

WHISPERS ON DISTANT WINDS

A SONGBOOK OF MANY SONGS OF
THE PAST AND CURRENT
MIDDLE AGES.

A PROJECT OF THE BARDIC COLLEGE OF CALONTIR

Whispers on Distant Winds
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This volume of song is a collection of period & non period songs that have become rather popular in Calontir. Most are not privately copyrighted, but those that are used, are included without the permission of the author. The decision to do so is because these songs have become so popularly sung and known, that we wished to acknowledge the original author, where known.

The type size has been purposefully been made large (14 point), with a wide, open script style (Acaslon Regular) so that it can be more easily read in a low light (i.e.; firelight) setting. While this does spread the songs out more, it was a sacrifice that I think will be appreciated in the long run.

Further, there are no page number so that you can integrate these pages into your current song collections.

We would like to thank all of the authors of the work here. None of this could have been done without them. Also, I would like to thank, Duke Gabriel ap Morgan, Master Ioseph of Locksley, Aragon Von Wyrmshold, Tresia ni Conner, The Bardic College of Calontir, Mistress Morganna, the bards of Forgotten Sea, Loraine Deveroux, and Kay Shapiro.

Thank you for you support of the Bardic College of Calontir.

For the College, Aindries ap Daffyd
Aindries ap Daffyd
III: Dean of the College

Obligatory Small Print

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BOLD SIR ROBIN

-Monty Python

"Bravely bold Sir Robin
Brought forth from Camelot
He was not afraid to die
Brave, bold Sir Robin
He was not at all afraid
To be killed in nasty ways
Brave, brave, brave, brave Sir Robin....

He was not in the least bit scared
To be mashed into a pulp
Or to have his eyes gouged out
And his elbows broken
To have his kneecaps split
And his body burned away
And his limbs all hacked and mangled
Brave Sir Robin.....

His head smashed in and his heart cut out
And his liver removed and his bowels unplugged
And his nostrils raped and his bottom burnt up
And his penis"

The Battle Hymn of Chirurgia

By Ld. Mathurin Kerbusso

There's a story I must tell you, you should listen to it good.
It's a story of three armies in a tiny little wood.
It's a story of embarrassment and silliness and power
When Vatavia, Triatia and Chirurgia went to war.

Now Chirurgia is a small place, but their everywhere you know,
And they're always in some corner where the fighting dare not go.
But, until that day of battle no one really understood,
That they're the greatest power in the field or in the woods.

Now two barons and an emperor thought they had come to see
Just who the greatest power in south Calontir would be.
But the answer to their question, it surprised them one and all,
For Chirurgia was the victor, and not one of them would fall.

Now the scepter of Triatia was the prize for which they fought,
And every fighter knew it would be hard and dearly bought.
But the moaning and the bitching took the fun out of the day
So Chirurgia took the scepter and they magicked it away.

Now two mighty armies stood there and they stared across the line
You could tell that they were angry and that soon they'd start to whine.
But a lowly waterbearer stood and looked them in the eye,
She said, "Suck it up and be a man!", she made the armies cry.

Now the moral to this story is not difficult to see,
There are Huscarls, knights and fyrdmen, there are guys like you and me.
But the toughest bunch of devils in the field or in the woods,
Is the bunch that carries water and the bunch that binds the wounds.

(Repeat first verse)

THE BURDEN OF THE CROWN

-Baldwin of Erebor

The battlefield is silent the shadows growing long
Though I may view the sunset I'll not live to see the dawn
The trees have ceased to rustle, the birds no longer sing
All nature seems to wonder at the passing of a king

And now you stand before me your father's flesh and blood
Begotten of my sinews on the woman that I loved
So difficult the birthing, the mother died that day
And now you stand before me to take my crown away

The hour is fast approaching when you come into your own
When you take the ring and scepter and sit upon your throne
Before that fatal hour when we each must meet our fate
Pray gaze upon the royal crown and marvel at its weight

This cap of burnished metal is the symbol of a land
Supporting all we cherish, the dreams for which we stand
The weight you'll find is nothing if you hold it in your hand
The burden of the crown begins the day you put it on

See how the jewels sparkle as you gaze on it again
Each facet is a subject whose rights you must defend
Every point of light a burden you must shoulder with your own
And mighty is the burden of the man upon the throne

The day is nearly ended, my limbs are growing cold
I feel the angels waiting to receive my passing soul
Keep well for me my kingdom, when my memory is dead
And forgive me for the burden I place upon your head!

CALONTIR SHOULD STAND ALONE

-Noddel of the Alan

(Tune: "Sink The Bismark")

Calontir should stand alone, and so say all of us
We're gonna fight the Kingdom 'cause they're makin' such a fuss!

CHORUS: Hit the field a-runnin' lads, and swing those blades around!
We're gonna fight the Middle, 'cause the Middle let us down!

Calontir should stand alone and fight for what is ours
To have a King that is our own, and all the Kingdom powers!

We're gonna fight the Middle 'cause the Middle wants us not
We're gonna fight the Middle 'cause they left us here to rot!

Knights we have deserving, who haven't got their belts
This is surely proven by Ansteorran welts!

The war-i-ors of Calontir have kept the Middle strong
But we know our recompense has waited far too long!

Artisans and crofters, rally to Calontir!
Fight with scythe and hammer, beside the heart-land's fyrd!

We will not be used again to fight the Middle's wars
When next our warriors go to fight we'll be at the King's own doors!

CHASTITY BELT

-Anonymous

Oh say, gentle maiden, may I be your lover
Condemn me no longer to mourn and to weep
Struck down like a hart, I lie wounded and fainting
So let down your drawbridge, I'll enter your keep

CHORUS: Enter your keep, nonnie nonnie
Enter your keep, nonnie nonnie
Let down your drawbridge, I'll enter your keep

Alas, gentle errant, I am not a maiden
I'm married to Sir Oswald the cunning old Celt
He's gone to the wars for a twelve-month or longer
And taken the key to my chastity belt

Fear not gentle maiden for I know a locksmith
To his forge we will go, on his door we will knock
And try to avail us of his specialised knowledge
And see if he's able to unpick the lock

Alas, sir and madam, to help I'm unable
My technical knowledge is of no avail
I can't find the secret to your combination
The cunning old bastard has fitted a Yale

I'm back from the wars with sad news of disaster
A terrible mishap I have to confide
As my ship was passing the Straits of Gibraltar
I carelessly dropped the key over the side

Alas and alack I am locked up forever
When up steps a page-boy, says "Leave it to me"
If you will allow me to enter your chamber
I'll open it up with my duplicate key

CHIVALRY

-Morgana bro Morganwyg

(Tune: "Lemon Tree")

CHORUS: Chivalry, very pretty, and the ladies they are sweet
But they find that the Mongols are impossible to beat!

