



*Original art by Laurie Woodward (Ivanna)*

Ealdormere's Bardic College: [www.bards.ca](http://www.bards.ca)  
[Ealdorbards@egroups.com](mailto:Ealdorbards@egroups.com)

For additional copies of this publication, or for copyright inquiries:

[www.AmphisMusic.com](http://www.AmphisMusic.com)  
[info@AmphisMusic.com](mailto:info@AmphisMusic.com)

*Amphisbaena Music*

275 King St. East, Suite 29 Toronto, ON, Canada M5A 1K2

# CRY OF THE WOLF

Being a publication of the Ealdormerian Bardic College

**POPULAR SONGS**



AS XXXV

Kingdom of ealdormere



# SONG OF THE NORTHERN WANDERERS © (HOME)

By Arthur McLean (Hector of the Black Height)

CHORUS: I'm going home, home, home to the Northlands,  
Home, home, home to Ealdormere. (Twice)

Farewell to the ladies of distant Ruan Tallan,  
Farewell to the maids of Atlantia's shore,  
We sail with the tide to return to the Northlands  
And your pretty smiles I'll be seeing no more.  
(CHORUS)

I've sailed through deep fogs on the broad Eastern ocean,  
I've seen the far west coast where white wavetops fall  
But I'd lose the world to return to the Northlands,  
To stand once again in my Prince's great hall.  
(CHORUS)

I've heard of great treasures that Southron men covet,  
Caid to Trimaris, they search high and low;  
The richest of riches awaits in the Northlands,  
To forest and glen and blue rivers I go.  
(CHORUS)

My heart has found friends through the miles of the Midrealm,  
From Northshield's expanse to the great Oaken plain,  
But ever my wandering eyes find the North Star  
And ever in Ealdormere I would remain.  
(CHORUS)

And as my eyes search distant skies for direction  
I gaze through the clouds to the North Star above  
And in its gold light I see circling a falcon:  
I think of far lands and true friends that we love.  
(CHORUS)

My sword has won battles, my bow has won honour,  
My shield's scarlet field has blazed bold as the dawn  
But now my heart longs to hear songs of the Northlands,  
So steer by the North Star and let us be gone.  
(CHORUS)

Swift home speed the Northmen from lands strange and distant,  
Riding the waves like the gulls ride the spray;  
My heart cannot wait for first sight of the Northlands  
So bend your backs harder and haul it away!  
(CHORUS)

## Wassail and Well Met

Welcome to the first issue of **Cry of the Wolf**, a publication of the Ealdormerian Bardic College.

This booklet represents the first in what we hope will be a long and ongoing series of publications created through the cooperative efforts of the Bardic College of the Kingdom of Ealdormere, a guild within the Society for Creative Anachronism (geographically: most of Ontario, Canada).

This first issue is entitled “**Popular Songs**” and is meant to represent a collection of what the Bardic College felt (through almost a year of discussion) were “songs” well known throughout the Kingdom. It is not to suggest that these are the only popular pieces, nor a complete collection. It is simply a sampling of several well known pieces. Another issue with more will be out very soon! We also hope to do booklets of new works, stories, poetry, etc. Please submit your pieces to the address on the back of the booklet. We can't do this without lots of participation.

Please note that the first printing of this booklet was generously funded by the Barony of Ramshaven ([www.ealdormere.sca.org/ramshaven/](http://www.ealdormere.sca.org/ramshaven/)). It is currently produced by Amphisbaena Music ([www.AmphisMusic.com](http://www.AmphisMusic.com)) with proceeds going back to Ealdormere's Bardic College — contact information is on the back cover. We would hope that before you copy anything in this booklet, you would ask first.

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The Ealdormerian Bardic College can be contacted online at “[ealdorbards@egroups.com](mailto:ealdorbards@egroups.com)” or look for our website at [www.bards.ca](http://www.bards.ca).

Wassail Their Majesties, Berus and Marion! Wassail Ealdormere!!

