



Friar  
Bertram's  
Original  
Songbook

Volumes One, Two & Three



## Introduction to Friar Bertram's Original Songbook

Volumes One, Two, & Three

*This is a collection of all the songs I've performed to date that are of my own invention and are aimed at a Society audience. I didn't quite realize when "The 4th Crusade" was written, over four years ago, that more than 21 more S.C.A. songs would soon follow.*

*This time I'm planning ahead - the format of this songbook allows me to add new songs as they're written.*

*Thank you all for the positive feedback that keeps me writing.*

## Dedication

This songbook is dedicated to Lady Eromene Aspasia of Constantinople. Companion, complement, scribe and foil; she is a woman of many talents and these songs could never have been written without her care and aid.

# The Ballad of the 4<sup>th</sup> Crusade

The knights of Christendom set forth to save the Holy Land,  
With swords and whores and troubadors and fifty-thousand men.  
They thought to save Jerusalem they'd wage a Holy War,  
But they did not know the fall of Constantinople was in store.

Sly Venetian traders told Crusaders brave and bold  
That Constantinople's riches would fill their purses up with gold.  
They said, "The city's helpless and the knights would have it made,"  
And besides, that Eastern Empire stifled good Venetian trade!

When full Crusader vessels were spied near the city's walls,  
Shouts of joy and happiness filled all the city's halls.  
"The knights have come to save us from those heathen greedy Turks,"  
But the knights had come to rape and burn and sack - those greedy jerks!

Miners tumbled down the city's gates, down fell stone and mortar.  
Troops were free to burn and sack and rape - though not quite in that order.  
They sought young Eastern women for their quaint Crusader joys,  
They tried B&D and S&M and pre-pubescent boys!

When the master of the city proud heard of its ransack,  
He summoned all the Western lords to get his money back.  
"Sirs, you've stolen all my goods, there's much we must discuss.  
When God said, "*In this sign conquer*," he did not mean conquer us!

The knights just swilled and swived and laughed and let him rant & rave,  
For they knew this humbled master would soon be a humbler slave.  
They'd stolen everything of worth in the city's treasury,  
And now it was European gold and gems and ivory!

The knights of Christendom set forth to save Venetian trade,  
To fill their pockets up with gold, and also to get laid.  
The Fourth Crusade is infamous in courts both far and wide -  
'Cause it's easier to get good gold - when you steal from your own side!

That was the Fourth Crusade  
The knights then had it made,

Sailing off they went  
The Pope was Innocent!

In Twelve-0-Four  
It was a lovely war...

So let your battle call rise - "Steal from your allies!"

It must be God's will, or maybe *Allah's*, It must be God's will!

# "HENRY"

(To the tune of "The First Noel.")

The first good wife that King Henry won,  
Was his brother's queen  
Catherine of Aragon.  
'Til thoughts of incest caused him strife,  
And he dumped her to marry a second wife.

CHORUS:

Six wives he had,  
Six wives had he-e,  
With never a thought for alimony!

The second wife that King Henry did win,  
Was a well-endowed lady named Anne Boleyn.  
He loved her true, she had his good word,  
'Til he cut her off to marry a third.

CHORUS:

The third good wife of Henry was faire,  
Gentle Jane Seymour who gave him an heir.  
She expired soon after, King Henry was sore!  
So to sooth his sad soreness he sought #4.

CHORUS:

Lady Anne of Cleves to Henry's court went,  
Though their bond was dissolve-ed  
By common consent.  
Lady Anne was no dummy, she came out alive,  
Though the same can't be said for good wife #5!

CHORUS:

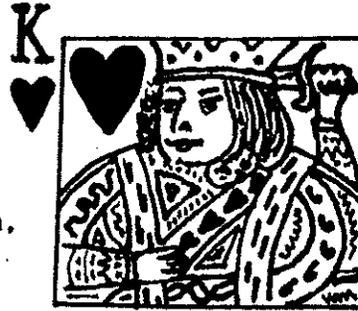
Lady Catherine Howard was a generous queen,  
She had very "close friendships,"  
If you know what I mean...  
But those kinds of friendships and  
Henry don't mix,  
So, "Good-bye, Sweet Catherine,"  
"Hello Number Six!"

CHORUS:

Lady Catherine Parr was not par for the course.  
She avoided annulment, beheading, divorce...  
Not because she was smart,  
Or especially fine,  
It was just that King Henry  
Dropped dead just in time!

CHORUS:

Six wives he had,  
Six wives had he-e,  
With never a thought for alimony!



Kolbien was here ..

Six wives he had,  
Six wives had he-e,  
A Renaissance gentleman -  
Real Royalty!

# All Hail to the Known World!

The cooks of the Known World are artists,  
With palates for spices and cheese;  
Their subtle confections can spoil our complexions,  
Though their menus are certain to please!

CHORUS:

All hail to the cooks of the East Realm,  
Caid and the West, give them praise;  
All hail to the cooks of Atenveldt,  
The Midrealm and Meridies!

