

A FILKSONG FOLIO
 Collected by Ld Chidiokk The Younger

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Authors are acknowledged where known; if you see errors or something you wrote and you want credit, by all means let me know.

BROM'S REIGN
(tune: Lincoln Park Pirates)

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

CHORUS:

Do me way, hey, you'll rue the day,
A barbaric bastard like me,
Did show up to fight here where might still makes right,
Now just stick around and you'll see,
Do me way, 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 my new defense budget,
In other words, swords for my guards,
I think that rattan is for pussies,
So from now on we'll only use steel,
And to keep every fight from lasting an hour
I'm also outlawing the shield.

CHORUS

And the feasting will be done at Arby's,
Till the managers countenance sours,
Then I'll hold drunken court in the basement of Steelhome,
And make sure it goes on for hours.
To our fighters give rubber band crossbows,
To our poets give Crackerjack rings,
But I'll give Uncle Stevie a Felican
Cause I like the way the man sings.

CHORUS

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

(continued)

(2)

Brom's Reign, continued

CHORUS

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 crown.
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!

Do me way, hey, you'll rue the day,
A barbaric bastard like me,
Did show up to fight here where might still makes right,
Now just stick around and you'll see,
Do me way, hey, I'll go all the way
In plundering poor Calontir,
You pissed me off royal and made my blood boil,
By God you just wait till next year!

A CALONTIR SONG
(Tune: The Old Gray Mare)
By Sir William Coeur De Boeuf

We're not scared to fight with the chivalry,
Or the men of Treegirt Sea,
Or the Northwoods Barony,
We're not scared of the men from the Cleftlands, see?
We are from Calontir.
We are from Calontir, we are from Calontir,
We're not scared to fight with the chivalry,
we are from Calontir.

(Male voices)

We can drink champagne with the best of them,
Kumiss with the worst of them,
Beer with the rest of them.
We are the known world's big hairy-chested men,
We are from Calontir.
We are from Calontir, We are from Calontir,
We are the known world's big hairy-chested men,
We are from Calontir.

(Female voices) -

We have drunk champagne with the best of them,
Kumiss with the worst of them,
Beer with the rest of them,
But our preference is the hairy-chested men,
The men of Calontir.
The men of Calontir, the men of Calontir,
But our preference is the hairy-chested men,
The men of Calontir.

CALONTIR STANDS ALONE

by Brom Blackhand

(tune: When 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,
And 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 damned 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 have our own brand of chivalry, Waes Hael, Drink Hael,
We fight for the love of battle, we, Waes Hael, Drink Hael,
On battlefields many we've stood the test,
Proved our bravery, skill, and 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.

THE LOVESONG OF SIR WILLIAM COEUR DE BOEUF

Allow me to sing you this simple love song,
It's not complicated, it's not very long,
The words they are simple, the words they are true...
I get an erection just thinking of you.

GREENSLEEVES

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously,
For I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.

CHORUS:

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves, my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves.

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you did crave,
I have both wagered life and land,
Your love and goodwill for to have.

CHORUS

I bought three kerchiefs for thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly,
I kept thee both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse most favorably.

CHORUS

My men were clothed all in green,
And ever did they wait on thee,
All this was gallant to be seen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

CHORUS

Thou could'st desire no earthly thing,
But still thou had'st it readily,
Thy music still to play and sing,
But still thou would'st not love me.

CHORUS

Now I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy may see,
And that yet once before I die,
Thou will vouchsafe thy love for me.

CHORUS

THE LAST OF THE GOLIARDS
By ChidiocK (Tune: Lucille)

In a countryside tavern at the tag end of Autumn
I saw a man sitting alone,
His face lined and weathered, his brown robe all tattered,
He might have been carved from a stone.
The dry dead leaves swirled round his feet as he sat there,
His gaze fixed on some point in space,
When I said "Good Father, have some wine with a traveler",
He said as he rose from his place,

CHORUS:

I'm the last man of Golius' line,
We once praised our ladies and more so our wine,
Our lives they were merry,
And now I but tarry,
The voice in the silence is mine,
I'm the last man of Golius' line.

