

A Calontir Post-Revel
Songbook

Primer



CREDITS

Songs edited by
Typed by
Proofread by

Chrystofer Kensor
Chrystofer Kensor
Katrãna op den Dijk
Andreas of Green Village
Rhianna of Ceffyl Twr
Chrystofer Kensor
Edward of Wyvern's Keep
Edward of Wyvern's Keep
Kinko's Copies
Easy Print Printing
William Blackfox

Collated by

Printed by
Additional Printers

Cover Art by

This is the Calontir Post-Revel Songbook Primer. It is not an official publication of the Society for Creative Anachronism, and does not delineate SCA policies. It is available from the editor for \$1.00 / volume (\$5.00 for the complete set) at 2818 Michigan, Topeka, KS 66605. This is a non-profit publication for the benefit of the populace.

A CALONTIR PEOPLES SONG GRIMOIRE volume 1



Original Song book cover by Lady Fianna n'ic Alisdair

CALONTIR'S TOP FIFTY

Another Tournament Fight	D-1	Conn McNiel
Ball of Ballyroor	C-1	various
Bare is the Brotherless Back	E-1	Aeruin ní hEaráin ó Chonemara
Bastard King of England	C-2	traditional
✓ Brom's Reign	D-2	Brom Blackhand
Calontir Game	E-2	Ekaterina Zvyosdosomtzeva Kievskaya
✓ Calontir Stands Alone	A-1	Brom Blackhand
Catalan Vengeance	E-3	Moses Ben Eldad
✗ Coeur d'Ennui Song	D-3	William Coeur du Boeuf
Duchess and the Lecher	C-4	
Dun Cow	D-4	traditional
Finnegan's Wake	B-2	traditional
Follow Me Up To Carlow	B-3	Patrick Joseph Mc Call
Gang Bang Song	C-5	various
Good Ship Venus	C-6	traditional
Great God Tyr	D-5	Ruyard Kipling
Greyhound Bound for Pennsic	E-4	Koshka
Hampster Song	A-2	Chrystofer Kensor
Hot Spur	A-3	Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood
Johnny I Hardly Knew You	B-4	traditional
Jolly Tinker	B-5	traditional
Killgarra Mountain	B-6	traditional
Knight's Leap	A-4	Charles Kingsley
Lament of a Novice	D-6	Moses Ben Eldad
Last Night I Stayed Awake	C-7	traditional
Limerick Song	C-8	various
Lord Charlie	D-7	Cipriano de Alvarez/Akim Yaroslavich
Lusty Young Smith	C-9	traditional
Moose Song	A-5	Thomas Payton
My God, How the Money Rolls In	C-10	traditional
None but Calontir-O	E-5	Hrolf Ulfsson
Paval's Song	E-6	Conn McNiel
Pict Song	D-8	Ruyard Kipling
Quest	A-6	Ruyard Kipling
Raven Banner	A-7	Malkin Gray
Rising of the Moon	B-7	John Keegan Casey
Rising O' the Star	E-7	Hrolf Ulfsson
Rollin' Back to Old Caid	E-8	Andrew Ward
Rollin to Jerusalem	E-9	Brom Blackhand
Rosin the Bow	B-8	traditional
Short Love Songs	C-3	traditional
Song of the Peoples	D-9	various
Song of the Shield-wall	A-8	Malkin Gray
Steel Shod Dance	A-9	Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood
Thor's Son	A-10	Robert E Howard
Two Magicians	B-9	traditional
Valen's Song	E-10	the Singing Bandits
Whack Their Pee-Pees	E-11	various
Wild Rover	B-10	traditional
William's Wall	E-12	Angus of Blackmoor
Zorebb's Song	D-10	Brümbar von Schwartzberg

ANOTHER TOURNAMENT FIGHT

(Tune: "Another Saturday Night")

CHORUS

Another tournament fight, and I'm battered and bloody;
I'm out of liquor and I can't get laid.
How I wish I could get it together, here in the S.C.A.

' Fought a tourney 'bout a week ago,
I was hoping to win a fight.
But alas I should have known it,
My first two opponents
Were six foot, five inch knights.

CHORUS

Well the revel it looked promising,
They brought in six big kegs of mead.
But within twenty minutes,
The mead it was finished
By the boys of the chivalry.

CHORUS

I was flattering a lady fair,
In hopes my charm, her favour would gain.
She said, "You'll never take me hostage,
"Though it's true I'm into bondage,
"But only with golden chains."

CHORUS

(Well) The solution's looking obvious...
You know you can't really drink or fight;
And you can't seduce a maid
'less you got a golden chain,
Spurs and a belt of white.

Another tournament fight and they're battered and bloody;
I got good liquor and I just got laid!
Now I've finally got it together, I won the accolade!

-Conn McNeal

THE BALL OF BALLYNOOR

They all came down to Ballynoor,
There there was a ball,
There also was a wedding,
But that ain't tellin' all!

CHORUS

Balls to your partner!
Arse against the wall!
If you canna get fucked on a Saturday night
You'll never get fucked at all!

First they did it simple
Each lad and lassie mated.
But pretty soon the fucking got
So fucking complicated.

There was doin' in the barley,
Doin' in the oats;
Most were doin' lassies,
But some were doin' goats.

There was buggery in the parlor,
Sodomy on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet
For the mass of public hairs.

Four and twenty virgins
Came down from Inverness
And when the ball was over
There were four and twenty less.

The queen was in the parlor,
Eatin' bread and honey;
The king was in the chambermaid,
And she was in the money!

The groom was all excited,
A-racing through the halls,
A stumblin' on his pecker,
And trippin' o'er his balls.

The parson's wife, she was there
And she was worst of all;
She pulled her skirt above her head,
And shouted "Fuck it all!"

The village cripple he was there
' Wasn't up to much.
Lining ladies against the wall
And fucked them with his crutch.

The village pervert, he was there
How do you fancy that?
Amusing himself by abusing himself
And catching the drops in his hat.

The county postman; he was there,
He had a dose of pox;
He could not fuck the lassies,
So he fucked the letter box.

The village blacksmith he was there,
A mighty man was he;
He lined the ladies against the wall
And fucked them three by three.

The village plumber, he was there,
He felt an awful fool;
He'd come eleven leagues or more
And forgot to bring his tool.

One female music maker
Was quite a sight to watch.
When she opened wide her legs
Sounds came from her crotch.

Jackie Stewart he was there
A lookin' for a fuck;
But every hole was occupied,
So he was out of luck.

Mike McMurdock when he got there
His prick was long and high;
But after fucking forty girls
He was fucking mighty dry.

When the ball was over
Every one confessed,
They all enjoyed the music
But the fucking was the best.

BARE IS THE BROTHERLESS BACK

(Tune: "The Nancy")

I sing here of a brotherhood as sharp as any spear,
As bright as the Falcon that soars o'er the glorious lands of Calontir,
As strong as the Lion's heart that roars in the land of the Sable Star,
As two great sovereign kingdoms side by side in every war.

For when there are fair grounds to take, and enemies in the way,
'Tis best to call the Falcons all and the Black Star Banner, hey!
And though the foes do fill the field, there's none can bar the way
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar will always win the day!

CHORUS

Vivat the Black Star! Hurrah for Calontir and Ansteorra!
The Lion and the Falcon stand together o'er the foe!

(Pennsic XIII)

When called to war out in the East, the Falcon she did fly,
And answered to the Dragon's call, "To war, or else to die!"
The Falcon called upon her kin, the Lion of the Star,
And side by side they fought and sealed a brotherhood of war.

For where there are fair grounds to take and Tygers in the way,
'Tis best to call the Falcon's Wall and the Black Star Banner, hey!
And though outnumbered six to one, there's none can bar the way
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar will always save the day!

(Atenveldt War)

When calls of war came from the South and reached the Falcon's ears,
She flew unto the Lion's aid to face the Aten spears.
Down in a ditch, and on a road, and in a field of hay,
These brothers fed Mother Atenveldt's dead to the ravens there that day!

For when your homelands are at stake and the Sun stands in the way,
'Tis best to call on the Falcons all, and the Black Star Banner, hey!
And though the foes do fill the field, there's none can bar the way
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar will always win the day!

(Pennsic XIV)

More calls of battle from the East, brought us to another war,
We fought in the woods, and we fought on the bridges as we had the year before.
The best of the Tygers fell to our blows in the bloodiest of the fray,
And once again, the Dragon was saved by the Lion and the Tyger that day!

For when there are fair grounds to take, and the Tyger's in the way,
'Tis best to call on the Purple Wall and the Black Star Banner, hey!
And though outnumbered ten to one, there's none can bar the way
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar will always win the day!

(Estrella II)

Out at Estrella Crescents came to war against the Sun,
Here the Lion and the Falcon battled back to back as one.
The ravens feasted on the victims of the the Purple Wall,
So the Abby and the Crescent Queen sent favour on to all.

For when there are fair grounds at stake, and enemies in the way,
It's best to call on the Falcons all, and the Black Star Banner, hey!
And though the foe do fill the field, there's none can bar the way,
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar will always save the day!

(Pennsic XV)

This time the Tyger called for help, we battled side by side,
Upon the field our foemen fell like wheat before a scythe!
We stole two banners on the bridge and kept three on a hill,
And parties went from dusk to dawn in the camp that came from helllllll!

For when there are fair grounds at stake, and Dragon's in the way,
It's best to call on the Mobile Wall and the Black Star Banner, hey!
We'll keep your banner whole and sound or snatch it clean away,
For the Falcon's scream and the Lion's roar will always lead the way!