Those who dance in the Known World are graceful,  
Their stateliness is quite a sight,  
Each flirts with another, in front of her lover,  
Who can't tell his left from his right! CHORUS:

The armorers of the Known World are skillful,  
Artisans all to a man,  
They've fine shields of plywood  
And manage to make good swords out of duct tape & rattan! CHORUS:

The knights of the Known World are valiant,  
Brave, trustworthy, loyal, and clean,  
Though we count many factors - they must be good actors  
To give us their best dying scene! CHORUS:

The lords of the Known World are lusty,  
For fine wine, fast horses, and song,  
Though all know their first love is raising the skirts of  
Those ladies who will lead them on! CHORUS:

The ladies of the Known World are lovely,  
Virginal, chaste, a lord finds;  
And if you believe that one I'll tell you another:  
We only love them for their minds! CHORUS:

All hail to the Board of Directors,  
Creating new Kingdoms by writ,  
And leaving songwriters just cursing the blighters  
'Cause new Kingdoms simply won't fit - in this song!

All hail to the new Ansteorra,  
Atlantia and others to come,  
Please don't feel excluded 'cause you weren't included,  
Pretend that we've added you on!

Oh the folk of the Known World are crazy,  
We're happily out of our gourds,  
Mundanes oft resent this, Crying *Non compos mentis!*  
'Til they meet up with four-foot broadswords! CHORUS:

THE END

# The Persistent YOKEL

1. Oh, there was a man of twenty-one,  
A farmer's son was he,  
He loved Lady Marion -  
A witch from high country,

CHORUS A:

But she could not be bothered  
By this yokel farmer's son,  
So she turned him into her cottage door  
And thought the matter done.

2. He was a stubborn son of twenty-one,  
His name, it was "Young Bob,"  
Though he was but a cottage door  
He loved her hand on his knob!

CHORUS B:

At new moon's rise the spell wore off,  
Bob was a man again,  
He was free to plead his ardent suit,  
In hopes his love to win.

CHORUS A: pussycat

3. He was a stubborn son of twenty-one,  
Even though he was a cat.  
He still purr-sued his lady love,  
What do you think of that?

CHORUS B:

CHORUS A: tall oak tree

4. He was a stubborn son of twenty-one,  
Even though he was a tree,  
He wood bow his boughs to her  
In exemplary chivalry!

CHORUS B:

CHORUS A: hairbrush

5. He was a stubborn son of twenty-one,  
He loved the lady fair,  
Though he was but a humble brush,  
He loved to stroke her hair.

CHORUS B:

CHORUS A: babbling brook

6. The stubborn son of twenty-one,  
Was now a brook so clear,  
All he did was flow all day  
And babble in her ear!

CHORUS B:

CHORUS A: saddle horse

7. Being a witch's saddle horse  
Could be fun, Bob found,  
For when they went out riding  
He was free to horse around!

CHORUS B:

CHORUS A: gander

8. Gander-Bob, he honked so loud,  
T'was heard both far and near,  
But not as far as Marion  
When he goosed her on the rear!

CHORUS B:

CHORUS A: her looking glass

9. Bob enjoyed reflective life  
Hanging on the wall.  
He loved to tell his lady, she  
Was fairest of them all!

CHORUS B:

CHORUS A: broom of straw

10. Oh, this stubborn son of twenty-one,  
He thought broom life was neat,  
Whenever they would clean the house,  
He'd sweep her off her feet!

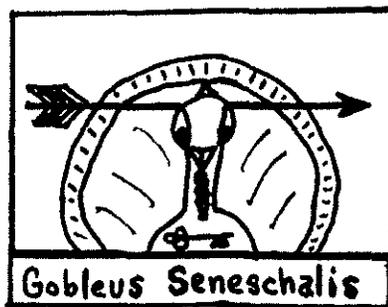
CHORUS B:

CHORUS A: satin sheets

11. Oh, this stubborn son of twenty-one,  
Thought this was just right,  
He had won his heart's desire...  
He slept with her every night!

At new moon's rise, the spell wears off,  
Bob is a man again,  
And that suits his lady fair,  
Whose love Young Bob did win!

# The Seneschal's Song



1. When problems sore beset us,  
And the kingdom's on its knees,  
Who do we all turn to -  
The ones who wear the keys!

CHORUS:

Gobble, gobble, gobble,  
Gobble one and all,  
Gobble, gobble, gobble,  
Is the cry of the seneschal!

2. Who is it clerics will not bless,  
And fighters won't protect?  
Who do we hear crying,  
"I don't get no respect!"  
CHORUS:

3. When the autocrat can't make it,  
He says he's got the flu -  
He calls upon his seneschal,  
And says it's up to you!  
CHORUS:

4. When the tourneys are all rigged,  
And the marshall's on the take,  
Who will we all find to blame,  
And throw in Cooper's lake!?  
CHORUS:

5. When the archers couldn't hit a barn,  
From fifteen feet away,  
Who brings them to Pennsic Six,  
To enter anyway?!

6. When the Vikings have been with us,  
And have borrowed all they need,  
Who will take from hiding,  
Some 86 proof mead!