Said I "Be not downcast, your line may yet prosper,
A new generation arise.
The Church they will mock yet, in scholarly Latin,
And favor find in ladies' eyes."
But though I consoled him, tried much to uphold him,
The truth long I could not conceal,
The Order Vagorum was gone from the kingdom,
Save the one who drank my wine with zeal.

CHORUS

The bottle he emptied, and called for another,
And fondled the wench when she came,
The meat I had ordered for my supper quick vanished,
Ere I had caught onto his game.
As the smiling maid led him to the stairs to her chamber,
I called him a cheat and a fraud,
He smiled benignly and chastised me, saying,
"How say you to a man of God?"

ALTERNATE CHORUS:

I'm the last man of Golius' line,
I still enjoy ladies and equally, wine,
With this fair lass, Mary,
Tonight I will tarry,
She'll make me a fine concubine,
And now you've heard Golius' line.

THE FIGHTING HAMSTERS
(Tune: Ballad of the Green Berets)

Fighting hamsters from the sky,
Hamsters who will jump and die,
Hamsters have nothing to fear,
The fighting hamsters of Calontir.

With silver tape upon their backs,
A broadsword is all they lack,
Hamsters have nothing to fear,
The fighting hamsters of Calontir.

Trained by jumping off a roof,
Trained in combat, tooth to tooth,
Hamsters fight both far and near,
The mighty hamsters of Calontir.

Back at home, Pavel waits,
His fighting hamster, has met its fate,
It has died from drinking beer,
That fighting hamster of Calontir.

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

Fighting hamsters jump from a plane,
Fighting hamsters fall like rain,
Some will live, but most will die,
Stupid hamsters cannot fly.

IOSEVITCH GOES TO WAR
(Tune: The Minstrel Boy)

Iosevitch 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 our 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 charged and the Tuchux fell,
'Neath his weapon bloody and fearsome.
They spied a wren on a tabard of green,
And fled in fear before him.
Oh, do they flee for fear of death,
Or do they fear dishonor?
More likely still I think they fear
The odor of his armor.

GATORADE
(Tune: Gaudete)

CHORUS:

Gatorade, Gatorade, I'm dying of thirst
Called the fighter to the maid, Gatorade.
Gatorade, Gatorade, the heat it gets worse.
Have another gallon made, Gatorade.

I went down to watch them fight
In the Grimfells shire,
There I heard a certain knight
Calling to his squire,

CHORUS

At the Pennsic battleground
Watch the fighters falling,
Then just listen to the sounds
Of the leeches calling,

CHORUS

Chainmail, platemail, fancy helms,
Isn't it romantic?
What's that fighter calling for?
Isn't it authentic?

CHORUS

THE HUSCARL SONG
By Hywela Frech ferch Wyddel

When I am bored and the day seems quite dead,
I hide all the duct tape and turn down the bed,
I jump in and wait without making a sound,
'Cause if Gabe can't make weapons the bed's where he's bound.

Chorus:

Hus, Hus, I love my Hus,
Never had anything quite like a Hus,
You could try many lovers,
Your life could be loose,
But you'd never have anything good as my Hus!

I've tried it with all kinds of fighters and such,
Knights are okay but their spurs hurt too much,
I've tried it with a Seneschal, a Fyrdman, a champ,
But it takes a real Huscarl to light up my lamp!

CHORUS

The Horde might be fine for a Saturday night,
I hear Laurels and Pelicans put up a fight,
But give me sweaty armor and a big surly snarl,
It's good if it's grimy with a dirty Huscarl!

CHORUS

Now I always knew Gabe would make Iren-Hyrd,
Cause he's always in armor and he's got a nice beard.
But two final points made induction complete,
He never speaks French and he sure likes to eat!

Final Chorus:

Hus, Hus, I love my Hus!
Never had anything quite like my Hus,
Never mind many lovers,
Never mind being loose,
You'll never have anything quite like my Hus!

