



**Songs of Ansteorra
Patriotic and Otherwise
2nd Edition**

First Edition, 1979:

First Printing, earlier 1979
Second Printing, later 1979

Second Edition, March 1991

A few songs added. Completely reset (all typos fixed!) especially for Argent Anniversary.

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Songs of Ansteorra

Patriotic and Otherwise

2nd Edition

*being a Compilation of Songs written by and for the People of
the Principality of Ansteorra (which is known mundanely as the
States of Texas and Oklahoma), and collected together into this
Boke for the use, Enjoyment & Entertainment of the subjects of
the said Principality by*

Melusine Whitcroft, the Petite

Preface to First Edition (1979)

It's a long time since I began collecting these, but finally, here's the Book!

There's a variety of songs here, not just patriotic and otherwise; we've got some good ballads here in medieval style, with nothing anachronistic about them.

My thanks to all those who sent songs in. Every song here is used by permission of the author, including the two which are separately copyrighted. If more come in, there may be a second edition (what am I saying?)—may be, *may* be!!

If you don't know the tunes, most can probably be sung to *Greensleeves*; almost anything can—but beware! if there's a tune given, learn it if you plan to sing in my presence!

Preface to Second Edition (1991)

My, how things have changed since the last printing of this book! All the time I worked on it, from first request for songs through printing, Ansteorra was a Principality of the Kingdom of Atenveldt. But it became a Kingdom on its own right after that.

Twelve years! Some of the songs are dated—people have dropped out, and their names may not be remembered. Also: everything north of the Steppes was brand new, and there was nothing west of Bjornsborg—those areas are barely mentioned. However, many of the songs are ageless, and older members can fill in newer ones on the backgrounds of the obscure songs.

As fast as people seemed to be writing songs, I really did expect to receive many more—and planned a second volume. But I received only three more songs! So they've been added, making a second edition.

People have tracked me down to ask about the availability of *Songs of Ansteorra* a couple of times in the last year, and the songs seem to be traveling on their own (Nerak la Tisserande recently told me that someone in Meridies sang a song and asked how she liked it. Her answer was, "Like it? I *wrote* it!"). I think they should be available with writers' names attached, and the Argent Anniversary seems like a good place for nostalgia.

If your name is (or was) Dragomyr the Cossack, Clefe Falestra, William Blackfox, Kyla Maire Reynolds of Galloway, Isolde Dion Euves d'Argent, Leta Amaryllis Goldenglow, or Dominick Latitia Fortenberry, please send me your address.

And by the way—I do know the identities of the anonymous and pseudonymous authors. I've just promised never to reveal their identities!

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Melusine Whitcroft". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large, decorative initial 'M'.

Ansteorra!

Might as well start with one of the patriotic ones...

Nerak la Tisserande

Tune: "Oklahoma!"

Ansteorra! Where the Mongols sweep down from the plain,
And the Viking fleet lies off the beach,
And the sun comes right behind the rain.

Ansteorra! Where my fair lady will cry,
And cheer for me, in the melee,
While the vultures circle in the sky.

You know we will fight for our land,
If the Middle should get out of hand; (insert kingdom of choice)
And when we cry, "To the death!" And, "Let the Middle die!"
We're only saying, "You're going far, Ansteorra! Ansteorra, Black Star!"

Grinsleeves

...and move right on into the "otherwise." I think everyone can sympathize with this poor lord.

Telbyrne Morningstar

Tune: "Greensleeves" (of course!)

Alas, my love, you've done me dirt,
You've sewn green sleeves to my purple shirt.
And then you did the worst of all...
You made me go out and wear it.

Chorus: Oh, what a dismal fate,
To be seen at events in this terrible state.
Oh, how I wish I could be late—
Say, seven days after it's over.

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

Chorus: ...Say, seven weeks after it's over.

Alas, my love, I'm born to lose,
You've tied pink bows to my orange shoes.
And done my hair in wave and curl...
My mother now thinks I'm a girl.

Chorus: ...seven months...

Alas, my love, we'll have to leave,
Someone just insulted my beautiful sleeve,
And questioned my taste inn every way...
by God, he said I must be gay.

Chorus:
Oh, what a dismal fate,
To be seen at events in this terrible state.
Oh, how I wish I could be late—
Say, seven years after it's over.

Gory

And then there are war songs, Society-type.

Nerak la Tisserande

Tune: "Lovely" from *My Fair Lady*

All I want is a war somewhere,
Far away from a mundane care,
With all the knights there—
Oh, wouldn't it be gory!

Oh, so gory swinging swords
from left to right,
After battle we can revel
through the night!

Lots of helmets for me to cleave,
Lots of widows to cry and grieve;
I'm itching now to leave—
Oh, wouldn't it be gory!

Bashing mace into someone's head,
Gunch him good until he's dead.
Oh, see the creek run red—
Oh, wouldn't it be goryious?

For This My Home

This is the first of the serious type, to be sung when you feel like tears.

Simonn of Amber Isle

Tune: "Green Beret"

Carry me home upon my shield,
Bear me high o'er road and field.
Let me know the touch of cleansing wind
In this my home, in this my home.

And when you carry me through the square,
Bear me proudly, don't despair!
I gave my life that you cold live
In this my home, in this my home.

If loved ones ask you how I fell
Within the fray, I charge you well,
Tell them I fought until the end
For this my home, for this my home.

When at last you bury me,
I want no tears, nor eulogy!
Just let me rest deep in the earth
Of this my home, of this my home.

Place my sword hilt within my hand.
Though it is broken, understand:
Like me, it gave all it could give
For this my home, for this my home.

Ansteorran Anthem

And more patriotism.

