oho.

The Song of Roland

Roland, Roland, Roland
Keep those Moors a fallin' (refrain)
Keep those Moors a fallin'
Roland!!

When we hear your horn a soundin'
Over hills we'll come a boundin'
Keep those Moors a fallin'
Roland! Roland!
Although the Moors you're killin'
Their ranks keep refillin'
Keep those Moors a fallin'
Roland! Roland!

(refrain)

On a dusty mountain pass
Those folks'll kick your ass
Keep those Moors a fallin'
Roland! Roland!
No matter who wins the battle
You Franks'll die like cattle
Keep those Moors a fallin'
Roland! Roland!

(refrain)

Now the sun's a settin'
On your men I'm not a bettin'
Keep those Moors a fallin'
Roland! Roland!
In death you'll all be heroes
Though your ranks do number zeroes
Keep those Moors a fallin'
Roland! Roland!

(refrain)

Form a wall, move it up, charge!!, kill'em all!
Kill'em alllllll Roland!!!!!!
ROLAND!!!!!!

To the tune of Rawhide