When I was just a lad of ten, my father said to me
Come here and take a lesson from the belted Chivalry
Don't put your trust in knights, my boy. my father said to me
Come here and watch the Mongols kill the belted Chivalry!

But when I grew, I fell in love and the lady said to me
I think that I will keep my heart for the belted Chivalry
I said that I'd become a knight as quick as quick can be
The music of her laughter hid my father's words from me

So off to Tourney I did go, a squire all belted red
A rattan broadsword in my hand, a helmet on my head
I stepped onto the tourney field, to fight so noble-lee
Then a backhand blow from a knightly sword caved in my helm for me!

They had to bear me from the field for I could hardly see
But I could hear my lady wooing belted Chivalry!
So if I ever love again, I know that you will see
A girl who wants a Mongol love, not belted Chivalry!

COEUR DE BOEF CHALLENGE SONG

- (Possibly Wm Coeur de Boef)

Oh, the Midrealm Chivalry get no tail,
Oh, the Midrealm Chivalry get no tail,
 To alleviate the yen,
 They go out with Viking men,
Oh, the Midrealm Chivalry get no tail.

Oh, the Vikings have no women on their ships,
Oh, the Vikings have no women on their ships,
 To keep all their parts in use,
 They resort to self abuse,
Oh, the Vikings have no women on their ships.

If the Masters of the Midrealm had their wish,
Well, they would never go with women, they'd just fish.
 Well, they are not women haters,
 But they all are master baiters,
And the masters of the midrealm smell like fish.

Oh, the fighters of the Midrealm get no tail,
Oh, the fighters of the Midrealm get no tail,
 After melee with the guys,
 They can hardly get a rise,
Oh, the fighters of the Midrealm get no tail.

Oh, the marshals of the Midrealm get no tail,
Oh, the marshals of the Midrealm get no tail,
 Oh, it's not that they are cold,
 But they're always yelling "HOLD!",
Oh, the marshals of the Midrealm get no tail.

Oh, the artists of the Midrealm get no tail,
Oh, the artists of the Midrealm get no tail,
 It's not that they're so grand,
 But their talents in their hands,
Oh, the artists of the Midrealm get no tail.

Oh, the heralds of the Midrealm get no tail,
Oh, the heralds of the Midrealm get no tail,
For when e're they need a laugh,
All they do is raise their staff,
Oh, the heralds of the Midrealm get no tail.

Oh, the elves of the Midrealm get no tail,
Oh, the elves of the Midrealm get no tail,
When they do it in the trees,
They mean knotholes if you please,
Oh, the elves of the Midrealm get no tail.

Well, the Mongols, but, of course, they get tail,
Well, the Mongols, but, of course, they get tail,
Oh, the Mongols, but, of course,
Would rather get it from a horse,
And the horses of the Mongols have no tails.

COLD IRON

-Rudyard Kipling

Gold Is For The Mistress, Silver For The Maid
Copper For The Craftsman, Cunning At His Trade
"Good", Cried The Baron, Sitting In His Hall,
But Iron, Cold Iron, Is The Master Of Them All.

So He Made Rebellion, `Gainst The King His Liege
Camped Before His Citadel And Summoned It To Siege
"Nay", Said The Cannoneer On The Castle Wall,
But Iron, Cold Iron, Shall Be Master Of You All.

Woe For The Baron And His Knights So Strong
When The Cruel Cannonballs Laid Them All Along
He Was Taken Prisoner, He Was Cast In Thrall,
And Iron, Cold Iron, Was The Master Over All.

Yet His King Spake Kindly, Ah How Kind A Lord
What If I Release Thee Now And Give Thee Back Thy Sword
"Nay", Said The Baron, Mock not At My Fall,
For Iron, Cold Iron, Is The Master of Men All.

Tears Are For The Craven, Prayers Are For The Clown
Halters For The Silly Neck That Cannot Keep A Crown
As My Loss Is Grievous, So My Hope Is Small,
For Iron, Cold Iron, Must Be Master Of Men All.

Yet His King Made Answer, Few Such Kings There Be
Here Is Bread And Here Is Wine, Now Sit And Sup With Me
Eat And Drink In Mary's Name, While I Do Recall,
How Iron, Cold Iron, Can Be Master Of Men All.

He Took The Wine And Blessed It, He Blessed And Broke The Bread
With His Own Hands He Served Them, And Presently He Said
See These Hands They Pierced With Nails, Outside My City Wall,
Show Iron, Cold Iron, To Be Master Of Men All.

Wounds Are For The Desperate, Blows Are For The Strong
Balm And Oil For Weary Hearts, All Cut And Bruised With Wrong
I Forgive Thy Treason, I Redeem Thy Fall,
For Iron, Cold Iron, Must Be Master Of Men All.

Crowns Are For The Valiant, Scepters For The Bold
Thrones And Power For Mighty Men, Who Dare To Take And Hold
"Nay", Said The Baron, Kneeling In His Hall,
But Iron, Cold Iron, Is The Master Of Men All.

Iron Out Of Cavalry, Is The Master Of Men All

CRUSADER'S SONG

-Conn MacNeil

As my ship sets sail I watch the far coastline,
Leaving my kinfolk my heart is sore pained.
I've traded all for the cross at my shoulder,
No land for a third son, so I'm away.

(CHORUS): I'm for the Holy Land sailing,
To win back Jerusalem's walls,
I'm for the Holy Land sailing,
And I'll win a fortune or a martyr I'll fall.

I look around me at the men on the benches,
Their eyes are like mine, so I know their hearts pain.
I sing them a song of bravery in battle,
Now their eyes shine like their keen polished blades.

We follow King Richard to Sicily Island,
O'er Joanna's dowry 'gainst Tancred prevailed,
Now a fortune in silver and a new wife hath Richard,
And I've a swift horse and a fine coat of mail.

Landfall at Cyprus, they refused Berengaria,
Richard in anger has answered in steel,
He's added the crown of Cyprus to England's,
And I've added knighthood's gold spurs to my heels.

I followed the banner to battle at Acre,
And held it aloft when its bearer was slain.
We've given Richard a tower of the city,
He's given me rank and a full Captain's pay.

At Arsouf on the coastline we met with the paynim,
And we won the battle, though many men fell.
One was a baron who's lands needed tending --
Now they are MINE, and I'll tend them well!

I sit in court over Christian and Moslem,
I've a strong keep, and soldiers ten score,
King Richard's army has set sail for England,
I've said farewell, for I'll see them ne'er more.

For I'm in the Holy Land staying,
To guard my own castle walls.
I'm in the Holy Land staying,
For I've made my fortune, so farewell to all!

DANE-GELD

-Rudyard Kipling

It is always a temptation to an armed and agile nation.
To call upon a neighbor and say,
We invaded you last night, we are quite prepared to fight,
Unless you pay us cash to go away.

And that is called asking for Dane-geld,
And the people who ask it explain
That you've only to pay them the Dane-geld
And then you'll be rid of the Dane!