LAMENT OF A NOVICE (Or, Six Ways To Join The Chivalry)
By Moses Ben Eldad (Tune: Finnegan's Wake)
Calontir Arrangement By Sir Erich Hlodowechssun

Oh, I just joined the SCA,
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 lists you can't compete,
Syr 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 SCA.

I asked, Is there another way?
I couldn't face the Knight's attack.
They told me join the next melee,
Go hit some frydman in the back.
Conn just killed me with a sword,
Valen's axe is in my face,
Pavel's thugs they bit my leg,
Sir Cormac 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 SCA.

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.
A female scream and vicious kick,
How do they learn to fight that way,
That's the third mistake I made,
The year I joined the SCA.

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 Brom Blackhand down,
"He can't hold very much," they said,
I hauled a willing wench upstairs,
And passed out when I 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 SCA.

Now armoring's a noble trade,
But first I need rattan, of course.
Eight bucks a yard, the deal I made,
For Brumbar my only source.
I drove out to the Pennsic War,
My gear was all in perfect shape,
But Bearkiller broke my shield in half,
I should have used more friction tape.
A broken sword, a broken shield,
How much can I afford to pay?
That's the fifth mistake I made,
The year I joined the SCA.

At revels I sing minstrel songs,
While knights are draining jugs and kegs,
And dogs and jesters 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 have to fight them all today,
That's the last mistake I made,
The year I joined the SCA.

LORD CHARLIE

(Tune: MTA)

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

Oh will he ever return? 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 down in the Grimfells
Or perhaps it was Deodar,
All the Lords and Ladies and the Knights and Squires
Said "That man is gonna go far."

Oh, will he ever return? No, he'll never return,
And his fate is still unlearned.
He said "This is the life, so good-bye to my wife",
He's the man who never returned.

His next event was called Valor Tourney
Where he earned the Valor Sword,
He cleared the field of every contender,
And he wasn't even breathing hard.

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

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

Oh, will he ever return? 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.

Ny number four, he'd earned even more,
He had his own Barony,
He was now known as Captain Baron Squire Lord Charlie,
O.L.M. and O.C.C.

Oh, will he ever return? 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.

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? No, he'll never return,
And his fate is still unlearned.
(Discant Bass: Poor Old Charlie)
With seventeen ladies in a two man cabin,
He's the man who never returned.

His sixth event was in Standing Stones
At the Colloquium,
Before he left he was handed a Laurel,
Earl Marshal and a Pelican.

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

Sir Charlie said he'd won every honor,
He earned most everything,
"Crown Tourney's tomorrow down in Bois d'Arc Shire,
And I'll try my hand at King."

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

Well, the field down in Bois d'Arc was wet and marshy,
And there Charlie met his end.
The last we could spy was his sword held high,
As he sank beneath the fen.'

Oh, will he ever return? No, he'll never return,
And his fate is still unlearned.
(Discant Bass: What a pity)
He may fight forever in the swamps of Bois d'Arc
He's the man who never returned...!
He may fight forever in the swamps of Bois d'Arc
He's the man who never returned.

(Calontir arrangement by Sir Erich Hlodowechssun)

LET NELLY SLEEP UNDER THE BAR
(Tune: The Last of the Hipsters)

'Twas a dark winter ev'n and the guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar,
When he turned and he said to the lady in red,
"Get out! You can't stay where you are."

So she wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
Then a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said,

Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know
About the ways of lecherous men and how they come and go,
(Mostly go)

Now age has taken her beauty and sin has left its sad scar,
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,
And let Nelly sleep under the bar.

MEN

By Steve Martin and Martin Mull

Chorus: Men, men, men, men,
Men, men, men, men,
Men, men, men, men,
Men, men, men, men,

Solo: It's great to be on a ship with men,
and sail across the sea-o,
We don't know where we'll land or when,
But it's great to be with men!

Chorus: It's great to be with men!

Solo: For men can sweat and men can stink
and no one seems to care-o,
We'll throw the dishes in the sink
and clog the drains with hair-o!

Chorus: And clog the drains with hair-o!
Men, men, men! It's a ship all filled with men.

Solo: You'll never have to lift the seat,
There's no one here but...

