

the
complete
RIVENSCAR
SONGBOOK



INTRODUCTION
to the Compleat Rivenstar Songbook

"And in the beginning was the word. And the word moved, and the word reproduced. And the word was.....Aardvark."

Carbuerators 23:12, of the Folo Catholic Bible

Just short of seven years ago (My, how time flies when people are beating you about the head with sticks.) I brought out the first (and what at the time I thought would be the only) edition of the Rivenstar Songbook. This first stab at evading the copyright and libel laws consisted of twelve songs. Of the twelve, four were written by myself, others were lifted from other sources, and a few got in just to fill space. The original massive printing of fifty copies or so was slowly sold out. Time passed.

"And the people did writhe and cringe, and did make to flee to the hills, and the hills recieved them not. And they despaired, and with great wailing and gnashing of teeth did say, yea and verily, here we go again."

Ornithopters 48:6, of the Folo Catholic Bible

A bit less than a year, to be exact. Popular opinion, in the form of collective nagging, induced me to bring out the Songbook's second volume. This attempt carried the same disclaimers and explanations as the first; namely, that these things were cranked out in order to provide a collection of the best-liked and most requested songs of Rivenstar, and that the basic purpose was enjoyment.

"And I beheld a dark figure with a flaming sword. and in his left hand he held a scroll to show unto the nations. Then did I hear a roaring as of brazen horns, and voices shouting, and the heavens and earth were split asunder. And I saw him cleaving the nations with the sword of flame, and showing unto them the scroll, whereon were written in letters of fire the words;

NEVER AGAIN."

Distributions 7:11, of the Folo Catholic Bible

So, after a full six years in the making, (and tiring of making excuses) the Compleat Rivenstar Songbook is finally compleat. True to tradition, this tome is intended to entertain, although a fair bit of Midrealm history managed to somehow sneak in. The great majority of songs from the first two are here, along with a liberal sprinkling of new stuff.

Gratitude, Acknowledgements,
and Stuff

Thanks to Annora De Sylveaston, for the cover art on the
Compleat Rivenstar Songbook.

Thanks to Joserlin Corvo, called Raven, for cover art on
volumes One and Two of the Rivenstar Songbook.

Thanks to Corwyn Dragonstar, whose copies of volumes One
and Two were the only ones I could locate in
Rivenstar with no pages stuck together.

Special Thanks to Grod Gondiris and Roxanne of Anglesly, who
made available the use of their fuel-injected,
supercharged, Silver-Reed 223C electric typewriter
with changeable type and auto-correction. Without
them, this whole thing might be in crayon.

This edition of the Compleat Rivenstar Songbook
is dedicated to HRM Takya Merleone, Queen of the
Midrealm, and to all the people of the Middle Kingdom
and the Society for Creative Anachronism. Nine years
of good memories is beyond any price.

M.S.

The entire contents of the Compleat Rivenstar Songbook are
copyright 1981 by M.K.Longcor. All rights reserved.

The Compleat Rivenstar Songbook is not and should not be
construed as an official publication of the Society for
Creative Anachronism, Inc.

I have also tried (for once) to pay strict attention to copyright laws. For that reason, I have left out words for any of the Kipling poetry which I or others have set to music. I have, however, given clear references as to which volume of Rudy's they appear in.

And now for the big news. I have painstakingly scored and set down the melody lines that I (or my sleazy relation, Beorthelm Brotnastjarna) have written. This includes melody lines to the Kipling stuff. As for the other songs that appear, they are for the most part melodies that are fairly well known in the Midrealm.

In closing, I would like to leave you with the moving and profound words from my favorite song. I'd like to, and I will, just as soon as I remember the words.....

Enjoy.

Moonwulf Starkadhersson, member of the
Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc.

Written this 11th day of October, Anno
Societatus XVI, Anno Domini 1981, Rivenstar
Reckoning IX, at St. Ethel's Home for
the terminally Martyred.

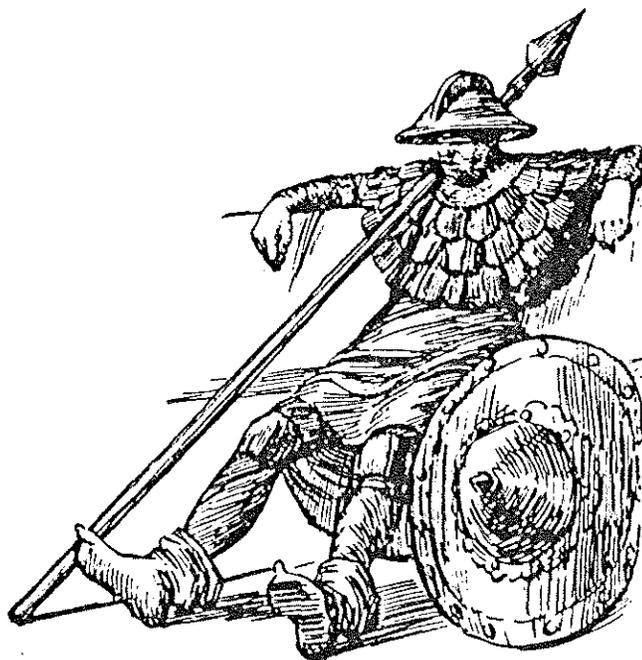
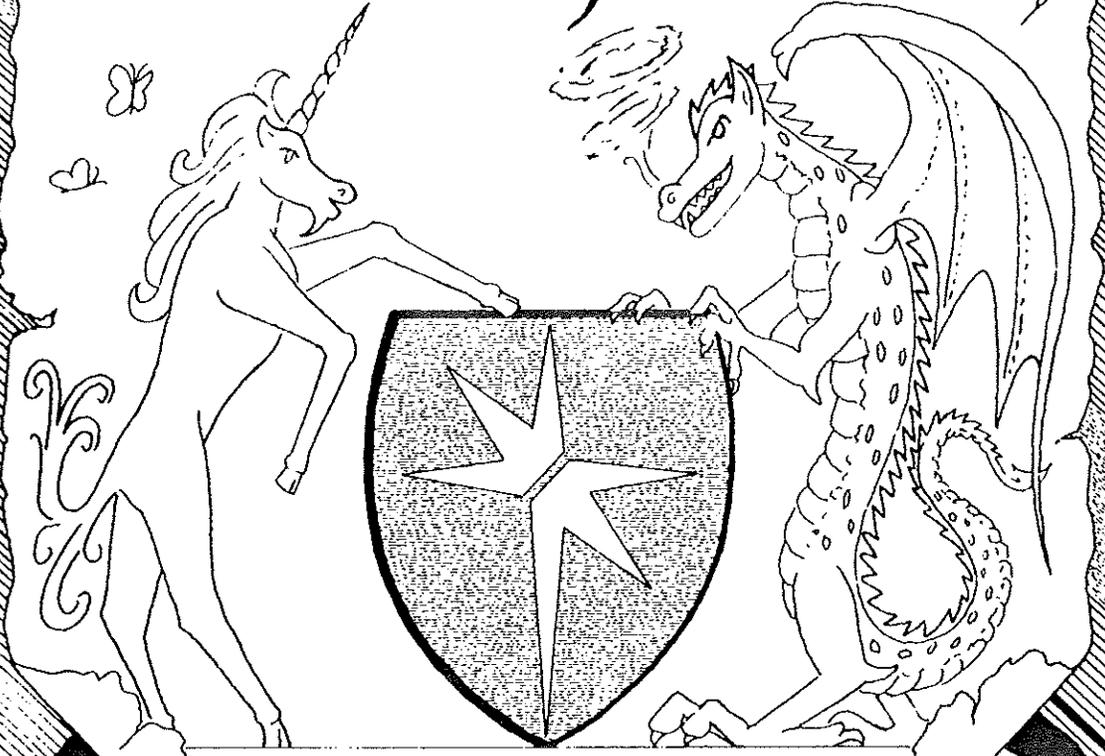