It is always a temptation to a rich and lazy nation
To puff and look important and to say
"Though we know we should defeat you,
we have not the time to meet you.
We will therefore pay you cash to go away."

And that is called paying the Dane-geld,
But we've proved it again and again.
That once you have paid him the Dane-geld,
You never get rid of the Dane.

It is wrong to put temptation in the path of any nation,
For fear they should succumb and go astray.
So when you are requested to pay up or be molested,
You will find it better policy to say:

We never pay any one Dane-geld,
No matter how trifling the cost,
For the end of that game is oppression and shame,
And the nation that plays it is lost!

DO VIRGINS TASTE BETTER?
(Also known as - An Old Cliche Revisited)

-R. Farran

(Tune: "The Irish Washerwoman")

A dragon has come to our village today.
We've asked him to leave, but he won't go away.
Now he's talked to our king and they worked out a deal.
No homes will he burn and no crops will he steal.

Now there is but one catch, we dislike it a bunch.
Twice a year he invites him a virgin to lunch.
Well, we've no other choice, so the deal we'll respect.
But we can't help but wonder and pause to reflect.

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

Now we'd like to be shed you, and many have tried.
But no one can get thru your thick scaly hide.
We hope that some day, some brave knight will come by.
'Cause we can't wait around 'til you're too fat to fly.

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 insist on nothing but virgins to eat.
No more will our number ever grow small,
We'll simply make sure there's no virgins at all!

CHORUS

A DRAGON'S RETORT

(C) 1985 by Claire Stephens

(Tune: "Irish Washerwoman")

Well, now I am a dragon please listen to me
For I'm misunderstood to a dreadful degree
This ecology needs me, and I know my place,
But I'm fighting extinction with all of my race

But I came to this village to better my health
Which is shockingly poor despite all my wealth
But I get no assistance and no sympathy,
Just impertinent questioning shouted at me.

CHORUS: Yes, virgins taste better than those who are not
But my favorite snack food with peril is fraught
For my teeth will decay and my trim go to pot
Yes, virgins taste better than those who are not

Now we worms are deep thinkers, at science we shine
And our world's complicated with every new line
We must quit all the things that we've done since the flood
Like lying on gold couches that poison our blood

Well I'm really quite good almost all of the year
Vegetarian ways are now mine out of fear
But a birthday needs sweets I'm sure you'll agree
And barbecued wench tastes like candy to me

CHORUS

As it happens our interests are almost the same
For I'm really quite skillful at managing game
If I messed with your men would your excess decline?
Of course not, the rest would just make better time

The Falcon
by Ld. Mathurin Kerbusso

O Huscarl, Fyrdmen, men-at-arms
And chivalry did come
To fight at Pennsic War that day
Beneath the Eastern sun.
Our shieldwall and our nine foot spears
Brought foemen to their knees.
The totem that they fear the most?
The Falcon, if you please!

The Falcon tabards swept the field,
No foe could bar our way.
We chose the place where we would go,
We chose where we would stay.
They could not take the woods that day,
They could not take the field.
Whatever goal they sought to reach,
The Falcon would not yield.

The Midrealm cause was justly served,
And many were the brave.
The rolls of honor filled with names
We fought beside that day.
The Dragon, it flew high that day,
And conquered all below.
But the wind the Dragon soared upon
The Falcon's wings did blow.

O Huscarl, Fyrdmen, men-at-arms
And chivalry did come
To fight at Pennsic war that day
Beneath the Eastern sun.
Our shieldwall and our nine foot spears
Brought foemen to their knees.
The totem that they fear the most?
The Falcon, if you please!

Our shieldwall and our nine foot spears
Brought foemen to their knees.
The totem that they've cause to fear?
The Falcon, if you please!

THE GLENCOE MASSACRE

-MacLean/Duthart

(Tune: Traditional)

CHORUS: Cruel is the snow that sweeps Glencoe
And covers the grave o' Donald
And cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe
And murdered the House o' MacDonald

They in the blizzard, we offered them heat
A roof o'er their heads, dry shoes for their feet
We wined them and dined them, they ate of our meat
And they slept in the House o' MacDonald

They came from Fort William wi' murder in mind
The Campbell had orders King William had signed
Put all to the sword, these words underlined
And leave none alive called MacDonald

They came in the night when the men were asleep
This band o' Argyls, through snow soft and deep
Like murdering foxes among helpless sheep
They slaughters the house o' MacDonald

Some died in their beds at the hand o' the foe
Some fled in the night, were lost in the snow
Some lived to accuse him what struck the first blow
But gone was the House o' MacDonald

GREENSLEEVES

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

CHORUS: Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves?

Thou canst desire no Earthly thing
But still thou hadst it readily
Thy music still I play and sing
And yet thou wouldst not love me

Well will I pray to God on high
That thou my constancy may'st see
And that once more before I die
Thou wouldst vouchsafe to love me

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave;
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and good will for to have.

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

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.

Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously,
Thy petticoat of Sendall right,
And this I bought thee gladly.

Thy girdle of the gold so red,
With pearls bedecked sumptuously,
The like no other lasses had,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thy purse and also thy gay gilt knives,
Thy pincase gallant to the eye;
No better wore the Burgesse wives,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee,
Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thy gown was of the glossy green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by,
Which made thee be our Harvest Queen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thy garters fringed with the gold
And silver aglets hanging by
Which made thee blythe for to behold
And yet thou would's't not love me.

My men were clothe'd all in green
And they did ever wait on thee
No lady ever was so brave
And yet thou would's't not love me.

They set thee up, they took thee down
They served thee with humility
Thy foot might not once touch the ground
And yet thou would's't not love me.

For every morning when thou rose
I sent thee dainties orderly

To cheer thy stomach from all woes
And yet thou would'st not love me.

And who did pay for all this gear
That thou didst spend when pleased thee
Even that I am rejected here
And thou disdainest to love me.

Your vows you've broken like my heart
O why did you so enrapture me
Now I remain in a world apart
But my love remains in captivity.

Greensleeves now farewell, adieu
God I pray to prosper thee
For I am still thy lover true
Come once again and love me!

If I Was An Apple Red

by Ld. Mathurin Kerbusso

If I was an apple red, hangin from a tree,
Would you come around, my love, and take a bite of me?
Would you come around, my love, and take a bite of me,
If I was an apple red, hangin from a tree?

Refrain: O, I would know your heart, my love,
And what you feel for me.
Answer, please, the question love
That I have put to thee.

If I was a silken veil, for all the world to see,
Would you take me up, my love, and touch your cheek to me?
Etc.

Refrain:

If I was the finest pearl, brought up from 'neath the sea,
Would you take me to your breast and clutch me tenderly?
Etc.

Refrain:

If I was the deep, red wine, as sweet as I could be,
Would you touch me to your lips and drink your fill of me?
Etc.