The Editors

## BOW TO THE CROWN ©

Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)

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CHORUS: Bow to the Crown  
Bow to the Throne  
And bow to the one whose favour you own  
Remember their eyes are watching the fray  
Then bow to each other  
And fight as you may

Honour the Crown  
And think on their duty  
The champions of right and of all we should be  
The greatest of burdens, the highest renown  
The first ones to rise  
And the last to lie down

(CHORUS)

Honour the one  
Whose favour you bear  
And strive in their honour to ever be fair  
And think on their faith when the battle's begun  
And let them be proud of whatever you've won

(CHORUS)

Honour your foe  
And keep your aim true  
Remember they fight with the same heart as you  
Trust in their judgement of all that you throw  
For they are a part of the valour you show

Bow to the Crown  
Bow to the Throne  
And bow to the one whose favour you own  
Remember their eyes are watching the fray  
Then bow to each other  
And fight as you may

## FOR SUTAN, KING OF ANSTEORRA ©

By Arthur McLean (Hector of the Black Height)

My cup fell in the ice chest,  
It's been in there all night.  
We muster in three minutes  
And my helmet's too damn tight.  
My duct tape fell into the lake,  
My rivets all went pop;  
I stuck on plates with chewing gum,  
When will this morning stop?

CHORUS: Go tell the King I'll join him soon  
If armour I can borrow,  
And if I don't climb up the hill  
I guess we'll win tomorrow.

There's been a little mix-up  
With my armour on the truck.  
Some bastard stole my war-board;  
With a buckler I am stuck.  
I'm standing in the shield wall  
And I'm feeling some alarm:  
There's seven dozen spears ahead  
And a pie-plate on my arm.

(CHORUS)

My sword and I are much alike;  
Our tips are soft and droop.  
My stick is mush - I cannot throw  
A snap, it's more a loop.  
I think next year I'll take the field  
With eight foot shin-guards, so  
They'll stick two feet above my head  
And shin shots get called low.

(CHORUS)

At least I have my master plan  
On which I can rely.  
Who needs a sword? My razor wit  
Will make the foeman fly.  
Eight rolls of tape, five blue-foam pads  
And I'll be wrapped complete,  
Then I'll just bodycheck 'em  
As a thrusting tip with feet!

(CHORUS)

## **LIGHT OF THE NORTH ©**

Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)

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The ones who rule over  
our fair land of Ealdormere  
They reign just and wisely  
we vouch with good cheer  
And no truer Lady  
trod on this good earth  
So let the hall ring  
for the Light of the North

CHORUS: Let the hall ring  
For the Princess of Ealdormere  
Let the hall ring  
For the Light of the North

She matches in honour  
the Prince of our Ealdormere  
To all of her subjects  
she lends a fair ear  
Lady by grace  
and Princess by worth  
So let the hall ring  
for the Light of the North

(CHORUS)

She carries a sword  
for the honour of Ealdormere  
Before her in battle  
our foes flee in fear  
With her inspiration  
our heroes charge forth  
So let the hall ring  
for the Light of the North

(CHORUS, TWICE)

*Written for Ealdormere Crown Tourney I, April 4th, 1998*

## **CALL THE NAMES ©**

Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)

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CHORUS: Call the names of the foemen who've fallen  
Let them be carried like seeds on the wind  
Call the names of the kinsmen who've followed  
Let them be jewels in the crown of our King.

Gather the sheaves  
Of harvest-time lightly  
Many a day they will strengthen our kin  
Gather the sheaves  
Of arrowshafts tightly  
Many a battle their feathers will win

(CHORUS)

Sharpen the blades  
Of the axe-workers cutting  
Many a timber will strengthen our hall  
Sharpen the blades  
That are ready for blooding  
Many the fray when the foemen will fall

(CHORUS)

Fashion the spears  
For the winter months' hunting  
Many a beast will they bring to the spit  
Fashion the spears  
For the battle-rush running  
Many an army will fear where they hit

Call the names of the foemen who've fallen  
Let them be carried like seeds on the wind  
Call the names of the kinsmen who've followed  
Let them be jewels in the crown of our King.

# THE FATHER'S SONG ©

By Doug Scaddan (Grimaldi di Salvazzi)

## TRUE & DESTINED KING ©

Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)

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My kinsman and my brother  
My shield-mate and my guide  
May my arm always defend you  
And your honour lift you high

CHORUS: You are true and destined King  
And my sword is by your side  
I will fight for you in glory 'til I die

When you sit upon the Trillium throne  
The banner I will fly  
The flow'r upon the scarlet  
And our voices raised up high  
(CHORUS)

When the time for bloody war has come  
Your right hand I will be  
Where you lead, my King, I'll follow  
As we sweep to victory  
(CHORUS)

We will keep the shield-wall fast, my kin  
That day our foes will die  
And as King you'll reign victorious  
You will hear the battle cry  
(CHORUS)

May you sing the deeds of glory  
Of your kinsmen gone away  
May they see your glowing pride  
If I should fall upon that day  
(CHORUS)

For you are true and destined King,  
And my sword is by your side  
I will fight for you in glory 'til I die.