CHORUS:

7. When our coffers all are empty,  
And our treasury is sacked,  
Who'll beg and borrow, rob and steal,  
To get us in the black!

CHORUS:

8. When your stew is dark and blackened,  
And your bread is hard and flat,  
Don't ask Lady Melisande,  
She's not the autocrat!

CHORUS:

9. When the revel's over,  
And the hall's a mess, Oh dear,  
Who's around to clean it up,  
Those turkey volunteers!

CHORUS:

10. Who can puzzle out this mystery,  
And have it all explained?  
It's not that they're good hearted,  
It's just they're turkey brained!

CHORUS:

# Hoo-ray<sup>fo</sup>r S.C.A.

Hoo-ray, hoo-ray, for S.C.A.  
For S.C.A., for S.C.A.  
Hoo-ray, hoo-ray, for S.C.A.  
The bane of all sane occupations!

## CHORUS TO THE TUNE OF THE "TEMPERANCE UNION"

1. Nathan was a good king, he ruled us quite well,  
Though his predecessor's now Master of Hell,  
At Three Rivers Crown Tourney,  
He was the man to beat...  
'Cause everyone else had passed out from the heat!
  2. Kirsten was a good queen, that t'was plain to see,  
When Nathan won Crown Tourney she said, "Where,  
What, Who ME?"  
She's a hit at post-revels, in fact she's a smash,  
Especially with someone code-named  
"Queen's Mustache!"
  3. Andrew, Duke Andrew, is one of the best,  
He suffers insomnia called "Seldom Rest,"  
From all of his household, he fealty requires,  
And not even his lady can count all his squires!
  4. Noble Sir Polidor's hard to convince,  
Three times semi-finals and still he's not Prince.  
No test of his mettle, his armouring is fine,  
So Tree-girt-sea tells him -  
"There's always next time!"
  5. Of Daemon de Folo, pray heed, let me tell,  
Left to his own devices, he does things quite well,  
But some submissions are so bad  
He cries, "What's the use -  
You go tell the lady she can't use chartreuse!"
  6. Laurelen Darksbane's quite proud of himself,  
Like Saint Nicolas he's a jolly old -CLAP-  
But mention his background, watch Daemon turn blue,  
'Cause everyone knows that an -CLAP- is taboo!
  7. Merald, Duke Merald, is one quite nice chap,  
He's also created the famed Known World Map...  
It puzzles the Mundanes, our snickers are snide,  
'Cause we know the country's been turned on its side!
  8. Finvarr, Duke Finvarr, is a lord - very great,  
He's got trouble with time, so he's called  
Marshal-late,  
As Kingdom's Knight's Marshall, he'll come  
In a trice,  
But not on Greenwich Mean, he prefers Greenwich  
NICE!
  9. Thorbjorn Greyside's no good Christian man,  
Though some people say that he's been bjorn-again,  
But I wouldn't advice saying that to his face,  
Or you may find your face meeting up with his mace!
- Hoo-ray, hoo-ray, for S.C.A.  
For S.C.A., For S.C.A.  
Hoo-ray, hoo-ray, for S.C.A.  
A helluva strange occupation!

# LAURELEN'S DRAGON

Oh, there was a King named Laurelen,  
And a very good king was he...  
He loved royal life so very, very well,  
Except for one problem, sad to tell -  
Just a minor difficulty!

He had a dragon - very small -  
In fact it was a little one,  
And though it ate quite filling meals,  
It came from land of Rising Sun,  
"My coffere are depleted," cried Sir Laurelen,  
"Cause half an hour later hunger strikes that  
beast again!"

Who'll help me out, asked Laurelen,  
Give succor to my need?  
We will, said the Brewer's Guild,  
We'll fill her up with mead!  
The dragon wasn't happy, for  
The Brewers they did goof...  
A dragon will not run for long  
On only Twenty Proof!

My dragon's sad, said Laurelen,  
She's one unhappy beast,  
We'll cheer her up, the Cook's Guild said,  
With a thirty-six course feast.  
But thirty-five were made with beans,  
(It was a feast with class...)  
But dragons do not run so well  
On only natural gas!

The chirugeons then assembled, from  
Both far and wide they came,  
They examined, poked, and prodded, and  
No two agreed the same,  
But one enterprising dentist, was far  
Less smart than dumb...  
He barely got his hand back with  
Four fingers and a thumb!

The Chivalry said they would help,  
And at the very least,  
They'd bring her back a virgin  
That they'd capture in the East,  
But Laurelen demurred and said,  
"That's one thing I won't ask...  
For no Knight should be set with so  
Impossible a task!"