Kubric Spelldragon

Tune: "Finlandia"

Dear Land we love, All hail Ansteorra.
Thy honor fields reflect fond memories.
We pledge to thee, our faith and true devotion,
And pray that we bring honor to thee.
Thy revel halls shall never sing thy glory,
Dear Ansteorra, land that we love.

Farewell to Ansteorra

One we all hope never to sing in earnest.

From *Gesta*
Alaric ap Morgan

Tune: "Farewell to Nova Scotia"

Chorus: Farewell to Ansteorra, that sun-blessed land,
Let your hamlets bright and cheery be!
When I am far away over mighty mountains tall,
Will you ever breathe a sigh or a wish for me?

I hate to leave my native home,
I loathe to leave my comrades all.
But I must hie away over hill and plain,
For my captain calls, and I must obey.

Chorus

My own true love did bid me stay,
She would not part our company.
But honour calls, "To horse and away,"
For no slight can mar our Princedom free.

Chorus

Red War does cry at every side.
our swords are broken, bent, or dulled,
But Ansteorra stands as a shield in the Sun,
And Honour and Glory shall e'er be our Pride.

Chorus

I lay me down this night to die.
My wounds are grievous, I've greatly bled,
But Ansteorra's life means more than mine,
For love and Beauty must ne'er wash away.

Chorus

Ballad of the Silver Helms

Nerak la Tisserande

Tune: "Green Beret"

Fighting knights here to try,
Fearless men to challenge and die.
Men who mean just what they say,
The brave men of the SCA.

Chorus: In silver helms with colored crests,
These are knights, Ansteorra's best.
And all the squires hope someday
To be a knight of the SCA.

Trained to fight with sword in hand,
And on their honor they will stand.
Sworn to defend the one who may
Wear a crown of the SCA.

Chorus

Trained in court and skilled in game
Are the fighters who've won fame,
But it takes five peers to say
They're worthy of KSCA.

Chorus

Back at home, a lady waits,
Has her lord met his fate?
But here he comes in belt of white.
Her lord now is a knight.

Chorus

Put a silver helm on my son's head,
Teach him to fight or strike him dead.
He'll be a knight, I know some day,
So bring him up in the SCA.

Börachman Hymn

With the approval of Franz von Steffans, Warhaft of the Börachmen.

Tune: "The Marine Hymn"

From the ships beached on Ansteorran shores, To the mountains and beyond,
Tho' we're not aggressive in the least, To threats we will respond.
In hurricane or ice-storm, we will melee with the best.
We are the fighting Börachman, the first line of defense.

Melusine Whitcroft

The Hospitaller's Song

Very strange, this one! But if you remember the authors...

Vargskol Halfblood and the
Bjornsborg Tacky Songs Guild

Tune: "The Ants go Marching One by One"

The gentry are sleeping one by one, oyez, oyez...
The gentry are sleeping one by one, oyez, oyez...
The gentry are sleeping one by one,
It's very restful, but not much fun—
The gentry are sleeping anywhere they can!

...two by two...
A very period thing to do.

...three by three...
I think that's my hand on my knee!

...four by four...
On the furniture, on the floor.

...five by five...
With everybody except their wives.

...six by six...
With Ranyart up to his usual tricks.

...seven by seven...
Call in the knights [wenches] and we'll be in heaven.

...eight by eight...
Hurry up [name] or you'll be late.

...nine by nine...
I don't know why, it must the wine.

...ten by ten...
No one's asleep and it's morning again.

2nd ed.

God Rest Ye Frantic Autocrat

Dedicated to every autocrat of every event ever held in Ansteorra; most of the incidents mentioned have indeed occurred! And the rest almost did.

Tune: "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen"

Tivar Moondragon

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 lots of time, And don't get swept away:

Chorus: And sing ye in chorus: "Never again, never again,"
And sing ye in chorus: "Never again!"

(after every verse
except the last)

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

God rest ye frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
The herald's lost his voice
And he can't even cry "Oyez!"
The list-field's under water,
A tornado's on the way:

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,
The ants have eaten half the food
And carried your tent away,
Some mundane called the cops
And they took all the knights away:

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,
Tho' God knows how you'll pay:

God rest ye frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
It's getting cold, it just might snow,
You'd better start to pray,
The fire won't start, the food will spoil,
So serve it anyway:

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

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

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,
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!

I Want a War

This one came from Meridies!

Diarmuid MacSeumas O'Siodhachain

Tune: "I Want a Girl"

I want a war, just like the wars The knights of old did fight,
When warriors stood and fought, in bloody battle, good and hot, Through the day and night.
A good old-fashioned war with lots of blood, Just like Pennsic IV with lots of mud.
I want a war, just like the wars The knight of old did fight!

I Gotta Sword

Nicely sprightly.

Nerak la Tisserande

Tune: "I Got Shoes"

I gotta sword, you gotta sword, all us fighters got a sword.
Then I get to tourney, gonna take up my sword,
Gonna fight in the melee, melee, melee,
Everybody talkin' 'bout melee ain'ta gonna win,
Melee, melee, gonna fight in the melee.

I gotta shield...
...gonna take up my shield...

I gotta helm...
...gonna put on my helm...

I gotta bruise...
...get black and blue...

Dwarven Invitational

Don't Dwarves remind you of...well, maybe not all of them!

Melusine Whitcroft

Tune: "Teddy Bear's Picnic"

If you go out on the field today, you'd better not go alone.
It's lovely out on the field today, but nicer to stay at home.
For every Dwarf that ever there was is gathered there for certain because
Today's the day the Dwarves have their tourney.

