

# Lament of a Novice

Original SCA Words: Moses ben Eldad  
Calontir Words: Erich Hlodowechssun

Tune: Finnegan's Wake

Oh, I just joined the S. C. A., I'd real-ly like to be a knight, They said, "Your white belt's  
on the way, but first you'd bet-ter learn to fight" They told me, "You must au-thor-ize, or in the list you  
can't com-pete, Sir Ter-non does-n't hit too hard; go throw a gaun-tlet at his feet. Bro-ken shield and  
bro-ken helm, bro-ken arm what can I say? That's the first mis -take I made the year I joined the S. C. A.

Oh, I just joined the S.C.A., I'd really like to be a knight,  
They said "Your white belt's on the way, but first you'd better learn to fight"  
They told me, "You must authorize, or in the list you can't compete,  
Sir Ternon doesn't hit too hard; go throw a gauntlet at his feet.  
*Broken shield and broken helm, broken arm - what can I say?  
That's the first mistake I made the year I joined the S.C.A.*

I asked is there another way; I couldn't face the knight's attack  
They said, "Go join the next melee, go hit some fyrdmen in the back."  
Erich killed me with a sword, Valens' axe is in my face;  
Paval's thugs just bit my leg, Sir Cormac hit me with a mace.  
*Bloody nose and twisted fingers, I don't like the games they play.  
That's the second big mistake, the year I joined the S.C.A.*

I said for fighting I don't care, what else is there a knight can do?  
They said, "Attend the ladies fair, a court of love may smile on you."  
They told me, "Come seduce a maid." With eager lust my heart was filled  
They said "These ladies crave your touch" & brought me to the virgin's guild.  
*Female screams and vicious kicks, how do they learn to fight that way?  
That's the third mistake I made the year I joined the S.C.A.*

They filled my goblet to the brim, for drinking is a knightly deed.  
The revel grows a little dim, I think I had six pints of mead.  
I tried to drink Hufda down, "He can't hold very much" they said  
I hauled a willing wench upstairs, and passed out when we hit the bed.  
*Fuzzy teeth and aching skull, I don't think I'll live through the day,  
That's the fourth mistake I made the year I joined the S.C.A.*

Now armoring's a noble trade, but first I'll need rattan, of course  
Ten bucks a yard, the deal I made, the Smithy was my only source  
I drove out to the Pennsic War; my gear was all in perfect shape,  
Bearkiller broke my shield in half; I should have used more friction tape.  
*Broken sword and broken shield, how much can I afford to pay?  
That's the fifth mistake I made the year I joined the S.C.A.*

At revels I sing minstrel songs while knights are draining jugs and kegs,  
And Paval's thugs will run around below the tables biting legs.  
The huscarls sang insulting songs where lies and slanders floated free.  
I said "To write one can't take long, if Brom can do it, why not me?"  
*I slandered every knight and now I'll have to face them all today  
That's the last mistake I made the year I joined the S.C.A.*