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THE
RIVENSTAR
SONGBOOK



VOLUME ONE



JOSERLIN

WHEN THE MIDDLE WENT TO WAR*

lyrics by Moonwulf

(To the tune of "The Rising of the Moon")

Well, the ^Cwar pipes all were singin', fires ^Gburned with yellow light,
 As ^Fbands of Midrealm ^Cfighters traveled ^GEastward ^Fthough the ^Cnight,
 We were ^Coff to meet the menace of the ^Gdeadly Eastern horde,
 And we ^Fall rode hard by ^Cmoonlight when the ^GMiddle ^Fwent to ^Cwar.

chorus:

When the ^{Am}Middle went to war, when the ^GMiddle went to war,
 We ^Fall rode hard by ^Cmoonlight when the ^GMiddle ^Fwent to ^Cwar.

The Middle and the Eastern armies marched to meet their fate,
 And we met that Eastern Tyger in the lands of Great Debate,
 Our archers struck their vanguard, sturdy yoemen by the score,
 And the arrows fell like death-hail, when the Middle went to war.

Twenty of our finest bladesmen clashed in bridgefight with the East,
 And our swords and axes reddened as they made their bloody feast,
 Seven men we lost in skirmish, valiant men who fell full sore,
 But a single Eastern Tyger lived, when the Middle went to war!

Two score ten the Midrealm's heroes gathered on that Pennsic Hill,
 Four score strong the Tyger's numbers marched against our lads and still,
 They were swelled by hireling mercenary, slave, and black traitor,
 But we met that Eastern onslaught when the Middle went to war!

Then the dragons of the Midrealm bravely faced that dreadful foe,
 With our backs against the forest, we refused to run and so,
 With our gallant Dark Horde allies, we turned and clawed and tore, **
 Every Dragon went down fighting when the Middle went to war!

The Eastern Tyger threw his forces on our castle strong,
 But the effort bought his nothing, for the Dragons all had gone,
 We had pulled the Tyger's whiskers, let him bellow at the door,
 Then we pulled back in good order, and the Middle won the war!

*This song is actually a reasonably accurate, blow by blow account of the Third Battle of the Pennsic Wars. At this particular war, the rules were set up in such a way that valor, man for man, could prevail over uneven odds. By staging a strategic retreat from the "castle fight" portion of the war (rather than sitting and slugging it out, with a resultant loss of men) the Midrealm won on points. This war was fought at the infamous Turner's Farm, and the Midrealm was led by the then King Bearengaer. The total number of fighters involved from both sides was less than two hundred. M.S.

**Remember, this was Pennsic III. At Pennsic X, The Dark Horde themselves became "hireling mercenaries" (along with what, at the time, seemed to be most of the rest of the Knowne Worlde) The Middle Kingdom was defeated at Pennsic X, primarily through overwhelming numbers. Shows what a sizeable military budget can do. M.S.

THE UNICORN SONG
(Words and music by Moonwulf)

Well, you know that I once had a Unicorn for a friend,
One time, a long time ago.

His horn was of twisted gold, pointed at the end,
And his coat was of silver-white snow.

Sometimes he'd let me climb up on his back,
And we'd ride through the mountains all day,
He told me the secrets that unicorns know,
And I missed him when he went away.

I once knew a Dragon, a cousin to Puff,
All yellow and bright golden red,
He looked ferocious, but he never breathed fire,
He just blew big smoke rings instead.
Sometimes he'd let me climb up on his back,
And we'd fly through the mountains all day,
He told me the secrets that all dragons know,
And I missed him when he went away.

And now, I've got a Manticore for a friend,
And he is sure ugly to see.
He's nasty and vicious, and he'll eat anything,
And he's standing right behind (GOBBLESLURPCRUNCHCRUNCH!!)

"The Unicorn Song"



THE VIKINGS AND THE MONGOLS SHOULD BE FRIENDS

lyrics by Beorthelm Brotnastjarna

(To the tune of "The Farmer and the Cowmen Sould be Friends")

Oh, the Vikings and the Mongols should be friends,
 The Vikings and the Mongols should be friends,
 The Viking sails the seven seas, the Mongol rides a horse with ease,
 But that's no reason why they can't be friends.

Barbaric folk should stick together,
 Savage folk should all be pals,
 Mongols beat up the Persian Emirs,
 Vikings rape all the Frisian gals.

I'd like to say a word for the Mongol,
 He rides a path both difficult and stony,
 He loots and rapes and burns and kills for months without a bath,
 Until it's hard to tell just who's the pony.

Barbaric folk should stick together,
 Savage folk should all be pals,
 Mongols batter down the Great Wall,
 Vikings rape all the Irish gals.

It's time to say a word for the Viking,
 Who goes berserk and sails on hairy ventures,
 He rants and raves and froths and foams and gnaws upon his shield,
 It's hell on foes but murder on his dentures.

Barbaric folk should stick together,
 Savage folk should all be pals,
 Mongols shoot down the Asian peasants,
 Vikings rape all the English gals.

At end of day a Mongol relaxes,
 With his harem and his glass of koumiss,
 It's brewed from the milk of the savage Mongol mare,
 And looks and tastes like rotten cottage cheese.

Barbaric folk should stick together,
 Savage folk should all be pals,
 Mongols thread their spears with babies,
 Vikings rape all the Frankish gals.

Mead is the Viking's favorite beverage,
 Be he king, thrall, farmer, or rover,
 He functions at his best when he's deep in his cups,
 Because he's all but useless when he's sober.

Barbaric folk should stick together,
Savage folk should all be pals,
Mongols burn down the royal outhouse,
Vikings rape all the Russian gals.