Dwarven Invitation'1—They're having a lovely time today.
See them bash and gunch and slay to have a good time on their holiday!
See them toss the rock about, they love to roar and shout,
They're happiest when at war.
At sundown their Mother will come and take them home to bed
Because they're tired, little, six-foot Dwarves.

How Much Is That Rattan in the Garage?

The first line of this was sung by His Majesty Johann of Atenveldt upon returning from the garage of the Bordermarch Baronial Manor. (By the way, in order to fit the tune, "garage" is "gay'-rahj," and "rattan" is "rat'n.")

Nerak la Tisserande

Tune: "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?"

How much is that rattan in the garage? The eleven-foot Manowan stave?
How much is that rattan in the garage, The one that's intact, not shaved?

I heard of a tale of a dark lord With a saber that's made out of light.
I need a greatsword to protect me, And scare him away with one fight.

I don't want pine or balsa, I don't want a baseball bat,
I don't want five-foot pieces, 'Cause you can't make a greatsword from that!

Barnet 1471

No tune to this one; it's a very lovely poem on a historical topic.

Suleszka von Pferdenthal

A hundred knights in the cold grey dawn
With hot blood in their veins;
A thousand liv'ried men-at-arms,
Lie hidden in the lanes.

The fog is thick upon the ground,
The sun we cannot see;
No banners waving in the sky
To show the enemy.

We hear the horses neigh and snort,
The ground it starts to shake;
Across the heath and up the hill
The foe our line to break.

The whine of arrows through the air,
The cries of men in pain,
The clash of swords on mail and plate;
We hold against the strain.

The drifting fog begins to lift
To show, upon our flank,
The Sunne of York in splendor flown
To crush upon our rank.

Our hearts are filled with panic fear
As we strive to hold the field;
We press in close to guard our lord
From blows of bloodied steel.

Our men retreat now to a brook
Whose waters run with blood;
Our wounded fall with piercing cries
As we trample through the flood.

We know not why we fight these wars
For Red rose or for White;
We owe our service to our lord
For wrong cause or for right.

The devices of the warring sides
Fly out across the sun;
We know not which will hold the field
When this hard day is done.

The knight and the baron have no fear,
Their mounts are strong and fast;
We yeomen stand upon the ground,
And fight until the last.

We have no gold to ransom us,
There is no way to yield,
We cannot run so hard and swift—
So we die upon the field.

We are strong and simple men,
We've pledged unto our lord;
And hard we fight for the oath we swore
On the relics in his sword.

If York should win, then we will die,
With our traitor lord attainted;
We wear his livery and his badge,
With his arms our coats are painted.

God grant me now a final wish—
Their arrows sigh around me—
Return my soul to my freehold land,
Let the peace of earth surround me.

The Barbarian Song

First Barbarian Invitational, A.S. XII

From *Gesta* and *The Phoenix*
Sesto Marco Vareccio de CrucedeRosas

Lively molto marcato

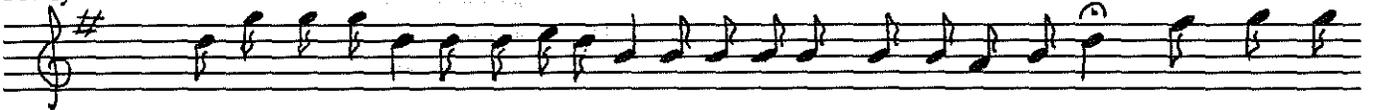


Chorus Oh we all sit at court, and talk of the sport of lopping off ev'ryone's head so we'll



cheer Till we're spent and we'll not be content until ev'ry last fighter is dead.

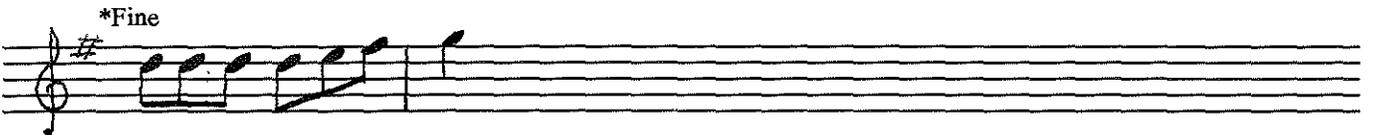
Freely



Verse 1. I play on the lute and sing of a brute a Behemoth called Hogan by name He's known for



his might and although he's not bright His mass puts Goliath to shame, Oh we



ev'ry last fighter is dead.

Chorus

Lord Ranyart, it seems, is the subject of dreams,
Of maidens, both portly and lean.
They all beat a path to help with his bath,
A cleaner man never was seen.

A lady can thrill with equestrian skill,
I speak of Suleszka, of course,
You may steal her Lord Jan, her house and beyond,
But don't lay a hand on her horse.

A man's ne'er been seen such as Lord Evergreen,
They say he's a gentleman born,
Though he's known for his manner, he's one of those planners
Who'll be in your tent before morn.

May all the saints bless the dear Lady Tess,
 We love to bring red to her cheeks.
 She's a beautiful sight, and wed to a knight,
 But at Moondragon's treasure she peeks.

To the newest of peers, let's all give three cheers,
 We sing of the battles he's won,
 He's now joined the knights, but the hardest of fights
 Is still keeping track of his son.

The ladies think much of Lord Tivar's touch,
 They say he has talented hands.
 The work of his fingers brings pleasure that lingers,
 But what of the work of his glands?

And now, to be sure, I must sing to Fleur,
 A charming and buxom young lass.
 She's well put together, and the men don't know whether
 To stare at her face or her—eyes.

Sir Randall can fight, and with all his might,
 He whacks them again and again,
 And when it's all done, and the battle is won,
 He finds that he's killed his own men.

