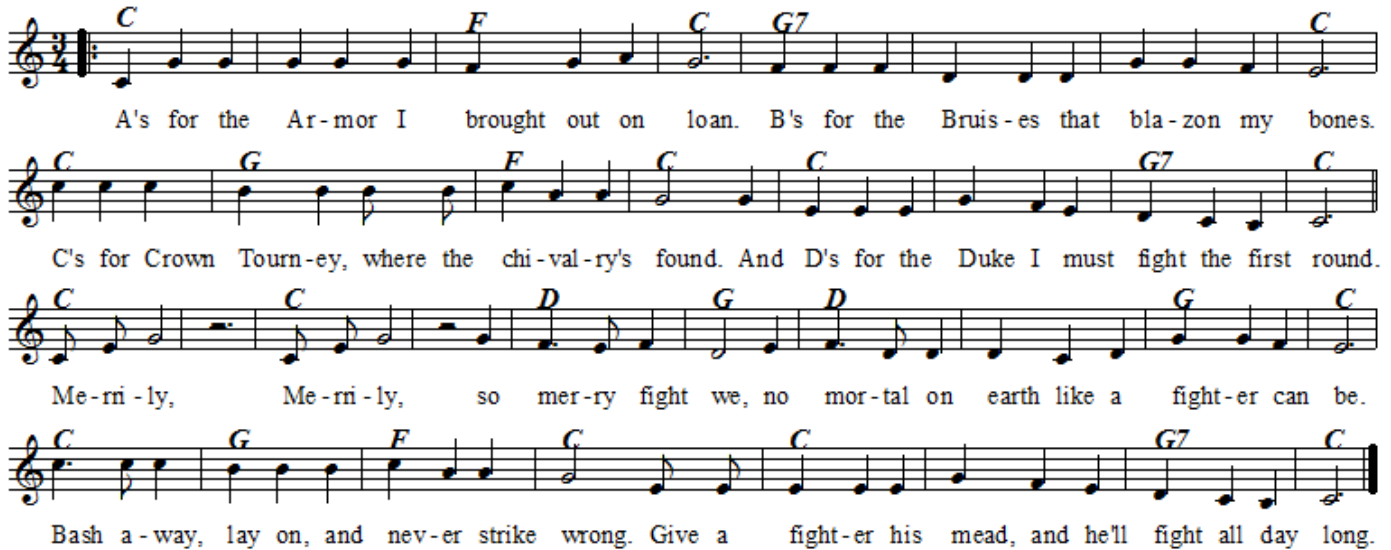


Fighter's Alphabet

Words Erich :

Music: Sailor's Alphabet



A's for the Ar-mor I brought out on loan. B's for the Bruis-es that bla-zon my bones.

C's for Crown Tourn-ey, where the chi-val-ry's found. And D's for the Duke I must fight the first round.

Me-ri-ly, Me-ri-ly, so mer-ry fight we, no mor-tal on earth like a fight-er can be.

Bash a-way, lay on, and nev-er strike wrong. Give a fight-er his mead, and he'll fight all day long.

A's for the Armor I brought out on loan.
B's for the Bruises that blazon my bones.
C's for Crown Tourn-ey, where the chivalry's found.
And D's for the Duke I must fight the first round.

Chorus:

*Merrily, Merrily, so merry fight we,
no mortal on earth like a fighter can be.
Bash away, lay on, and never strike wrong.
Give a fighter his mead, and he'll fight all day long.*

E's for the Earl Marshall making the rules.
F's for the Foemen, we think they're all fools.
G's for the Glory to augment our names.
And H for the Herald that butchers our names.

I's for the Injuries got on the field.
J's for the Junkyards we plow for our steel.
K's for the King, to whom honor is owed.
And L's for the Lady who's answer is NO!

M's for the Marshall who's calling out HOLD.
N's for that Novice who beat me so bold.
O's for the Orders the King loves to give.
And P's for the Polearm that's pounding my ribs.

Q's for the Quagmire when stormclouds do pour.
R's for Ratt-an which we need for our swords.
S for the Shield wall that marches all wrong.
And T's for the Tourn-ey that's running too long.

U's for the Urchins that run on the field.
V is for Vikings with centergrip shields.
W's the War where we all almost drowned.
And X marks the spot where the site can't be found.

Y's for the Yuletide, we drink 'til we're spent.
Z is for Zero at northern events.
It's also the end of my song at this time,
for now I have set all the letters in rhyme.