

Heraldic, Blarney

Word: Dorcas Whitecaps
Music: Dear Old Donegal by Steve Graham

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Heraldic, Blarney'. It consists of 13 staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are several musical markings: 'ritard.' appears under the lyrics 'With books to tote and forms to sign and banners all a-round' and 'That's the time you bring to me pe-ti-tions for the crown'. The lyrics are: 'I am a roving herald, my voice you've often heard In court, or at a tourney, you hang on my every word. Every week a new event, a new site to be found With books to tote and forms to sign and banners all a-round. But when the fighting's over and the day is winding down That's the time you bring to me petitions for the crown. I take my place behind their thrones, Their wishes to announce: I have scrolls with script I cannot read with names I can't pronounce. Come into court, Lady Dearbh-for-gaill, and here is good Sister Cait. And here are the kids who used to swing the boffers by the gate. We'd like to recognize Cauei-re-ann for skill with shield and sword. There's A o A's and Golden Swans and Torses to award. Come Ael-ric and Al-ric and Ul-ric and E-ric, Aelf-gy-fu, Ael-fle-da, Ael-frid and Alf, A-de-la, A-de-lith, A-dri-an, Ei-bh-lin, Ran-ulf and Ro-thulf and Ru-fus and Ralph. Ja-gen and Ja-nos and Ha-gen and Ha-mish, Lle-wel-lyn, Luc-ci, Lu-vell and Le-vi, Shi-ro and Sa-to, Sa-man-thann and Sea-mus, Maebh with a 'b h' and Smyth with a 'y.' Per-ci-val, Phi-lip-pa, Pa-vel and Pe-re-grine, Fe-ro-gain, Fear-ghus, Fi-o-na and Finn, Mor-gan ap Da-fydd ap Gwi-on ap Hy-well ab I-for ap Ma-doc ap Rho-dri ap Gwyn. Dun-can and Dun-can and Dun-can and Ro-ry, Dun-can and Ro-ry and Dun-can and Dun-can, Dun-can and Dun-can and Dun-can and Dun-can And Ro-ry and Dun-can and Dun-can and Hob. Come in-to court, Bo-ris Pi-e-tro-vich, and Hroth-gar son of Sven. And Geoff the Ar-cher's known to hit a tar-get (now and then). Where-ver you may wan-der, when you're called be-fore the Crown, I hope you'll re-cog-nize your name when I say 'Come on down!''

I am a roving herald, my voice you've often heard.
In court or at a tourney you hang on my every word.
Every week a new event, a new site to be found,
With books to tote and forms to sign, and banners all around.

When the fighting's over and the day is winding down,
That's the time you bring to me petitions for the Crown.
I take my place behind the throne, Their wishes to announce:
I have scrolls with script I cannot read with names I can't pronounce.

Come into court, Lady Dearbhforgaill, and here is good Sister Cait.
And here are the kids who used to swing the boffers by the gate.
We'd like to recognize Caueireann for skill with shield and sword.
There's AoA's and Golden Swans and Torses to award.

Come Aelric and Alric and Ulric and Eric,
Aelfgyfu, Aelfleda, Aelfrid and Alf,
Adela, Adelith, Adrian, Eibhlin,
Ranulf and Rothulf and Rufus and Ralph.

Jagen and Janos and Hagen and Hamish,
Llewellyn, Lucci, Luvell and Levi,
Shiro and Sato, Samantha and Seamus,
Maebh with a "b h" and Smyth with a "y."

Percival, Philippa, Pavel and Peregrine,
Fergain, Fearghus, Fiona and Finn,
Morgan ap Dafydd ap Gwion ap Hywell ab
Ifor ap Madoc ap Rhodri ap Gwyn.

Duncan and Duncan and Duncan and Rory,
Duncan and Rory and Duncan and Duncan,
Duncan and Duncan and Duncan and Duncan
And Rory and Duncan and Duncan and Hob.

Come into court, Boris Petrovich, and Hrothgar son of Sven.
And Geoff the Archer's known to hit a target (now and then).
Wherever you may wander, when you're called before the Crown,
I hope you'll recognize your name when I say "Come on down!"