A few had a whim to go for a swim
 (They were beginning to roast),
 A few came to look, and clothing they took
 To see who had reason to boast.

A lady's been seen, whose color is green
 ('Tis probably something she ate).
 You may answer her riddle, but don't try to fiddle
 Or you'll meet with an unpleasant fate.

Take care not to fall to the Siren's sweet call,
 To do so would cost you your life.
 If you go, my good man, you will die by her hand
 If not by the hand of your wife.

Oh, we sing of the fall of Amethyst Hall
 Of hangings, and warm sunny skies.
 Though we all came prepared, it must still be declared,
 That victory belonged to the flies.

I could sing of Jan, and Lord Tanasan,
 Of Orm and the rest of the throng,
 And avoiding the clench of the dread tavern wench,
 But my song is already too long.

I'm Going to War in the Morning

You know, when you're going to a Society war in a couple of days, you can find yourself singing these aloud in a crowd of mundanes! (This was for the first Aten-West War, when Ansteorra was part of Atenveldt, okay?)

Nerak la Tisserande

Tune: "I'm Getting Married in the Morning" from *My Fair Lady*

I'm going to war in the morning, with all the knights in a line.
See the barbarians, the weapons they're carryin'—
Oh, get me to the war on time.

I've got to be there in the morning, Shined up and wearin' all my mail,
Yellin' a cry, to win or to die—
Ansteorra cannot fail.

When they attack us with trumpet sound
That's when we'll pound them into the ground!

There is a war in the morning, Send out the heralds through the land.
We'll show the West, Ansteorra's best—
With Atenveldt, we'll make our stand.

In Melee

Doesn't everyone have second thoughts?

Tune: "Yesterday"

In melee—
All my troubles seem to start that way,
When I take the field to fight and slay—
Now I want to turn and run away.

Suddenly, I'm not half the man I used to be—
There's an axeman standing over me.
I'd love to turn my back and flee.

Why I had to fight I don't know—Prince didn't say.
I did something wrong, now I long to run away.

From melee—
All my troubles seem to start that way;
Well, I think I'll stay and fight today—
I love to fight in big melees.

Telbyrne Morningstar

[Faint, illegible text, possibly a list of names or a table of contents]

Ballad of the Men of Thornwell

For late nights in a tavern.

From *Gesta*
Suleszka von Pferdenthal

Tune: "The Ballad of the Trades"

Here's to the brave men of Thornwell,
Well known for their prowess in fights,
But it's only the ladies who know you the best
When the time comes to put out the lights.

Here's Orm, a lusty strong fellow,
Makes many men tremble with fear,
But his knees start to shake and he's heard to meow,
When a purring young kitten comes near.

And Turpin, our scholarly Turpin,
His prowess at chess it is great,
He knows all the gambits for taking a piece;
arms,
Three moves and he's ready to mate.
school.

Oh, Ranyart, he's famed as a wench,
you've heard of his name far and wide,
And just when you think that your lady's alone,
lass
You'll find Ranyart there by her side.

And Gylan's a mighty strong archer,
his arrow's shot straight to the mark,
And his aim's just as true, with a lass in his arms,
When he's loosing his shaft in the dark.

And Matthew, that red-haired young devil,
He's thought to be quiet and staid,
But he's rowdy enough to be raising some hell
When he's seeking the charms of a maid.

Stephen, he's known as a poet,
His ballads are sometimes risqué,
But there's many a maiden for miles hereabout
Who'll swear he excels at the lay.

Here's to young Raimond the Moon-Bear,
Though some think him naught but the Foole,
But he's clever enough with a wench in his

And he knows French they don't teach in

Here's to Sir Jan called the Eagle,
Unhorsing him many have tried,
But his lance is still stout, and there's many a

Who'll go with Sir Jan for a ride.

And Tanasan, Lord of House Thornwell,
He's proud and he conquers at will,
If it's out on the field, or in some lady's bed,
He handles his weapon with skill.

So here's to the brave men of Thornwell,
Be you scholars or fighters or lords,
But it's only the ladies who know you the best,
For your best thrusts aren't made with your swords.

War!

Absolutely had to be at least one tune from Camelot!

Nerak la Tisserande

Tune: "It's May"

It's war! It's war! The lusty state of war! That lovely game of armed conflict
That every knight waits for.

It's here! It's here! That bashing time of year!
When clouds of wicked arrows in flight Suddenly appear.

It's war! It's war! So blow the horn of boar
And charge the West See them retreat Isn't it neat—Just watch the Hippo's feet.

It's time to do a sneaky thing or two.
And we'll make each counter attack something the West will rue.

It's war! It's war! It's what we've traveled for.
So while we boast Of our great host Raising our tankards In a last toast
To the blessed state of war!

Commercial

Razors, swords—they're both sharp.

Nerak la Tisserande

Tune: "The Gillette Razor Song"

It looks sharp, and the edge is too,
A broad sword that is right for you.
It's good steel, so give a cheer—
The blade from Kirby Wise is here!

Almost a Limerick

The subject of this one has also been compared to a teddy bear—but don't wake him up in the middle of the night!
anonymous

A Samurai-Viking named John
Met four burglars with his katan'
The one's chest he cut,
Stabbed the other in the butt,
And the other two took one look at him in his dirty gray socks and ran like hell!

Sixteen Tons

Isn't it obvious?

Nerak la Tisserande

Tune: "Sixteen Tons"

A man-at-arms is made out of mud,
A squire is made out of muscle and blood,
Muscle and blood and you add some steel,
Then you've got a knight and you know that he'll

Chorus: Weigh sixteen tons, that's what you'll get,
With a knight in armor and you can bet
It'll take twelve men-at-arms with a winch and chain
Just to lower his helm down over his brain.