Don't cry my child,  
I'll never leave again.  
When the King called my name,  
I left to lead his men.  
I lead the charge for King,  
And for Ealdormere.  
I lead the men for freedom,  
I fought for you my dear.

Now that I've returned,  
I stay for you alone.  
To watch you grow,  
I want to teach you all I know.  
I've lived my life with honour,  
I wear a belt of snow.  
I've seen enough of war,  
It's you I want to know.

I swore the crown an oath,  
I would not break my word.  
When the King was in need,  
My voice was loudly heard.  
I raised my sword,  
For King and Ealdormere,  
But my heart and my love,  
Was all for you, my dear.

You'll never know I'm here,  
But my love is always near.  
When you cry yourself to sleep,  
I'll comfort you, my sweet.  
I swore the King my sword,  
I was the chosen few!  
But the moment that I died,  
I gave my life for you.

# THE EALDORMERE SONG ©

By Doug Scaddan (Grimaldi di Salvazzi)  
To the Tune of "The Londonderry Air/Danny Boy"

Oh Ealdormere!  
I walk your woods and  
shaded streams  
I hear the wolves  
Bay proudly in the trees  
The moon casts  
A soft glow over everything  
On Ealdormere the proud  
On Ealdormere the strong

## CHORUS:

Oh Ealdormere!  
Your knights they walk like  
thunder  
The King stands proud  
Before the lupine throne  
Above it all  
Soars the scarlet banner  
Of Ealdormere the proud  
Of Ealdormere the strong

The bards they sing  
Of battles that you've con-  
quered  
The heralds cry  
For silence for the throne  
My life my sword  
Are all that I can offer  
For Ealdormere the proud  
For Ealdormere the strong

## (CHORUS)

The laurels make  
Such wonders out of nothing  
A bit of string  
And cloth is all they need  
My hands aren't blessed  
But I can offer something  
My life my sword  
For Ealdormere the free

## (CHORUS)

I come my king  
To beg for your forgiveness  
That I have only  
One life to live  
That life is yours  
To use as is needed  
For Ealdormere the proud  
For Ealdormere the strong

## (CHORUS)

# UNITED AT WAR ©

Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)  
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A mountain pass  
Dividing two lands,  
Two kingdoms were lining for war  
The East and the Midrealm  
Were shield-wall to shield,  
And Æthelmearc stood at the fore  
The King of the Midrealm  
Saw they were few  
And sent his own forces to aid  
So Ealdormere bold, with the scarlet unfurled,  
Joined hands with their cousins that day.

And we saw the bright grace  
And the light on their faces  
Two cousins united at war.

As the Æthelmearc Prince  
Took the field with his kin,  
The Princess of Ealdormere bold  
Embraced her South Cousin  
With joy in her eyes  
And wonder for all to behold  
Two Princesses noble  
Walked hand in hand  
As two Princes fought side by side  
And the Æthelmearc-Ealdormere warriors all  
Proved cousins could share the same pride.

And we saw the bright grace  
And the light on their faces  
Two cousins united at war.

*Any resemblance to the tune of  
"Your Heart Always Knows Ealdormere"*

*(copyright Jodi Krangle & Tim Jennings, June 1996)  
was purely accidental. Thanks to Lady Jocelyn McGlynn  
and Lord Garraed Galbraith for the subconscious inspiration*

## THE NORTHERN SHORES ©

by Pierre LaFontaine (Vali inn svartr fleikingr)

### HEY, HEY THE WOLVES WILL BAY (The 'E' Song) ©

By Arthur McLean (Hector of the Black Height)  
(Tune *Green Grow the Rushes-O*)

O I'll sing you one-o  
Hey, hey the wolves will bay  
What is your one-o  
One for the land of Ealdormere, and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you two-o  
Hey, hey the wolves will bay  
What is your two-o  
Two, two, myself and you, we wear the scarlet proudly  
And one for the land of Ealdormere, and ever more shall be so.

UNTIL YOU REACH....

#### PRE-ENTHRONEMENT (ORIGINAL) VERSION

Ten, ten, let's do it it again  
Nine for kaffa in the ditch  
Eight for the bastard Viking  
Seven for the Northern Households  
Six for the Northern Baronies  
Five for the Lord Lieutenant  
Four for his Royal Highness  
Three, three for His Majesty  
Two, two, myself and you, we wear the scarlet proudly  
And one for the land of Ealdormere, and ever more shall be so.