Refrain:

If I was the softest fur that ever you did see,
Would you take me to your bed and stroke me gentle-ly?
Etc.

Refrain:

If I was a ship, my love, upon the raging sea,
Would you take my tiller, love, and guide my home to thee?
Etc.

Refrain:

If I came to you, my love, upon a bended knee,
Would you take me in your arms and love me equally?

etc.

Refrain

Repeat:

I'M A PELICAN AND I'M OK

-Anonymous

tune: "I'm A Lumberjack..."

Oh, I'm a Pelican and I'm OK
I work all night and I work all day!

I autocrat, I run events, I order the lava'trie!
On Sundays I clean up the camp; I'm always last to leave!
Oh, I'm a Pelican and I'm OK
I work all night and I work all day!

I wear this bird around my neck to impress both young and old
My talents they are many, and younger Peers I scold!
Oh, I'm a Pelican and I'm OK
I work all night and I work all day!

When things go wrong it's me you seek to put them back on course
If I'm not around to steer things right: there's always God, of course!
Oh I'm a Pelican and I'm OK
I work all night and I work all day!

We stand around and polish Crowns of all the Royalty
We fix Their Thrones, we make no bones, for Pelicans are we!
Yes, I'm a Pelican I'm proud to say
that if it's done right it's done MY way!

Ireland's Heart

- by Ld. Mathurin Kerbusso

The Ard-ri called from Tara,
The High King's summon came
To fight for Erin's freedom from
The traitor's and the Danes.
It 'twas on a Good Friday that
The battle was to be.
Ireland's Heart went marching to
That Field beside the sea.

Brian of Boru was King,
Twelve Years had been Ard-Ri.
Three-Score and ten his winters were,
Wise, steadfast^ast man was he.
The joy and strength of Ireland,
His people proud and free.
Ireland's Heart went riding to
That field beside the sea.

Now Brian was a strong man,
his hair was white as snow.
He still could a shield and sword
And deal a mighty blow.
But his captains bade him tarry
With a troop, his guard to be.
For Ireland's Heart was precious in
that field beside the sea.

At Clontarf field they met that day,
The Norseman made their stand.
They'd come to make their chief a king,
To rule o'er Erin's land.
But the Battle Cry "Boruma" rang
And Norsemen turned to flee.
Ireland's Heart o'erwhelmed them in
That field beside the sea.

The gods blessed Ireland's warriors,
Their valor knew no bounds.
They purged the Norsemen from their land
Upon that killing ground.
Few Danes would the field that day
and fewer the morn would see.
Ireland's Heart, in triumph in
That field beside the sea.

Nevermore would Norsemen come
To trouble Erin's shore.
Great kings and chieftains died that day,
Their warriors by the score.
But Irish steel had spared a few,
A handful, two or three.
And Ireland's Heart lay open in
That field beside the sea.

For Brian's guard had left him,
He had sent them on their way,
To gain their share of booty
And the glory of the day.
They bade farewell a king that they
were nevermore to see.
Ireland's Heart was glorious in
That field beside the sea.

Norse stragglers, they surprised him there.
He fought them mightily.
The first two Brian cut in twain,
Then beheaded three.
His final stand the stuff of songs,
A warrior's dream to see.
But Ireland's Heart was cloven in
that field beside the sea.

The joy of Ireland's warriors
Would never greater be.
They'd drove the Norsemen from their shores
And Erin now was free.
But their joy, it turned to ashes, and
Brave warrior's tears flowed free.
For Ireland's Heart lay dying
In that field beside the sea.

Now years and lives have passed away
And kings and kingdoms gone.
The grains, uncounted,
In that field been reaped and sown.
Now Erin's woe's are many
And her joy's but few, and wee.
For Ireland's Heart was broken
In that field beside the sea.

JOHNNY MC ELDOO

There was Johnny McEldoo, and McGee, and me
And a coupla two or three, went on a spree one day.
We had a bob or two, which we knew how to blew
And the beer and whiskey flew and we all felt gay!
We visited McMann's, MacIllman's, Humpty Dan's,
We then went into Swann's our stomachs for to pack,
We ordered out a feed which indeed we did need
And we finished it with speed, but we still felt slack!

Johnny McEldoo turned red, white and blue,
And a plate of Irish stew he soon put out of sight
He shouted out "Encore!" with a roar for some more
Said he'd never felt before such a keen appetite
He ordered eggs and ham, bread and jam, what a cram!
But him we couldn't ram tho we tried our level best
For everything we brought, cold or hot, mattered not
It went down him like a shot, but he still stood the test!

He swallowed tripe and lard by the yard, we got scared
We thought it would go hard when the waiter brought the bill
We told him to give o'er, but he swore he could lower
Twice as much again and more before he had his fill
He nearly supped a trough full of broth, says McGrath:
"He'll devour the tablecloth if you don't hold him in!"
When the waiter brought the charge McEldoo felt so large
He began to scowl and barge and his blood went on fire!

He began to curse and swear, tear his hair in despair,
And to finish the affair called the shopman a liar!
The shopman he drew out and no doubt he did clout
McEldoo he kicked about like an old football!
He tattered all his clothes, broke his nose, I suppose
He'd have killed him with a few blows in no time at all!

McEldoo began to howl and to growl by my sowl
He threw an empty bowl at the shopkeeper's head
It struck poor Micky Finn, peeled the skin off his chin
And the ructions did begin, and we all fought and bled!
The peelers did arrive, man alive! Four or five,
At us they made a drive for us all to march away
We paid for all the mate that we ate, stood a trate,
And went home to reminate on the spree that day!

Lift Up Your Shield

by Ld. Mathurin Kerbusso

Refrain: Lift up your shield, my brother!
Lift up your shield, my friend!
For if you love your freedom dearly
We must go to war again.

Charles the Bald is coming hither,
Hebrings with him ten thousand men!
And if he has his way, my brother,
We will serve a Frankish king!

Refrain:

Brittany has outlived Caesar,
Brittany outlasted Rome,
And if She is to outlive Charles
We must march with Nomenoe!

Refrain:

Saxons drove us from one homeland,
Norsemen came to steal and burn!
If Charles the Second wants our country
He must pay in blood and bone!

Refrain:

LOCAL S.C.A.

(Tune: "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen")

Arrest these merry gentles, nay, it would be so unkind,
If you'll but wait a moment, sir, we will relieve your mind.
We are not escaped lunatics, so kindly us unbind,
For we are your local S C A, SCA,
For we are your local S C A.

These men aren't wearing dresses, sir, Those are not pantyhose.
No, those are tights and tunics, sir, They are medieval clothes.
And men were really macho then, As everybody knows,
So please do not look upon us that way, that way.
For we are your local S C A.