He's a gentleman fighter for the SCA,
Doesn't understand how he got that way,
learned how to fight with a sword and shield
And defend his honor out on the field,

Chorus: A-wearin' sixteen tons...

He was a crude barbarian a-fightin' out in the rain,
Till someone draped him with a belt and a chain.
Now he's a peer and a knight, they say—
We lose more good barbarians that way.

Chorus: He's wearin' sixteen tons...

My Broadsword

Understand Tom Mix used to kiss his horse, but we don't have many of those...

Kubric Spelldragon

Tune: "My Rainbow"

My Broad Sword, I cannot tell what you mean to me
With your strength, your weight and your accuracy.
If I could pattern my strife
On your great length and edge true,
A killing cut, right to the nut,
each time.

My Broad Sword, symbol of fighting strength ever true,
Inspire me to kill just with you.

I Am the Very Model of a Medieval Seneschale

Most of the seneschals I've known have been better than this!

William Blackfox

Tune: "I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General"

Note: The slashes are reference points to match the lyrics to the tune.

I / am the very model of a medieval seneschale,
I've / information marshallate, heraldic and monarchical
I / know the kings of Atenveldt in order alphabetical
I've / edited a monograph on armor theoretical...
I've / memorized the order of the Ansteorran precedence
and / all of the addresses of the monarchs' former residence,
Up/on the Kingdom chronicles I am a living indices...
Spoken: (Oh, dear...indices, indices, indices, Ah! I have it.)
And for / Kingdom publications I check everything the printer sees!

My / cumulative knowledge of the Ansteorran history
is / easily recitable and thoroughly a whiz for me
in / short in matters marshallate, heraldic and monarchical
I / am the very model of a medieval seneschale.

My ar/morial device has over twenty-seven quarterings
from / fimbriated dragons to eleven types of mortarings,
I / demonstrate my expertise on heraldry and loyalty
by / blazoning the arms of all the members of the royalty...
My / great familiarity with fighting in society
is / predicated by my own desire for variety.
I / fought in demonstrations, in the Crown and in the Coronet...
Spoken: (Oh, dear...coronet, coronet, coronet...ah! I have it.)
And with / all of my experience I haven't found it borin' yet!

I par/ticipate in melees and heraldic congregations with a
/ fervor one would only see in sexual relations but I
/ say in matters marshallate, heraldic and monarchical
I / am the very model of a medieval seneschale.

slowly

Though I / understand the duties of the other major offices...[pause]
as / seneschale I should be relegated to the novices...[pause]
al/though my past experience is varied and remunerat...[pause]
I / doubt that I could autocrat a dead canary's funeral!

The / shire that I serve has started falling into disrepair...[pause]
I / cannot keep the populace from disappearing everywhere...[pause]
the / herald lost his voice from telling me to take my last repose...
Spoken: (Ugh! repose, depose, verbose, mynose...oh yeah!)
And the / marshall took my sen-e-shal-late key and jammed it up my nose!

a tempo

My ad/ministrative skills are rivalled only by Caligula
the / royal board of inquiry declared the books ir-reg-u-la'
but / still in matters marshallate, heraldic and monarchical,
I / am the very model of a medieval seneschale!

A Slaying Song

Again from Meridies!

Diarmuid MacSeumas O'Siodhachain

Tune: "Jingle Bells"

Slashing through the foe on appointed battle day
Over the field we go smashing all the way!
Blades on helms do ring striking metal bright
Oh, what fun to fight and sing a slaying song tonight!

Chorus: Waving swords, Bórachmen hordes, raiding in the night,
 O what fun to clench-a-wench and booze and love and fight.

An Atenveldt King

The envelope of this one had no return address—guess the author wasn't interested in a free copy of the songbook!

C. Flavius Censor

Tune: "The M.T.A."
("The Man Who Never Returned")

Let me tell you of the story of an Atenveldt king
Who decided to levy a tax.
He said, "Seneschals, don't argue; just send me that tithe,
Or prepare your heads for the axe."

Shall we pay him or no, shall we pay him or no?
'Twas discussed both high and low—
From the newest hanger-on to BoD Almighty,
The debate raged to and fro.

Now upon Atenveldt the West declared war,
Many miles did the fighters fare.
When they got there the monarch told them, "Field maneuvers."
An official event he did declare.

Arrows and flails, oh, arrows and flails—
It never, never fails.
We'll have no war while he's on the throne,
So goodbye to arrows and flails.

And a revel was held in the Steppes Barony;
All night did the guests stay there.
But know you all, 'twas not their choice,
'Twas the king who reveled fore'er.

Let us depart, oh, let us depart,
For home, my lady, let us start.
But the king and his peers are locked in a room
With the keys to our dragon-cart.

Now all his reign long he rides through his kingdom
Crying, "Where may I rest my head?
I've no home of my own (nor farspeaker station) and
My subjects make me beg for a bed."

Where is the king? Where is the king?
The farspeak doth ring and ring.
He may roam forever through the realm of Aten,
An itinerant, homeless king.

Now you subjects of Aten, don't you think it's a scandal
How the king does whate'er he do please,
In despite of BoD and Corpora and custom,
With no thought of common courtesy.

What can we do? Oh, what can we do?
Is there no one to turn to?
He won't be king forever; it's a four-month reign,
Father Time will see us through!

It's a Small Shield After All

Embarrassed the poor knight to incoherency with this one!

Tune: "It's a Small Shield"

Nerak la Tisserande

It's a shield of black with a Tau cross white,
It's a shield that's seen many a fight,
Though it's perfectly round, and it weighs twenty pounds,
It's a small shield after all.