-Aeruin ni hEaráin ó Chonemara

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

Oh the minstrels sing of an English King
Who lived long years ago,
Who ruled his land with an iron hand
Though his mind was weak and low.
He loved to hunt the royal stag
Within the royal wood.
But better than this he loved the bliss
Of the pullin' of his royal pud.

CHORUS I He was dirty and lousy and full of fleas
His terrible tool hung down to his knees.
God save the bastard King of England.

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous dame,
A sprightly wench was she,
And she longed to fool with His Majesty's tool
So far across the sea.
So she sent a Royal message
With a Royal messenger
To ask the King to bring his ding
And spend a week with her.

CHORUS II He was dirty and lousy and full of fleas,
He had his women by twos and threes.
God save the Bastard King of England.

When Philip of France, he heard by chance,
He swore before his court,
"The Queen prefers my rival
Just because my dork is short!"
So he sent the loyal Duc d'Alsace
To slip the Queen a dose of clap
To pass it on to the bastard
King of England.

CHORUS I

When news of this foul deed was heard
Within fair Windsor's Walls
The King swore by the Royal Whore
He'd have the Frenchman's balls.
So he offered half his kingdom
And the hole of Queen Hortense
To any sod who brought him the rod
And the nuts of the King of France.

CHORUS II

So the brave young Duke of Buckingham
Betook himself to France
Where he made a pass, and stripped the sash
Of the Royal Pajama Pants
'Round Phillips dong he tied a thong,
Jumped on his horse and galloped along
Dragging the Frenchman back to England.

CHORUS I

Now the King threw up his breakfast
And he fainted on the floor,
For in the ride his rival's pride
Had stretched a yard or more.
And all the maids if Eng-a-land
Came down to London Town,
And shouted 'round the battlements
"To hell with the British Crown!"

CHORUS

So Philip of France usurped the throne.
His scepter was his royal bone.
God save the bastard King of England

SHORT LOVE SONGS

(Now) I'm going to sing you my little love song.
It's not very funny, it's not very long.
The words they are simple, the words they are few:
I get an erection just thinking of you.

There's one more verse to my little love song.
Just like the first one it's not very long.
The words they are simple, in fact rather plain:
My organs start throbbing at the sound of your name.

BROM'S REIGN

(Tune: "Lincoln Park Pirates")

Well the feast's done and evening is falling,
And the air it is charged with fear.
The BoD it is sleeping; the witan is weeping:
"Oh God, please save poor Calontir!"
And the populous is in a ruckus,
And many of them have fled,
And they're all crying, "He's gonna fuck us,
"Once they put that damn crown on his head."

CHORUS

Do me wey hey, O you'll rue the day,
A barbaric bastard like me
Did show up to fight, here where might still makes right;
O just stick around and you'll see.
Do me wey hey, I'll go all the way
In plundering poor Calontir.
You pissed me off royal, and made my blood boil;
Now you'll see just what I hold dear.

First I'll get to your treasury's money,
That money you've worked for so hard:
And I'll piss it away on our new defence budget,
In other words swords for my gaurd.
And I think that rattan is for pussies;
From now on we'll only use steel.
And to keep every fight from lasting an hour
I'm also outlawing the shield.

And the feasting will be done at Arby's
'Till the manager's countenance sours.
Then I'll hold drunken court in the basement of Steelholm,
And make sure it goes on for hours.
To the fighters give rubberband crossbows,
To the poets give crackerjack rings,
But I'll give Uncle Stephen a Pelican
'Cause I like the way the man sings.

I'll send letters to various kingdoms;
Call the kings perverts and the queens whores.
There's a twenty dollar site fee this year boys;
Guess who owns the site for the war!
'Ere the battle starts I'll twist my ankle,
And I'll sit on the side and drink beer;
And make book on the odds for that novice,
That dumbfuck who borrowed my gear!

And when my reign's finally over,
And the time's come for me to step down,
Your next sucker won't look so regal,
Since I went and pawned off your crowns.
Now, I've stepped down six thousand bucks richer
Though it's cost me a couple of friends;
But they say if I'm good for another six months
I can come back and do it again.

0-2-

THE CALONTIR GAME

Come all you young fighters, and list while I sing,
For the love of one's country is a terrible thing.
It banishes fear with the speed of a flame,
And makes you a part of the Calontir game.

My name's unimportant, my age is the same,
My home's in the Southland, and there I was trained;
Been taught all my life, Ohio to blame,
And now I'm a part of the Calontir game.

'Tis barely two years since I wandered away,
With the local manuevers of the bold S.C.A.,
I'd heard of our Princes and I wanted the same,
For to play out my part in the Calontir game.

This country of ours now needs to be free!
Too long are we under Mid-Realm's tyranny,
And some of our leaders are greatly to blame
For shirking their part in the Calontir game.

They told how our fighters were cut from Crown list,
The monarchy frightened of Calontir's best.
Their chivalry slighted and their honour defamed,
And they soon made me part of the Calontir game.

And now we're a kingdom, it's happened at last!
Set free from the Mid-Realm, from tyranny's grasp,
A tumult of voices rings out of our fame,
For we are the victors in the Calontir game.

A tumult of voices rings out of our fame,
For we are the victors of the Calontir game.

Koshka
(Last verse by Lady Guinevere (Winnie)
of Forgotten Sea)

CALONTIR STANDS ALONE

(Tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")

O, Ladies and Lords of Calontir, Waes Hael! Drink Hael!
Please gather around and lend an ear, Waes Hale! 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, etc.
And damn near as far from Tree-Girt Sea, etc.
And Rivenstar with its flag unfurled
Is damn near the other side of the world--
O, that's one good reason why Calontir stands alone.

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

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

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

-Brom Blackhand

CATALAN VENGEANCE

(Tune: "Ballad of Spring Hill")

CHORUS: My six gold rings were dearly bought.
My comrades blood for the plate I own.
Our front rank spears met the French Knight's charge,
Of a hundred men I returned alone.

We were Spanish troops in Sicilian ships
The king of the Greeks had sent to hire
Our thousand spears to scour the Turks
From his Eastern Realm with sword and fire.
We drove the Turks to the Iron Gates,
But the faith of a prince keeps not the day.
We were bandits now said the king of the Greeks
So he hanged our captain and stole our pay.

The crusader kings of the East we told
Of our own hard fight, and the Greek king's shame,
But the German laugh and the Frankish sneer
Said a rabble of spear was but fair game.
From the wine dark sea we marched on west
'Till we came to the Duke of Athen's land
His herald said 'Wear chains or die.'
By Kephisses River we're forced to stand.

We made our camp on a grassy hill
In the midst of a league of marshy ground
That a light armed man might cross with care
Where an armoured horse must soon sink down.
Our hundred best at the marshes edge
Six hundred hid in the reeds behind,
While a thousand horse of the Duke's own troop
Rode along the stream to surround our line.

An arrows flight from our waiting spears
The knights formed ranks with a joyous sound.
Now the first wave comes at a walk, now trot
Five hundred ride for the killing ground.
At a hundred yards we see their blades,
But the horses hooves are what you fear,
Five hundred tons of steel and flesh
And you bar their path with an eight-foot spear.

At fifty yards their lances dip
We grip our pikes in gauntlet hand,
As a steel-shod thunder drowns our cries
And the ground shakes so we can hardly stand
They smashed our line and trampled all,
Who stood to fight, who turned to flee,
And plunged in over the marsh's edge
In the red soaked mud to the horses' knee.

The knights looked up and saw our troops
Still standing on the furthest shore
"Form up!", called the Duke in knee-deep mud
"We'll smash these dogs with one charge more!"
 They sank in mud to the rider's thighs
 "Push on!", the Duke of Athens said.
 So we hurled our darts and fired our bows
 Five hundred trapped and the rest are fled.

"Free pass and ransom!", the Duke, he cried,
But we know the worth of a French knight's word.
So we cut his throat and stripped his arms,
And left his flesh for the dogs and birds.
 I crawled on out to the shaky ground
 As the crows dipped low on stiffened wing
 Where a young squire moaned with his faceplate gone
 Cut his right hand off for its' golden ring.

Rich gifts they brought, these Frankish Knights
Who called us bastard Spanish curs.
We'd arms and mail and a duke's own helm
Two bushels brim with silver spurs.
 My comrades lie in the white Greek soil,
 But they do not lie in the earth alone.
 Five hundred knights and a Frankish duke
 Share a pool of blood for a marking stone.

-Moses ben Eldad

THE COEUR D'ENNUI SONG

(Tune: "The Engineers Song")

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride
To show the local villagers her fine and pure white hide;
The most observant man of all, from Coeur d'Ennuï, of course,
Was the only one who noticed that Godiva rode a horse!

CHORUS

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are from Coeur d'Ennuï.
There's few who are our equal for simple lechery!
Come off your bench and clench a wench
And come along with us--
We don't give a damn for any old man who don't give a damn for us!

She said "I've come a long, long way, and I will go real far
"For the man who takes me from this horse and leads me to a bar!"
The man who took her from that horse and bought her some whiskey
Was a dirty drunken lecher, but he hailed from Coeur d'Ennuï!

Grandfather was a viking from the cold land of Norway;
Grandmother was a French girl who chanced into his way;
Father was a Norman and chased Saxons on his horse--
Me? Well I am English--and a gentleman, of course!

In his youth our Azar was stolen by Mamelukes--
They made him play piano in a house of ill repute!
When one of the men made eyes at him, he kicked his butt, you see--
"Goodbye, you bugging bastard, I am off to Coeur d'Ennuï!"