Chorus: Men, men, men, men,
Men, men, men, men,

Solo: There's men above and men below
and men down in the galley,
There's Butch and Biff and Sam and Spike,
And one guy we call Sally,

Chorus: And one guy we call Sally.
Men, men, men! It's a ship all filled with men.

Solo: So batten down the lady's room,
There's no one here but...

Chorus: men, men, men, men,
men, men, men, men,

Solo: We're men and friends until the end
and none of us are sissies.
At night we sleep in separate bunks
And blow each other kissies.

Chorus: and blow each other kissies.
Men, men, men! It's a ship all filled with men.

Solo: So throw your rubbers overboard,
There's no one here but men.

Chorus: Ah-----Men!

(18)

Shidick

MOONWOLF'S MEMORIES
by Moonwulf
(tune: Today)

Chorus:

Today, while the blossoms are all turning brown,
We'll pillage your village, we'll burn down your town,
A million tomorrows will all pass away,
Ere we forget all the gold that is ours today.

Well I'll be a Northman and I'll be a rover,
You'll know who I am by the things that I do,
I'll laugh in the battle, I'll brag in my mead cup,
While swilling down Monk's Liver Stew....

CHORUS

We're raiders from Wulfhaven, drunkenly vicious,
We'll knock up your daughters and burn down your halls,
We're rowdy, unruly, and somewhat lascivious,
And up the White Wolf is our call...

CHORUS

I can't be contented with yesterdays plunder,
I can't live on ransom notes winter to spring,
But show me a woman and soon she'll go under,
She'll scream, and she'll cry, and I'll sing...

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'll never be treated that way by a moose.

CHORUS:

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.

When I am bored and in need of a lay,
I go to the closet and get me some hay,
I go to the window and spread it around,
Cause moose always come when there's hay on the ground.

CHORUS

Gorillas are fine for a Saturday night,
And lions and tigers they put up a fight,
But it's just not the same when you slams their caboose,
As it is when you humps on the rumps of a moose.

CHORUS

I've done it with all kinds of beasties with hair,
I'd do it with snakes if their fangs wasn't there,
I've done it with walrus, a duck, and a goose,
But it just ain't as good as it is with a moose.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN
(tune: My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

My father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes second-rate 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 makes pink prophylactics,
She punches each one with a pin,
My grandpa does bootleg abortions,
My God how the money rolls in!

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

My mother's a boardinghouse keeper,
Each night as the evening grows dim,
She hangs a red light in the window,
My God how the money rolls in!

CHORUS

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!

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

THAT REAL OLD TIME RELIGION
(tune: Give Me That Old Time Religion)

Chorus: Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
give me that old time religion,
It's good enough for me!

We will have a mighty orgy
In the honor of Astarte,
It'll be one hell of a party
and that's good enough for me.

We will all be saved by Mithras
We will all be saved by Mithras
Slay the bull and play the zithras
On that resurrection day.

We will all bow down to Enlil
We will all bow down to Enlil
Raise your cup and get a refill
With bold Gilgamesh the Brave.

We will all see Aphrodite
Though she's pretty wild and flighty
She will greet us in her nighty
And that's good enough for me.

We will all go to Nirvana
We will all go to Nirvana
Make a left turn at Savannah
And we'll see the Promised Land.

It was good for old Jehova
Had a son who was a nova
Hey there Mithras move on ova'
A new resurrection day.

If your rising sign is Ares
You'll be taken by the fairies
Meet the Buddah in Benares
Where he'll hit you with a pie.

We will all join in the chorus
Of the opera written for us
It's the opera about Boris
And that's Godenov for me.

Note: there are many, many more verses to this)

THE PENNSIC BUS SONG
By Koshka Zvdosdosametseva
(Tune: City of New Orleans)

Ridin' on the Greyhound bound for Pennsic,
Calontir central Wednesday evening rail,
Fifteen girls and twenty restless fighters,
Heaps of armor, 'bout a thousand pounds of chain mail.

All along the eastbound odyssey,
The bus pulls out of Forgotten Sea,
And heads towards Pennsylvania's bloody fields,
The yearly pilgrimage to make,
To win the war for Midrealm's sake,
We're gonna make those Eastern sissies yield!