Chorus: It's a small shield after all, It's a small shield after all,
It's a small shield after all— It's Sir Sean's small shield.

When borne in battle against a foe,
That little shield seems to grow,
To the left and the right, and then high and then low,
'Till it covers from head to toe.

Chorus

Haiku

Reminiscent of every tourney the summer of A.S. XIII!

Lady, lost in black velvet darkness,
Brought back to me
By mosquitoes

from *Gesta*
Balthazar of Endor

Freaking the Mundanes

Such a fun game—perfectly innocent...and every verse true!

Nerak la Tisserande
Vargskol Halfblood
and sundry others

Tune: "Waltzing Matilda"

Once a noble Baron held his court in Bordermarch
Under the shade of the Library
And we sang as we marched down the sidewalk in our funny clothes
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Chorus: Freaking the mundanes, freaking the mundanes,
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me,
And we sang as we walked down the sidewalk in our funny clothes
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Went to the Steppes to hold a little melee there
Thousands of people came to see
And we sang as we swung our swords upon the soccer field
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Went to the *Norseman* to hear Lee Majors shout "O-Din!"
The price was right, we got in free!
And we sang as we sat and barfed into our paper bags
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Officer's meeting turned into a donnybrook
Out came the daggers, one-two-three
Varg wouldn't let us melee in his living room
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Once a Stargate lady went down to the laundromat
To wash the tabards, dirty from war
And she sang and she smiled as she folded the clean laundry
Chainmail doesn't wash out, you see.

In his black tights and velvet cape he pedals through the city streets
Chasing off dogs with his epee
And he smiles and waves as traffic stops left and right
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

In the junkyard they found domes of metal keen and bright
At which they hurled rocks with glee
And they danced and they sang envisioning new helms
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Once upon a Sunday night he pulled into a Texaco
On his way back from the tourney
And the gas jockey said, "Can I help you, Father?"
He was a-freaking the mundanes, you see.

third line for this chorus only:

And he smiled as he said, "No, thank you, my son,"

In Beaumont, Channel 12 was invaded in the night
Tessa wished to see herself on TV
The Ansteorran News Team and the Barbarian Weather Wench
Really freaked out the FCC!

He took his greatsword and his shield into the show room
"If they won't fit in the trunk, it's not the car for me!"
And the salesmen stood and gaped in shocked silence
He really freaked out the Ford Company.

Fighter practice in the park: a chiming from the road was heard.
"Stand and deliver!" cried the bold company
And they sang as they munched on their sno-cones and ice cream bars
You'll come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Don't sit at home and dream your dreams in solitude
This will be fun, I guarantee
Put on your costume, strap your weapon by your side
And come a-freaking the mundanes with me.

Tourney Time

Tune: "Summertime"

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Tourney time, and the drink flows freely, Melee's coming, and your hopes are high.
Oh, your sword is sharp, and your wench is good lookin', So, hush, little swashbuckler, don't you cry.

One of these tourneys, you're gonna rise to the top. You'll draw your sword, and your foes will flee.
Oh, your sword is sharp, and your wench is good lookin', So, hush, little swashbuckler, don't you cry.

Bide your time, keep on a-fightin', But until that tourney don't you cry.

Rhoadin the Viking

Rhoadin organized the Bōrachmen, who challenged the world—and won.

Melusine Whitcroft

Tune: "Frosty the Snowman"

Rhoadin the Viking was a very happy soul,
With his purple sash and his dragon ship with the shields hung in a row.
Rhoadin the Viking had a band of fighters bold,
And he led this band from land to land on a search for fun and gold.
There must have been some magic in that purple helm he wore,
For when he put it on his head, the Bōrachmen began to roar.
Oh, Rhoadin's Bōrachmen never failed in battle fell,
And they challenged all who would dare to brawl over all of Atenveldt.

Thumpity thump thump, thumpity thump thump, look at Rhoadin go,
Thumpity thump thump, thumpity thump thump, over the beaten foe.

Rhoadin the Viking was the ladies' favorite,
Tho' the lords don't know why it should be so, yet 'twas very definite.
Rhoadin the Viking was surrounded at all times,
By such a group, a lovely troop, femininity sublime.
Now whether it was his reckless grin or whether his eyes so blue,
The fact remains, it was no strain, he attracted not a few.
But Rhoadin the Viking, though he gloried in it all,
Had no favorite maid, tho' they cursed and prayed, and tried so to enthrall.

But Rhoadin the Viking met his conqueror at last,
Now no more he'll roam so far from home, 'cause from now on he's held fast.
There must have been some magic in her smile so fair to see,
She did what many before her tried, she brought him to his knees.
Oh, Rhoadin the Viking, like many another man,
Has forsaken a life that was full of strife; he's been tamed by a woman's hand.

Honeymoon Song

Written for Sebastian Eisenfaust and Maria Elayne von Schwangau.

The first verse is sung by the ladies to the Lord, the second by the lords to the Lady, &c; the last verse is sung by all to both.

Vargskol Halfblood

Tune: "The Saucy Sailor"

Ladies

On thy honeymoon, my lord Newlywed,
As thou lifteth her through door
In thine eagerness forget not the bed For it's softer than the floor!

Lords

Oh, milady, thou hast a master now
'Tis the man who wears the pants
Though we dare to hope 'tis not always so When the candle's out, perchance.

Ladies

And thou must not slump in they wedding clothes
That will not do at all
For thy lady fair now and evermore Thou must stand up straight and tall.

Lords

Thou art married now to a warrior bold
See thou helpst with his gear
Polish thou his sword and his helm of gold And look well to his spear.