The Viking and the Mongol should be brothers,
They both go raiding, giving folks a fright,
They burn the houses, kill the men, and rape all the girls,
But neither one can ever get it right.

Barbaric folk should stick together,
Savage folk should all be pals,
Mongols beat up the Persian Emirs,
("OH,NO, don't tell me we're raping AGAIN!")
Vikings rape all the Iriquois gals!

DANE GELD

(Music by Moonwulf. May be sung to the poem of the same name. Words to this appear in Rudyard Kipling's "History of England.")

The musical score consists of five staves of music in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a single treble clef staff. The first four staves contain the main melody, and the fifth staff concludes with a double bar line. A bracket labeled "CHORUS;" spans the third and fourth staves. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests and a final half note on the fifth staff.

MIDREALM LADIES

Words and music by Moonwulf

I sing the praise of the Midrealm Ladies,
 By far the fairest in all the land.
 Their grace and beauty of form and figure,
 Would charm the heart of the strongest man.

They rise at morning like swans to sunlight,
 On wings of beauty into the dawn.
 My hearts been lost to the Midrealm Ladies,
 A heart once guarded, now stolen and gone.

My mother warned me 'gainst Midrealm Ladies,
 "If you go nigh them you'll ne'er return."
 My mother spoke true of the Midrealm Ladies,
 To know them is all that I ever need learn.

My lords, go find you a Midrealm Lady,
 And love her and praise her with all your soul.
 Fight for her honor, with death avenge her,
 And make her favor your highest goal.

I sing the praise of the Midrealm Ladies,
 By far the fairest in all the land.
 Their grace, their beauty of form and figure,
 Would charm the heart of the strongest man.



*Over the years, this song has become known as
 my big "sacharrine alert" number among the
 gentlemen. Let 'em grump. When you're right,
 you're right. M.S.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

Oh, then t^ell me, Sean O'Farrell,
 Tell me wh^y you hurry so,
 "Hush, MacD^ougal, Hush and lⁱsten!"
 And his ch^eeks were all agl^ow.
 "I bear o^rders from the Captain,
 Get you r^eady quick and soon,
 For the pⁱkes must be tog^ether,
 By the rⁱsing of the m^oon."

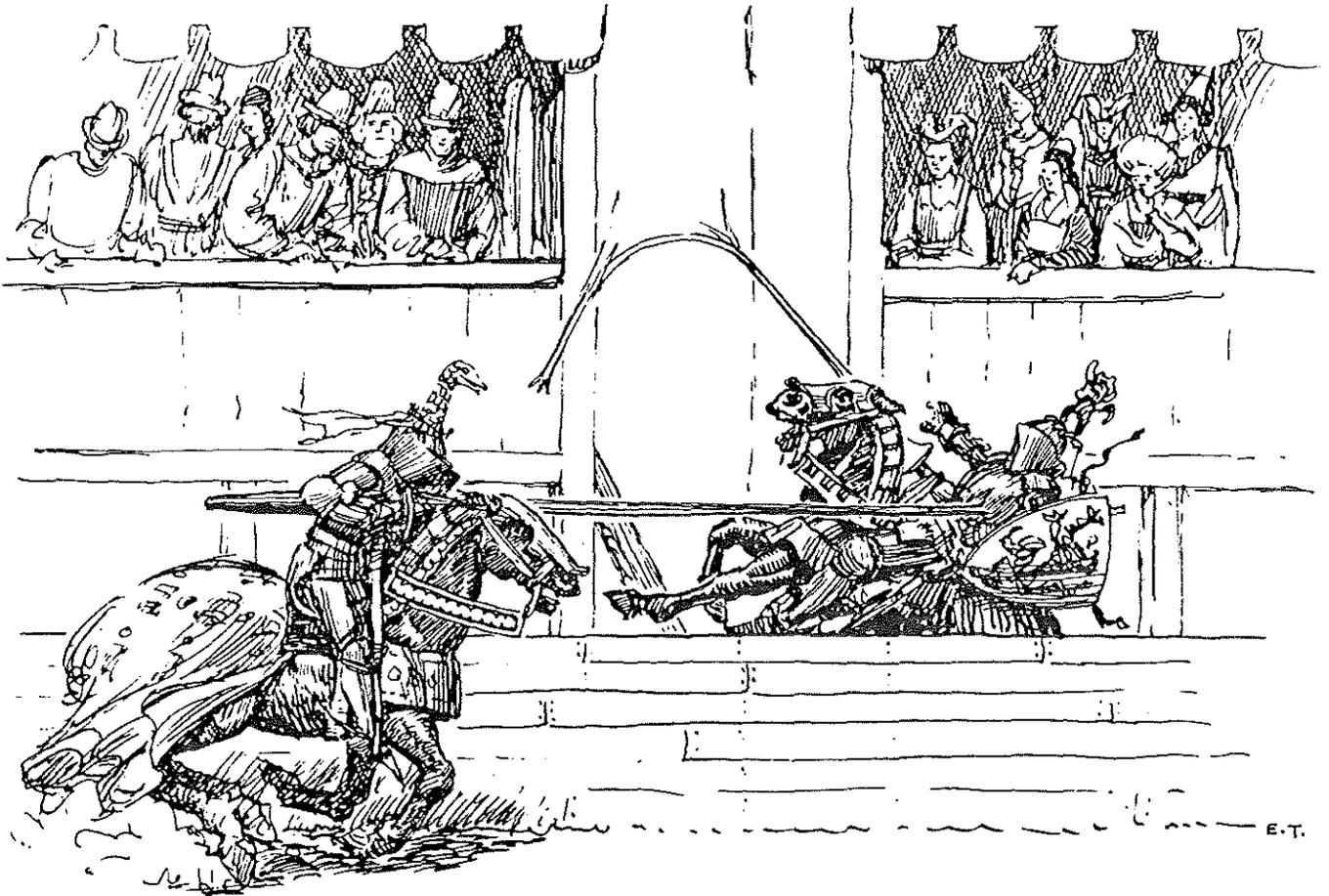
chorus;