Elizabeth of Lymond is a maid of Coeur d'Ennuï,
But because she is so shy, some doubt her lechery.
Trained in library science from a fair and tender age,
She very often can be found, lingering o'er a page!

A very sly magician is one Idriss the Great--
If he asks you to assist him, then you should hesitate:
"It's just a simple trick.", he says, but when you see him leer
You should not need two guesses to know what'll disappear!

Never let a Boar Ring man an inch above his knee,
For if he bears the Boar Ring sign, he hails from Coeur d'Ennuï.
He wants your body desperately, although he seems aloof--
For all the men from Coeur d'Ennuï are just like Coeur du Boeuf!

A friend from old Three Rivers is Master Stephen Ironhand,
They say he is a Baron and the finest in the land.
He passes us at lechery, by enough to make us weep--
For when he can't get women, well, he keeps a favorite sheep!

He ain't, he ain't, he ain't, he ain't, he ain't from Coeur d'Ennuï.
There's few who are his equal for sheer perversity!
That sheep, her name is Poopsie, and she plays hard to get--
She don't give a damn, he ain't a ram, so he ain't had her yet!

William Coeur du Boeuf

THE DUCHESS AND THE LECHER

The Duchess was a dressing, a dressing for the ball;
But then she saw the lecher makin' water on the wall.

CHORUS

With his bloody red dingle dangle
Swinging proud and free
And never would he stop 'till it was over.
Hanging down (hanging down),
Swinging free (swinging free),
And never would he stop 'till it was over!

Then she wrote to him a letter, and in it she did say;
"I'd rather be had by a lecher* than my husband any day!"

CHORUS

When the lecher* got the letter, he began to shake;
His pants began to bulge a bit, his balls began to ache.

CHORUS

Well he rode up to the castle, rode right into the hall;
"Lord save us," cried the chambermaid, "He's here to do us all!"

CHORUS

First he did the Duchess, then he did the maidens too;
And next he did the butler, what a dirty thing to do!

CHORUS

The neighbors came a running, the rich folks and the poor;
So he mounted them in order, and was shoutin' for some more!

CHORUS

They say he's died and gone below, they say he's down in hell;
They say he's up the devil, and they say he's up him well!

CHORUS

*substitute the name of some one in the room

DUN COW

Some friends and I in a public house
Drinkin' up a storm one night;
When all of a sudden in a fireman came,
His face all chalky white.
"What's up?", says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost?"
"Or have you seen your aunt Marire?"
"Oh, me aunt Marire be damned," says he,
"The bleedin' pub's on fire!"
"On fire?," says Brown, "There's a bit of luck."
"Everybody follow me."
"For down in the celler if the fire's not there
"We'll have a rare old spree!"
So we all went down, with good old Brown;
And beer we could not miss
And we had not been five minutes there,
Before we were bloody pissed!

1st and 2nd CHORUS

And there was Brown, upside down;
Sucking up the whiskey off the floor.
"Booze! Booze!" The Firemen cried,
As they came knocking at the door. (two knocks)
Don't let 'em in 'till it's all mopped up,
Somebody shouted MacEntire! ("MACENTIRE!")
And we all got stone blind paralatic drunk
When the old Dun Cow caught fire.

Then Smith walked over to the port wine tub
Gave it a few hard knocks. (two knocks)
Started taking off his pantaloons
Likewise his stinking socks. ("whreeeeew!")
"Hold on," says Brown, "That ain't allowed."
"You can't do that there here."
"Don't wash your trotters in the port wine tub
"When we got so much (add the brand of beer you want) beer here

Just then there came a terrible crash (drop anything that will make lots of noise)
Half the bloody roof gave away
We was all drowned in the fireman's hose
But we was feelin' gay. ("oh so very")
So we got some rags, and some old tin tacks
And we nailed ourselves in side
And we kept on drinkin' our pints of ale
'Till we were all bleary-eyed. ("As well as rip roaring falling down Calontir
drunk style again!")

And there was Brown, upside down
Sucking up the whiskey off the floor.
"Booze! Booze!", the firemen cried
As they came knocking at the door. (two knocks)
Don't let 'em in 'till it's all mopped up,
Somebody shouted 'Fesselmeyer' ("Fesselmeyer!")
And we all got stone-blind paralatic drunk
When the old Dun Cow caught fire.

(TIM) FINNEGAN'S WAKE

d. on Hwy. 40

from City Park

pm

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street, a gentle Irishman mighty odd,
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet and to rise in the world he carried a hod!
You see he'd a sort of the tipplin' way, with a love for the liquor poor Tim was born.
To help him home on with his work each day, he'd a drop of the craythur ev'ry morn!

CHORUS

Whack fol the da now, Dance to your partner, welt the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you, lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!

One morning Tim was rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake,
He fell from a ladder and he broke his skull, so they carried him home his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet and laid him out upon the bed,
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet, and a bottle of porter at his head.

CHORUS

We all assembled at the wake, and Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
First she brought in tay and cake, then pipes, tobacco, and whiskey punch.
Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?
"Oh, Tim Mavourneen, why did you die?"; "Arrah hold your gob!", said Paddy McGhee.

CHORUS

Then Maggie O'Conner took up the job, "Oh, Biddy," says she, "You're wrong, I'm sure."
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob, and left her sprawling on the floor.
Then the war did soon engage, 'twas woman to woman, and man to man,
Shelelaigh law was all the rage, and a row and a ruction soon began.

CHORUS

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head when a noggin of whiskey flew at him,
It missed and landed on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim.
Tim revives! See how he rises, Timothy rising from the bed,
Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes, Thanum an dial do you think I'm dead!?!"

-Traditional

FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW

Brude MacAyer hold your face
Broodin' o'er the old disgrace
That Black Fitzwilliam stormed your place
And drove you to the Furdin.
Gray said victory was sure
Soon the firebrand he'd secure ~
Until he met at Glenmalure
With Fiach McHugh O'Byrne.

CHORUS

Curse and swear Lord Kildare
Fiach will do what Fiach will dare
Now Fitzwilliam, have a care
Fallin' is your star, low.
Up with halberd, out with sword
On we'll go forth by the Lord
Fiach McHugh has given the word
Follow me up to Carlow.

See the swords of Glen Imayle,
They're flashing o'er the English Pale
See all the children of the Gael
Beneath O'Byrne's banners.
Rooster of a fighting stock
Would you let a Saxon cock
Cry out upon an Irish rock?
Fly up and teach him manners!

CHORUS

From Tassagart to Clonmore
There flows a stream of Saxon gore
Och, great is Rory Og O'More
At sending the loons to Hades.
White is sick, Gray has fled
Now for Black Fitzwilliam's head
We'll send it back dripping red
To Liza and her ladies.

-Patrick Joseph Mc Call

THE GANG BANG SONG

CHORUS

(We'll have a) gang bang,
Oh, yes we will,
'Cause a gang bang gives us such a thrill!
When I was younger,
And in my prime,
I used to gang bang all the time!
But now I'm older,
And turning grey (grey, grey),
I only gang bang once a day!

Knock, knock.
(Who's There?)
Eisenhower.
(Eisenhower who?)
Eisenhower late for the gang bang (break into chorus)

Continue along this format adding additional 'knock-knock' jokes; such as:

Asgierr.
(Asgierr who?)
Asgierr'd up for the gang bang...

Hywella
Hywella get to the gang bang...

Julius Caesar
Julius Caesar and brings her to the gang bang...

Banana
Banana na-na, na-na-na, etc...

Orange
Orange you glad I didn't say banana na-na, etc.

Fuck
It doesn't matter, it's a gang bang...

The Laurel from Hell
Mistress Morgana na-na, etc...

Watermelon
Watermelon's just like a banana na-na etc...

Tijuana
Tijuana bring your mother to the gang bang...

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

'Twas on the good ship Venus,
By God you should have seen us;
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast was a giant penis.

The Captain's name was Slugger,
He was a dirty bugger;
He wasn't fit to shovel shit,
On any bugger's lugger.

The first mate's name was Paul,
He only had one ball;
But with that cracker he rolled terbaccer
Around the cabin wall.

The second mate's name was Andy,
By God he had a dandy;
They crushed his cock upon a rock,
For pissin' in the brandy.

The third mate's name was Morgan,
He was a grisly Gorgon;
Three times a day he strummed away
Upon the Captain's organ.

The cabin boy was chipper,
A likely little nipper;
He filled his ass with broken glass
And circumcized the skipper.

The captain's wife was Mabel,
Whenever she was able;
She gave the crew their daily screw
Upon the messroom table.

The captain's youngest daughter,
Was swimming in the water;
Delighted squeals came as the eels,
Entered her sexual quarter.

A cook whose name was Freeman,
He was a dirty demon;
He fed the crew on menstrual stew,
And hymens fried in semen .

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
We rolled that poor dog over;
And ground and ground that faithful hound,
From Cape Cod back to Dover.

THE GREAT GOD TYR

(a/k/a: The Song of the Men's Side)

Once we feared the Beast; when he followed us we ran,
Ran very fast 'though we knew
That it was not right that the Beast should master Man,
But what could we flint workers do?
The Beast only grinned at our spears 'round his ears
Grinned at the hammers that we made,
But now we shall hunt him for his life with the knife
And this is the Buyer of the Blade.

Room for his shadow on the grass--let it pass!
To the left and right, stand clear!
This is the Buyer of the Blade--be afraid!
This is the great god Tyr.

Tyr thought hard 'till he hammered out a plan,
For he knew that it was not right
And it is not right that the Beast should master Man,
So he went to the Children of the Night.
He begged a magic knife of their make for our sake.
When he begged for the knife, they said,
"The price of the knife you would buy is an eye."
And that is the price he paid.