Ladies

Thou must not dispute with thy lady fair
'Tis unseemly to bicker
To berate a wife ill becomes a man But 'tis all right to dicker.

Lords

Simple innocence best becomes a maid
E'en abed this is true
Never teach thy man any heathen ways Let him think he taught you.

Ladies

For a lady is passing delicate
Thou must not be bold and rough
She'll appreciate manly self-restraint Thrice a night should be enough.

All

If you truly do all we've bid you to
For as long as you are wed
Then we guarantee you will happy be
At least while you're abed.

Rising of the Star

The first one written for the incipient Kingdom, rather than the Principality!

Balthazar of Endor

Tune: "The Rising of the Moon"

Ah, then tell me, folks in Atenveldt,
O have ye heard it said
That the Sun upon yer banner
Has turned to bloody red?
We're comin' from the southlands
Ye don't know who we are.
We're the Boys from Ansteorra
With the Rising of the Star!
 With the Rising of the Star,
 the Rising of the Star
 We're the Boys from Ansteorra
 With the Rising of the Star

Many a foe has tried us
On many a bloody field,
A precious few have killed us
Because we never yield.
We've got powder for our cannon,
Grapeshot and boilin' tar
We're your friends from Ansteorra
With the Rising of the Star.

Now we have Sir Simonn
Who's called the Mountaingate.
That isn't silver acne—
He's just dressed out in his plate.
He's got shields made of iron
A sword made from a spar—
He's a Prince of Ansteorra
With the Rising of the Star.

The women of Ansteorra
They'll make you lovely wives,
But check their skirts and bodices,
They always carry knives.
They say that ironmongery
Their beauty will not mar.
They'll thrill you or they'll kill you
By the Rising of the Star

We're just psychotic killers
We like to maim and gunch
Don't pack us any basket
We'll just eat their dead for lunch
We're brothers of the Normans
And daughters of the Czar
We're the folks from Ansteorra
With the Rising of the Star.

Lord Lurker

Composed one night in a fit of giggles.

Kyla Maire Reynolds of Galloway
Isolde Dion Euves d'Argent
Leta Amaryllis Goldenglow
Dominick Latitia Fortenberry

Tune: "Swamp Fox" from the Disney TV show

Chorus: Lord lurker, lord lurker, net in her hand
She runs around with her lord lurker band.
Lord lurker, lord lurker, hiding in the glen.
She slips away to lurk again!

I dropped my net on a fair one's head
His startled cry, a signal clear!
And to the spot were quickly led
The sister lurkers far and near.

Chorus

We chase the lords that we prefer
We've never chanced to lose a one!
Only made 'em shout the louder
'Cause we don't mean to marry 'em!

We chased the King, with voice of honey
We never try to buy with money.
All of our efforts came to naught
his lowly squire was all we got!

Chorus

Those who search in grassy fields
Always get the better yield.
We've always got shelter when it rains
'Cause we've all got lurkers' brains.

Lurkers hidden across the land
They stick to their lurking band.
They ne'er try to understand
Why others never try their hand.

Chorus
repeat Chorus

Armor Up!

A delightful ditty.

Godfrey de la Fosse

Tune: "Buckle down, Winsocki"

When your life's in danger, armor up!
For a lady's honor, won't you armor up?
For a real good fight,
For a show of might,
Toss the glove, kiss your lady, then go out and armor up!

Simonn's Lament

Sir Simonn's favorite!

Telbyrne Morningstar



Oh, I wonder, yes, I wonder, when the fighting's over And the women cease to wail



Will I ride with my father's ancestors On a cold and sunless trail?

As I sit up on the mountaintop and look below,
 At the valley deep and wide,
 Then I hear the war-god's clarion
 As it calls on me to ride.

Oh, I wonder, yes, I wonder, when the fighting's over,
 And the warriors cease to fall,
 And the valley sings out joyously,
 Will I hear no songs at all?

Down below me in the valley they are fighting now,
 And I hear them call to me
 With the clash of battle and the screams of men,
 Like the roaring of the sea.

Oh, I wonder, yes, I wonder, when the fighting's over
 And when peace has come again,
 Will I ride home with the victors
 Or will I lie among the slain?

In the distance is the castle where she waits for me,
 It is hidden in the mist,
 And her eyes glisten softly as she waits to see
 Where my hawk will come to rest.

And I wonder, yes, I wonder, when the fighting's over
 Will she see my ride the field
 Clad in armor dull and bloody, or a single sheet
 Carried home upon my shield?

Oh, I wonder, yes, I wonder...

On the Ansteorran Throne

Tune: "On the Cover of the Rolling Stone"

Dragomyr the Cossack and Clefe Falestra

Well, we're Neanderthal swingers, we throw golden zingers
 And we fight wherever we go.
 We fight for blood and gore, and love of war,
 And 'cause the Knight Marshall says so.
 We practice all kinds of swings, shield bashes and things,
 But the thing we'll never know,
 Is the thrill you're gettin' with your armoured butt settin'
 On the An-ste-o-o-ran throne.

Chorus: (On the Throne...)
 Gonna sign an "X" to all decrees,
 (Throne...)
 Gonna do exactly as I please,
 (Throne...)
 Gonna make the Dwarves walk on their knees,
 On the An-ste-o-o-ran throne
 On the An-ste-o-o-ran throne.

I got a strange little lady, name of Chain-Mail Katy
 Who repairs my sword and shield.
 I got a page name Fred, who robs the dead,
 And carries me off the field.
 We've got all the wenches that money can buy,
 So we never have to be alone.
 But we never can bribe a foe to take a dive
 For the An-ste-o-o-ran throne.