POST-CROWN II VERSION (standard hereafter, though the Corona-  
tion I version is kind of nice)

Ten for a Crown of Northern gold  
Nine for the hundred archers  
Eight for the bastard Viking  
Seven for the Northern households  
Six for the Northern baronies  
Five for the Old Duke Finnvarr  
Four for Their Royal Highnesses

If you should walk on the northern shores  
A distant echo from the fjords  
The sorrowful song of the Northmen be heard  
Harken now and hear their dirge.

Born of the blood of giants and gods  
Raised in houses of timber and sod  
Died on the battlefield sword in my hand  
Such is the way of the warrior band.

Many a time a raidin' went I  
Danegeld of silver through my fingers slide  
Best spend it all now for one day the grave  
How can you live for tomorrow if you may die today.

Foremost in battle - sharp is your spear  
The Valkyries ride so you've nothing to fear  
If we fall on this day, we answer the call  
And drink not but sweet mead in Odin's great hall.

Cattle and men and all things die  
On my dragon ship my ashes will fly  
On smoke and on flame from the funeral pyre  
But the legend lives on told round the fire.

So keep your blade sharp on hostile soil  
Give freely to kinsmen from your battle spoils  
Show justice ring giver, father sons with your seed  
And you'll live on forever in both name and in deed.  
And you'll live on forever in this world's memory.

# TIN HAT MASSACRE ©

Words by Martin Bildner (mka Richard Schweitzer)

(Best sung to the tune "THE IRISH BALLAD" by Tom Lehrer ©)

One day she joined the SCA  
Sing Rickety-tickety-tin  
One day she joined the SCA  
To Ealdormere she came to play  
The tin hats she would do away  
But she hardly knew where to begin

A double peer she could not resist  
Sing Rickety-tickety-tin  
A double peer she could not resist  
Now Mistress Etaion's fair guidance is missed  
For laurel and pelican now coexist  
Under her ingots of tin

Sir David he was far too quick  
Sing Rickety-tickety-tin  
Sir David he was far too quick  
Always fighting in the thick  
She widened his face guard just a bit  
And a spear thrust did cave his head in

The clothing laurels were easy marks  
Sing Rickety-tickety-tin  
The clothing laurels were easy marks  
A gossiping herd of old matriarchs  
She ruined their clothing with carefully placed sparks  
And poisoned their needles and pins

Sir Ed the Red's great fault was height  
Sing Rickety-tickety-tin  
Sir Ed the Red's great fault was height  
He was quite simply too tall a knight  
His knees and his ankles she did re-  
unite  
As her axe cut him off at the shin

Sir Val a viking death did reap  
Sing Rickety-tickety-tin  
Sir Val a viking death did reap  
She built a barrel eight feet deep  
And filled it up with "Black Sheep"  
And the baron he threw himself in

Now Lord Brand's end was far more  
sweet  
Sing Rickety-tickety-tin  
Now Lord Brand's end was far more  
sweet  
All the feast leftovers she made him eat  
Til an engorged liver his end did com-  
plete  
For a pelican he was too thin

Now Rufus for weaving a laurel was made  
Sing Rickety-tickety-tin  
Now Rufus for weaving a laurel was made  
For his greatest error he most surely paid  
He was hung by his trim with the silver brocade  
Never anger a bard or your twin

Once Master Hector at dawn did her  
wake  
Sing Rickety-tickety-tin  
Once Master Hector at dawn did her  
wake  
To sing thus for sleepers was his last mis-  
take  
With his Haakamal epic his head she did  
break  
And he'll be much more quiet herein

The courts were quiet since the killings began  
Sing Rickety-tickety-tin  
The courts were quiet since the killings began  
And peerage meetings much more smoothly ran  
For her service the king made her a pelican  
And her protages then did her in

Three, three, for Their Majesties

Two, two myself and you, we wear the scarlet proudly

And one for the land of Ealdormere, and evermore shall be so.

## GLENWHORPLE (The 'G' Song) ©

(Source: *Songs From Front and Rear; A Collection of Canadian Serviceman's Songs of World War Two*)

There's a braw fine clan o'lads as ilk a man should ken  
They are delit at the fichtin', they have clured a sicht o' men  
They have suppit muckle whuskey when to kirk they gang be'en  
The hielan' men of braw Glenwhorple!

CHORUS: Heught! Glenwhorple, hielan' men,  
great strong whuskey-suckin' hielan' men,  
They were hard-workin', hairy-leggit hielan' men,  
Slainte mhor, Glenwhorple!

They were founded by McAdam, who of all the men was first  
He resided in Glen Eden and he pipit fit tae burst  
Wi' a fig-leaf for a sporran and a perfect hielan' thirst  
Till he stole away the apple from Glenwhorple!