We recreate past ages, sir, And that is all we do.
Please give our swords and knives to us, We'd like our axes, too.
Return us all our weapons, sir, The act you will not rue,
For we mostly use them for display, display.
For we are your local S C A.

We really are not dangerous Although we like to fight.
We do it on a tourney field, You see, so it's all right.
And we wear lots of armour, too, Like any noble knight,
And use our wooden sticks to whale away, whale away,
For we are your local S C A.

Oh, we pavanne in public, sir, The horse bransle do, also.
Full many a fine feast attend And to a revel go.
And all that night we sing and drink, For free the mead doth flow,
Then drive four hundred miles the next day, the next day.
For we are your local S C A.

We have a King and Prince who do Our loyalty command
This is Three Rivers Barony, The finest in the land.
And we are on our way to court, But not the one you planned.
Oh, please let us go upon our way, our way.
For we are your local S C A.

Arrest these merry gentles, nay, Discretion you should use.
For we are lords and ladies, sir, So how can you refuse.
I say, that is a lady, sir, You should not her abuse.
It is not genteel to act this way, this way,
And lock up your local S C A.

LOCH LOMOND

-Traditional

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love won't ever meet again
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

CHORUS: Oh, you take the high road, and I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland before you
And me and my true love won't ever meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond
Where in purple hue, the hieland hills we view
And the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring
While in sunshine the waters are sleepin'
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again
Tho' the woeful may cease from their greetin'

THE MINSTREL BOY

-Thomas More

The minstrel boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you'll find him.
His father's sword he has girded on
His wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song," sang the warrior bard,
"Tho all the world betrays ye,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chains
could not keep his proud soul under.
The harp he bore ne'er spoke again
For he tore its cords asunder...
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery,
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They ne'er shall sound in slavery."

MORNING GLORY

-Traditional

CHORUS: One for the morning glory,
Two for the early dew,
Three for the man who will stand his ground
And four for the love of you,
Me girl!
Four for the love of you.

At the end of the day I like a little drink
To raise up meself and sing
A round or two of a fine brown brew
And I'm ready for anything!
At the Cross Keys Inn there were sisters four
The landlord's daughters fair.
And every night when they put out the light
I would tiptoe up the stair, SINGING:

(CHORUS)

Well, I got the call from foreign shores
To go and fight the foë,
I thought no more of the sisters four
But still I was sad to go.
We sailed away on a ship,
The Morning Glory was her name,
We'd all fall down when the rum went 'round
Then we'd get up and start again, SINGING:

(CHORUS)

Well, I bore once more for me native shore
Farewell to the raging sea.
The Cross Keys Inn it was beckoning
And me heart was filled with glee.
But there on the shore were the sisters four
With a bundle upon each knee
There were three little girls and a bouncing boy
And they all looked just like me! SINGING:

(CHORUS)

They're coming right at me, I'll have to wait and see
Just what these mean Mongols will do....
I need a good friend now, I really don't care how,
but....HELP!....I'm beseeching of you!

ONE-BALL RILEY

-Traditional Irish

As I was sittin by the fire
talking to O'Riley's daughter
suddenly a thought came into my head:
I'd like to shag O'Riley's daughter

(Chorus): Giddy aye ay, giddy aye ay,
giddy aye ay for the one-ball Riley
Giddy aye ay: (three claps or stomps)
try it on yer own big drum!

Her hair was black and her eyes were blue
The Colonel and the Major and the Captain sought her
The Sergeant and the Private and the Drummer boy too
All of 'em shagged O'Riley's daughter!

Riley played on the big bass drum;
Riley had a mind for murder and slaughter
Riley had a bright red glitterin eye
and he kept that eye on his lovely daughter

While walking thru the park one day
Who should I spy but Riley's daughter?
Never a word I had to say
But "Don't you think we really oughter?"

Got me a bottle and a condom too,
got me hands on Riley's daughter
settled me down for a good old time
doin' things we shouldn't oughter

Up the stairs and into bed
I shagged and shagged until I stove her
Never a word that maiden said
just laughed like hell till the fun was over!

Suddenly a footstep on the stair
who should it be but Riley out for slaughter
with two pistols in his hands
lookin for the man that shagged his daughter

Grabbed Old Riley by the ball,
rammed his head in a pail of water
shoved them pistols up his ass
a damn sight quicker than I shagged his daughter!

As I go walkin' down the street
People shout from every corner
There's the randy sonofabitch
That finally shagged Old Riley's daughter!

Now all you lasses, all you maids
Answer me now, and don't speak shyly
Would you have it straight and true
Or the way I gave it to One-Ball Riley?

PLUNDERER'S THEME

(tune: "Supercalifragilistic...etc.)

Pillage, rape and loot and burn, but all in moderation
If you do the things we say, then you'll soon rule the nation!
Kill your foes and enemies, and then kill their relations!
Pillage, rape and loot and burn, but all in moderation!

RAMBLIN' ROVER

-Andy Stewart

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CHORUS: O there's sober men in plenty, and drunkards barely twenty
There are men of over ninety that have never yet kissed a girl
But gie me a ramblin' rover, and from Orkney down to Dover
We will roam the country over and together will face the world!

O there's many that feign enjoyment for merciless employment
Their ambition was this deployment since the minute they left the school
They save and scrape and ponder while the rest go out and squander
See the world, and rove and wander, and they're happier as a rule.

I've roamed thru all the nations, ta'en delight in all creation
And I've tried a wee sensation where the company did prove kind
And when parting was no pleasure, I've drunk another measure
To the good friends that we treasure for they always are in our minds.

For the lassies young and sprightly, them I courted nightly
Where stayin' wasn't likely, for I ramble up and down;
'Cause life it would be hearty, I'd dance at every party,
Meet ramblin' Dan McCarthy and we'll all go on the town!

So when troubles do befall me, to the high road I do haul me,
Ramblin' Johnny's what you call me, 'tis me blessing and me bane.
Though my comrades have been many, I'll take a drink with any,
'Till I've spent me last wee penny, and life I'll not see again.

If you're bent with arth-er-itis, your bowels have got colitis
You have gallopin' bollockitis and you're thinkin' it's time you died
You've been a man of action tho you're lyin' there in traction
You may gain some satisfaction sayin' "Jaysus, at least I tried!"

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all the young ladies were little white rabbits
I'd be a hare and I'd teach 'em bad habits

CHORUS: Roll your leg over, roll your leg over
Roll your leg over and do it again!