Fight Song

This one just had to be.

Tune: "The Eyes of Texas"

Melusine Whitcroft

We will fight for Ansteorra, Land of the Lone Star,
 We will fight for Ansteorra, near home as well as far.
 Do not think you can escape, our loyalty's not torn;
 We will fight for Ansteorra, till Gabriel blows his horn.

Herald, won't you call, Herald, won't you call, Herald, won't you call my name?
 Herald, won't you call, Herald, won't you call, Me to fight today.

Somewhere there's a melee, Our enemy will yield. For peace they will pray as we take the field.
 A-singing, Rape, loot, pillage, and burn, Rape and loot and pillage and burn;
 Rape, loot, pillage, and burn, For home they soon will yearn.

The Fall of the Ansteorrans

The Ansteorran view of the first Burro Creek War.

Tivar Moondragon

(Previously published in practically everything.)

They crouched on the hill with their knees in the sand,
Before them the men of the western lands wavered.
The men of the Sun-Kingdom stood on each side of them,
The new Star, the Sable Star, holding the center.

Gold was their color with the star o'er their hearts.
Prince stood with commoner waiting to die.
Bright was the sunlight and green were the mountains;
Proudly they stood and loud challenged the foe.

The West would not answer them, moved to each side of them,
Fell back in fear of the gold and black Star';
Attacked first their comrades, the men of the Sun-Kingdom;
Brave men fell lifeless upon either flank.

The center held steadfast while three times their number
Broke on their shield-wall and fell to the blades.
Dukes, knights, and commoners stained the sand crimson;
High piled the bodies and hindered their way.

Slowly, oh slowly, the shield-wall crumbled;
By bloody inches the black Star gave way.
At last they were all dead, and many died with them,
And a few battered fighters of the West held the field.

Loud are the dirges in the West kingdom castles,
Our ladies cry softly with pride in their tears.
They hold the victory, but we hold the glory,
As we ride through the mountains, our faces toward home.

My Ghod, How the Money Rolls In or, What We Did to the T.R.F. This Year!

Some of this is really true!

Nerak la Tisserande

Tune: "My God, How the Money Rolls In"

We loaded the boffers with chain mail
To make sure that some fool would win,
We even put grease on the logs—
My Ghod, how the money rolls in!

Chorus: Rolls in, rolls in,
 My Ghod, how the money rolls in, rolls in,
 Rolls in, rolls in,
 My Ghod, how the money rolls in.

Sir \$imonn he straddled the log
A-wearin' his legs made of tin
There's no way for that knight to lose—
My Ghod, how the money rolls in!

Chorus

Janét has a metal detector
It'll ring for the head of a pin
She searches the hay for quarters
My Ghod, how the money rolls in!

Chorus

Tivar's out posing for pictures
A-wearing a big silly grin
He then holds the camera for ransom
My Ghod, how the money rolls in!

Chorus

The swashers were buckling in melee
A-whippin' their wires so thin
And then we all looted the bodies
My Ghod, how the money rolls in!

Chorus

Nerak took bets on the melees
The odds that she gave were a sin
And Telbyrne is singing for quarters
My Ghod, how the money rolls in!

Chorus

The Vikings were guarding the merchants
Well that was how it began
They called it a "Protection Service"
My Ghod, how the money rolls in!

The Ruler of All I See

Yet another from Meridies—by the author of "A Grazing Mace."

Starhelm Warlocke

Tune: (It's by Gilbert & Sullivan!)

When I was young, I served a term
As cabin boy to a Viking firm.
I raised the sails and pulled at the oar,
And polished up the dagger of the great Warlord—
 I polished up the dagger so carefully
 That now I am the ruler of all I see.

As cabin boy I made such a model
That they soon made me a junior warrior.
I swam through blood and waded through gore
And cleaved my foeman with a great war sword.
 I cleaved my foeman so carefully
 That now I am the ruler of all I see.

In cleaving foes I made such a name,
That a hero I soon became.
I wore soft leather and an iron shirt,
And with axe I caused great hurt.
 And with my axe I hurt so free
 That now I am the ruler of all I see.

Of warlike manners I acquired such a grip
I led out warriors in my own ship.
And that tiny ship I do deem
Was the best ship I had ever seen.
 And that tiny ship so suited me
 That now I am the ruler of all I see.

I grew so bold that I was sent
To burn a bishopric in Kent,
And since the time that Rome did fall
Did a chieftain gain such loot and all?
 And that kind of loot so suited me
 That now I am the ruler of all I see.

Now barbarians all, wherever you may be
If you'd like to rise to the top of the tree,
If you soul's not fettered to a peasant's hoe,
Get yourself an axe, shield and bow.
 And with such tools, make yourself free
 Until you're the ruler of all you see.

Coronet List

We had only one Coronet List in April. This is adaptable, yes?

Tune: "April Showers"

Nerak la Tisserande

When April tourneys, they come your way,
They bring the Tanist who'll rule in May,
So when they're fighting, have no regrets,
It isn't just a list, you know,
It's election by violence.

And when you see blood upon the field,
You'll know that someone has lost his shield,
So keep on looking for the Tanist,
You know it won't be long,
Whenever April tourneys come along.

Anachronist's Lament

And Mack wasn't ever a Society member!

Mack Pitchford

From Oh, What a Beautiful Cover!
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Tune: "Greensleeves"

Alas, my lady, you drive me mad
As you sing your song without ceasing;
When you are near that is all I hear
And my patience is slowly decreasing.

Greensleeves, is that all you know?
On the lute to pluck, on the pipes to blow;
If you do not change your tune,
I fear soon you will be black and blue sleeves.

319

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