When the waters o' the deluge drookit all the whole world o'er  
The chieftain of the clan y'know his name was Sean McNoah  
So a muckle boat he biggit and he sneckit up the door  
And he sailed away from drooned Glenwhorple!

Old McNoah sent a piper out to see if there was land  
He came back wi' an empty whuskey bottle in each hand  
But they could'na understand him, he was fu' ye understand  
For he'd found a public house aboon the water!

Well there was a jock named Joshua, a Sapper he by trade  
He went awa' to Jericho aboon a muckle raid  
And the walls they went a-tumblin', and with loot the lads were paid  
For the sapping and the mining in Glenwhorple!

When wise King Solomon was ruler o'er the glen  
He had a hundred pipers and a thousand fichtin' men  
And ten thousand wives and concubines, for as I'm sure ye ken  
He kept a pow'rful household in Glenwhorple!

\*\*There was a birkie bangster, he was the ruler o'er the clan  
His name it was T'Wallace and he was a fightin' man  
And he went a bout the border and the southron turned and ran  
From the dingin' o' the claymore in Glenwhorple!

\* Many o' the clansmen went and left their heilan' homes  
They loaded up on ships about the world to roam.  
They were lookin' for a special place to call their very own  
That's how Ealdormere became Glenwhorple!

\*\*What a sight this morning wi' the clansmen on parade  
Wi' the claymore and the piper and the broad Glenwhorple plaid  
And the pipey almost sober and the chieftan na' afraid  
O' seeing tartan spiders in Glenwhorple!

## BARDS OF EALDORMERE ©

Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)

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Come ye bearer of the Rose's Cup  
Favour of a Queen  
Come ye bearer of the Rose's Cup  
Join your voice with me

Harpers, pipers, fiddlers all  
Come and gather near  
Come and join the voices of  
The Bards of Ealdormere

Come ye bearer of a woven ring  
Token of a Peer  
Come ye bearer of a woven ring  
Give them songs to hear

Drummers, choirs, poets all  
Come and gather near  
Come and join the voices of  
The Bards of Ealdormere

Come ye bearer of a Northern band  
Symbol of the Bear  
Come ye bearer of a Northern band  
Lift your dream to share

Lord and Lady, peasant, Peer  
Come and gather near  
Come and join the voices of  
The Bards of Ealdormere

Come and  
Be the voices of the Bards of Ealdormere

## WHITE ROSE ©

Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)

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I'll tell you a tale  
Of when time had no meaning  
When legend and history  
Walked hand in hand  
When the swords of the mighty  
Had bested the dragon  
But the Elven still walked in the  
land.

### CHORUS:

White Rose, Queen of the Summer,  
White Rose, Queen of the Fall,  
White Rose, The new guard will fol-  
low  
White Rose, The old guard will fall

The sun and the moon  
Were fixed in the heavens  
The whole world grew weary  
As summer stood still  
A Queen of great courage  
And the heart of a dragon  
Set her throne above the Elf hill  
(CHORUS)

The Queen on her throne  
Called the Elven before her  
And said, "Look around you,  
Time should march on.  
I ask you to bow  
And make history the victor,  
The day of the legends is gone."  
(CHORUS)

Her people approached her  
To offer their blessings  
And each brought red roses  
To lay at her feet  
Then the Elven came forward  
To lay their last flowers  
White as the summer's defeat  
(CHORUS)

The cycles of time  
Weave the world in their circles  
And the flower-crowned Queen  
Is among us again  
While the Elves have their place  
In the verses of legend  
But not in the history of man.

White Rose, Queen of the Summer,  
White Rose, Queen of the Fall,  
White Rose, The new guard will follow  
White Rose, The old guard will fall

A tale of Queen Caitlin I, from the days when  
Elves were counted among the medieval cul-  
tures of the Midrealm.

\* Optional new verse by Cordigan D'arnot \*\* New verses by Hector of the Black Height  
NOTE: Repeat chorus twice to end. "Slainte mhor," pronounced "slan-jah / v-oar," means "great  
health."

