

Under the Shield Wall

Words: Chidlock the Younger and Andrixos Seljukroctonis
Music: Under the Boardwalk

Oh when the sun is hot and your head's burning in your helm,
And though you fight and fight, neither side can overwhelm,
Under the shield wall, it's the place to be,
With my lady beside me, willingly.

Under the shield wall, where it's quiet and dark,
Under the shield wall, like our own private park,
Under the shield wall, polearms crashing above,
Under the shield wall, we'll be making love,
Under the shield wall, shield wall.

Oh it's the safest place that fighter can ever be.
No weapon reaches there to break our sweet tranquility,
Under the shield wall, out of the sun,
With my lady beside me, we'll be havin' fun.

Chorus

So when the sides are joined, and you find yourself in the press,
Why don't you join me there and take a break from battle stress,
Under the shield wall, it's the place to be,
With my lady beside me, camally.

Chorus

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The (Completely Unofficial) Calontir Army Fighters' Authorization in CHOIR Songbook

Pennsic XXX edition

A Grazing Mace

A grazing mace, how sweet the blow
That killed a wretch like me.
I once was up but now I'm down.
A grazing mace killed me.

That mace has slain ten thousand foes
All sweating in the sun.
I'd no more grace to duck that mace
I was ten thousand one.

My knight has promised help for me
He'll save my ass for sure.
He will my shield wall anchor be
As long as life endure.

A grazing mace, how sweet the blow
That killed a wretch like me.
I once was up but now I'm down.
A grazing mace killed me.

Calontir Stands Alone

Words: Brom Blackhand

Tune: Johnny Comes Marching Home

O, Ladies and Lords of Calontir, Waes Hael, Drink Hael,
Please gather around and lend an ear, Waes Hael, Drink Hael,
O, gather around and lend an ear,
I'll sing you a song of Calontir,
And you all shall know why Calontir stands alone.

We're far from the Northwoods Barony, Waes Hael, Drink Hael,
And damn near as far from Treegirt Sea, Waes Hael, Drink Hael,
And Rivenstar with its flag unfurled
Is damn near the other side of the world,
O, that's one good reason that Calontir stands alone.

We've got our own brand of chivalry, Waes Hael, Drink Hael,
We fight for the love of battle, we, Waes Hael, Drink Hael,
And on battlefields many we've stood the test,
Proved our bravery, skill, and our honor's the best,
We shall smite our foes till Calontir stands alone.

Our tourneys and feasts to none compare, Waes Hael, Drink Hael,
And good times with us are far from rare, Waes Hael, Drink Hael,
Let all come to us, for our food is good,
And there's merry song in our halls and woods,
That's just one more reason why Calontir stands alone.

O, Ladies and Lords of Calontir, Waes Hael, Drink Hael,
Put your hearts into what you do this year, Waes Hael, Drink Hael,
And in the end the world will see,
A kingdom proud and strong and free,
On that bright high day when Calontir stands alone.

Cheer

Words: Fernando Rodriguez de Falcon and Lyriel de la Foret

Tune: Bird of Prey March Leslie Fish

March. The Tuchuks aren't as bad as Pavel told you.
Cheer. The Middle King won't piddle you away.
March. They've said that there'd be allies right beside you.
Cheer. They promised us that they won't run away.

Chorus

Cheer. We'll never live to victory.
Cheer. We'll never live to hear the cannon's roar.
The gold bird of prey, it will carry us away,
And we'll never see our homeland anymore.

March. 'cause Calon never musters till the horn blows.
Cheer. Cause Drix would never wake us 'fore mid-day.
March. We won't stand in the sun, our helmets baking.
Cheer. They promised us we'll start on time today.

Chorus

March. At Pennsic we have only perfect weather.
Cheer. The Serengeti's filled with shady trees.
March. This year we won't be crammed in close together.
Cheer. They told we'll have all the room we please.

Chorus

March. They swear they're serving only bottled water.
Cheer. There's really no such thing as Pennsic Plague.
March. The King says he won't lead you into slaughter.
Cheer. They promised us they'll call no holds today.

Final Chorus

Cheer. We'll never live to victory.
Cheer. We'll never live to hear the cannon's roar.
The gold bird of prey, it will carry us away,
And we'll never see our homeland anymore.