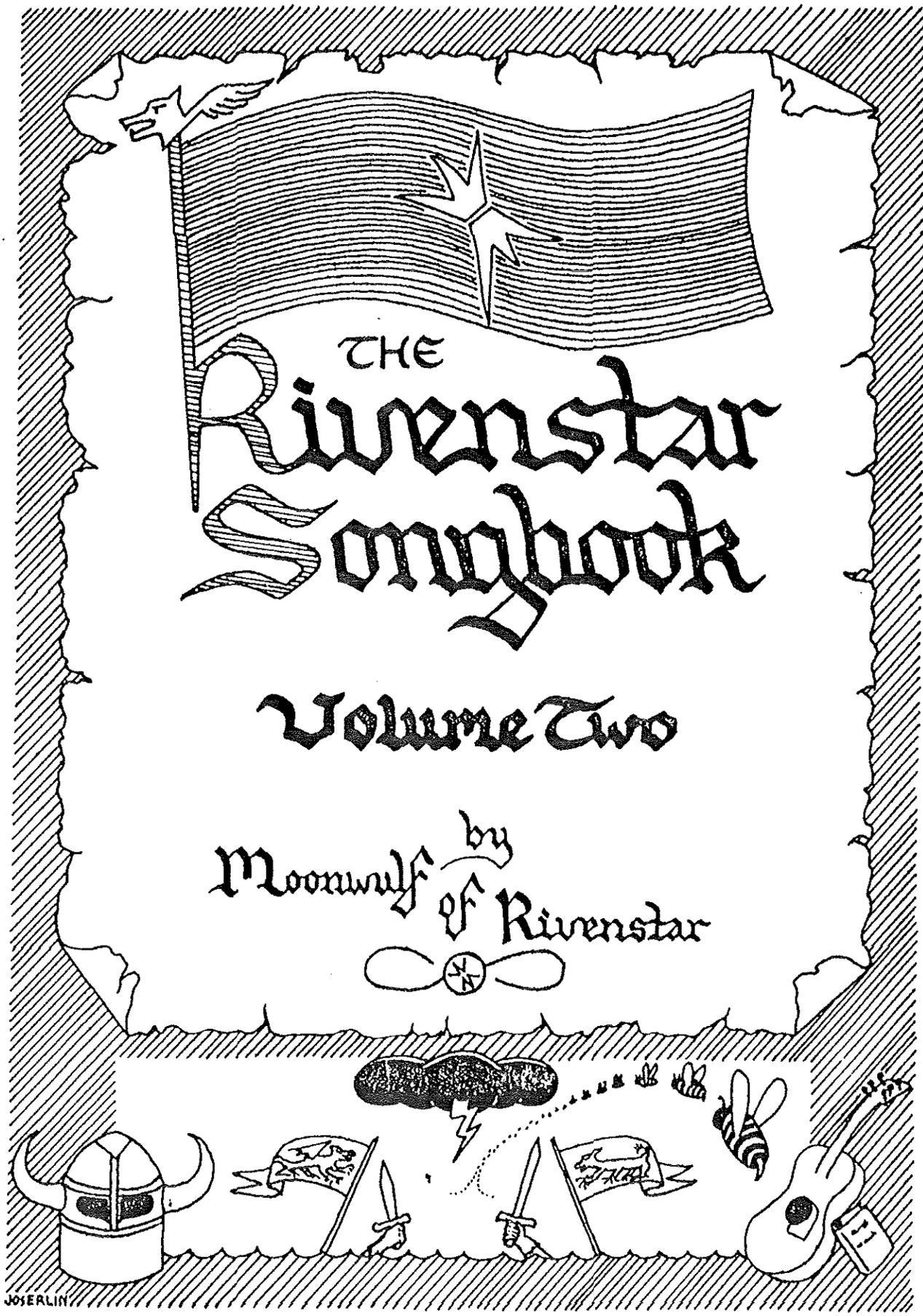
By the rⁱsing of the moon,
 By the rⁱsing of the moon,
 For the pⁱkes must be tog^ether,
 By the rⁱsing of the m^oon.

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 word more, for signal token,
 Whistle up the marching tune,
 With your pike upon your shoulder,
 By the rising of the moon."

Out of many a mud-walled cabin,
 Eyes were watching through the night,
 Many a manly heart was throbbin',
 For the coming morning light.
 Murmurs ran along the valley,
 Like the Banshee's lonely croon,
 And a thousand pikes were flashing,
 By the rising of the moon.

There, beside that singin' river,
 That dark mass of men was seen,
 Far above their shining weapons,
 Hung their own beloved green.
 Death to every foe and traitor!
 Forward, strike the marching tune,
 Arm! Arm! Me boys, for Freedom!
 'Tis the rising of the moon!

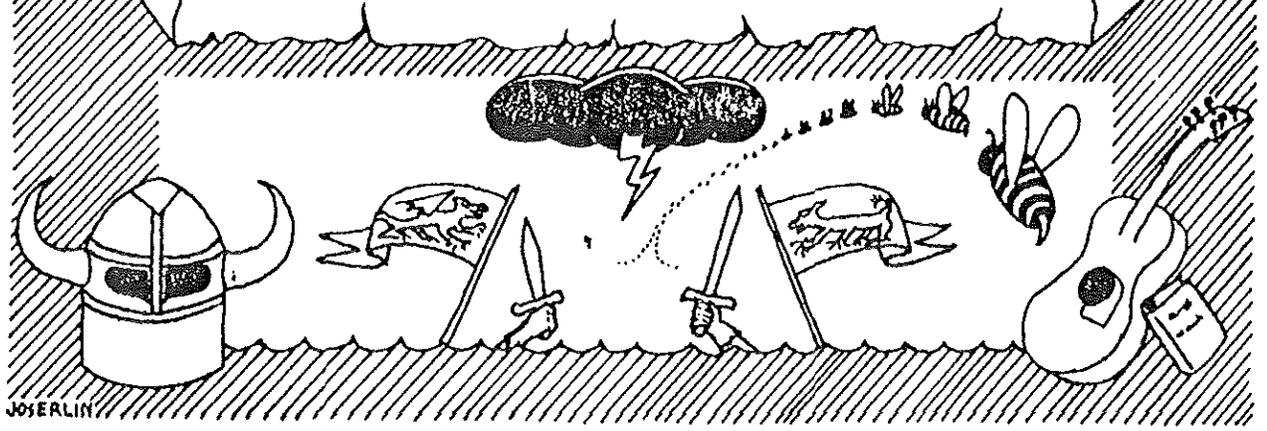
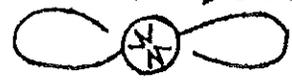




THE
Rivenstar
Songbook

Volume Two

by
Moonwulf of Rivenstar



ODE TO PENNSIC WAR IV*

by Moonwulf

(First verse to tune of "Rising of the Moon.")

Oh, last year way out in Cleftlands, Rolac led us forth to war,
 So that we could fight the Easterners at Pennsic number Four,
 We marched on in with knife and mace and shortened ax and sword,
 The Eastern Tygers didn't, and that's how we won the war.

(Changes to tune of "Lizzie Borden.")

'Cause you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 The Eastern Fighters learned to their dismay,
 No, you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 That extra steel keeps getting in your way.

Merowald, he led the harriers out to sneak and strike and run,
 And to knock off crown prince Angus and to have a lot of fun,
 They laid their ambush cunningly so they could win the day,
 Then they turned around and found the Eastern Army in their way,

You can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 Not even when it's planned as a surprise,
 No you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 And an ambushed ambush isn't very nice.