## THE BLAZING SCARLET BANNER ©

(Best sung to the Tune of "THE QUEEN OF ALL ARGYLE" by Andy Stewart ©)  
words by Arthur McLean (Hector of Black Height)

Back when I was just a stripling  
Was when I first saw rippling  
Across the fields of Pennsic the points of Eastern spears  
But then I saw beside me  
To lead me and to guide me  
The blazing scarlet banner of the King of Ealdormere

### CHORUS

And if you could have seen us there  
Boys, if you had just been there  
The sky was full of singing and the foe was full of fear  
In cold winds of September  
The foe will all remember  
The blazing scarlet banner of the King of Ealdormere

They sing the songs of glory  
You'll hear the scarlet story  
From camp to camp across the South, as far as Calontir  
Of Grimwulf and of Aedan  
Whose names set foemen hiding  
When they form up the shieldwall for the King of Ealdormere

We've Sir Finnvarr and we've Kelly  
And if the foe's got belly  
To stand against Sir Edouard too, then give the foe a cheer  
There's Sir Mordain in Skraeling  
Who conquers without failing  
Whenever he's commanded by the King of Ealdormere

And now I am confessing  
It's our foe I'm addressing  
The one who stands across the field with sword and shield and  
spear  
I hope your steel you've mastered  
Or pity the poor bastard

Who dares to face the banner of the King of Ealdormere

## ROLLIN' DOWN TO EALDORMERE ©

(Best Sung to the tune of "ROLLIN DOWN TO OLD MAUII" by Stan Rogers ©)  
Words by Bosah Vandenburg (Sigurd Leosthanga)

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife,  
That we Vikings undergo  
And we don't give a damn, 'bout your king or his land  
Or how hard the wind does blow  
Cause we're homeward bound from a foreign ground  
'Neath a sky that's bright and clear  
And we don't give a damn, when we drink our ale  
With the maids of Ealdormere

### CHORUS

Rollin' down to Ealdormere, me boys  
Rollin' down to Ealdormere  
And we don't give a damn when we drink our ale  
With the maids of Ealdormere

Once more we sail, like a northern gale  
'Neath a sky that calls for war  
Our brave young lords, with their spears and swords  
Come to raid upon your shore  
Then it's homeward bound, from your hostile ground  
With your gold we'll disappear,  
And we don't give a damn, when we drink our ale,  
With the maids of Ealdormere

### CHORUS

The North Sea mist strikes a blow like a fist  
When you face the sea alone  
Far away from your hearth and the land of your birth  
And the ones you call your own  
Through the dark and the storm, their prayers reach out  
Hoping some fine day they'll hear  
Your ragged sails running 'fore the gales  
Running home to Ealdormere

### CHORUS

A warrior's wage is of gold or the grave  
Where the ravens feast and call  
When the wolves draw near Then the Valkrie appear  
Lead the way to Odin's halls  
No longer homeward bound from a foreign ground  
From the world we'll disappear  
And we don't give a damn, when we drink our ale  
With the maids of Ealdormere

## RISE ©

By Arthur McLean (Hector of the Black Height)

The northern forests gave us birth, the north wind said, "be free",  
The lone wolf's lope across the hills foreshadowed victory;  
And where once a Prince commanded us, his sons our Kings shall be  
When above their brows a golden crown shall rise.

CHORUS: Rise, rise, rise!

With the northern sun to warm us and the North Star as our  
guide,  
With the wind-song in my bow-string and a stout blade by my  
side,  
With our children as our future and our legends as our pride  
We shall stand; we shall conquer; we shall rise!

The Inland Seas sustained the people, as did glade and glen;  
The crystal rivers slaked the thirst of those first here, and then  
Came a hunger for our destiny. The feast begins again  
When above our King the scarlet banners rise.  
(CHORUS)

For many years we stood as vassals 'gainst the common foe;  
We did as we were bid and many lands our valour know,  
But today we stand in freedom. In proud freedom strike your blow  
When above your head the shining sword does rise.  
(CHORUS)

There was a time that Southron folk our noble name did fear.  
The dismal days of silence passed; our destiny is here.  
Let us shake the hills in glory: for the Crown and Ealdormere!  
Form the shieldwall, draw the bow-string, we arise.  
(CHORUS)

Hear now the word of northern folk, in hall and keep and field;  
We are the Northland's treasure, we the sword, the bow, the shield.  
We the life-blood, we the sinew, we the heart that shall not yield:  
For as long as one still stands the North shall rise!

Rise, rise, rise!

With the northern sun to warm us and the North Star as our guide,  
With the wind-song in my bow-string and a stout blade by my side,  
With our children as our future and our legends as our pride  
We shall stand; we shall conquer; we shall rise!

# THE WOLVES' SONG ©

By Arthur McLean (Hector of the Black Height)

We come from the land of the glen and high hill,  
Where wild wolves still howl and the singing birds trill;  
We take up our arms if our Queen and King will,  
For we are the folk of the Northlands,  
A people our foemen well heed.