Or the Tiger of the East we will make a bloody feast,
And we'll never see our homeland anymore. (slow)

[Estrella alternate ending:]

Or the Cruel Aten Sun it will kill us every one,
And we'll never see our homeland anymore. (slow)

Cruiskeen Lawn (Crúiscín Lán)

Let the farmer praise his grounds, let the huntsman praise his hounds,
Let the shepherd praise his dewy scented lawn;
But I, more wise than they, spend each happy night and day
With my darlin' little cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn
Oh, my darlin' little cruiskeen lawn.

Chorus

O grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín
Sláinte geal mo mhúimín.
Grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín lán, lán, lán
O grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín lán.

Immortal and divine, great Bacchus, god of wine
Create me by adoption your own son.
In hopes that you'll comply, that my glass shall ne'er run dry
Nor me darlin' little cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn
Me darlin' little cruiskeen lawn.

Chorus

And when grim death appears,
In a few but happy years,
To says "Ah won't you come along with me";
I'll say, "Begone, you knave,
"For King Bacchus gave me leave,
"To fill another cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,
"To fill another cruiskeen lawn!"

Chorus

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips a-dry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,
To fill another cruiskeen lawn.

Chorus

Drums in my Heart

Lyrics: Nasir al Tawil

Tune: Scotland the Brave

**Drums in my heart are drumming; I hear my Kingdom calling,
My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.**

Some Kingdoms have great sons; ours has the greatest ones,

My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.

We'll meet 'em at the shore, wade thru the blood and gore,

My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.

Drums in my heart are drumming; I hear my Kingdom calling,

My bonnie Calontir is calling to me.

Drums, drums, drums, drums.

Swords off of helms are ringing; we're in the battle singing,
We'll stand and never fall, behind the shield wall,

We'll greet 'em on the field; we'll fight and never yield,
We'll rise above the clamor, fight for the falcon banner,

Our army loves a warring; waste not a minute whoring,
My lord I hit your head, YOU'RE SO FUCKING DEAD!!!

Drums drums drums drums drums (fading)

Hal's Song (The man o'war)

words: Marcus de la Foret

tune: Man O' War

Ohhhh, the Good Queen's Ship Elizabeth
She is a Man O' War (Tammy!)

I wish I were the cannoneer
aboard that man o'war (Tammy!)
chorus

Hal's gone away aboard a man o'war.

Brave work me boys.

Pretty work I say.

Hal's gone away aboard a man o'war.

Stephen is the helmsman
aboard that man o'war (Tammy!)
chorus

Hal, he is the admiral
aboard that man o'war (Tammy!)
chorus

If you sail with Calontir
You'll ride a man o'war (Tammy!)
chorus

For Crown and For Kingdom

Words and Music: Conn MacNiell

Chorus:

Hay-O for the falcon who's banner flies o'er us,
Hay-O for the King marching mighty before us,
Hay-O Calon warriors sing loud the chorus,
For Crown and for Kingdom, 'gainst the foes of our land!

Fierce men-at arms to their brothers are banding,
Fearlessly shoulder to shoulder are standing,
Blood and bones sundered in tribute demanding,
For Crown and for Kingdom, 'gainst the foes of our land!

Chorus

Harken bold Fyrdman, the King calls the levy,
The men thou hast felled in his battles are many,
Slake thirsting spear points on what's 'neath the byrnies,
For Crown and for Kingdom, 'gainst the foes of our land!

Chorus

Huscarl drain fully the horn filled to brimming,
Lead now the war host in battle-song singing,
Lead into slaughter and wild weapon ringing,
For Crown and for Kingdom, 'gainst the foes of our land!

Chorus

Knight gird the sword belt, for nigh draws the hours,
The slain and the wounded bear witness your power,
To fealty's fulfillment rides chivalry's flower,
For Crown and for Kingdom, 'gainst the foes of our land!

Chorus

Fyrdmen on Campaign

by Marcus de la Foret

They say we're just the levee, the farmers from the field
But when we form our wall of men we're sworn to never yield

chorus:

Strike a blow for freedom, then strike one for the land
When a fyrdman strikes a blow, there's iron in his hand
And now you will put down your plow and now your spearhead hone
For when a fyrdman strikes a blow he never stands alone.