If all the young ladies were bricks in a pile
I'd be a mason and lay them in style

If all the young laddies were cocks in the hay
I'd be a hen and I'd have a good lay

If all the young ladies were bats in a steeple
And I were a bat there'd be more bats than people

If all the young ladies were bells in a tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang every hour

If all the young laddies were fine silks and laces
And I were an iron I'd sit on their faces

If all the young ladies were doors of stout wood
And I were a knocker I'd bang 'em up good

If all the young ladies were stones in a mill
And I were some grain, between them I'd spill

If all the young laddies were coconuts sweet
I'd suck out their juices and chew on their meat

If all the young ladies were winds of the sea
I'd be a sail and I'd let them blow me

If all the young ladies were birds in their nests
I'd be an egg and lie under their breasts

If all the young laddies were merry go rounds
I'd mount up and we'd go up and down

If all the young ladies were locks on a gate

I'd be a key and insert and rotate

If all the young ladies were pure as they say
All the young men would be happy.....and gay!

If all the young ladies were big wooden stairs
They'd go up mine and I'd go down theirs

If all the young ladies were bottles of brew
I'd pop their tops with my built in corkscrew

If all the young laddies were bottles of beer
I'd give good head and they'd be of good cheer

If all the young ladies were sweet fruits and berries
I'd munch on melons and nibble on cherries

If all the young girls were like fish in a pool
I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool

If all the young girls were like fish in the brookie
I'd be a trout and get me some nookie

If all the young girls were like cows in the pasture
I'd be a bull and fill them with rapture

If all the young girls were like mares in the stable
I'd be a stallion and show them I'm able

I wish all the girls were like statues of Venus
And I were equipped with a petrified penis

If all the young ladies were little red foxes
And I were a hunter I'd shoot up their boxes

If all the young girls were like trees in the forest
And I were a woodsman, I'd split their clitoris

If all the young girls were like telephone poles
I'd be a squirrel and stuff nuts in their holes

If all the young girls were like diamonds and rubies
I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies

If all the young girls were like coals in the stoker
I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker

If all the young ladies belonged to the Horde
I'd be a yakherd and -never- be bored!

If all the young ladies were singing this song
It would be twice as bawdy, and six times as long!

The Roses

by Ld. Mathurin Kerbusso

If you'll listen to my story
I won't tell you many lies,
For the truth it is sufficient
And a truthful man is wise.
I will tell you of some ladies,
The finest anywhere,
And a bonny bunch of roses
Are the Queens of Calontir,
And a bonny bunch of roses
Are the Queens of Calontir.

You can keep your Western princesses
And Midrealm royalty,
Just give me a Calon duchess
And a happy man I'll be.
Or a countess or a jarla
And I'll walk upon the air,
For a bonny bunch of roses
Are the Queens of Calontir.
For a bonny bunch of roses
Are the Queens of Calontir.

Never mind those Eastern majesties
Or Atlantean crowns,
All those Meridian beauties,
Ansteorran amazons.
For a countess out in Carlsby
Will match any royal peer,
As will any of these roses,
The Queens of Calontir.
As will any of these roses,
The Queens of Calontir.

Though tonite I've drunk your wine my friends
And sat beside your fire
And to me your all like brothers
And beside you I'd expire,

For the honor of these ladies
I'd fight anybody here,
For the honor of these roses,
The Queens of Calontir,
For the honor of these roses,
The Queens of Calontir.

If you want to leave this field today,
My friend you'd better swear
That a bonny bunch of roses
Are the Queens of Calontir,
That a bonny bunch of roses
Are the Queens of Calontir.

Yes, a bonny bunch of ro-o-O-o-ses
ARE the Queens of Calontir.

THE SCA HAPPY BIRTHDAY SONG

(tune: "Volga Boatmen")

Happy Birthday! (UHH!) Happy Birthday! (UHH!)
Death and gloom and black despair
People dying everywhere
Happy Birthday! (UHH!) Happy Birthday! (UHH!)

Now you are the age you are
Your demise cannot be far

Fear and gloom and darkness but
no one found out YOU KNOW WHAT

May the candles on your cake
burn like cities in your wake

You're a period cook, its true
ask the beetles in the stew

Burn the Castle and storm the keep
Kill the Women but SAVE THE SHEEP!

Now your jail-bait days are done
let's go out and have some fun!

May your deeds with sheep and yaks
equal those with sword and axe

You must marry very soon
baby's due the next full moon

Your servants steal, your wife's untrue
Your children plot to murder you

Were I sitting in your shoes
I'd go out and sing the blues

They stole your gold, your sword, your house
They stole your sheep, but not your spouse

Tho you're turning 29
age to you is like fine wine

So you're 29 again
don't tell lies to your good friend

Now you've lived another year
age to you is like stale beer

So another year has passed
don't look now they're gaining fast!

Long ago your hair turned grey
now it's falling out, they say

Black Death has jus^a*6t struck your town
you yourself feel quite run-down

It's your birthday never fear
You'll be dead this time next year

We brought linen, white as cloud
Now we'll sit and sew your shroud!

See the wrinkles on your face
Like the pattern of fine lace

So far death you have bypassed
Don't look back it's gaining fast

Indigestion's what you get
From the enemies you 'et

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

SCARBOROUGH FAIR

-Traditional

Are you going to Scarborough Fair
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Without any seams or fine needlework
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Ask her to wash it in a dry well
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Where never spring water nor rain ever fell
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Ask her to dry it on a flowering thorn
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
That never knew blossom since Adam was born
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Now, he has asked me questions three
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
I hope he will answer as many for me
Then he'll be a true love of mine

Tell him to find me an acre of land
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Between the salt water and the sea strand.
Then he'll be a true love of mine

Tell him to plow it all with a lamb's horn
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
And sow it all over with one peppercorn
Then he'll be a true love of mine

Tell him to reap it with a sickle of leather
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
And bind it all up with a peacock's feather
Then he'll be a true love of mine

And when he's finished with all of his work
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Then send to me for that cambric shirt.
Then he'll be a true love of mine

Are you going to Scarborough Fair
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
For she once was a true love of mine

SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

Hark when the night is fallin', hear, hear the pipes a-callin'
Loudly and proudly callin' down thru the glen
There where the hills are sleepin', now feel the blood a-leapin'
High as the spirits of the old highland men!

Towering in gallant fame, Scotland the mountain hame!
High may your proud standards gloriously wave!
Land of the high endeavour, land of the shining river,
Land of my heart, forever, Scotland the brave!

High in the misty highlands, out by the purple islands,
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish skies!
Wild are the winds to meet you, staunch are the friends that greet you
Kind as the light that shines from fair maiden's eyes!

Towering in gallant fame, Scotland, my mountain hame!
High may your proud standards gloriously wave!
Land of the high endeavour, land of the shining river,
Land of my heart, forever, Scotland the brave!

Far-off in sunlit places, sad are the Scottish faces,
Yearnin' t'feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain!
Where tropic skies are beamin', love sets the heart a-dreamin',
Longin' and dreamin' for the homeland again!

Towering in gallant fame, Scotland, my mountain hame!

SCOTLAND'S DEPRAVED

-Bertram of Bearington

(Tune: "There Were Three Bonnie Lassies, Came from the Isle of Wight")
(nb: "Wearin' O' the Green" works, too)

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 laird 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 canna 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'skirlin' '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 & 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 luke-warm English ale!"