We will sooth her feelings, said the  
Minstrels, let us play -  
They gathered 'round the dragon in  
The courtyard where she lay,  
But the dragon looked quite hungry  
When she heard their mournful tune,  
She gobbled six recorders and a  
Double-bass bassoon!

What shall I do? What can I do?  
Asked Laurelen, beseeching.  
I fear this dragon's appetite is  
Constantly increasing.  
Though dragonssare protected,  
They're certainly a hassle -  
The proof of it's that this one  
Eats me out of keep and castle!

The solution is quite obvious, it's evident,  
Of course!  
My Kingdom, My Kingdom, for a horse!

# Pennsic Patter!

THIS SONG IS TO BE SUNG TO THE TUNE OF THE NIGHTMARE  
PATTER SONG FROM GILBERT&SULLIVAN'S "IOLANTHE," GOOD  
LUCK MAKING IT ALL FIT TOGETHER...

When you find, by mistake,  
That you're in Cooper's Lake  
Though you're looking to find High Society,  
The sites you may see as you see 'round the site  
May compell you to doubt your sobriety!

The scene looks so crazy,  
Your brain it gets hazy,  
You consider it praecox dementia  
There are Ladies and Lords,  
All are wearing broadswords,  
Knives, handaxes, and dire implementia!

All the mashing and crashing,  
The swords - they are slashing,  
They're bashing each other to tenderloin...  
And a shapely young gal,  
Calls herself "Seneschale,"  
Waves a waiver and says, "Hey, ya wanna join?"

But I swiftly demurred and I gladly differed  
The prospect of being cut to stew-beef,  
I don't mean to scoff,  
But to me a hack is a cough,  
And I'm not 'bout to turn o'er a new leaf!

In matters ballistic, I'm quite pacifistic  
Though I have no quarrel with crossbows,  
Though I must admit, I get queasy, a bit,  
When approached by male archers in pink hose!

Let me explicate, I don't mean to berate  
Your medievally styled haberdashery,  
For the ladies, I suppose,  
Enjoy wearing pink hose,  
But on them it's a sight I might wish t'see!

But the thought it does rankle,  
I've not seen an ankle,  
A shapely calf, knee, or much higher,  
I don't mean to cause strife,  
But if you call this life -  
Then I might as well go be a Friar!

A lady, quite young,  
Says I have a skilled tongue  
And a palate of sophistication,  
I obeyed her wishes  
And sampled her dishes  
And her cooking, too, upon occasion!

The cooks of this land  
They have all tried their hand  
At roast suckling pig and smoked turkey,  
And those who're less able  
Can still stock their table  
With hardtack and sticks of beef jerky!

This is not to say  
That a lord spends his day  
Solely on feasting and wenching,  
He also has time  
For composing a rhyme  
And the serious work of thirst quenching!

Their aged honey-wine, too,  
Is a quite potent brew,  
Puts the mead in mead-ieval, don't you fear,  
As the vintage was named, the brewer proclaimed,  
Tuesday, it was a good year!

It's a curious prison, this anachronism,  
It occasionally causes misgivings,  
But in A.S.Fourteen, if you know what I mean,  
I'm sure that life's still worth the living!

To conclude I'll think back, to a knight on the rack,  
His name Sir John of Dover  
And the knight is too long, ditto ditto my song,  
And thank goodness they're both of them - over!

# Eilmer of Malmesbury

BASED ON A 12TH CENTURY ACCOUNT OF THE INCIDENT  
BY WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY

Eilmer of Malmesbury was a high flying monk,  
He built his own wings from hen feathers & junk,  
Folk came from 20 counties all hoping for blood,  
Not to cheer, or support,  
Just to watch Eilmer thud! CHORUS:

He flies through the air  
with the greatest of ease,  
That daring young monk hanging  
there in the breeze,  
His movements are graceful,  
a pleasure to see,  
Who'd have thought man could fly  
in One Thousand A.D.?

He had confidence, that was Eilmer's big plus,  
Folk said he'd be dead, but he said, "Daedalus -  
If that heathen could do it, then this good monk  
sure can,  
'Cause I'll have some help from the #1 Man!"

CHORUS: repeat

As he climbed up the tower the crowd felt a thrill,  
Eilmer fastened his wings and dictated his will,  
He stood at the brink while the crowd jeered  
and scoffed,  
Then they "Ooo-ed" and they "Aah-ed" as young Eilmer  
took off!

CHORUS: repeat

He flew for a furlong, some say two-score rod,  
He gulped and he prayed to Christ, Mary, & God,  
He called on the Saints, he invoked one and all,  
But he still fell from grace,  
Broke both legs in the fall!

CHORUS: repeat

The crowd gathered 'round him, they heard the  
monk wail,  
"I knew that I shouldn't have left off the tail!  
'Should've used better feathers, 'ere I took to  
the sky,  
'Cause everyone knows that a chicken can't fly!

CHORUS: repeat

\*Though the tune I use for the verses is different,  
they may be sung to a slightly altered version of  
"The Man on the Flying Trapeeze." The chorus is  
designed to be sung with that tune. Happy flying!