Our weapon is but a cheap spearhead upon an ashwood pole
but when we take the field to fight it's victory that's our goal.
chorus

A viking's chest well sheaths my point as he lifts up his axe.
His eyes beg me for mercy. I grant it with my seax.
chorus

The yeoman fyrd stand in great rank. Their shafts on sinew taut.
Hardrada's men pay with their lives and lie in land they bought.
chorus

I don my father's byrnies. 'tis taut across my limbs.
I pray it will do more for me than 'ere it did for him.
chorus

A Huscarl from the best of us we pay to armor fine.
He lives now for his soldiering with Harald he will dine.
chorus:

Strike a blow for freedom, then strike one for the land
When a fyrdman strikes a blow, there's iron in his hand
And now you will put down your spear and now you will head home.
Knowing when you're called again you will not stand alone.

The Hamster Song

Words: verses 1,2,3 and 5 Chrystofer Kensor, verse 4, the thugs, verses 6 and 7 Andrixos Sejukroctonis

Music: The Ballad of the Green Berets

Fighting hamsters from the sky, Some will live and some will die;
Hamsters have nothing to fear, The fighting hamsters of Calontir.

Silver tape upon their backs, A broadsword is all they lack;
Fifty hamsters fight a war, They won't win without fifty more.

Trained by jumping off the roof, Trained in combat – tooth to tooth;
Hamsters fight both far and near, The fighting hamsters of Calontir.

Riding high upon our helms, Their war-cry – it overwhelms;
All opponents become weak, At their fearsome "squeaky-squeak".

Back at home, Pavel waits, His fighting hamster has met his fate;
He has died drinking beer, The fighting hamster of Calontir.

Estrella verse:

Once again it's off to war, This time we number a dozen more (alt: but a score)
We will fight for those in need, So this year it's with Caid. (alt: Once again,...)

Fighting hamsters jump from planes, Fighting hamsters fall like rain;
Some will live, but most will die, Stupid creatures cannot fly!

We Be Soldiers Three

*We be soldiers three,
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie,
Lately come forth from the low country,
With never a penny of money.*

Here good fellow I drink to thee,
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie,
To all good fellows where ever they be,
with never a penny of money.

Here good fellow I'll sing you a song,
Sing for the brave and sing for the strong.
To all those living and those who have gone,
With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie,
pays for the shot what ever it is,
with never a penny of money.

Hit 'em Again

Words: Marcus de la Foret Tune: Paddy on the Railway

At first in AS twenty one
They hit our shield war at a run
And that is how the war's begun
Fightin' in the shield wall.

Chorus:
Hit 'em again until they fall.
Hit 'em again until they fall.
Hit 'em again until they fall.
Fightin' in the shield wall.

And then in AS twenty two
We adomed our helms with tape
of blue
The King of Caid knew what to
do
He fought inside the shield wall

Chorus

And then in AS twenty three
The King of Calontir honored me.
He said a fyrdman you will be
For Fightin' in the shield wall.

Chorus

And then in AS twenty four
We headed east to the Pennsic
War
At falcon's bridge each slayed a
score
From safe inside the shield wall.

Chorus

And then in AS twenty five
I found myself more dead than
alive
Curse the luck that I survived
Get back into the shield wall

Chorus

And then in AS twenty six
We had to fight those tuchux
pricks
They'll die to guns but not to
sticks
Fightin' against the shield wall

Chorus

And then in AS twenty nine
I earned a rest behind the line
They gave me a harp and wings
divine
For fightin' in the shield wall

Chorus

And then in AS twenty ten
I found myself back on it again
Between a knight with a bodhran
and a baldric'd wren
Fightin' in the shield wall.

Chorus

Hotspur

Words and Music: Andrew of Wolverwood

Squire, bring my armour, my sword and my destrier,
I've raised an army to break Henry's power.
South from the Humber, we'll march to the Severn,
With Douglas of Scotland, to join with Glendower.

Ready your weapons and don warlike harness,
The King rides to greet us at Shrewsbury town.
He'll pay what he owes me, or fight on the morrow,
The Blue Lion of Percy will bloody the ground.