Tell it to the Barrows of the Dead--run ahead!
Shout it so the Woman's side can hear.
This is the Buyer of the Blade--be afraid!
This is the great god Tyr!

Our women and our little folk, can walk on the chalk
As far as we can see them and beyond.
We shall not be fearful for our sheep when we keep
Tally at the shearing pond.
We can eat with both our elbows on our knees if we please,
We can sleep after meals in the sun.
For the Shepherd of the Twilight is dismayed by the Blade;
Feet-In-The-Night have run.
Dog-Without-A-Master runs away--Aie, Tyr, Ay!
Devil-In-The-Dust is done.

Room for his shadow on the grass--let it pass!
To the left and right, stand clear!
This is the Buyer of the Blade--be afraid!
This is the great god Tyr!

Ruyard Kipling

05

GREYHOUND BOUND FOR PENNSIC

(Tune: "City of New Orleans")

Riding on a Greyhound bound for Pennsic
Calontir central Wednesday evening rail.
Fifteen girls and twenty restless fighters,
Heaps of armour, 'bout a thousand pounds of chain-mail.
All along the eastbound odyssey
The bus pulls out of Forgotten Sea
And heads for Pennsylvania's bloody fields.
The yearly pilgrimage to make
To win the war for Mid-realm's sake
We're gonna make them Eastern sissies yield.

Good Morning, Your Majesty, how are you?
Don't you know us? We're your rebel sons.
Calontir has come to save your ass at Pennsic
We'll have killed a thousand foes 'fore the day is done.

Riding on a greyhound bound for Pennsic.
Feeling tired, but no one wants to sleep
Pass the plastic jug that holds the zoomies
Hoping that my tent won't spring a leak.
We've brought our swords and our guitars
Our Chinese rugs and water jars
Our pillows, blankets, lanterns, garb and shoes.
Prepared for heat and cold and rain
With remedies for fighters pain,
And a hundred jugs of gatorade and booze.

Good evening, Your Majesty, how are you?
Don't you know us? We're your rebel sons.
Calontir has come to drink with you at Pennsic.
We'll have drunk a thousand rounds 'fore the evening's done.

Homeward bound--amazing we survived it.
We all look like we've just been through a war!
Telling tales and swapping brags about the battles
We're reveling a thousand miles or more.
And all the knocks and bruises seem
To fade into a fighter's dream
Of plans to build a better helm and shield
Next year we'll be back again
For revel's sake and glory gained
With tactics that are sure to sweep the field.

Good night, Your Majesty, we'll see you.
Now you know us, we're your rebel sons.
Calontir has come to fight for you at Pennsic.
We'll have gone a thousand miles 'fore the day is done.

-Koshka

THE HAMPSTER SONG

(Based on "The Ballad of the Calontir Hampsters")

(Tune: "The Ballad of the Green Berets")

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

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

Trained by jumping off the roof,
Trained in combat -- tooth to tooth;
Hampsters fight both far and near,
The fighting hampsters of Calontir.

Riding high upon our helms,
Their war-cry --it overwhelms;
All opponents become weak,
At their fearsome 'squeeky-squeek'.

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

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

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

-verses 1,2,3 & 5 Chrystofer Kensor
verse 4 the thugs
verses 6 & 7 Andrixios Seljukroctonis

HOTSPUR

Squire, bring my armor, my sword and my destrier,
I've raised an army to break Henery's Power.
South from the Humber, we've marched 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 bars not to me.
Yon rides his father, a king made by Percy,
His host in the thousands, a hard fight will be.

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

Lay low a sargent, and then slay his master,
Reed through the armor, and hue 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 yoemen has sent me an arrow,
The blue lion of Percy is pulled to the ground.

(softly)

Squire bring my armor, 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:

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.

-Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood

JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YOU

When on the road to sweet Athay, Haroo, Haroo.
When on the road to sweet Athay, Haroo, Haroo.
When on the road to sweet Athay,
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
"Johnny I hardly knew you."

CHORUS

With your guns and drums and drums and guns, Haroo, Haroo.
With your guns and drums and drums and guns, Haroo, Haroo.
With your guns and drums and drums and guns,
The enemy nearly slew you
Oh, my darling dear, you look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew you.

Where are the eyes that looked so mild, etc.
When my poor heart you first beguiled?
Why did you skeedaddle from me and the child?
Johnny I hardly knew you.

Where are the legs with which you run, etc.
When first you went to carry a gun?
Indeed your dancing days are done,
Johnny I hardly knew you.

You haven't an arm, you haven't a leg, etc.
You're an eyeless, boneless, chickenless egg.
You'll have to be put in a bowl and beg,
Johnny I hardly knew you.

I'm happy for to see you home, etc.
All from the island of Ceion,
So low in the flesh, so high in the bone,
Johnny I hardly knew you.

They're rollin' out the guns again, etc.
But they never will take our sons again,
No, they never will take our sons again,
Johnny I'm swearin' to you.

-Traditional

THE JOLLY TINKER

As I was walkin' down the lane on a door I chanced to knock,
"Have you any pots or kettles with some rusty holes to block?"
"Well indeed I have, don't you know I have,
Tell me right-fa-lor-a-laddie, well indeed I have."

Well the missus met me at the door, and she bid me to come in,
Said, "Hello me jolly tinker, and I hope you brought your tin."
"Well indeed I did....etc.

Well she led me through the kitchen, and she led me through the hall,
And the servent cried "The Devil!, Has he come to block us all?"
"Well indeed I have...etc.

She led me up the stairs, me lads, to show me what to do,
And she fell on the feather bed, and I fell on it too!
Well indeed I did...etc.

She then picked up a frying pan, and she began to knock,
For to let the servants know, me lads, that I was at me work.
Well indeed I was...etc.

She put her hand into her pocket, and she pulled out twenty pound,
Said, "Take this me jolly tinker, and we'll go another round.
Well indeed we will...etc.

I've been a jolly tinker now for fourteen years or more,
But such a rusty hole as that, I've never blocked before.
Well indeed I have...etc.

-Traditional

KILLGARRA MOUNTAIN

As I was a-goin' over Killgarra Mountain,
I met with Colonel Farrow and his money he was countin'
First I drew my pistol, and then I drew my rapier,
Sayin', "Stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver,"

CHORUS

Mushla Ringim Dhurrim Dai, whack Fol the Derry-O
Whack Fol the Derry-O, There's whickey in the jar.

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny
And then I took it home to my darlin' sportin' Jenny,
She sighed and she cried, and she said she'd ne'er deceive me,
But the devil take the woman for they all lie so easy.

CHORUS

I went into me chambers for to take meself some slumber,
And dream of gold and girls, and it surely was no wonder,
Jenny took me pistols and she filled them up with water,
And called on Colonel Farrow to get ready for the slaughter.

CHORUS

It was early in the morning, ere before the time for travel,
There came a band of footmen, and also Colonel Farrow,
I went for my pistols for she'd stole away me rapier,
But a prisoner I was taken for I could not fire the water.

CHORUS

They threw me in the jail with the judge all a-writin'
For robbin' Colonel Farrow upon Killgarra Mountain,
But they couldn't take me fists, so I knocked a sentry down,
And bid a fond farewell to that jail in Dublin Town.

CHORUS

I'll go and find me brother doin' service in the army,
I don't know where he's stationed, be it Cork or in Killarney,
Together we'll go rovin' o'er the sportin' fields of Kenney,
I swear he'll treat me better than me darlin' sportin' Jenny.

CHORUS

It was early in the mornin', at the barracks in Killarney,
That me brother took his leave, but he didn't tell the army,
The horses they were speedy, 'twas all over but the shoutin',
And now we wait for Farrow upon Killgarra Mountain.

CHORUS

-Traditional

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP: A LEGEND OF ALTENAHR

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 this 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.

CHORUS

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
Then he drank 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 of fall!

CHORUS

He was found next morning in the glen below
With not one bone left whole:
Say a mass or a prayer good travellers all
For such a bold riders soul!

CHORUS

words: Charles Kingsley music: Leslie Fish

LAMENT OF A NOVICE

(Tune: "Finnegan's Wake")

Oh, I just joined the S.C.A., I'd really like to be a knight.
They said, "Your white belt's on the way, but first you'd better learn to fight."
They told me, "You must authorize, or in the list you can't compete."
"Sir Ternon doesn't hit too hard; go toss a gauntlet at his feet."

Broken shield and broken helm, broken arm--what can I say?
That's the first mistake I made the year I joined the S.C.A.

I asked is there another way; I couldn't face the knight's attack.
They said, "Go join the next melee, go hit some fyrdmen in the back."
Erich killed me with a sword, Valens axe is in my face;
Paval's thugs just bit my leg, Sir Comac hit me with a mace.

Bloody nose and twisted fingers, I don't like the games they play.
That's the second big mistake, the year I joined the S.C.A.

I said, for fighting I don't care, what else is there a knight can do?
They said, "Attend the ladies fair, a court of love may smile on you."
They told me, "Come seduce a maid." With eager lust my heart was filled.
They said, "These ladies crave your touch." and brought me to the virgins guild.

Female screams and vicious kicks, how do they learn to fight that way?
That's the third mistake I made the year I joined the S.C.A.

They filled my goblet to the brim, for drinking is a knightly deed.
The revel grows a little dim, I think I had six pints of mead.
I tried to drink Hufda down, "He can't hold very much." they said.
I hauled a willing wench upstairs, and passed out when we hit the bed.