Good mornin' 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!

Ridin' on the Greyhound bound for Pennsic,
Feelin' tired but no-one wants to sleep,
Pass the plastic jug that holds the "Zoomies",
Hopin' 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,
A hundred jugs of Gatorade and booze!

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

Homeward bound, amazing we survived it,
We all look like we've just been through a war!
Tellin' tales and swappin' brags about the battles,
We're revelin' a thousand miles and 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 with you at Pennsic,
We'll have gone a thousand miles' fore the day is done. (23)

PENNSIC PASS BATTLE SONG
(tune: Hotspur)
By Chidiok

Squire bring my armor, my sword and my scutum,
We have a battle to fight in the pass.
The East has retreated and taken their banner,
And now we must follow and their strength surpass.

So form up the units, and with faithful allies
Head into battle, though many shall fall,
Press on for glory, for fame and for honor,
The thin line of purple will form up the wall.

Down sweep the Tuchux, for blood and for vengeance,
Meridies meets them, and swallows them whole.
The Eastrealm moves forward, to meet us at spearpoint,
The Falcon advances, the banner her goal.

The lines grind together, the spears strike like lightning,
The East's reinforcements all enter the fray.
The thin line of purple is holding together,
The Falcon screams challenge on this fated day.

William and Valens have knelt there together,
Holding the scutum, their men all around,
Break now the ramparts, and send forth our fighters
With sword and polearm to take Eastern ground.

Hew down the foemen like so much green timber,
And close on the banner, the long-awaited prize.
William steps forward and seizes the standard,
To hold it, triumphant, before all men's eyes.

Squire bring my armor, my sword and my scutum,
There's many a battle we have yet to fight,
But let men remember that moment at Pennsic,
The East's banner falling to Calontir's might.

Chidiok

A PICT'S SONG
By Rudyard Kipling

Rome never looks where she treads,
Always her heavy hooves fall,
On our stomachs, our hearts, and 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 ours tongues for our swords.

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!

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 us 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 dance 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.

Prince Lir's Song
(Tune: The Ash Grove)

When I was a young man, and very well thought of,
I couldn't ask naught that the ladies denied.
I nibbled their hearts like a handful of raisins
And I never spoke love--- but I knew that I lied.

But I said to myself, " Ah, they none of them see
The secret I shelter and savor and save:
I wait for the one who will see through my seeming,
And I'll know when I love by the way I behave."

The years drifted by me, like clouds in the heavens,
The ladies went by me like snow on the wind.
I charmed and i cheated, deceived and dissembled,
And I sinned and I sinned and I sinned and I sinned.

But I said to myself, " Ah, they none of them see
There's a part of me pure as the whisk of a wave,
My lady is late, but she'll find I've been faithful,
And I'll know when I love by the way I behave."

At last came a lady both knowing and tender,
Saying "You're not at all what they take you to be."
I betrayed her before she had quite finished speaking,
And she swallowed cold poison and jumped in the sea.

And I say to myself, when there's time for a word,
As I gracefully grow more debauched and depraved,
"Ah, love may be strong, but a habit is stronger,
And I knew when I loved by the way I behaved."

THE RAVEN BANNER
Lyric: Malkin Gray
Melody: Peregrynne Windrider

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 Norns, 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 the bearer dies.
Two men have fallen 'neath its wings today
And still the banner 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 lines,
We had no choice but flight,
But I'm not worried it's a long way home,
I won't get there tonight.

The Norns have woven a bloody web,
A tapestry made of guts and bone,
And parceled it out to the Orkney host,
Our day in Ireland's done.
The grey wolf howls and the raven soars
Above the arrows flight,
And Odin is waiting beyond the fray
For some of us tonight.

ROLLIN' TO JERUSALEM
(Tune: The Gallant Forty-Twa)
By Brom Blackhand

We were hangin' out near London, chasin maids and raisin Hell
We robbed a couple of 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 a holy war!