# The Knight & the Unicorn\*

There was a knight, a lusty knight,  
a randy knight was he,  
He had eleven mistresses and bastards  
thirty-three.  
He indulged in every excess, yes,  
and each licentious whim,  
So you should have seen his jaw drop  
when a unicorn chose him!

Please go away, my gold-maned friend,  
Begone, I do declare!  
My reputation will be shot  
With all the maidens fair.  
I fear you've got the wrong man,  
Oh, my friend with coat so fine,  
I haven't been a virgin since  
I reached the age of nine!

I've led a very lusty life -  
Falls, Winters, Springs, and Summers.  
I have no peers with pole weapons, yes  
I'll take on all comers.  
So go away fair unicorn,  
If not I'll be grief-stricken,  
The rampant cock upon my shield  
Will turn into a chicken!

The ladies all reject me, thinking  
I'm so much bravado,  
There must be twenty knights around  
With chastity their motto,

So go away fair unicorn, yes  
Please leave me alone!  
The ladies will not lay with me  
With you for chaperone!

Please go away, fair unicorn,  
Begone and do not tarry,  
You'll find the kind of man you seek  
Up in the monastery,  
On second thought, they're not the type  
That's celibately sleeping,  
Instead of Mass and priestly vows  
It's mistresses they're keeping!

The unicorn said not a word,  
But with a soft tap-tap,  
She coiled her hoofs around his feet-  
Put her head upon his lap,  
The knight looked in her deep brown eyes  
And asked, "Why me? Why you?"  
The unicorn demurely said, "My Lord,  
I'm horny, too!"

There was a knight, a lusty knight,  
A randy knight was he,  
He took to wife a unicorn,  
And they're both quite happy!

# SCOTLAND'S DEPRAVED

There was a bonnie lassie, and she had brothers three,  
She did love a foreign lord, who came from Coventry.  
Her brothers did not like this and they told her to her face -  
We're fearful, bonnie sister, the family you'll disgrace!

For you're a highborn Scottish lass, of noble highland birth,  
And we don't think no foreign lord can give you what you're worth!  
She said, "He is a valiant lord - he'll show you what he's got,  
You'll see the stuff he's made of - he'll out-Scottish any Scot!"

We'll set him tests of honor, the brothers they declared,  
And if he cannot do them, we'll surely know he's scared,  
In fact we clearly doubt that he'll escape from them alive -  
And so we'll set the contest, the trials will be five.

The first contest was golfing, in which the lord did fine.  
He killed a dozen hedgehogs while shooting the back nine.  
He double-bogied every hole, his ball went wide and far,  
But when they counted hedgehogs, they found he'd broken par!

The second one was piping, in which he held his own.  
He outdid all the brothers, for on-and-on he'd drone!  
He kept his pipes a'skirling 'til they all were out of breath,  
The reason - not his diaphragm - it's just that he's tone deaf!

The next trial was sword dancing, with bare feet and bare sword,  
And in this painful trial, he proved a mighty lord.  
"Good brothers, I don't understand, you said this would be hard!  
They made me wear my armor when I learned to galliard!"

The fourth contest was drinking, the knight showed them his stuff.  
He chug-a-lugged from six more jugs when they had cried enough.  
He planned to take the excess home, he put it in a pail.  
"It makes a welcome change," he said, "from lukewarm English ale!"

The fifth and final contest, this valiant knight was told,  
Was to eat a haggis... while it was still cold.  
The knight he ate a score of them, he said, "Good friends, come here.  
I'd like another score, but this time with Worcestershire!"

And when the trials were over, one said, "Now sister dear,  
Though he has won the contests, you may not wed, we fear.  
For while we were out golfing, he proved his mind's unsound.  
The man, he must be crazy, he loaned me half a crown!"

Begone, you silly spendthrift, to me you won't be wed.  
The way you throw your gold around, you must have lost your head!  
The knight he quit the highlands and returned to Coventry.  
The lass she wed a highland man, kept Scottish lovers, three.

Thus it goes in Scottish lands, the sexes both are bawds,  
Where half of them are bastards and all of them tightwads!  
This tale is nearly over and I'm singing on one lung,  
To conclude, the moral, at last it must be sung!

OH!

Scotland, it is the land, please,  
For lusty lairds and lassies,  
Though England may be moral -

Scotland's Depraved!

\*\*\*\*\*

The final verse of the song above is to be sung to the tune of  
"Scotland the Brave." The tune to the rest of the piece resembles  
"There were three jolly maidens, come from the Isle of Wight."  
Caution - keep bodyguards if you sing this one, Scots are everywhere.

Laurelen's Dragon was written on the way to the Flaming Gryphon  
Crown Tournament in May, A.S.XIV.

Hoo-ray for S.C.A. owes its chorus to a lady whose name I can't  
remember, from Carolingia. She had a different set of verses,  
the biographical ones are mine. It was written on the way home  
from Pennsic VII.