Fuzzy teeth and aching skull, I don't think I'll live through the day.
That's the fourth mistake I made, the year I joined the S.C.A.

Now armoring's a noble trade, but first I'll need rattan of course
Ten bucks a yard, the deal I made, (for) the Smithy was my only scource.
I drove out to the Pennsic War; my gear was all in perfect shape,
Bearkiller broke my shield in half; I should have used more friction tape.

Broken sword and broken shield, how much can I afford to pay?
That's the fifth mistake I made the year I joined the S.C.A.

At revels I sing minstrel songs while knights are draining jugs and kegs,
And Paval's thugs will run around below the table biting legs.
The huscarls sang insulting songs where lies and slanders floated free.
I said to write one can't take long, If Brom can do it, why not me?

I slandered every knight and now I'll have to face them all today.
That's the last mistake I made the year I joined the S.C.A.

Moses Ben Eldad
(Calontir Version by
Erich Hlodowechssun)

LAST NIGHT I STAYED AWAKE

(a/k/a The Masturbation Song)

Last night I stayed awake and masturbated;
It felt so good, I knew it would.
Last night I stayed awake and masturbated;
It felt so nice, I did it twice.
You should have seen me on the short strokes;
It felt so grand, I used my hand!
You should have seen me on the long strokes;
It felt so neat, I used my feet!

Smash it! Bash it! Beat it on the floor;
Wrap it 'round the bedpost, slam it in the door.
You beat your meat, you beat your meat, you beat your meat;
When you beat your meat you get a wet spot on the sheet!

THE LIMERICK SONG

CHORUS (tune: Cielito Lindo)

Ay, ay, ay, ay;
In China they do it with chili*
So sing me another verse
That's worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around again, Willie.

*(alternate lines)

Your mother, she swims after longships
The longships rejected your mother
Your grandma licks batshit off of cave walls
Your sister solicits in kennels
Your cousin gives blow jobs to camels
Your sister does squat thrusts on fire hydrants
It takes leather balls to play rugby

alternate chorus

Ay, ay, ay, ay;
Rodriguez is a Mexican pervert.
He'll ream out your mother,
And bugger your brother,
And waltz you around by your willie.

In between choruses fill in with limericks:

There was a young harlot from Kew,
Who filled her vagina with glue
She said with a grin,
"If they pay to get in,
"They'll pay to get out again, too!"

There was a young lady of Ealing,
Endowed with such delicate feeling,
When she read on the door,
'Don't piss on the floor'
She lay down and pissed on the ceiling.

A mortician who practiced in Fyfe,
Made love to the corpse of his wife,
"I couldn't know, judge,
"She was cold, didn't budge,
"Just the same as she acted in life!"

There was a young man from Berlin,
Whose tool was the size of a pin,
Said his girl, with a laugh
As she fondled his shaft;
"Well this won't be much of a sin".

There was a young girl named Ann Heiser,
Who swore that no man could surprise her,
But Pabst took a chance,
Found a Schlitz in her pants,
And now she is sadder Budweiser.

There was a young harlot from Yale,
With her price list tattooed on her tail,
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
She had it embroidered in braille.

There was a young lady named Hilda
Who went with a walk with a builder,
He knew that he could,
And he should, and he would,
And he did--and goddamn nearly killed her!

There was a young fellow from Kent
Whose prick was so long that it bent,
To save himself trouble,
He put it in double,
And instead of coming, he went.

LORD CHARLIE

(Tune: "MTA (The Man Who Never Returned)")

Well, let me tell you the story 'bout a man named Charlie
When he signed his life away;
'Put twenty bucks in the mail, sent it off to California
And he joined the S.C.A.

Oh will he ever return? Oh no he'll never return
And his fate is still unlearned.
He may wait forever for his first newsletter;
He's the man who never returned.

His first event was in Lonely Tower,
Or perhaps it was Dun Ard.
All the lords and ladies and the knights and squires
Said that man is going to go far.

Oh will he ever return? Oh no he'll never return
And his fate is still unlearned.
He said, "this is the life; so ~~goodbye~~ to my wife."
He's the man who never returned.

His next event was called 'War Manuvers'
Where he authorized sword and shield;
He cleared the field of every contender,
And no man could make him yield.

Oh will he ever return? Oh no he'll never return
And his fate is still unlearned.
He's driving 'cross the land, lookin' for some more rattan,
He's the man who never returned.

Well, his third event 'twas at Gnomemountain
And there he became a Lord.
And before he knew, he was a squire too,
By virtue of the sword.

Oh will he ever return? Oh no he'll never return.
And his fate is still unlearned.
All the time remaining he spends in training
He's the man who never returned.

By event number four he'd earned even more;
He had his own Barony.
He was known as Captain Baron Squire Lord Charlie,
O.S.H. and O.C.C.

Oh will he ever return? Oh no he'll never return
And his fate is still unlearned.
He found the hardest fightin' was reports that needed writin'
He's the man who never returned.

D-1

Then at number five, it came as no surprise
When Charlie became a knight.
With seventeen ladies hanging on his collar
It was also an eventful night!

Oh will he ever return? Oh no he'll never return
And his fate is still unlearned.

(Discant Base: 'Poor old Charlie')
With seventeen ladies in a two man cabin
He's the man who never returned.

His sixth event was at Three Rivers
At Stephans Marterdom
Before he left he was handed a Laural,
Earl Marshal, and a Pelican.

Oh will he ever return? Oh no he'll never return
And his fate is still unlearned.
He could spend twenty years in meetings with the peers,
He's the man who never returned.

Sir Charlie said he'd won ever honor;
He'd earned most everything.
"Well, Crown list is tomorrow out west in V'Tavia,
"And I'll try my hand at King."

Oh will he ever return? Oh no he'll never return
And his fate is still unlearned.
He may drive forever looking for the campsite
He's the man who never returned.

Well out in V'tavia was the last we saw Charlie
He never made it to the site.
We heard he took a turn on an endless detour
And drove off into the night.

Oh will he ever return? Oh no he'll never return
And his fate is still unlearned.
He may drive forever on the roads of Western Kansas
He's the man who never returned...
He may drive forever on the roads of Western Kansas
He's the man who never returned.

-Lord Cipriano de Alvarez
Lord Akim Yaroslavich

(Calontir version-Lord Chrystofer Kensor)

THE LUSTY YOUNG SMITH

A lusty young smith at his vise stood a-filing,
His hammer laid by, but his forge a-glow,
When to him a buxom young damsel came smiling,
And asked if to work at her forge he would go.

CHORUS

With a jingle, bang jingle, bang jingle, bang jingle,
Jingle, bang jingle, bang jingle, hi ho!

"I will," said the smith, and they went off together,
Along to this young damsel's forge they did go.
They stripped to go to it, 'twas hot work and hot weather;
She kindled a fire and she soon made him glow.

CHORUS

Her husband, she said, no good work could afford her,
His strength and his tools were worn out long ago.
The smith said, "Well mine are in very good order,
"And now I am ready my skill for to show."

CHORUS

Red hot grew his iron, as both did desire,
And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so.
Quoth she, "What I get, I get out of the fire,
"Then prithee, strike home--and redouble the blow!"

CHORUS

Six time did his iron, by vigorous heating,
Grow soft in the fire in a minute or so,
And often was harden, still beating and beating,
But each time it softened it hardened more slow.

CHORUS

The smith then would go; quoth the dame full of sorrow:
"Oh, what would I give, could my husband do so!
"Good lad, with your hammer, come hither tomorrow,
"But, pray, can't you use it once more, ere you go?"

CHORUS

THE MOOSE SONG

(Tune: "Sweet Betsy from Pike")

When I was a young man, I used to like girls;
I'd fondle their bodies, and play with their curls;
'Till my girlfriend ran off with a salesman named 'Bruce';
Now you'd never be treated that way by a moose

CHORUS:

(And it's) Moose, Moose, I like a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose.
I've had many women, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

Whenever I'm bored and in need of a lay;
I go to the closet and gets me some hay;
I go to the window and spread it around,
'Cause Moose always come when there's hay on the ground.

CHORUS

I've done it with all kind of beasties with hair,
I'd do it with snakes if they're fangs were not there;
I've done it with a walrus, a duck, and a goose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

CHORUS

Gorrilla's are alright for Saturday night,
Lions and Tigers, they put up a fight;
But it's just not the same when you slam their caboose,
As the feeling you gets when you humps on a moose.

CHORUS

Now I am old and advanced in my years,
I look back on life, and I shed me no tears;
As I sit in my chair with my glass of matoose,
Playing hide the salami with Marvin the Moose

CHORUS

-Thomas Payton

MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes second hand gin;
My sister makes love for a dollar,
My God, how the money rolls in!

CHORUS

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.

My grandma sells pink prophylactics,
She punctures the end with a pin;
My grandpa does bootleg abortions,
My God, how the money rolls in!

My brother's a poor missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin;
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars,
My God, how the money rolls in!

My mother's a boarding-house keeper,
Each night as the lights do grow dim;
She hangs a red light in the window,
My God, how the money rolls in!

My mother asks home politicians,
To play in a night full of sin;
My father pops in with a camera,
My God, how the money rolls in!

My brother's a poor mercenary
He hires out to help people win;
Since both sides are paying his salary,
My God, how the money rolls in!

My aunt keeps a girls' seminary,
She teaches young girls to begin;
She doesn't say where they should finish,
My God how the money rolls in!

I've lost all my cash on the horses,
I'm sick from second hand gin;
I'm falling in love with my father,
My God what a mess I am in!

NONE BUT CALONTIR-O

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 honour of our land
To battle we must go.