CHORUS: So come, come ye wolves of the breed,  
come from the Northlands, come down to feed.  
Come, come ye wolves of the breed,  
come from the Northlands, come down to feed.

We sail 'cross the sea, past the rapids and isles,  
We land on far beaches and tread many miles,  
We face many foes and o'ercome many trials  
For we are the folk of the Northlands,  
We're known by each valorous deed.

(CHORUS)

Our shieldwall advances like thundering gale,  
The lindenwood stretched like a billowing sail,  
Our allies will cheer and our enemies rail  
When they see the swords of the Northlands  
Which strike where our King has decreed.

(CHORUS)

The seasons slip past and the summers soon fly,  
Some day in our homeland these old bones will lie  
But new hearts will race at the warriors' cry  
And they shall be swords of the Northlands  
And young hearts to battle will speed.

So come, come ye wolves of the breed,  
come from the Northlands, come down to feed.  
Come, come ye wolves of the breed,  
come from the Northlands, come down to feed.

CHORUS

# SONG OF THE SHIELDWALL ©

(Words: Malkin Grey, Music: Peregryn Wyndryder)

Hasten, oh, sea steed, over the swan road  
Foamy-necked ships o'er the froth of the sea!  
For Hengest has called us from Gotland and Frisia  
To Vortigern's country, his army to be  
We'll take our pay there in sweeter than silver,  
We'll take our plunder in richer than gold,  
For Hengest has promised us land for our fighting,  
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold

Hasten, oh, fyrd-men, down to the river  
Dragon Necked ships on the in-coming tide!  
The linden wood shield and the old spear of ash wood  
Are needed again at the cold waterside.  
Draw up the shield wall, oh, shoulder companions;  
Later whenever our story is told,  
They'll say that we died guarding what we call dearest,  
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold!

Hasten, oh, huscarls, north to the Danelaw,  
Harald Hardrada's come over the sea!  
His longships he's laden with berserks from Norway  
To claim Canute's crown and our master to be!  
Bitter he'll find here the bite of our spearpoints,  
Hard ruling Northmen too proud to die old.  
We'll grant him six feet - plus as much as he's taller -  
Land that the sons of the Saxons will hold!

Hasten on Southwards, strong son of Godwin,  
Triumph is sweet and your men have fought hard.  
But William the Bastard has landed at Pevensey,  
Burning the land you have promised to guard.  
Draw up the spears on the hilltop at Hastings,  
Fight 'til the sun drops and evening grows cold  
And die with the last of your Saxons around you,  
Holding the land you were given to hold!

## YOUR HEART ALWAYS KNOWS... ©

Composed by Jodi Krangle and Tim Jennings (Jocelyn McGlynn & Garraed Galbraith)

When I left my home for the world to roam,  
I was sure there were wonders aplenty.  
And all I need do is go wandering through,  
Singing praise to the lands of the gentry.  
But I never did think it would drive me to drink  
That this lonely unsettling would bide  
It would seem that I've gone 'cross the land for a song  
And I've left the one thing that I prized.

Chorus:

So raise up your glass to your homeland,  
Make a toast to the place you hold dear,  
You can travel the world, all its beauties unfurled  
But your heart always knows Ealdormere.

I miss the wild howl of the wolf pack on prowl  
And the cry of their foe as they flee  
I can still see the bear as it paws at the air  
And the snow as it blankets the trees.  
Though I sample the ale, listen to a bard's tale  
I can't help but feel empty and lost  
For I'm too far from home, heart-sore and alone  
And the knowledge was not worth the cost.

Chorus:

From the dawn's Flaming Sky to Rising Waters on high  
I'll return to the place I adore  
I will measure my worth by the land of my birth  
And I'll miss my bold roaming no more.

Chorus x 2

*Written for the presentation of their Highness' (Roak and Moria) new coronets at  
Murder Melee XIII.*

## THE EASTREALM BATTLE RANT ©

By Arthur McLean (Hector of the Black Height)

CHORUS: One more battle, one more day  
One more sword-stroke, one more fray  
One more arrow flying free  
One more charge then victory

Once again our banner flies  
Once more hear our battle cries  
Once again do legends meet  
One more foe shall face defeat

(CHORUS)

Once again the foemen come  
Once again their arrows hum  
Once again our arrows fly  
Once again our shieldwalls cry

(CHORUS)

Once again the lines advance  
Once more shieldmen take their chance  
Once more crashes sword on shield  
Once more none would think to yield

(CHORUS)

Once again comes peaceful night  
Heroes meet by firelight  
Legends new-born, deeds well-told  
Until the dawn, serene and bold

And one more battle, one more day  
One more sword-stroke, one more fray  
One more arrow flying free  
One more charge then victory

## LEAVE HERE NORTHMEN ©

By Tim Jennings (Garraed Galbraith)  
To the tune of "Leave her Johnny"

I thought I heard my master say  
"Leave here, Northmen! Leave here!  
It's a long, hard pull to the break of day  
And it's time for us to leave here".