Father Odin raged and thundered down all through that grim campaign,
 And showered lightning bolts around, and poured eternal rain,
 We thought it quite inspiring as we slogged through bog and fen,
 Till we saw a soggy cinder where the sergeant should have been.

You can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 Especially when you see the lightning spark,
 No, you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 Unless you feel like glowing after dark.

We found the Eastern Army drawn up out there in the mud,
 And we closed with them and fought it out and turned it red with blood,
 Oh, the fighting, it was vicious, as we closed in hand to hand,
 And then we hit the beehive, and the corpses jumped and ran.

'Cause you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 If your codpiece stings and swells and turns bright red,
 No, you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 The Buzzing isn't coming from your head.

The battle finally ended there out in the mud and damp,
 We could beat the Eastern Tyger, but we couldn't find the camp,
 We finally found our way back and the final figures state,
 "Middle Kingdom, three; East, two, and Mother Nature forty-eight.

 *During the four day period of PW IV, it rained a total of over nine inches, setting a record for that area. I tried to write a brave, heroic song for this war. No way.

*Angus was also noted in PW IV for falling down and getting his pig faced basinet stuck in the mud.

But you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 And I'm tired of fighting while the rain pours down,
 You can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 I don't mind steel but I don't want to drown.

Oh, you can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 (Jump like a fish, jump like a porpoise,
 Roll in the mud at Pennsic War Fourpus!")
 You can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 ("I been stung! I been Stung!")
 You can't swing a broadsword when you're in the forest,
 ("Lissen, I got fifty bucks here, and if you give me that pair of
 dry socks...")
 I don't mind steel, but I don't want to drown.

SOME PENNSIC WAR DITTIES

Oh, the Fourth Pennsic War, it was plain,
 Gave everyone there quite a pain,
 For it rained and it rained and it rained
 And it rained and it rained and it rained
 And it rained.

-attributed to Hael of the Broken Mask

Damp and icky, damp and icky,
 Pennsic Four, Pennsic Four,
 Slosly slurpy mudholes,
 Slosly slurpy mudholes,
 Pennsic War, Pennsic War.

-Folo and Moonwulf, to the tune of "Frere Jaques"

"May your longship split beneath you as you
 sail from your home port, and may your mother
 be unable to summon aid as she runs barking
 up and down the shore."

-Traditional ill-wish of Rivenstar

"The poor are not those who have little, but those
 who need much."

-Traditional Swedish Proverb.

"Violence on behalf of mankind is always justified."

-Attila the Hun

TOM O'BEDLAM
(c.1500)

For to see mad Tom O'Bedlam
 Ten thousand miles I'd travel,
 Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes,
 For to save her shoes from gravel.

chorus;
 Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
 Bedlam boys are bonny,
 For they all go bare and they live by the air,
 And they want no drink nor money.

I went down to Satan's kitchen,
 For to get me food one morning,
 And there I got salt piping hot,
 All on that bitter turning.

That of your five sound senses,
 You never be forsaken,
 Nor wander from yourselves with Tom,
 Abroad to beg your bacon.

The moon's my constant misstress,
 And the lonely owl my marrow,
 The flaming drake and the night-crow make
 Me music to my sorrow.

I know more than Apollo,
 For oft when he lies sleeping,
 I see the stars at mortal wars,
 In the wounded welkin weeping.

With a host of furious fancies,
 Whereof I am commander,
 With a flaming spear and a horse of air,
 To the wilderness I wander.

By a knight of ghosts and shadows,
 I summoned am to tourney,
 Ten leagues beyond the wide world's end,
 Methinks it is no journey.

For to see Mad Tom O'Bedlam,
 Ten thousand years I'd travel,
 Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes,
 for to save her shoes from gravel.

*This song is a combination of two similar but separate versions. I took the parts I liked and combined them. The tune is as done by Steeleye Span on their album, "Please to see the King." References to "Bedlam" and "Maudlin" are corruptions of Bethlehem and Magdelene, two medieval English insane asylums. Impress your friends. M.S.

THE JOLLY TINKER

As I was walkin' down the lane, on a door I chanced to knock,
 "Have you any pots or kettles, with 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."

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

She led me through the kitchen and she led me through the hall,
 And the servant cried, "The Divil! Have you 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 boys, that I was at me work,
 Well, indeed I was, etc.

She put 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 did, etc.

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

"Better thin beer than an empty jug."
 -Traditional Danish Proverb.

"Wedlock is like an eel basket; thoses who are out of
 it are trying to get in, and those who are in want to
 get out."

-Traditional Swedish Proverb.

"Behind every great man, there's a mob."
 -Sir Cyprian of the Wheel.

ROSIN THE BOW
(traditional)

^C
I've traveled this wide world over,
And down to another I go,
And I know that good quarters are waiting,
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 waiting,
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."

Well, take a half-dozen stout fellows,
And line them all up in a row,
And drink out of half-gallon bottles,
To the mem'ry of Rosin the Bow.

Then take those 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.

Then get you two bottles of whiskey,
Put one at me head and me toe,
With a diamond ring scratch upon 'em,
The name of bold Rosin the Bow.

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

*The central figure of this song was a garrulous old reprobate who could truly "drink to the devil and spit in his eye," as they say. The tune to this is a fairly well-known one. If you don't, there is a rendition of it on the album "Come Fill Your Glass With Us," by Tommy Makem and the Clancy Brothers.M.S.

"Being a poor man, he could afford the great luxury of honor."

-H. Hughes.

THE GYPSY ROVER
(traditional)

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:

C F C G
Ah dee doo, ah dee doo dah day,
Ah dee doo, ah dee day-G,
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 state,
To follow the Gypsy rover.

Her father saddled up his fastest steed,
He roamed the valleys all over,
He sought his daughter at great speed,
And her whistling Gypsy rover.

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.

"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."*

*One might surmise that the Gypsy/Lord was good at things other than whistling. If not, well, at least he was rich. This is actually a very nice song for group harmonizing, especially if you get one person who whistles well to chime in on the chorus. Most people do not whistle well, however, and late-night performances of this song at a crowded revel have been known to set the dogs to howling for blocks around. M.S.

"Everything that isn't nailed down is mine, and anything
I can pry loose isn't nailed down."

-C.P.Huntington, an early railroad tycoon.

KILLGARRA MOUNTAIN

(traditional)

As I^C was a-goin' over^{Em Am} Killgarra Mountain,*
 I^F met with Colonel Farrow and his m^Coney he was countin',
 First I^C drew me pistol^{Em}, and then I^{Am} drew me rapier,
 Sayin', "Stand and deliver, for I^C am a bold deciever,"

chorus:

Mushla^C Ringim^G Dhurrim Dai, Whack^C Fol the Derry-O,
 Whack^F Fol the Derry-O, there's whiskey^C in the jar^G.

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

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.