Hal Prince of Wales, has brought forth an army
To halt us he's planning, he'll bar nought to me.
Yon rides his father, a king made by Percy
His host in the thousands, a hard fight 'twill be

So let loose your clothyards, my stout Cheshire yeomen,
The hiss of your bowstrings, 'tis soft as a sigh.
Now King's knights you've halted, so up roar the horsemen
We charge for the center, brave Douglas and I.

Lay low a sergeant, and then slay his master,
Rend through the armour, and hew clear a way.
There by the banner, a king rides before me -
I swear by my honor, 'tis his final day.

But Prince Hal has broken my right wing of battle,
And he's for his father a-whirlin' around
Now one of his yeomen has sent me an arrow,
The Blue Lion of Percy is pulled to the ground.

(softly)

Squire bring my armour, my sword and my destrier,
I'll live forever, to spite Bolingbroke.
Know then of Hotspur, who died by the Severn,
And list what was heard when Lord Percy spoke:

(rousing)

Ready your weapons and don warlike harness
The King rides to greet us at Shrewsbury town.
He'll pay what he owes me, or fight on the morrow,
The Blue Lion of Percy will bloody the ground.

Knight's Leap

Words: Charles Kingsley Music: Leslie Fish

Now, the foemen are burning the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and gone?
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
I'll never drink but the one.

And bring my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead him 'round by the door;
He must take such a leap tonight, perforce,
As a horse never took before.

*I have fought my fight, I've lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trieste to Cologne 'twas never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine!*

Well, I've lived in the saddle for twoscore years,
And if I must die on a tree
This old saddle-bow that bore me of yore
Is the only timber for me.

Now, to show to Bishop, to Burgher, to Priest
How the Altenahr hawk can die.
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest
He will take to his wings and fly!

CHORUS

So he harnessed himself in the pale moonlight
And he mounted his horse at the door
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine
As a man never drank before.

Then he spurred his old war-horse, held him tight
And leaped him over the wall
Out over the cliff, out into the night
Three hundred feet to fall!

CHORUS

He was found next morning in the glen below
With not one bone left whole:
Say a mass or a prayer, good travelers all*
For such a bold rider's soul!

CHORUS

Leaving Song

-Andrixos Seljukroctonis

Chorus:

*Farewell, my companions, my comrades from birth,
Well tested swordsmen who wander the earth.
Many a bottle we've emptied in mirth
And in many a battle we've proven our worth.*

From far Northern lands where the summers are cold,
We were called to the City with purses of gold
To guard ton Sebaston,* his birthright to hold
Now I'll stay in the City, 'tis here I'll grow old.

My kin won't believe it, they'll think me quite odd,
Abandoning One-Eye for the True Christian God
Deserting my farmstead, its black fertile sod,
But tell them of gold-pav-ed streets that I trod.

Take word back to Inge, on outflowing tide,
I can't keep my promise to make her my bride
Since raven-haired Zoe has come to my side,
But these three bags of gold my soften her pride.

No more will I travel, no more will I roam,
No more will I wander on salty sea-foam,
I'll live out my life within sight of the Dome
In the Jewel of Cities, this place called New Rome.

You go back to your kinsmen, your duty is done.
But I'll stay in the City and bask in the sun.
Think of the good times, the battles we've won,
The women we've chased and the songs that we've sung.

God bless `oi Farangoi* of noblest birth,
Sweetest sword-brothers in all the wide earth.
Nothing can ever replace your sweet mirth,
And as long as I breath, I shall sing of your worth.

* Tone Se-BASS-tone (The Emperor)
*Hoy Vair-EN-Goi (The Varangians)

Men of Harlech

Men of Harlech, stop your dreaming
Can't you see, their spear points gleaming
See their war-like pennants streaming
To this battle field

Men of Harlech, stand ye steady
It can not be ever said ye
For the battle were not ready
Welshmen will not yield

From the hills surrounding
Cannon balls abounding
Some of all that's gone before
This mighty force surrounding

Men of Harlech on to glory
This will ever be your story
Keep these burning words before ye
Welshmen never yield.

The Navy of Calontir

Words: Wolfgang Zungewohle von Volkersheim mka Steve Westerman

Music: Bonnie Blue Flag

When I saw all the fighters lugging tons of gear,
I thought I'd have it easier in the Navy of Calontir.
With lots of swash and buckle, a tot of rum for cheer,
I'd like to be a sailor in the Navy of Calontir.