CHORUS

Lift your eyes to the skies
Where the golden falcon flies
Screaming out her battle cries
To fill the foe with fear-o.
Don your helm and rais your shield
Cry "Advance" and never yield,
'Till standing on that glorious field
Is none but Calontir-O.

In answer to the battle call
In olden days ye one and all
Did sally forth from hearth and hall
The enemy to face.
Ye bravely serve the Middle Crown
And with ye deeds ye won renown
As many foes ye battered down
With axe and bloody mace.

Upon the field ye gathered fame
And honour to the falcon's name
Until our noble land became
A sovereign Realm at last.
Then at the thirteenth Pennsic War
Ye helped the Middle as before;
E'en though a crown the Falcon wore
Ye'd not forget your past.

Amongst the trees without a sword
While all around the battle roared
The standard bearer, Andrew Ward
Lacked not of bravery.
For he it was, now hear ye well
Who when our valient fighters fell
Did brave the stream where serpents dwell
To keep the Falcon free.

In the woods the dragon reeled
And faltered on the Champion's Field
But taking up a bow he wheeled
A desperate stand to make.
Then he wrote with Falcon quill
"Lord Tyger if you wish a kill
Upon the morrow on the hill
The bridges you must take."

With allies gathered from afar
From Markland to the Sable Star
We formed a brotherhood in war
Upon the field that day
As hours passed and bodies fell
We made that bridge a bloody hell
While bolstering the rest as well
The Tyger we did flay.

Now raise the flag so all may see
The symbol of our sovereignty
And know that we shall bend our knee
For no man but our king!
The time of war again is here,
The enemy is drawing near
And listening with a wary ear,
So let 'em hear you sing!

-Hrolf Ulfsson

PAVAL'S SONG

(Iosivich has gone to War)

(Tune: The 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 Paval 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!

-Conn McNiel

A PICT SONG

Rome never looks where she treads,
Always her heavy hooves fall,
On our stomachs, our hearts, or our heads,
And Rome never heeds when we bawl.

Her sentries pass on--that is all,
And we gather behind them in hordes,
And plot to reconquer the Wall
With only our tounes for our swords.

We are the little folk--we!
To little to love or to hate;
But leave us alone and you'll see
How we can drag down the State.

We are the worm in the wood.
We are the rot at the root;
We are the germ in the blood,
We are the thorn in the foot.

Mistletoe killing an oak--
Rats gnawing cables in two--
Moths making holes in a cloak--
How they must love what they do!

Yes! And we little folk too,
We are as busy as they--
Working our works out of view--
Watch, and you'll see them someday!

No indeed we are not strong,
But we know peoples that are;
Yes, and we'll guide them along,
To smash and destroy you in war.

We shall be slaves just the same.
Yes, we have always been slaves;
But you--you will die of the shame,
And then we shall spit on your graves!

We are the little folk--we!
Too little to love or to hate;
But leave us alone and you'll see,
How we can drag down the State!

-Rudyard Kipling

5-9

THE QUEST

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

CHORUS

Here is my lance to mend --(Haro!)
Here is my horse to be shot.
Ay, they were strong; the fight it was long,
But I paid as good as I got. I paid as good as I got!

Oh, dark and deep 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.
Merrily born, the bugle-horn answered the warder's call.

CHORUS

My wounds are noised abroad; but theirs my foeman cloaked.
You see my broken sword -- but never the blade she broke
Paying them stroke for stroke. Good handsel over all;
Merrily borne, the bugle-horn answered the warder's call.

CHORUS

My shame ye count and know, ye say my quest was 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 will come to your aid my broken blade
In this last, lost fight of mine.

CHORUS

-words: Rudyard Kipling
-music: Leslie Fish

RAVEN BANNER

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 lands.

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 man 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 begger should bear the bag,"
Replies the Jarl, "And I'll do so here."
He fought with the banner tied around his waste
And fell to an Irish spear.

He died and the Irish broke our line.
We had no chance but flight.
But I'm not hurried, it's a long way home;
I won't get there tonight. "

The Norms have woven a bloody web,
A tapestry made of guts and bone,
And parcelled it out to the Orkney host--
Our day in Ireland's done.

They grey wolf howls and the raven soars
Above the arrows flight,
And Odin is waiting beyond the fray
For some of us tonight.

-Words: Malkin Grey
Music: Peregrynne Windrider

THE RISING OF THE MOON

Oh, then tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?
Hush, me bunch all, hush and listen and his cheeks were all aglow,
I bear orders from the Captain, get ye ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.

CHORUS

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon,
The pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.

Oh, then tell me Sean O'Farrell where the gathering is to be,
In the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me.
One more word for signal token, whistle up a marching tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of the moon.

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon.
With your pike upon your shculder by the rising of the moon.

Out of many mudwall cabin , eyes were watching through the night,
Many a manly heart was throbbing for the coming morning light.
Murmurs passed along the valley like the banshee's lonely croon,
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon.

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon,
A thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon.

There beside the singing river, that dark mass of men was seen,
Far above their shining weapons hung their own beloved green.
Death for every foe and traitor, forward strike the marching tune,
And, Hurrah, me boys for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon.

'Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon,
And, Hurrah, me boys for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon.

-John Keegan Casey

THE RISIN' O' THE STAR

(Tune: "Rising of the Moon")

To the thirteenth Pennsic struggle, the King of Calontir
Journied with his army in the summer of the year.
And there to help him smite the Mid-Realm's enemies in war,
Came a band of Ansteorrans by the Risin' O' the Star.

CHORUS

By the Risin' O' the Star, the Risin' O' the Star;
Came a band of Ansteorrans by the Risin' O' the Star.

In the woods there was disaster; the Champions met defeat;
E'en though the Midrealm archers won, the East-men thought it sweet.
And they little dreamed that anything, their victory could mar,
But they overlooked the Falcon and the Risin' O' the Star.

At the battle for the bridges, slaughter did abound,
The Calon shield-wall held for hours and bodies hid the ground.
Then came the final melee, and folk from near and far,
Were witness to the glory of the Risin' O' the Star.

The Calon standard bearer bore the Falcon on his arm,
And the flashing sword of Lady Aeruin kept it safe from harm.
In the thickest of the battle, it never received a scar,
Now the Falcon hails the Heron by the Risin' O' the Star.

Then when King Eliahu prepared to make his stand
There beside his shoulder was the bold Sif Ironhand.
She who wields her shining weapons like the War God's avatar
And the Dragon's call was answered by the Risin' O' the Star.

Now when the final blow was struck, a cheer rang from the hill,
For the Dragon stood in triumph, and the Tyger'd missed his kill.
And the ancient Gods wept tears of joy observing from afar
The Chivalry and honour of the Ansteorran Star.

Of the Ansteorrian Star, the Ansteorran Star,
The Chivalry and honour of the Ansteorran Star.
Oh, the Risin' O' the Star, the Risin' O' the Star,
Cry Vivat! for Ansteorran and the Risin' O' the Star.

Hrolf Ulfsson

ROLLIN' BACK TO OLD CAID

(Tune: "Rolling Down to Old Mauwi")

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife
That the shield wall undergoes.
And we won't give a damn, when the war is done
How far we had to go.
'Cause we're Estrella bound from the Falcon's Crown
With an ice chest full of mead.
And we'll give our all when we fight beside
The dolphins of old Caid.

CHORUS

Rollin' back to old Caid, me boys,
Rollin' back to old Caid.
We're Estrella bound from the Falcon's Crown,
Rollin' back to old Caid.

Once more we'll sail 'gainst the western gail,
Through the ice and wind and rain.
Them palm tree fronds them tropical palms
We soon shall see again.
Twelve hellish months we've passed away,
Estrella for to see,
But now we're bound from the Falcon's Crown
Rollin' back to old Caid.

Once more we'll stand, purple shields in hand
Our friendship for to show.
A kingdom comes, our waiting's done,
Our alliance all will know.
We'll set up that pridefull wall again
Any time the war-cry sounds.
A hot war lust is filling us,
Thank God we're Estrella bound!

How close our ties to the Crescent Crown,
Though our home is far astern.
We'll make our stand for a foriegn land,
Then it's home we will return.
But for now the Falcon's claws lash out
Caid shall always be free.
The Falcon soars, flying for the wars,
Flying back to old Caid.

(Chorus 2x)

-Andrew Ward

ROLLIN' TO JERUSALEM

(Tune "The Gallant Forty-Twa")

We were hangin' out near London,
Chasin' maids and rasin' hell.
We'd robbed a couple churches,
We were doin' pretty well.
We got a note from Lionheart,
These were the words it bore:
Your king says get your asses out
And fight the holy war.

CHORUS

(We're) Rollin' to Jerusalem on a summer's day
Hackin' on the infidels gettin' in our way.
We're gettin' rich and famous
And it's God we're fightin' for.
We're bloody hot and thirsty
But by damned we're never bored.

We saddled up and rode
And crossed the ocean with the fleet,
And we rode quickly eastward
For the enemy to meet.
We battled with the Paynims,
And we killed them by the score.
They did the same to us next month;
It was that kind of war.

Well, we met them on the battlefield
To see who was the best.
When we wern't fightin' with 'em
We were playin' 'em at chess.
Now they wear chainmail, we wear robes,
We all sit on the floor.
It's times like these I wonder
What the hell we're fightin' for.

Brom Blackhand

ROSIN THE BOW

I've travelled all over this world,
And now to another I go;
And I know that good quarters are waitin'
To welcome old Rosin the Bow.

