

# None but Calontir-O

Words: Hrolf Ulfsson

Music: Follow Me Up to Carlow

Hus - carl a - rise from re - vel - ry Drink one last toast to gal - lan - try  
Fyrd - man take your spear in hand Let ev - 'ry ab - le fight - er stand  
Then join with King and Chi - val - ry To march a - gainst the foe  
To guard the hon - our of our land To bat - tle we must go.  
Lift your eyes to the skies Where the gold-en fal-con flies Scream-ing out her bat-tle cries To fill the foe with fear-o.  
Don your helm and raise your shield Cry "Ad-vance" and nev-er yield, 'Til stand-ing on that glor-i-ous field Is none but Ca-lon-tir-O.

Huscarl arise from revelry  
Drink one last toast to gallantry  
Then join with King and Chivalry  
To march against the foe  
Fyrdman take your spear in hand  
Let every able fighter stand  
To guard the honour of our land  
To battle we must go.

*Lift your eyes to the skies  
Where the golden falcon flies  
Screaming out her battle cries  
To fill the foe with fear-o.  
Don your helm and raise your shield  
Cry "Advance" and never yield,  
'Til standing on that glorious field  
Is none but Calontir-O.*

In answer to the warriors call  
In olden days ye one and all  
Did sally forth from hearth and hall  
The enemy to face  
Ya bravely served the Middle Crown  
And with yer deeds ye won reknown  
As many foes ye battered down  
With axe and bloody mace!

Now lift the flag so all can see  
The symbol of our sovereignty  
And know that we will bend our knee  
For no man but our King  
The time for war again is here  
The enemy is drawing near  
And listening with wary ear  
So let him hear ya sing!

*The song to the left is the first, second, and last verses of the song as originally written. The verses below are not commonly sung as they are specific to Pennsic 13.*

For many years ye gathered fame  
And honor to the Falcon name  
Until our noble land became  
A sovereign realm at last  
Then at the thirteenth Pennsic War  
Ye helped the Middle as before  
Although a Crown the Falcon wore  
Ye'd not forget yer past!

In the woods without a sword  
While all around the battle roared  
The Standard Bearer Andrew Ward  
Lacked not of bravery  
For it was he now hear ye well  
Who when our valiant fighters fell  
Did brave the streams where serpents dwell  
To keep the Falcon free!

In the woods the Dragon reeled  
And faltered on the champions field  
But picking up a bow he wheeled  
A desperate stand to make  
Then writing with Falcon quill  
"Lord Tiger, if you wish a kill  
Upon the morrow on the hill  
The bridges you must take!"

With allies gathered from afar  
From Markland to the Sable Star  
We formed a brotherhood of war  
Upon the bridge that day  
While hours flew and bodies fell  
We made that bridge a bloody hell  
Then bolstering the rest as well  
The Tyger we did slay