The fifth and final contest, this valiant knight was told,
Was to eat a hag-gis [pause] while it was still COLD!
The knight he ate a score of them, he said "Good friends come here.
I'll have another score, but - this time with Worcestershire!"

When the trials were over, her kin said "Sister dear,
Though he has won the contest, you may not wed, we fear.
For when 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 you I 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 singin' on one lung,
But to conclude the moral, at last it must be sung...

CLOSING (to the tune of "Scotland the Brave")

O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-h, (sound like a set of pipes starting up)

(1) Scotland it is the land, please	(2) Baa baa baa baa baa baa baa
For lusty lairds and lassies,	Baa baa baa baa baa baa baa
Though England may be moral	Though England may be moral
SCOTLAND'S DEPRAVED!	SCOTLAND'S DEPRAVED!

THE SLEEPING SCOTSMAN

-Anonymous

A Scotsman clad in kilt left a bar one evening fair
And one could tell by how he walked he'd drunk more than his share
He stumbled on until he could no longer keep his feet
Then staggered off into the grass to sleep, beside the street

CHORUS: A ring-di-diddle-e-di do, a-ring-di-diddle-i-day
He staggered off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

(following choruses as above, repeating last line of verse)

A pair of young and lovely girls just happened to come by
And one said to the other, with a twinkle in her eye:
"You see yon sleeping Scotsman, so strong and handsome built..
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt?"

They crept upon the sleeping Scotsman, quiet as could be,
And lifted up his kilt above the waist, so they could see..
And there, behold, for them to view, beneath his Scottish skirt
T'was nothing but what God has graced him with upon his birth!

They marveled for a moment, then one said: "We'd best be gone.
But let's leave a present for our friend before we move along!"
So as a gift, they left a blue silk ribbon, tied into a bow,
Around the Bonnie Star the Scottish kilt did lift and show!

The Scotsman woke to Nature's Call, and stumbled towards a tree
Behind the bush, he lifts his kilt, and gawks at what he sees!
Then, in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes:
"I ken na' whaur y'been, m'lad, but I see y'won First Prize!"

SUMER IS ICUMEN IN

-early 13th century

Sing, cuccu, nu! Sing, cuccu!
Sing, cuccu! Sing, cuccu, nu!

Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu
Groweth sed and bloweth med
And springth the wude nu
Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb
Lhouth after calve cu
Bulluc sterteth, bukke verteth
Murie sing cuccu
Cuccu, cuccu

Wel singes thu, cuccu
Ne swik thu naver nu

The Tain

by Ld. Mathurin Kerbusso

Long years ago there lived and died
A hero great in strength and pride,
Warrior to the Ulster king,
And he could do most anything.
Now, many were his feats of skill,
And bards sing of his glory still.
I shall humbly try to sing
The tale of mighty Cuchulainn.

Refrain:

Hai! The Hound of Ulster cried and
Hai! the foes of Ulster died.
Hai! whene'er gae bolga flew
Cuchulainn's aim was always true.

Now as a child he would not play
And as a boy he ran away
To the king, his uncle's, hall.
If need be, he would fight them all.
King Conchobor he came to see,
Said, "Make a warrior of me.
I would be a Red Branch knight,
For you and Ulster I will fight."

Refrain

Now here is how he first won fame,
Setanta was our hero's name.
Came to Culann's house quite late;
A monster hound stood at the gate.
He slew the hound with boyhood ball
Then swore that he would guard that hall.
Conchobor laughed loud and long,
"The Hound of Culann you'll be called!"

Cathbad, the druid, once did say
"A warrior who takes arms this day,
Though life will be short as a song,
His deeds will be remembered long."
Cried Cuchulainn, "Bring arms to me,
A hero is what I choose to be.
I would die tomorrow brave,
Than live to fill forgotten grave."

Refrain

The Bull of Cooley, Queen Medb swore,
She'd have or she would go to war.
Four provinces of Ireland came
Whilst men of Ulster lay in pain.
Cuchulainn suffered not their curse
So he would face the armies first.
Five heads he stuck upon a tree,
Said, "Die by scores or singly!"

He slew with spear and sling and sword
A thousand men there at that ford
From Summer's end to start of Spring.
That Winter he turned seventeen.
When Ulstermen could rise again,
Then rested mighty Cuchulainn.
Nine months alone he'd fought their war;
Medb's army, he'd killed half or more.

Refrain (Twice)

The Three Sorrows

by Ld. Mathurin Kerbusso

A tale of three brave knights I sing,
Who loved a lady fair.
But she did love them all the same,
Not one would she forbear.
She gave them each three golden rings,
She gave them each three mares.
She gave them each two nights a week
And thus had one for prayer.

The lady's name was Constance and
She loved her suitors three.
Each sought to prove his worth to her,
Her husband for to be.
They fought in a great tournament,
Together they did stand.
When all was done, two knights lay dead,
And one was less a man.

She took her lonely suitor and
She kept him by her side.
She nursed him and she comforted,
But for the lost ones cried.
"I'll write a song," said Constance,
"For the three who sought my hand."
"Three sorrows is too much to bear,
I'll take no other man!"

"O, sing your song, fair Constance," said
The knight, on bended knee.
"But sing not of the two who died
In glorious chivalry!"
"For each held two great jewels apiece,
Kept in a silken purse.
Though dead, they kept theirs; I lost mine
And thus my fate is worse!"

"So, sing your song, good Constance, and
Remember what I've said.
O, sing of two who died and one
Who would be better dead!
O, sing of your three sorrows and
The mem'ry of your loss!
Sing also of your faithless love,
And what that love has cost!"

TWO MAGICIANS

(Child #44)

She looked out of the window, as white as any milk
He looked in at the window, as black as any silk

(Chorus): Hello, hello, hello, hello you coal black smith
You have done me no harm!
You never shall have my maidenhead
That I have kept so long!
I'd rather die a maid, aye, and then she said,
And be buried all in my grave,
Than to have such a nasty,
husky, dusky, fusty, musty coal black smith!
A maiden I will die!

She became a duck, a duck all in the stream
And he became a waterdog, and fetched her back again

She became a star, a star all in the night
And he became a thundercloud and muffled her out of sight

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

She became a nun, a nun all dressed in white
And he became a chantry priest to pray for her by night

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

She became a quilt, a quilt all on her bed
And he became a coverlet, and gained her maidenhead!

TULLEY DEW

-Brom Blackhand

(Tune: "Foggy Dew")

As down the glen, one early morn,
At a tourney fair and high
There came mad lines of drunken men,
In armor passed me by
Oh, half and some from the Kingdom come,
And some were Hordesmen, too!
Said one going by, with a winking eye:
"They've been sipping on the Tulley Dew!"

