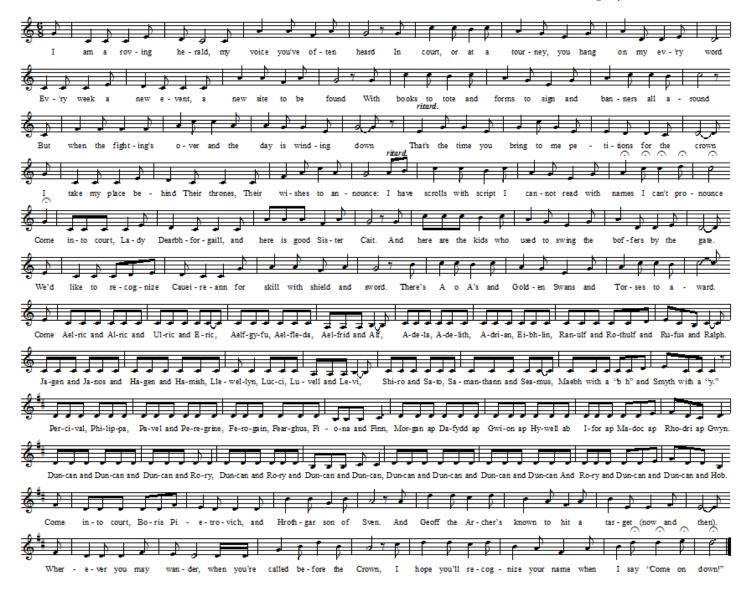
## Heraldicism, Blarney

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



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, Samanthann and Seamus, Maebh with a "b h" and Smyth with a "y."

Percival, Philippa, Pavel and Peregrine, Ferogain, 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 Pietrovich, 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!"