Eilmer of Malmesbury was written in March, A.S.XIII and was  
inspired by reading an account of the incident in Medieval  
Technology and Religion, by Lynn White, Jr.

The Knight and the Unicorn was written on the way to a Bastile  
Day Event in WurmWald in A.S.XIV.

Pennsic Patter was composed on the way to Pennsic VII.

Gustav Hansbruder was of great assistance to me while writing  
Scotland's Depraved.





THE LAUREL SONG

The holly and ivy are jolly and lively  
The oak, ash, and thorn are all steadfast and true;  
The willow weeps sweetly,  
The poplar stands proudly,  
But Laurel, green Laurel, none fairer than you!

The Dragon and Tyger, the Redwood and Crescent,  
The Lone Star and Bright Sun and Beacon aflame -  
From Duke and high noble to lowliest peasant,  
Laurel, green Laurel, all honor thy name.

From Region Trimaris to Lyonsgate Harbour,  
From Land of the Angels to Vinland's far shores,  
In peace-time, in war-time, in fight, feast, or famine -  
Laurel, green Laurel, the glory is yours!

It's Laurel, green Laurel, in revel or battle -  
All are one when your gold banner's unfurled,  
In peace-time, in war-time, it's my sign and your sign -  
A wreath of your leaves stands for all the Known World.

*This song was also written and performed at the  
Illiton Crown Tourney. It's a song, not about  
members of the Order of the Laurel, but rather  
it is about the Laurel Realm, the entire Society.*

DROWNING IN WHISKEY - JARAVELLIR

I came to the town of Jarvellir  
And many odd things I did find,  
Including a liquor that acts even quicker  
And brought a strange dream to my mind!

CHORUS:

I dreamed I was drowning in whiskey,  
In vodka and brandy and gin,  
And as I went down for the very last time,  
I hoped I'd dream that one again!

I dreamed of your Seneschal - Guttorm,  
To Jaravellir, he's quite a spark;  
It's owed to the magic of nuclear physics -  
Who else's sword glows in the dark?

I dreamed of the fair Ealasaid,  
Chirurgeoning's what she doth teach,  
It's said that she's trapped in a Noodle-Juice Peatbog,  
What do you expect from a leech?

I then dreamed of Master Northumber,  
Musicians he'll expertly lead;  
Though I don't know why all his friends are so friendly,  
I ask, "Is it music, or mead?"

I dreamed of the Lutemaker - Einar,  
The Science's Master, 'tis said;  
He made a few passes at a gal who wears glasses,  
And now they're both happily wed - to each other...

I dreamed of the Guardian - Tsukka,  
He's always in fur - not in cloth;  
He carries an axe that he calls "Butterfly,"  
Let's give him a mace to call "Moth!"

Hail Thorbjorn and fair Fiona,  
Their steading - it is quite a keep;  
In a living room smaller than half a Toyota  
They still pile the bodies six deep!

I dreamed of the Region called Northshield,  
Where snow falls way over my head,  
I guess that's the reason they call it Northshield,  
Instead of just calling it Phredde!

*This song was written for and first performed at St. Bunstable's Day  
in Jaravellir (Madison, Wisconsin) on November 17th, A.S. XIV.*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Twelfth Night in Tree-girt-sea  
\*\*\*\*\*

Written, with lots of help, December 31st, A.S.XIV  
First performed January 5th, A.S.XIV

To shorten matters somewhat, let's  
start at the end -

On the Twelfth Night of Twelfth Night  
My true love gave to me:

Twelve drunken Knights,

Eleven goblets leaking,

Ten inches snowing,

Nine hours driving,

Eight spicy courses,

Seven hems a stitching,

Six silly songbooks,

Five bucks for gas...

Four foppish formals,

Three mooching riders,

Two different maps,

And a one-way-ticket  
to Tree-girt-sea!

DROWNING IN WHISKEY - NORDSKOGEN

I came to the land of Nordskogen  
And many odd things I did find  
Including a liquor that acts even quicker  
And brought a strange dream to my mind!

CHORUS:

I dreamed I was drowning in whiskey,  
In vodka and brandy and gin,  
And as I went down for the very last time  
I hoped I'd dream that one again!

I dreamt of the Seneschal Northshield  
Who works hard every day of the week,  
He never has time for a lunchbreak,  
But always can munch on his leek!

I dreamt of the heir of Nordskogen,  
Who dallies with ladies so fair,  
And fears not the wrath of their men-folk,  
For he has got eight lives to spare!

Once more the plump heir of Nordskogen,  
He takes ladies' laps for his seat,  
This oft has results cat-astrophic,  
But he always lands on his feet!

I dreamt of Michel and Armandel,  
Who reign in Nordskogen, I'm told;  
They could be the richest of rulers -  
Could they but turn snow into gold!

I dreamt of the Lutemaker - Einar,  
The Science's Master, 'tis said;  
He made a few passes at a gal who wears glasses,  
And now they're both happily wed. - to each other...