Chorus:

*Yo-ho! Yo-ho! On land we'll sail our boat.
We'll hit the deck, but won't get wet, with never a ship afloat.*

I've heard of lady swabbies, buxom without peer.
I had to join and ride the waves in the Navy of Calontir.
With little competition, I found my new career.
And now I am a sailor in the Navy of Calontir

Chorus

So think of all the fighters with bungs 'cross their rear.
You never have to mess with that in the Navy of Calontir.
So sit and suck your Gatorade; I'll be drinking beer!
Don't you wish you'd signed aboard the Navy of Calontir.

Chorus

Henry V, Act 4, Scene 8 Henry V

KING HENRY V:

Do we all holy rites;

Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum;'

The dead with charity enclosed in clay:

And then to Calais; and to England then:

Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

Non Nobis from Henry V (The version sung by the Calontir Army)

Words: Psalm 115:1 Tune: Patrick Doyle

Non nobis, Domine, Domine,

Non nobis, Domine,

sed nomini, sed nomini, tuo da gloriam.

None but Calontir-O (Short Version)

Lyrics: Baron Hrolf Ulfsson

Tune: Follow me up to Carlow

Huscarl arise from revelry Drink one last toast to gallantry
Then join with king and chivalry To march against the foe
Fyrdman take your spear in hand Let every able fighter stand
To guard the honor of our land To battle we must go!

Chorus:

Lift your eyes to the skies, Where the Golden Falcon flies,

Screaming out its battle cries, To fill the foe with fear-O.

Don your helm and raise your shield, Cry "Advance!" and never yield,

Till standing on that glorious field Is none but Calontir-O

In olden days ye one and all In answer to the warriors call
Did sally forth from hearth and hall The enemy to face
Ya bravely served the Middle Crown And with yer deeds ye won reknown
As many foes ye battered down With axe and bloody mace!

Chorus

Now lift the flag so all can see The symbol of our sovereignty
And know that we will bend our knee For no man but our King
The time for war again is here The enemy is drawing near
And listening with wary ear So let him hear ya sing!

Chorus

Pavel's Song

Words: Conn MacNiell

Music: Minstrel Boy

Iosivich to the war has gone; On the Pennsic field you will find him.
His groin protection he has girded on And decorum slung behind him.

"Oh, taste my steel and die!", he cries,

As he hacks and stabs and charges;

For twenty wounded spearmen make

One hell of a juicy target!

Oh Pavel fought and the Tuchux fell

'Neath his weapons bloody and fearsome.

They spy a wren on a tabard of green And they flee in fear before him.

But do they flee for fear of death?

Or do they fear dishonour?

More likely still, I think they fear

The odor of his armour!

The Quest

Lyrics by: Rudyard Kipling.

The knight came home from the quest, muddied and sore he came,
Battered of shield and crest, bannerless, bruised, and lame.
Fighting we take no shame; better is man for a fall.

Chorus:

Merrily borne, the bugle-horn answered the warder's call:

Here is my lance to mend (harrow!); Here is my horse to be shot;

Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long,

But I paid as good as I got. I paid as good as I got.

Oh, dark and deep was their van that mocked my battle-cry.

I could not miss my man, but I could not carry by.

Utterly whelmed was I, flung under, horse and all.

Chorus

My wounds are noised abroad, but theirs my foemen cloaked.

Ye see my broken sword, but never the blades she broke.

Paying them stroke for stroke, good hansel over all.

Chorus

My shame ye count and know, to say my quest is vain,

But ye have not seen my foe, ye have not told his slain.

Surely he fights again and again, but when you prove his line

There shall come to your aid my broken blade

In this last, lost, fight of mine!

Chorus

Raven Banner

Words: Debra Doyle Tune: Melissa Williamson

Sigurd, the jarl of the Orkney Isles, has called to his banner a Viking band,
And sailed to Dublin to make himself King of the Irish land.
But crowns are never so quickly won, the Norms, they well know --
The king of the Irish blocks our way. We must to battle go.