Chorus:

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 workin' 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,
Then we rode quickly Eastward, for the enemy to meet,
We battled with the Paynims, and we killed then by the score,
They did the same to us next month, it was that kind of war.

CHORUS

Well we met them on the battlefield to see who was the best.
When we weren'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

CHORUS

SONG OF THE SHIELD-WALL .

Hasten, oh 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 Vortigern's country, his army to be.
We take our pay there in sweeter than silver,
We take our plunder there richer than gold,
For Hengest has promised us land for the fighting,
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold.

Hasten, oh fyrdmen, down to the river,
Dragonships come on the inflowing tide,
The lindenwood shield and the old spear of ashwood
Are needed again by the cold water's side.
Draw up the shield-wall, oh shoulder companions,
Later whenever our story is told,
They'll say that we died holding what we call dearest,
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold!

Hasten, oh huscarls, north to the Danelaw,
Harald Hadrada's come over the sea,
His longships he's laden with berserks from Norway,
To gain Cnut's crown and our master to be.
Bitter he'll find there the bite of our spearpoints,
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 hilltop 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!

SONG OF THE TEMPERANCE UNION
(tune: Lydia Pinkham's Medicinal Compound)

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band,
On the right side of temperance we take our stand,
We don't use tobacco because we do think,
That people who use it are likely to drink.

CHORUS: Away, away, with rum, by gum, with rum, by gum, with
rum, by gum,
Away, away, with rum, by gum,
That's the song of the Temperance Union.

We never eat fruitcake because it has rum,
And one little bite turns a man to a bum,
Can you imagine a sorrier sight,
Than a man eating fruitcake until he gets tight?

CHORUS

We never eat cookies, they make them with yeast,
And one little bite turns a man to a beast,
Can you imagine a greater disgrace,
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

CHORUS

We never drink Pepsi, it's made from cocaine,
You might as well shoot it right into a vein,
Can you imagine a sorrier bind,
Than rotting your teeth while you're blowing your mind?

CHORUS

We don't stomp on grapes because that's making wine,
And one single stomp turns a man to a swine,
Can you imagine a fouler defeat,
Than a man getting stonkered by licking his feet?

CHORUS

Shun girls who are witty and pretty and kind,
There's nothing like love for corrupting your mind,
We masturbate daily because we do think,
That once you start screwing you're likely to drink.

CHORUS

THE SPANISH INQUISITION
(Tune: McNamara's Band)
By Anthony R. Lewis

Oh, my name is Torquemada; I'm the leader of this band,
Although we're few in numbers we are feared throughout
the land
We work on Jews and Protestants; we kick them as they fall,
But when we work on heretics we work the best of all.

Oh, the racks go creak and the thumbscrews squeak,
And the whips they flail away,
We slam the Iron Maiden shut,
And sit in the corner to pray,
Oh, the auto-da-fe is God's chosen way,
And the screams of the victims are grand,
Another soul to Heaven...
From Torquemada's band.

From the NESFA Hymnal, second edition.

TERNON'S LAMENT
(Tune: Streets of Laredo)
By Hertha Blair

As I wandered out over Paradise meadows
Where mists off the lake met the sky blowing gray,
I found a young Viscount in armor and leather
And, fearing him dead, I knelt down where he lay.

I see by your countenance you are sore wounded,
The blood on your blade bears the reek of decay,
But under your armor's no mark that could slay you,
What treachery foul could have felled you this way?

The grim smile he gave me was wretched to look on;
Though broken in spirit he told me his plight;
My once-noble foes have abandoned their Honor.
My heart is a-breakin', I'm dying this night.

So bring me my helm and my swords lay beside me,
And when I grow cold in the bright full moon's light,
Play dirges, burn torches, and carry my body
To rest 'neath the stones, for I've tried to do right.

Nay! Hold! Ternon purge from your heart these dread poisons
Spill brine o'er the tresses of your ladies dear,
Pray let us help heal you to lead us the morrow,
So chivalry still lives in fair Calontir.