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

They threw me into jail, with the judge all a-writin',
 For robbin' Colonel Farrow up on Kilgarra mountain,
 But they couldn't take me fists, so I knocked a sentry down,
 And bid a fond farwell to that jail in Dublin town.

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.

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

Now some takes delight in the fishin' and the bowlin',
 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.

 *This song has as many variations as there are singers. This is
 The version I sing, and I pronounce it "Killgarrie." I don't
 care how you pronounce it. M.S.

STREETS OF FYVE-O

(traditional)

There once was a troop of Irish Dragoons,
 Come marching down into Fyve-O,
 And our Captain fell in love with a lady like a dove,
 As we marched through the bonny streets of Fyve-O.

The Captain's name was Ned, he was the pride of the Regiment,
 The bonniest lad in all of the army-o,
 A very handsome sight, he was the ladies' own delight,
 As we marched through the bonny streets of Fyve-O.

Oh, I will give you rhinestones, and I'll give you pearls,
 And I'll give you a necklace of amber-o,
 So come on down the stairs and comb back your yellow hair,
 And we'll march through the bonny streets of Fyve-O.

There's many a bonny lass in the town of Ochterless, aye,
 There's many a bonny lass in the Derry-O,
 There's many a bonny Jean in the streets of Aberdeen,
 But the flower of them all is in Fyve-O.

"Mount up!" the Colonel cried, and he swore that we would ride,
 Down from Loch Haven to the Derry-O,
 "I'll tarry another day!", we heard our Captain say,
 As we marched through the bonny streets of Fyve-O.

The Colonel in his rage drew his pistol and took aim,
 At the bonniest lad in all of the army-o,
 He fired that deadly ball, and our Captain he did fall,
 As we marched through the bonny streets of Fyve-O.

It was lang ere we left the town of Ochterless,
 We had our young Captain to bury-o,
 And lang ere we came into bonny Aberdeen,
 We had our young Captain to bury-o.

(alternate final verse*)

The Troop one and all, we saw our Captain fall,
 And die in the street there in Fyve-O,
 But the Colonel that fine day didn't live to ride away,
 Now we're hunted through the bonny streets of Fyve-O.

*I wrote this particular verse and stuck it in because I thought it was unreasonable for an officer to shoot the pet captain of a troop of Irish Dragoons (actually, they were Scots, but I won't explain why right here) and not catch something unpleasant in return. I believe the Chad Mitchell Trio recorded this, though possibly not with the same words. If you can't find the album, I and quite a few others in the Middle Kingdom know the tune. M.S.

PRIDE OF PETROVAR
lyrics by Percy French

Well, Eileen Ore, that's what me darlin's name is,
O'er the barony, her features they are famous,
And if we love her who is there to blame us,
For wasn't she the pride of Petrovar?
All her beauty was like to make you shy,
Not a livin' boy, could look her in the eye,
Boys, oh boys, now here's the reason why,
We're in love with the pride of Petrovar.

chorus:

Eileen Ore, me heart is turnin' grey,
Ever since the day, you wandered far away,
Eileen Ore, there's more fish in the sea,
But there's none just like the pride of Petrovar.

Well, it was Friday at the fair in Ballin Tauber,
Eileen met McGraw, that old horse trader,
And I'd like to get me hands upon that robber,
He stole away the pride of Petrovar.
He never seemed to see her standin' there at all,
Even when she ogled him from underneath her shawl,
He was big and masterful, and she was meek and small,
We were hopin' for the pride of Petrovar.

Well, as it was, it was in the beginning,
Eileen's heart was set upon the winning,
And to see McGraw, he'd better be a-grinning,
To be courted by the pride of Petrovar.
Says he, "I know a girl that would knock you into bits."
At this, our Eileen nearly lost her wits.
The outcome of the whole thing is that now the robber sits,
With his arms around the pride of Petrovar.

Ah, me boys, the fate is hard to grapple,
Of all those girls, our Eileen was the apple,
And to see McGraw, a-walkin' toward the chapel,
Arm in arm with the pride of Petrovar.
All I have is just one thing to say,
If you go a-courtin', just look the other way,
If you want her to come after you, just look the other way,
For they're all just like the pride of Petrovar.

AND SHALL TRELAWNEY DIE?
by R.S.Hawker

A ^{Am} good sword and a ^G trusty hand!
A ^{Am} merry heart and ^G true!
King James ^{Am}'s men shall ^G understand
What ^{Am} Cornish ^G lads can ^{Am} do.
And have ^C they fixed the ^G where and when?
And shall ^{Am} Trelawney ^G die?
Here's ^{Am} twenty ^G thousand ^{Am} Cornish ^G men
Will ^{Am} know the ^G reason ^{Am} why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawney free!"
"We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With 'one and all,' and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?"

And when we come to London wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! Come forth ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you!
Trelawney, he's in keep and hold,
Trelawney, he may die.
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold,
Will know the reason why!

(repeat first verse.)

(Music to above, by Moonwulf)





"AND THE HITS JUST KEEP ON COMIN'"

CHAIN MAIL MAMA

Words and music by Moonwulf

^EGets up every morning, ^Eputs her armor on,
 You ^Eknow you'd best not mess with her, or you'll be dead and gone,
 She's my ^Achain mail mama, and I'm her shield-munchin' ^Eman,
 With ^{B7}ax, sword, or spear, she'll ^Akill you any way she ^Ecan. ^{A, A#, B7}

Some women slither and wiggle their shanks,
 But when my baby walks with me, you know she rings and clanks,
 She's my chain mail mama, dressed head to foot in steel,
 She's my chain mail mama, and she knows a dozen ways to kill.

She loves me day and night, she never lets me get no rest,
 I got that chain mail waffle-weave imprinted on my chest,
 She's my chain mail mama, loves me anytime she can,
 She's my chain mail mama, and I'm her ever-lovin' shield
 munchin' man.*

(BLUES, STRONG BEAT)

copyright 1978, by M.K. Longcor

 *This song is proof that you have to watch what you write, as there is no accounting for the tastes of the great unwashed masses. Contrary to various stories I have heard floating about over the years, this song was not written with any particular female in mind. If the hauberk fits, wear it. M.S.

QUEST

Words by Martha Keller

(Set to music by M.K.Longcor.)

Grugan of the Regulars, Grugan of the Cavalry,
 Grugan in Dakata, doing duty as a scout,
 Riding with his troopers to report on any devilry,
 A-swooping through a swarm of Sioux, he put the lot to rout.

Hanging to their ponies and a-yelling as cyotes yell,
 With rifle fire a-spitting fire behind them as they fled,
 They left to fall as feathers fall, whichever way the bodies fell,
 They left to lie as feathers lie, the bodies of their dead.

Grugan of the Regulars, Grugan of the U.S.A.,
 Captain under Miles he was, or maybe it was Crook,
 Saw a line of light that lay like slime upon a waterway,
 The shine of glass that water has, and stopped to have a look.