I dreamt of the Nordskogen singers,  
Their artistry fills me with awe,  
Of the music they sing in deep winter,  
We won't hear a note till the thaw!

I dreamt of the Nordskogen dancers,  
They leap very high, so I'm told;  
'Tis only because their slippers are thin  
And the floor is abominably cold!

I sing of the folk of Nordskogen,  
They certainly have what it takes,  
I guess that we're lucky to be here -  
With all of you loveable flakes!

*This was first written for and performed at Saturnalia in Nordskogen,  
January 12th, A.S.XIV, with the able assistance of Ealasaid nic Phearsoinn.*

DROWNING IN WHISKEY - CALONTIR

I came to the Calontir holdings,  
And many odd things I did find,  
Including a liquor that acts even quicker  
And brought a strange dream to my mind!

CHORUS:

I dreamed I was drowning in whiskey,  
In vodka and brandy and gin,  
And as I went down for the very last time,  
I hoped I'd dream that one again!

I dreamed of a Baron named Steven,  
His treachery's gone to his head;  
He need not fear enemy missiles,  
But better beware Midrealm bread!

I dreamed of a Baroness - Arwen,  
But - um - what can I safely say?  
She wears such extravagant dresses,  
And settles for cheapie loungerie!

I dreamed of Tiernan de Caerliant,  
Ringbearer, upright and sound,  
He keeps the King going in circles,  
That's why he keeps Tiernan around!

I dreamed of Sartorial splendor,  
The answer to costumer's dreams,  
His songs also keep us in stitches,  
He sews, but he's not what he seams!

Your seneschal and his fair lady,  
They always have front seats in court;  
Their motto is "But we ARE standing,"  
So I wouldn't dare sell them short!

I dreamed of Brom the Blackhanded,  
A mighty rib-breaker is he,  
It's said he keeps a four-footed mistress,  
"But I love her," he said, sheepishly!

I won't sing a verse for big Brumbar,  
Because for my body, I care -  
So this isn't a verse for big Brumbar,  
And I didn't call him "Honey Bear!"

I sing to the land of Three Rivers,  
Forgotten Sea and all the reast,  
Their hearts are as big as the Heartlands,  
That's why they think Calontir's best!

*This was written for and first performed at the Festival of Changlings in  
Three Rivers, February 9th, A.S.XIV, with the assistance of Margaret of Bristow.*

THE LAND IS VERY FLAT IN CALONTIR

CHORUS:

Oh, the land is very flat in Calontir,  
Yes, the land is very flat in Calontir,  
Elevation's not allowed,  
They're flat-landers - and they're proud,  
Oh the land is very flat in Calontir!

You can't run a decent ambush, 'cause the cornstalks aren't that wide,  
And the waving of the wheat sheaves would tip off the other side,  
In this land there is no cover, so there's only one way how -  
If you want to run an ambush, first you've got to find a cow!

CHORUS:

Oh the winds blow very strongly in the Calontir-y lands,  
And I hear they have pet zephyrs that will answer their commands,  
When they send them 'gainst their enemies, I hear it's quite a sight,  
You don't mess 'round with tornadoes if you want to live to fight!

CHORUS:

I hear the night-life really swings, up in Coeur d'Ennui,  
And I hear the sailing's lovely on your own Forgotten Sea,  
And your first and foremost barony, it always tries for more,  
I hear this place Three Rivers plans to change it's name to Four!

CHORUS:

OPTIONAL CHORUSES:

Oh, the mead is very flat in Calontir,  
Yes, the mead is very flat in Calontir,  
'Cause whenever you unstop  
You don't get no fizz or pop,  
Oh the mead is very flat in Calontir!

Oh, the ladies are not flat in Calontir,  
No, the ladies are not flat in Calontir,  
Low cut dresses are allowed,  
They get wolf-whistled and WOWed,  
Oh, the ladies are not flat in Calontir!

*This song was written for and first performed at the Feast of Changelings  
in Three Rivers, February 9th, A.S.XIV.*

THE SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE

*In a blues rhythm...*

Oh well I called up my baby, yes, my baby of mine,  
And I said, "Hey honey, be my Valentine,  
Won'tcha come with me, I got somethin' to see,  
It's called the Cre-a-tive An-achronist's So-ci-e-ty!

Won'tcha please come with me, to see what it could be, CHORUS:  
Down at the Cre-a-tive An-achronist's So-ci-e-ty!

Oh well they wear such funny clothes, like they was being in a play,  
And, well, I hear they're gonna be down at the Y-W-C-A,  
You can wear your prom dress - I'll wear my jeans,  
So let's go down and check the action out and see what it means!  
CHORUS:

Oh well I'll wear my leather jacket, and you'll wear your fancy clothes,  
Even wear a codpiece - but draw the line at panty hose,  
Saw them in the paper - now I'm quite proud of myself,  
'Cause I have sent in all my money, and I'm gonna be an elf!  
CHORUS:

Oh well I hear they've got real fightin' and it looks real tough,  
Wooden swords and plastic armor and all that joustin' and stuff,  
Bring the kitchen pot to make a real pot helm,  
Because I'm gonna win their tourney, be the best in the realm!  
CHORUS:

Oh well I drove up on my cycle and I strode onto the field,  
'Wearin' my 'luminum foil armor and my garbage-can-lid shield,  
Three guys came right at me, didn't wait for the facts,  
So I pulled my Vietnam machete and my Boy Scout axe...