THOR'S SON

Lyric: Robert E. Howard

Melody: Mistress Arwyn Antarae

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 Snorrison around the world and halfway
back,
And 'scaped the hate of Galdjerhrun who sank our 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 labored at a galley's oar,
Where men grew maddened by the rune of rowlocks clacking
evermore,
But I survived the reeking rack, the toil, the whips that
burned and gashed,
The spiteful Greeks that scarred my back and trembled even
while they lashed.

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

Then I arose and broke my chain and laughed to know that I
was free,
I battered out my master's brain 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 sand 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 coasts of Spain fling shadows on
the Eastern strand.
Master, your slave has come again with torch and ax in his
right hand!

(Repeat intro)

THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER

A Gypsy rover came over the hill,
Down to the valley so shady,
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

CHORUS: La de do, la de do dum day,
La de do la de day oh,
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father at the castle gate,
She left her own fond lover,
She left her servants and her estate,
To follow the Gypsy rover.

CHORUS

Her father saddled his fastest steed,
He roamed the valley all over,
He sought his daughter at greatest speed,
And the whistling Gypsy rover.

CHORUS

He rode till he came to a mansion fine,
Down by the River Crady,
And there was music and there was wine,
For the Gypsy and his lady.

CHORUS

He is no Gypsy, my father, she said,
But lord of these lands all over,
And I shall stay till my dying day,
With my whistling Gypsy rover.

CHORUS

WHY I LOVE YOU

(Tune: Green Grow The Lilacs)

Tell me, oh tell me, why does the sun shine,
Tell me, oh tell me, why does ivy twine,
Tell me, oh tell me, why is the sky blue,
And I will tell you just why I love you.

Nuclear fusion makes the sun shine,
Phototropism makes ivy twine,
Dust and refraction make the sky blue;
Androgynous hormones are why I love you.

ZORABB'S SONG

By Brumbar Von Schwarzberg
(tune: Walking In A Winter Wonderland)

Slave chains ring.... 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 a slave caravan.

THE VIRGIN SONG (real title unknown)
By ??? (Collected from Ld Wm Blackfox)
(Tune: The Irish Washerwoman)

A dragon has come to our village today,
We'd like him to leave but he won't go away,
He talked to our king and they worked out a deal,
No homes will he burn and no stock will he steal.

Now there is but one catch, we dislikes it a bunch,
Twice a year he invites him a virgin to lunch,
We don't have much choice so the deal we'll respect,
But we can't but wonder and pause to reflect...

CHORUS:

Do virgins taste better than those that are not?
Are they saltier, sweeter, more juicy, or what?
Do you savor them slowly? Gulp down on the spot?
Do virgins taste better than those that are not?

Now we'd like to be shed of you, many have tried,
But no one can get through your thick scaly hide,
We hope that some day a brave soul will come try,
Cause we can't wait around 'til your too fat to fly.

CHORUS

Now you have such good taste in your women, for sure,
They always are pretty, they always are pure,
But your notion of dining it makes us all flinch,
For your favorite entree is barbecued wench.

CHORUS

Now we've found a solution, it works out so neat,
If you'll settle for nothing but virgins to eat,
No more will our numbers grow ever so small,
We'll simply make sure there's no virgins at all!

CHORUS

ANDRIXOS AT MAG MOR
by Chidiack
(Tune: The Wild Colonial Boy)

There was a bard with bow of yew, Andrixos was his name,
To Shire of Mag Mor once he rode in search of wealth and
fame,
To shoot the bull and win the prize it was his hoped-for joy,
But he was felled by circumstance, a luckless dumb-struck boy

The arrows flew both thick and fast, Andrixos' mid the rest,
And when the round o'er and done, he was among the best,
there but remained a single task his tongue to which employ,
Performance in a bardic trial was easy for this boy.

Andrixos started off full strong with Norse tales told as
Greek,
But ere he'd declaimed overlong he found it hard to speak,
A mundane lady, legs spread wide, did at his feet deploy,
And soon he found things looking up, this well-distracted boy

The moral of my tale is this: if you would shoot the bull,
Then keep your mind on all things pure or else your senses
dull,
Dwell ye not on lustful thoughts or passion's heated fever,
Or else instead of shooting bull you end up shooting beaver.