The raven banner of the Orkney jarl brings luck in battle, but its bearer dies.
Two men have fallen 'neath its wings today, but still the raven flies.
The jarl tells a third to take it up. The third man answers no.
"The devil's your own, take it up yourself, and back to battle go."

"'Tis fitting the beggar should bear the bag," replies the jarl, "And I'll do so here."

He fought with the banner tied around his waist and fell to an Irish spear.
He died and the Irish broke our line. We had no chance but flight.
But I'm not worried -- it's a long way home; I won't get there tonight.

The Norms have woven a bloody web, tapestry woven of guts and bone,
And parceled it out to the Orkney host -- our day in Ireland's done.
The grey wolf howls and the ravens soar above the arrow's flight,
And Odin is waiting beyond the fray for some of us tonight.

Song of the Calon Huscarl

Tune & Words: Angus of Blackmoor

Stand tall the mighty Huscarl, Guardian of our King,
Laying low the bitter foemen, As the falcon takes to wing.

Huscarl, Huscarl,
You shall guard our land.
But we shall 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.

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

And now the battle's over, Our King stands all alone,
Around him fallen Huscarls, Whose axes shattered bones.

Requiem for A Huscarl by-Andrixos Seljukroctonis

Swiftly we've striven from slaughter at Stamford,
And yet a new foe we must face.
As sure as Hardrada lies pierced by an arrow,
The Norman will soon know his place.

For I am a warrior of the king's Huscarls
A deep biting axe in my hand.
And as long as God grants me breath in my body
I'll fight to defend the king's land.

For half a score years I served under Edward,
In feast and in bounty did share,
And now with my body I make good the bargain,
I fight to defend the King's Heir. (For)

In the North the King's brother, the base Earl Tostig,
Did seek the King's crown with his swords.
To add to his treason he called 'cross the water
For Sigurthsson's grim-visaged hordes. (But)

At York we did muster and march forth to battle,
They thought they were out of our reach.
Unarmoured they fell there, like lambs at the slaughter,
Their byrnies laid out on the beach. (and)

We've gathered about us the fyrd of the country,
From every shire and hide.
Each bearing an iron-tongued spear hewn of ashwood
And a strong stout saex knife at his side. (but)

We've set up the shields at the top of a hillside,
The locals, they call it Senlac
For hour after hour, they press in amongst us,
But still we repulse thier attack. (And)

At last by our valour, their battle-line's broken
Their horsemen now run in retreat.
And now we pursue them like wolves after cattle.
This part of the battle is sweet. (and)

But lo, now a sharp barb has pierced through my armor,
I fear that my days now are done.
Yet as I lie dying, I take final comfort,
For it seems that battle is won.

And I was a warrior of the king's Huscarls
A deep biting axe in my hand.
And as long as God granted me breath in my body
I fought to defend the king's land.

Song of the Shield Wall

Words: Malkin Gray Tune: Peregrynne Windrider

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 Vortigem'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-carts, 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!*

Bocephus Song

words: Marcus de la Foret tune: Song of the Shield Wall

Hasten oh Chevy over the dirt road
Foamy neck'd Bud's runnin' all over me.
Bocephus has called us from Graceland in Memphis
To Elvis' country his army to be.

We'll take our pickups and shoot guns and coon dogs
We'll raise some hell. Y'all wait and see.
Bocephus has promised us bars we can drink in.
Bars where we drink to old Robert E. Lee.

Steel-Shod Dance (for my Lady in Blue)

Words and Music: Andrew of Wolverwood

I battle for the lady in blue-o,
I carry her veil on my lance.
I face a very rough crew-o,
But how I love the steel shod dance.

Chorus

*So bring on your destriers tall,
Bring on your polished plate.
Bring on the best of the chivalry here,
I've a war lust to sate.*

The banners of the nobles swing round-o
The wind whips them out with a crack
They make the very same sound-o
As my first opponent's back

Chorus

A new challenger bears down-o
His lance settled firm in the rest.
I put him to the ground on his backside-o
And turn to a sterner test.

Chorus

We gather for the grand melee-o
A field full of armored knights,
We trample through the fading day-o
'Twas ne'er more chivalrous might.

Chorus

I live for the thundering hooves-o
I live for the crowd's blood-roar
For the chivalry and the honor-o
Of our little practice war.

Chorus