I didn't know what hit me, but my head, it felt a smack,  
Half a moment later I was flat on my back -  
Didn't know what happened - don't know why, when, or where,  
All I know is - GET ME TO INTENSIVE CARE!

I don't know what happened, but I surrender!  
I'm just a victim of Saint Valentine's Day Massacre!

*This song was especially written for the St. Valentine's Day Massacre Event  
in the Barony of Andelcrag, February 16th, A.S.XIV. It was performed to  
decidedly mixed reviews!*

# A MIDREALM HYMN

Musical score for 'A Midrealm Hymn' in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics written below each staff. The lyrics are: 'THE CEN-TER OF THE WORLD IS OURS, THE MIDREALM WE CALL HOME, AND FROM THIS LAND HAS COME A FOLK WHOSE EXPLOITS RI-VAL ROME, THE DRA-GON BAN-NER, IT IS OURS-OR, ARGENT, VERT AND GULES, SO LET THAT STAN-DARD PROUD-LY FLY WHERE 'ER THE MID-REALM RULES!'

FROM A TRADITIONAL WELSH MELODY

2.

All hail the Middle Kingdom  
With harp and lute and brass,  
For while the Center doth hold firm  
The glory shall not pass;  
Our knights - they equal Arthur's own  
With sword and lance and shield,  
Insuring Midrealm victory  
Whene'er we take the field!

3.

All hail the Middle Kingdom  
Each Shire and Barony,  
For there is no more splendid realm  
"From sea to shining sea;"  
(Come Midrealm folk - we set high goals,  
Strive onward without cease,  
The Middle Kingdom is the land  
Foremost in War and Peace!



# Introduction <sup>from</sup> VOL.#1

These are funny songs. I don't think I could even write a dirge without at least one pun tossed in somewhere. The circumstances of the writing of these songs were also often funny. The Fourth Crusade was written especially for the Madhouse Manor Ceilidh in Bhakail, East Kingdom last summer, A.S. XII. Usually, I perform it as a skit, including the lines:

"Olaf, King Olaf, is no shining light,  
Half a berserker would be twice as bright!"

&

"Olaf, King Olaf, is one of the best,  
Well known for his bravery and also largesse!"

as an example of the editing a bard must do depending on the political necessities of the court to which he is singing. Need, less to say, 4th Crusade wouldn't go over too well in Christian courts.

HENRY was written with the able aid of Lady Lou Ellen Davis from Carillon in a three hour marathon brainstorming session following a delicious steak dinner.

The other three songs are traveling songs, that is, they were all written while on the road, usually on the way to or from events. The Seneschal's Song was composed on the way to Pennsic VI, The Persistent Yokel on the way to Bhakail, and All Hail to the Known World, the latest composition, on the AMdragonTRACK returning from Universitas in Carolingia, East Kingdom.

Enjoy them.

**FRIAR BERTRAM**



# Afterword <sup>from</sup> VOL.#1

These songs are all original creations of Friar Bertram, (with the exception of HENRY which was in collaboration with LouEllen Davis). The tunes, however, are a different matter. 4th Crusade is partly my own, but the last section, especially, steals from everything, including the Mickey Mouse Theme for "It must be God's will," as in "M-O-U-S-E."

HENRY's is stolen outright from a Christmas carol. All Hail sounds like a cross between a Scottish folksong and "Sweet Betsy from Pike." The Persistent Yokel is a "mish-mash" of folkly melodies, while The Seneschal's Song is loosely based on the vague memory of a song from my childhood called "Mr. Dunderbeck's Machine," about a crazy butcher who would grind up cats and dogs for hamburger. The chorus is simple. Pick a scale. Find the fourth, that is, fa. Sing fa,fa,do,do,fa,fa; so,so,re,re,so; me,me,me,me,me,me; re,do,do,re,me,fa.

I am planning to make tapes of myself and friends performing these songs so that anyone with a cassette player can hear how they should go. Transcribing the tunes into "real music," i.e. on staff paper is not beyond my musical talents, merely beyond the limits of my patience. ~~Tapes will be available by 5/1/78-1/1/XIII, either by sending me a tape and a return envelope plus \$1 (1/2 hr. tape) or \$2 with your return address.//~~ Since I'm moving to the MidRealm in September, after the 1st of that month extra copies can be had in the EastRealm from William Widedarfer, Bhakail's seneschal. Folk from the other Kingdoms can get them from me at my Chicago address, on the back cover.

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