As back thru the camp I took a tramp,
And my heart with grief was sore
To see Viking men worship toilet bowls
Instead of the Great God Thor
Oh, hours they moan with weapons thr^a6own
And they utter strange war-cries new;
It's not from the cuts that they spill their guts
It's from sipping on the Tulley Dew!

At last my sight, in the early night,
The camp was in a merry roar
Now the bodies around on the cold hard ground
Bespeak a dreadful war
They lay around on the cold hard ground
With faces anemic and blue
With cold stone beds 'neath their swirling heads
All from sipping on the Tulley Dew!

Two Kingdom knights did have a fight
O'er a wench to take to lair
For when you've had enough of that vile stuff
Oh, the rattiest wench looks fair!
The dreadful sight in the morning's light
Should teach us some lessons new!
Emotions mislaid, and your friends betrayed
All from sipping on the Tulley Dew!

UNDER THE SHIELD WALL

-Anonymous

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

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

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

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

The Viper Tongues

by Ld. Cormac Mac Cumail
and Ld. Mathurin Kerbusso

My song is a tale of a day long past,
Of a noble baron of ancient lands,
And of how he lost his well run fief
To the viper tongues of a gossip's band.

He cast his eye on a warrior maid
With hair of sable and eyes of green;
Though her beauty would weaken the strongest of men,
Yet her arm was strong and her sword was keen.

O, lo, O, lo, the viper tongues!
They steal that which they cannot use.
O, lo, O, lo, the viper tongues!
Beware of the good name that you may lose!

He favour found with the warrior maid.
Her great heart swelled when she heard his suit!
For he was fair, and a hero, too.
And she gave to him of the cloven fruit.

"Would you bare your breast to the viper tongues?"
"For they love my lady more than me!"
"I care not a whit for their poison," said she,
"I'm a warrior proud, I will stand with thee!"

O, lo, O, lo, the viper tongues!
They steal that which they cannot use.
O, lo, O, lo, the viper tongues!
Please pity the poor soul that they ill use!

The viper tongues their poison spread
Throughout the fief and the cantons, too.
They tore asunder the peace of their land,
For their words were false, but their malice true!

They gained the ear of the good young king
And, drop by drop, their bile did flow!
And thus another his lands did gain
Who had not to strike a single blow!

O, lo, O, lo, the viper tongues!
They steal that which they cannot use.
O, lo, O, lo, the viper tongues!
Have a care for the vassals that you do choose!

There's a special hell for the viper tongues,
That the old gods made but the new god keeps,
Where they'll live forever with one they don't love,

THE WATER IS WIDE

(Child 204)

The Water is wide, I cannot get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that will carry two
And both shall row, my love and I

Down in the garden the other day
A-gathering flowers both fine and gay
A-gathering flowers both red and blue
I little thought what love can do

I put my hand down into a bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger right to the bone
And left the sweetest flower alone

I leaned my back up against an oak
Thinking it was a sturdy tree
But first it bended and then it broke
And so did my false love from me

A ship there is and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the love I'm in
I know not e'en to sink or swim

Now love is tender and love is kind
And love's a jewel when first it's new
But when it grows old it groweth cold
And fades away like the morning dew

WELSH HISTORY 101 B

(Tune: "The Ash Grove." "Flow Gently Sweet Afton")
(also works to "Streets Of Laredo")

-Ceridwen o'r Mynydd Gwyrth
copyright (year unknown) Heather Rose Jones

If ever you wander out by the Welsh border,
Come stop by and see me and all of my kin.
I'm Morgan ap Dafydd ap Gwion ap Hywell
ap Ifor ap Madoc ap Rhodri ap Gwyn.

We'll feast you on mutton and harp for your pleasure,
and give you a place to sleep out of the cold.
Or maybe we'll meet you out on the dark roadway,
and rob you of horses and weapons and gold.

My neighbor from England has come across raiding,
slain six of my kinsmen and burned down my hall.
It cannot be borne, this offense and injustice;
I've only killed four of his last I recall.

I'll send for my neighbors, Llewellyn and Owain;
we'll cut him down as for the border he rides;
But yesterday Owain stole three of my cattle,
and first I'll retake them and three more besides.

We need a strong prince to direct our resistance,
heroic, impartial, of noble degree.
My brother's wife's fourth cousin's foster-son Gruffydd
is best for the job, as I'm sure you'll agree.

What matter that Rhys is the old prince's nephew?
He's exiled to Ireland and will not return.
I know this, for every time boats he is building,
I send my spies money to see that they burn.

Last evening my brother and I were at war
over two feet of land on a boundary we share.
But early this morning I hear he's been murdered;
I'll not rest until I avenge him, I swear.

Yes, we are just plain folks who mind our own business,
honest, and loyal, and full of good cheer.
So if you should wander out by the Welsh border,
come stop by and meet all the friendly folk here.

THE WITCH OF THE WESTMERLAND

-Archie Fisher

Pale was the wounded Knight who bore the rowan shield
Loud and cruel were the raven's cries that feasted on the field,
saying "Brack water cold and clear will never heal your wounds.
There's none but the Witch of the Westmerland to make thee hale & sound."

"So turn, turn your stallion's head 'til his red mane flies in the wind,
And the Rider of the Moon pass by and the Bright Star falls behind.
Clear was the pale moon when his shadow passed him by
Below the hills were the Brightest Star when he heard the owlet cry.

Saying, "Why do you ride this way, and wherefore came you here?"
"I seek the Witch of the Westmerland that dwells by the winding mere."
And it's weary by the Ullswater, and the misty brakefern way,
till through the cleft of the Kirkstane Pass the winding water lay.

"Oh lay down, my brindled hound, and rest ye, my good grey hawk,
And thee my steed may graze thy fill, for I must dismount and walk.
But come when you hear my horn and answer swift the call,
For I fear 'ere the sun does rise this morn you will serve me best of all.

And it's down to the water's side he's born the rowan shield
And the goldenrod he has cast in to seek what the lake might yield.
Then wet rose she from the lake, and fast and fleet went she,
One half the form of a maiden fair, with a jet black mare's body!

Then loud, long, and shrill he blew, til his steed was by his side,
Overhead the grey hawk flew, and swiftly he did ride,
saying, "Course well, my brindled hound, and catch me the jet-black mare,
Stoop and strike my good grey hawk, and bring me the maiden fair!"

She said, "Pray, sheathe thy silvery sword, lay down thy rowan shield,
For I see by the briny blood that flows you've been wounded on the field."
She stood in a gown of the velvet fine, clasped round with a silvery chain,
And she's kissed his pale lips once and twice, and three times 'round again.

She's bound his wounds with the goldenrod; full fast in her arms he's lain.
And he has risen hale and sound with the sun high in the day.
She said, "Ride with your brindled hound at heel, and your good grey hawk in
hand,

There's none can harm the Knight that's lain with the Witch of the Westmerland!"