Lighted from his horse to kneel beside the feathered dead to feel
 A body that was serpent-scaled, a body in a sheath.
 Saw a Sioux was wearing steel from head to foot, from head to heel,
 Though silver-scaled chain armor veiled the copper skin beneath.

It wasn't found in Canada. It wasn't found in Mexico,
 But by what tribe it first was found, or who it was they slew,
 Or when or how it happened so, we never will be knowing though
 Grugan found it wrapped around a dead Dakota Sioux!

(melody changes, see music)

Francisco Coronado, at the head of all his company,
 A-seeking seven cities, O, the cities of despair,
 When seeking after Cibola, he crossed the prairie northerly
 To Kansas, to Quivera, did he leave a body there?
 Was old Leif Ericson the first to seek the setting sun?
 Or was it Madoc, after all, the Welshman out of Wales?
 Was Radisson the first upon the River, or a dead and gone
 Conquistador, A-searching for the treasure of the tales?

(melody changes back to original)

Grugan of the Regulars, Grugan of the U.S.A.,
 Captain under Miles, he was, or maybe it was Crook,
 Saw a line of light that lay like slime upon a waterway,
 The shine of glass that water has, and stopped to take a look.

"Grugan"

(Music for the Martha Keller poem, "Quest.")



"Grugan" Alternate Melody Line.



PRIVATEER

by M.K.Longcor

(To the tune of "The Bonny Ship The Diamond.")

When I^{Am} was young, my friends^G all fought like fools^{Am} to get a seat^G,
 On an^{Am} outbound ship to the endless wars^G of Confederation Fleet^{Am},
 But I^{Am} left home at nineteen years, a privateer^{Am} to be,^G
 I can^{Am} outfight any four Fleet men^G, and outdrink^{Am} any three^G.

chorus;

And it's cheer up^{Am}, me lads, let your heart^{Am} never fear,
 When you ship out^{Am} to the free lanes for to be a privateer^G.

Around the ports at planetside, the lasses stand around,
 A'cryin' for their privateers who've gone and left the ground,
 But we won't be kept by a pretty face, or the girls of all mankind,
 And the rose will bloom on Rigel Four before we change our mind.

chorus.

When we come back, bold privateers, from a short light year or three,
 With our pockets full of currency, we'll all go on a spree,
 We'll empty all the hookerholes, and drain the taverns dry,
 Then we'll ship out for the Void once more, and cruise her till we die!

chorus.

Here's a toast to the Vegan Vengeance, likewise the Pride of Rome,
 Here's a toast to every privateer who never made it home,
 And here's to the Old Man of the Void, who's always at our side,
 Who snickers when we first ship out, and takes us when we've died.

chorus.

copyright 1976, by Michael Longcor

"Four things greater than all things are,
 Horses and women and power and war."

-Rudyard Kipling.

TAKING CARE OF KINGDOM*

Lyrics by Myles Atherton DeGrey, Emeric Wendell the Diversified,
and Corwyn Dragonstar,

As sung by Matthew the Confused.

(To the tune of "Taking Care of Business" by Bachman Turner Overdrive)

Well, you get up every new day to the herald's OYEZ,
Take your big, white horse into the list.
It's a pushin', shovin' journey, but you've got to judge a tourney,
To make up for all the ones you have missed.
And the PALE said NINE, but they never start on time,
They'll be half an hour late at the least.
We'll be qualified by ten, fight a couple rounds and then,
We'll have to get dressed and go to feast.

And you've been takin' care of Kingdom (Every day!)
Takin' care of Kingdom (Every way!)
Takin' care of Kingdom (It's so fine!)
Takin' care of Kingdom, and workin' overtime.

Roll your banners, grab your pack, throw your armor in the back,
And point your fire-breathing dragon out of town.
After eighty miles of drivin', you're no closer to arrivin',
'Cause the PALE put in the map upside down.
Then the cops roll by, and they pull you to the side,
And they ask you why you're wearin' a crown.
When you tell them "I'm the KING," It don't seem to mean a thing,
But at least you get directions back to town.

And you've been takin' care of Kingdom (My demesne!)
Takin' care of Kingdom (And the Queen!)
Takin' care of Kingdom (It's all mine!)
Takin' care of Kingdom, and workin' overtime.

You've been revelin' and singin' till your head has started ringin',
But the crown is weighin' heavy on you,
So you tell 'em, "Nice to see ya, but tomorrow there's Curia,
And I gotta be up sober by two."
Then they fill your stein with a drink that blows your mind,
So you have another double or two.
But it's so late that you don't know if it's Rivengut or Drano,
So they tell you that it's Tullamore Dew.

And you've been takin' care of Kingdom, etc.

*I suspect that the worthies involved in this little number had
extra help, a pair by the names of Jack Daniels and Jose Cuervo.
My regrets on the lack of chords on this one, but it came in just
before press time, and I thought words and no chords better than
no words at all. M.S.

CORWYN'S SONG

by Gwendolyn ap Llewellyn

(To the tune of "Suicide Is Painless.")

'Twas ^{Dm} at the Midrealm ^{G7} summer Crown,
 That word went ^C up, and word went ^{Em} down,
 That ^{Dm} Corwyn Dragonstar ^{G7} would fight,
 To win the ^C Crown with ^{Em} skill and ^A might.
 The ^{Dm} day progressed with ^{G7} grief and mirth,
 As valiant ^{Em} fighters ^{Am} fell to earth,
 The ^{Dm} quarterfinals, they ^{G7} drew nigh,
 And Corwyn ^{Em} staged his ^A mighty ^A try.
 But ^{Dm} suicide is ^{G7} painless,
 It ^C brings on ^{Em} many ^{Am} changes,
 And ^F makes good ^C entertainment ^{Em} for the ^{Am} mob.

Brave Corwyn stood and faced his foe,
 The Gallant Tonk A'Toi, and so,
 The did their honor, took their stand,
 The marshals moved, the bout began.
 Then Corwyn moved with speed and skill,
 Determined to achieve his will,
 He snapped a shot at poor Tonk's head,
 But Corwyn killed himself instead.*

And suicide is painless,
 Now Corwyn must stay reignless,
 I guess he didn't really want the job.

*Corwyn Dragonstar, as of this writing, has gone down in Midrealm history as the only man to ever kill himself in a Crown Tourney. He did this by trying to deliver one of his favorite blows, a "wrap-snap," at the exact instant that Tonk stumbled, lost his balance, and fell under the blow. Corwyn smacked himself squarely across the eye slots and, to his honor and credit, acknowledged the blow with his death.M.S.

THE RANGER SONG*

(Lyrics by Beorthelm and Cireme Sackface)

(To the tune of "Wild Rover.")