CHORUS

To welcome old Rosin the Bow
To welcome old Rosin the Bow
And I know that good quarters are waitin'
To welcome old Rosin the Bow.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
A voice you will hear from below;
Sayin' 'send down a hogshead of whiskey
To drink with old Rosin the Bow

To drink with old Rosin the Bow, etc.

And get a half dozen stout fellows
And stack 'em all up in a row;
Let 'em drink out of half-gallon bottles
To the mem'ry of Rosin the Bow

To the mem'ry of Rosin the Bow, etc.

Then get this half dozen stout fellows
And let them all stagger and go;
And dig a great hole in the meadow,
And in it put Rosin the Bow.

And in it put Rosin the Bow, etc.

Then get ye a couple of bottles,
Put one at me head and me toe;
With a diamond ring scratch upon them,
The name of old Rosin the Bow.

The name of old Rosin the Bow, etc.

I feel that old tyrant approachin'
That cruel remorseless old foe;
And I lift up me glass in his honour,
Take a drink with old Rosin the Bow.

Take a drink with old Rosin the Bow, etc.

-Traditional

SONG OF THE PEOPLES

(Tune: "They'll Know We Are Christians")

Oh, they sleep with their ponies and they very seldom wash, (SING TWICE)
And they drink fermented mare's milk and they very often slosh,
And we'll know they are Mongols by their smell, by their smell,
Yes we'll know they are Mongols by their smell.

Oh, they mount on their ponies and forth they do ride, (SING TWICE)
And whenever they get upwind, the peasants choke and hide,
And we'll know they are Mongols by their smell, by their smell,
Yes we'll know they are Mongols by their smell.

Oh, they sound like a landslide that is going in reverse, (SING TWICE)
And a trio of tone-deaf mules could hardly sound worse,
And we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs, by their songs,
Yes we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs.

Oh, they play on an instrument that makes a dead dog flee, (SING TWICE)
And just to hear their music makes a foeman bend his knee,
And we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs, by their songs,
Yes we'll know they are Scotsmen by their songs.

Oh, they set sail for England and arrive south of France, (SING TWICE)
And they stomp on the floorboards and they think that it's a dance,
And we'll know that they're Vikings 'cause they're dumb, 'cause they're dumb,
Yes we'll know they are Vikings 'cause they're dumb.

Oh, they love to loot cattle and rape wenches too, (SING TWICE)
But they sometimes get it backwards, and they don't know what to do,
And we'll know they are Vikings 'cause they're dumb, 'cause they're dumb.
Yes we'll know they are Vikings 'cause they're dumb.

They keep pigs in the kitchen, and they eat with their knives, (SING TWICE)
And they take entertainment in the sleeziest of dives,
And we'll know by their manners that they're Huns, that they're Huns,
Yes we'll know by their manners that they're Huns.

Oh, they sleep on the table, or you'll find them beneath, (SING TWICE)
And whenever folk get married they will send a funeral wreath,
And we'll know by their manners that they're Huns, that they're Huns
Yes we'll know by their manners that they're Huns.

Oh, they drink beer and whiskey and they never sober up, (SING TWICE)
And they smell like rancid stiffs and their breath can dragons stop,
And we'll know they are Celts by their booze, by their booze,
Yes we'll know they are Celts by their booze.

Oh, they ferment all their shamrocks and they make some Rivengut (SING TWICE)
And if you take a real big swig, you'll end up on your butt,
And we'll know they are Celts by their booze, by their booze,
Yes we'll know they are Celts by their booze.

Oh, they leap upon ladies, and they very often miss, (SING TWICE)
And when ladies faint from their bad breath, they think that it's their kiss,
And the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan, they're Don Juan,
Yes the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan.

They spend hours at the mirror rehearsing all their lines, (SING TWICE)
When their ladies yawn from boredom, it's from passion she repines,
And the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan, they're Don Juan,
Yes the Frenchmen all think that they're Don Juan.

They wear lace at their collars and they show their legs in tights, (SING TWICE)
And the color of their clothing would make the darkness bright,
And we'll know they are Tudors 'cause they're fops, 'cause they're fops,
Yes, we'll know they are Tudors 'cause they're fops.

They wear tunics so short that they barely cover the gut, (SING TWICE)
And the ladies like to vote on which one has the cutest butt,
And we'll know they are Tudors 'cause they're fops, 'cause they're fops,
Yes we'll know they are Tudors 'cause they're fops.

Oh, they sit in the Café eating garlic all the day, (SING TWICE)
And they'll surely keep the vampires and the other folk away,
And we'll know they're Italians by their breath, by their breath,
Yes we'll know they're Italians by their breath.

Oh, they eat their spicy pasta and they wash it down with wine, (SING TWICE)
The odors are incredible where'er they sit to dine,
And we'll know they're Italians by their breath, by their breath,
Yes we'll know they're Italians by their breath.

Oh, they walk through the doorway and they tell you their names,
And the folk say, "gesundheit," and it's always the same,
No one else can pronounce it so they make it all a game,
And we'll know they are Welshmen by their speech, by their speech,
Yes we'll know they are Welshmen by their speech.

Oh, they write songs and lyrics and they write epics too, (SING TWICE)
And when seen it's made wholly of "l's", "y's", and "w's",
And we'll know they are Welshmen by their speech, by their speech,
Yes we'll know they are Welshmen by their speech.

Oh, they toss off their vodka, and they live in their furs, (SING TWICE)
And they eat with their fingers and they sleep with their herds,
And we'll know they are Russians 'cause they're slobs, 'cause they're slobs,
Yes we'll know they are Russians 'cause they're slobs.

Oh, their beds are full insects and their heads are full of lice, (SING TWICE)
And their homes are full of vermin, and their cheese repels their mice,
And we'll know they are Russians 'cause they're slobs, 'cause they're slobs,
Yes we'll know they are Russians 'cause they're slobs.

SONG OF THE SHIELD-WALL

or

"Four Hundred Years of Saxon History in 2:15"

Hasten, O sea-steed, over the swan-road,
Foamy-necked ship o'er the froth of the sea!
For Hengest has called us from Gotland and Frisia
To Vortigern's country, his army to be.

We'll take our pay there in sweeter than silver,
We'll take our plunder in richer than gold,
For Hengest has promised us land for the fighting,
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold!

Hasten, O fyrdmen, down to the river;
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 holding what we call dearest,
Lands that the sons of the Saxons will hold.

Hasten, O huscarls, North to the Danelaw;
Harald Hardrada's come over the sea!
His long ships he's laden with bareserks from Norway
To claim Cnute's crown and our master to be.

Bitter he'll find there 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,
Triumph is 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.

-Words: Malkin Grey
Music: Peregrynne Windrider

STEEL SHOD DANCE

I battle for the lady in blue, O
I carry her veil on my lance.
I face a very rough crew, O
But, God 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 oppo~~net~~'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 another test.

CHORUS

We gather for the grand melee, O
A field full of armored knights;
We trample through the fading day, O
'Twas never more a chivalorous might.

CHORUS

I live for the thundering hooves, O
I live for the crowds blood-roar;
For the chivalry and the honour of
Our little pratice wars.

CHORUS

-Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood

THOR'S SON

Serpent prow on the Afric coast
Doom on the Moorish town;
And this is the song the steersman sang
As the dragonship swept down:

I followed Asgrimm Snorri's son around the world and halfway back,
And 'scaped the hate of Galdjerhun who sank out ship off Skagerack.
I lent my sword to Hrothgar then; his eyes were ice, his heart was hard
He fell with half his weapon-men to our own kin at Mikligard.

And then for many a weary moon I laboured at the galley's oar,
Where men grow maddened by the rune of row-locks clanking evermore.
But I survived the reeking rack, the toil the whips that burned and gashed;
The spiteful Greeks that scarred my back & trembled even while they lashed.

They sold me on an Eastern block; in silver coins my price was paid;
They girt me with a chain and lock; I laughed and they were so afraid.
I toiled amound the olive trees until a night of hot desire
Blew me a breath of the outer seas and filled my veins with curious fire.

Then I arose and broke my chains and laughed to know that I was free,
And battered out my masters brains, and fled and gained the open sea.
Beneath a copper sun adrift, I shunned the proa and the dhow,
Until I saw a sail uplift, and saw and knew the dragon prow.

Oh, East of sands and sunlit gulf, your blood is thin; your gods are few;
You could not break the northern wolf, and now the wolf has turned on you.
The fires that light the coast of Spain, fling shadows on the Eastern strand.
Master your slave has come again with torch and axe in his red hand!

Sepernt prow on the Afric coast,
Doom on a Moorish town;
And this is the song the steersman sang,
As the dragonship swept down.

-words: Robert Howard
-music: Arwyn Antarae

THE TWO MAGICIANS

She looked out of the window, as white as any milk;
And he looked in at the window, as black as any silk.

CHORUS

Hello, hello, hello, hello, ye coal black smith.
You have done me no harm.
You never shall have me maiden head that I have kept so long.
I'd rather die a maid, ah, but then she said,
And be buried all in me grave;
Then to have such a husky, dusky, fusty, musty coal black smith,
A maiden I will die.

She became a duck, a duck all on the stream;
And he became a water dog, and fetched her back again.

CHORUS

She became a rose, a rose all in the wood;
And he became a bumblebee and kissed her where she stood.

CHORUS

She became a nun, a nun all dressed in white;
And he became a canting priest, and prayed for her by night.

CHORUS

She became a trout, a trout all in the brook;
And he became a feathered-fly and caught her with his hook.

CHORUS

She became a corpse, a corpse all in the ground;
And he became the cold clay and smothered her all around.

(alternate last verse)

She became a corpse, a corpse all in the clay;
And he became a necrophile and had her anyway!

CHORUS

-Traditional

WHACK THEIR PEE-PEES

(Tune: "What Shall we Do With the Drunken Sailor")

CHORUS

Whack, whack, whack their pee-pees,
Whack, whack, whack their pee-pees,
Whack, whack, whack their pee-pees,
Earli in the morning.

Make 'em fight Roger without any armour, etc.

Hit 'em in the cup with a six foot great-sword, etc.

Make the shield wall out of lefties, etc.

Five on one and all throwing leg shots, etc.

Take not both, but all their legs, etc.

Switch blue lightening for their gatoraid, etc.

Make 'em share a tent with Paval, etc.

Sing this song for two more hours, etc.

VALEN'S SONG

(Tune: "If I only had a Brain")

I could arm myself in dearskin, I wouldn't have to wear tin
If Valens was my name.
I'd have a shield just like my brother, and have Dobbin for my mother,
I could bring Bam-bi to fame.

I could be the King's Cham-pion, I'd carry 'round his weapons
I'd stand around at Court.
I could pick him out some women, lifeguard if the King went swimming
I could really be a sport.

CHORUS

I'd drink a little beer, while Richard was near,
I'd drink it 'till I got a little queer
And then I'd drink, another beer.

I could live in Chanute, the girls would find me quite cute
They'd really love my van.
Then I could go off fighting and leave all the women sighing,
I could prove I was a man.

I could fly around on New Years, just like a Christmas reindeer
Exploding oil to blame.
Fab'lous flyin' Flatrock brothers, 'twas a feat done by no others
It was then I'd wish for brains.

CHORUS

If I fought and got a boo-boo, upon my little tu tu
That nearly made me lame,
I'd say I monshaft Katriana, and my toes she did step on-a
'Cause dancing's not my game.

I could be a knight, a fyrdman, a huscarl and a wierdman
a torse and mallet too,
I'd come late to feasts with Kings and Queens, and wenches and all kind
of things,
I'd love it wouldn't you?

CHORUS

Singing Bandits

WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer,
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

CHORUS

And it's no, nay, never,
No, nay, never, no more,
Will I play the wild rover
No, never, no more.

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady me money was spent;
I asked for a bottle, she answered me, "Nay,
"Such custom as yours I can have any day!"

CHORUS

I brought up from me pockets ten sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight;
She said "I have whiskey and wine of the best,
"And I'll take you upstairs and I'll show you the rest!"

CHORUS

I'll go back to my parents, confess what I've done,
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son;
And if they caress me as oft times before,
(Then) I never will play the wild rover no more.

CHORUS

CHORUS

-Traditional

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 the wall.

CHORUS

Singing dedi-i-o, sing Calontir, sing dedi-i-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.

Oh, once we were the minions of the Middle-Realm,
But now we have our own king with a Falcon on his helm.

Did ya come by the Eastern camp, and did ye their numbers see?
Come tell to me young Calon scout, what might their numbers be.

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.

If this sad fate should come to pass, then I will turn to ye,
And you'll take your great-sword in your hand and ye'll gang in with me.

Them that were Calon brothers brave went in amongst the thrang,
And they swopped down the Easteren lads with swords baith sharp and lang.

The first stroke King William gave, the Tyger King did reel,
The second stroke King William gave, his banner he did steal!

A cry arose amongst the Eastern men as they saw their banner fall,
And we lifed it and carried it a triumph of our wall!

Angus of Blackmoor

ZORABB'S SONG

(Tune: "Winter Wonderland")

Slave chains....are you listening?
In the air, whips are whistling.
What a beautiful sight, 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 around the fire.
To ~~face~~ unafraid, the enemies we made,
Traveling with the slave caravan.

-Brumbär von Schwarzberg

110

Footnotes and Corrections

Ball of Ballynoor- Also known as the "Ball of Kerry Moor". There are many more verses than the ones listed; I have over eight pages of verses.

Calontir Game-This song was originally written about Sir Valens. The second verse (first line) was 'My name it is Valens, from Bois d'Arc I came,' The last verse as written by Koshka was: 'And now I am dying, my armor all holes / And I think of those traitors who bargained and sold / And I'm sorry my broadsword has not done the same, / To the traitors who sold out the Calontir Game.'

Calontir Stands Alone-Was written at the last minute to be part of a song contest that lacked the number of entries. It was written on the back of a napkin at a feast in Mag Mor. This is the revised kingdom version. The original Principality version substitutes in the third verse (first line) 'We haven't got belted chivalry,', (second line) 'Just good old unbelted fighters, we,'; and in the last verse, (fourth line) 'A merry Principality'.

Catalan Vengeance- Is based on an actual battle that occurred in Eastern Greece in 1311 and was known as the Battle of Kephissos River. The Catalan Companies, mercenary spear w/some light cavalry, were evicted from Sicily in 1305 and took service with the Byzantine Emperor. When the Emperor killed their Captain--Roger de Flori--by treachery the company turned bandits to ravage the hills of Morea for half a decade. Walter of Brienne, Duke of Athens, led an army to crush the Catalans. True to his training in French Chivalry, he ordered a charge before scouting the terrain, trapping his army in a marsh that had formed when the Catalans had opened an aqueduct, and was killed with his followers. The Latin Kingdoms of Greece, leaderless, were soon destroyed, and replaced by a government formed by the Catalans.

Coeur d'Ennui Song-Written by Sir William Coeur du Boeuf, not all verses are included. Also others have written more verses about the people of Coeur d'Ennui.

Dun Cow-In the Calontir version, the audience participation has become traditional. Fesselmeyer (replacing MacEntire) in the last verse is a tribute to Bill Fesselmeyer (a/k/a William Coeur du Boeuf).

Follow Me Up To Carlow-This tune is said to have been played by Mac Hugh's pipers as they marched on Carlow in 1580, after defeating Grey's troops at Glenmalur.

Gang Bang Song-While not period, a rowdy post-revel song popular in Calontir, It was sung in the bar scene in the movie "Loose in the Wind" w/Tom Cruise.

Good Ship Venus-the Chorus: Frigging in the rigging, / Wanking on the planking, / Masterbating on the grating, / There was **** all else to do.

Greyhound Bound for Pennsic-Written by Koshka before Pennsic XIII before she had ever been to a Pennsic War

Hampster Song-Was based on a four line hamper song by a group of people from Iowa who had composed an entire album of hamper type songs, but never made the album. The four line hamper song : "Fighting hamsters from the sky, / Some will live and some will die. / Hampsters love to run and duck; / But most of all they like to eat." Paval took this as his theme song (Why do you duct tape a hamper???), and he and his thugs duct taped hamsters on their helms during wars.

Johnny I Hardly Knew You-Dates to the early 19th Century when many Irishmen fought with the British to protect the East India Company in Celon.

Killgarra Mountain- I omitted the last verse due to space: "Now some takes delight in the fishin' and the bolwin' / And some takes delight in the carriage wheels a-rollin', / But me, I takes delight in the fruit of the barley, And courtin' pretty girls in the mornin' oh, so early."

Last Night I Stayed Awake- Is a variation of the song "Last Night I Stayed At Home"-learned in 1956 from the Crud Alley Quartet from Pasadena. The turn is "Funicula, Funicula".

Moose Song-This is just one version, the more compact version popular in Calontir. The source that I have tells me that it was written late one night in an auditorium in Caid by Thomas Payton, a squire to Sit Aethelred originally from Calontir.

Song of the Shield Wall-While extremely popular in Calontir, it is not so in other kingdoms. The mentions of Fyrdmen, Huscarls, and of course the Shield Wall are attractive and somewhat synonymous with Calontir traditions. It is often sung as a narrative in other kingdoms.

William's Wall- Originally entitled "The XIV Pennsic War", and written during William's first reign as king, it was rewritten, and popular in this edition at Pennsic XVI. It became the song of PW16.

Bibliography

Babad, Harry; Roll Me Over, New York, Oak, 1972.

Coeur de Boeuf, William; The Coeur D'Ennui Lecher's Guild Songbook.

Fish, Leslie, Kantele Vol 7, 1979.

Hlodowechssun, Erich & Cedric of Colchester, A Calontir Peoples Song Grimore, Gallows Publications, 1982.

Kensor, Chrystofer, the Kensor Collection, Wolf Prints, 1985.

Kipling, Ruyard, "The Quest", The National Trust, 1896.

Loesberg, John, Folksongs & Ballads Popular in Ireland Vol. I-III, Cork, Ossian Publications, 1980.

Previously Unpublished:

Andrew Ward, "Rollin' Back to Old Caid"

Angus of Blackmoor, "William's Wall"

Aeruín ní hEaráin ó Chonemara, "Bare is the Brotherless Back"

Singing Bandits, "Valen's Song"

Conn McNeil, "Another Tournament Fight"

Conn McNeil, "Paval's Song"

various authors, "Whack their Pee-pees"

Zviosdosamtseva, Koshka, "Calontir Game"

Three River's Songbook

Ulfsson, Hrolf, "None but Calontir-O", "Risin' O' the Star", Mews, #59, pp.22, 23.

Unknown Origin

Coeur de Boeuf, William, "The Coeur d'Ennui Song"

"Duchess and the Lecher"

"Dun Cow"

"Gang Bang Song"

"Killgarra Mountain" (traditional)

"Limerick Song"

Payton, Thomas "The Moose Song"

"The Two Magicians" (Child Ballad)

Wolvenwood, Andrew Lyon of, Wolven-words, 1983.

Zviosdosamtseva, Koshka, "Greyhound Pound for Pennsic", Mews, #88, pp. 12-13.