^C When I was a young lad, I always was told, ^F
 That the men of the Midrealm were all brave and bold, ^C
 For honor, and glory, and service to King, ^F
 But Moonwulf got to me, and now I must sing; ^G ^C

^C That it's no, nay, never ^G ^C
 No, nay, never, no more, ^F
 Will I play Moonwulf's Ranger, ^F
 No, never, no more. ^C

We trained for the Tyger to harass and spy,
 Then got stuck on a crossroads and ordered to die,
 Outnumbered, surrounded, no way to retreat,
 You are what you eat, boys, and we were dogmeat.

(chorus.)

Our courage is high when we charge through the line,
 'Cause they're not hard to kill when you hit from behind.
 We flank right around them, because we've all learned,
 That they're not half as tough when their backs are all turned.

(chorus.)

We take to the woods, and the ridges we rule,
 And those who chase after are heroes and fools.
 They search for us vainly, their quests they do fail,
 'Till somebody notices trees in chain mail.

(chorus.)

I've been Moonwulf's Ranger for many a year,
 And it's not so much dyin', as Moonwulf I fear,
 Sir Emeric drives me 'till I'm bent and lame,
 If it weren't for camp followers, I'd go insane.

(chorus.)

 *This dirty ditty was found tied round the hilt of a dagger
 left stuck in my back door. Beorthelm is bad enough without
 the corruptive influence of bad company. Actually, though,
 the song is a fairly accurate, if irreverent account of the
 battle history of the Midrealm Rangers (sometimes called
 Moonwulf's Rangers, after the founder and captain) in Pennsic
 Wars VIII through X. M.S.

THE BARON'S BABY WOLVES

by Beorthelm Brotnastjarna

(To the tune of "The British Grenadier")

^C We come from Rivenstar, boys, and we make a bonny sight,
^C And here you'll not look far, boys, for a man who likes to fight,
^C We wench and fight both day and night, and drink out of foemens skulls,
^C Look everywhere, there's none to compare, with the Baron's Baby Wolves.

Sir Emeric Wendel is most fearsom in the fray,
 But when the battle's over, he's a dandy in his way,
 In buttons, pointes, and houppeland, a-reveling he goes,
 Then leaps into a troika, and gets gored upon his toes.

chorus.

Corwyn Dragonstar is a Viking warrior bold,
 A fierce and cunning fighter, a veteran grey and old,
 For years as a Scum Squire, he slaved 'neath Moonwulf's thumb,
 He broke his back to clean his act, and now he's Master Scum.

chorus.

Thomas (Becket) Langenfeld is a very curious sight,
 A puny little warrior who'll never learn to fight,
 All dressed in lobster armor, with hair of flaming red,
 But Thomas is no danger, he can't even reach my (BAM!) Ow!

chorus.

Mather, known as Decrease, is an Englishman we're told,
 A sober, fighting Puritan, of the Lord Protector's fold,
 In blacks and greys and shades between, he dresses, so we hear,
 Except when it's Plum Velvet, our closet cavalier.

chorus.

And next is Alan Culross, another Roundhead bold,
 Who trains for Armegeeddon, by pumping iron cold,
 He's not quite like the others, he has his quirks, of course,
 But still, it's disconcerting, when he cleans and jerks his horse.

chorus.

The Baron is our leader, Lord Moonwulf Starkaadsson,
 In bed or in the battle, he'll always have his fun,
 The Baron's strong and virile, the Baron can do no wrong,,
 The Baron is our hero, the Baron wrote this song.

chorus.

 *This song has been around for years, and has had many other verses.
 It will doubtless have many more. The ones shown above are some of
 the more current/funny/clean stanzas. M.S.

FARE THEE WELL, MIDDLE KINGDOM
(LAMENT OF PW X.)*

lyrics by Moonwulf

Fare thee well, now to Cleftlands, and to Caer Anterth Mor,
Fare thee well, now to Wurm Wald, and to proud Rivenstar,
I march for the Midrealm, her banners I fly,
Fare thee well, Middle Kingdom, for this morning I die.

I see now the foemen, their numbers I glimpse,
As I follow a doomed King, and a dark, dying Prince,
Our valor is great as our numbers are few,
Fare the well, me dear lady, my love lives with you.

Oh, the battle is joined as we charge to the fray,
And the Eastrealm's black hirelings in legions we slay,
And death rides our sword blades, but courage counts small,
'Gainst the numberless foemen, and dying, we fall.

Fare the well, now to Cleftlands, and to Caer Anterth Mor,
Fare the well, now to Wurm Wald, and to proud Rivenstar,
Though vengeance shall follow, as years shall pass by,
Fare thee well, Middle Kingdom, this morning I die.

*PW X was, so far as military historians can clearly determine,
the first conclusive defeat of the Midrealm by the East. The tune
for this came from a dimly remembered traditional folk song per-
formed, I believe, by Judy Collins. I haven't been able to find the
title. I normally sing it a capella, so no chords are included. M.S.

- Farewell to Tarwathie

A SMUGGLER'S SONG

(Music by Moonwulf. May be sung to the poem of the same name. Words
to this appear in Rudyard Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill.")



MIDREALM FIGHTING MAN

lyrics by Moonwulf

(To the tune of "A Captain is a Father to his Crew")

I^{Am} was born full grown one morn, a bro^{Am}adsword^G in my^{Am} hand,
 I've^{Am} tramped the plains from East to West, I've^C raided the Southernmost^{Em} lands,
 I've^{Am} lost and won in War and Crown across the Knowne^C Worlde's^{Em} span,
 I've^{Am} slain and died on a thousand fields, a Midrealm^C fighting^{Am} man.

And when my king was Andrew, I first marched to Pennsic War,
 I followed Bearengaer to Three, and Rolac out to Four,
 With Albert and with Finvarr, and Moonwulf, and Laurelen,
 I've seen the dead on a thousand fields, a Midrealm fighting man.

I saw the dread Meat Grinder, and survived the Hornet's Nest,
 I marched along the Primrose Path and fell with all the rest,
 I met the Charge at Turner's Farm, and made a fighting stand,
 Throughout the wars, I've lived and died, a Midrealm fighting man.*

(Repeat first verse.)

*This song was originally meant to be a companion piece for "Midrealm Ladies," but wound up as a sort of "Universal Soldier." I was as surprised as anyone else to find that the first six Midrealm War kings, listed in order, scanned just fine. No new verses are planned to update this, by the way. When you've seen one stickfight, you've pretty much seen them all.

References in the third verse are to specific aspects of Pennsic Wars II, IV, VIII, and III, respectively. Find some crippled old war veteran to give you the details. M.S.

THE PICT'S WORK

(Music by Moonwulf. May be sung to the poem of the same name. Words to this appear in Rudyard Kipling's "Songs from Books," and, in a slightly shorter version, in his "History of England.")