**CHORUS:** (repeat after each phrase)

Leave here Northmen. Leave here  
Oh, leave here Northmen, leave here.  
For the war is done, and my horn's run dry  
Now it's time for us to leave here.

We had gone down south to the Pennsic War  
Leave here Northmen. Leave here.  
And it's Ealdormere that we're fightin' for  
Now it's time for us to leave here.

Well the water was bad and the battle hard  
Leave here Northmen. Leave here.  
But there's always drink for a wayward bard  
Now it's time for us to leave here

Well the food was bad and the pay was worse  
Leave here Northmen. Leave here.  
So I sang for King's and they filled my purse  
Now it's time for us to leave here.

Then a passing knight came and sang with me  
Leave here Northmen. Leave here.  
And we sang of the Northland. Strong and Free  
Now it's time for us to leave here

Well I followed him to the Northlands then  
Leave here Northmen. Leave here.  
But you know I'll be back south again  
Now it's time for us to leave here

Well it's time for us to say goodbye  
Leave here Northmen. Leave here  
For the War is done, and my throats gone dry  
Now it's time for us to leave here

CHORUS and REPEAT

*Feel free to improvise "two line sets" about your favorite people, etc - Garraed*

## SEPTENTRIAN WAR SONG ©

By Menya Wolfe (Mistress Rhiannon of Wye)

Rise and hasten to the field  
Rise ye swordsmen, spearmen, bowmen  
Leave all peaceful cares behind,  
On for the Glory of Septentria

Form a shield-wall on the green  
Splendid in your crimson tabards  
Listen to the sounding drums  
They speak for the glory of Septentria

First the deadly arrows fly  
Find their mark and frighten foemen  
Soon they'll see what fools they are  
To face the glory of Septentria

Thrusts of spearmen break their wall  
Wade into a sea of foemen  
Shining swords and gleaming glave  
Fight for the glory of Septentria

'Neath the banner hold your stand  
On the blood-soaked field of battle  
Some will live but most will die  
Die for the glory of Septentria

When the roar of battle's done  
Dead live on in song and story  
Pour the mead and pass the horn  
And drink to the glory of Septentria

# EALDORMERE'S PRICE OF HONOUR AND

There's a land in the North, across the five seas  
That's held so dear by us all  
As the moon rises, the winds in the trees  
You'll hear a lonely voice call

CHORUS: Ealdormere, land that I love  
How will I praise you? I can't say enough  
I pledge you my honour. I pledge you my love  
No price is so dear for our Ealdormere

A long time ago, in that fair land  
The Prince he called for his men  
Trouble was brewing to the south. For a friend  
Forward he'd go to defend

It happens that year that young Paul came of age  
And there was no way he'd stay  
At home with the babes as the men went to war  
This was all he would say

The fair maiden Heather did love that man Paul  
And prayed to God that he'd stay  
She knew in her heart that he'd ne'er return  
But there was no way he'd sway

With a tear in her eye she bid him farewell  
And went to watch from the wall  
The men passed below, their weapons in hand  
The earth shook with their great call

Three days and three nights did the battle rage on  
And many a good man did fall  
The final charge came, 'twas a glorious sight  
There at the forefront ran Paul

The men traveled home, they closed the great gate  
As Heather did watch from the wall  
She stood there all night and as the moon rose  
You could hear her lonely voice call

(CHORUS)

Campaigns come and go as the years pass us by  
And many a young man will fall  
But ne'er let it be said that the price was too high  
Answer them with one great call

(CHORUS)

# TRUMBRAND'S LAMENT ©

By Brent Connell and Sean Dalgetty  
(Kashida Onami Noh Kuma No Kimi and Bey Tarkatai Bahadur)  
Best sung to the tune; "ANNIE'S SONG" by John Denver ©.

You scuff up my armour  
Like a white-belted fighter  
Like the squires in springtime  
Like a rhino in heat  
You dent in my helmet  
And I call this my hobby  
You're trying my patience  
Come fight me again

You ignore my leg blows  
And you deal me hard cup shots  
You borrow my duct tape  
And you don't give it back  
You kick my ass daily  
And I call you my Lady  
You've broken my finger  
Come fight me again

You hand me an ice pack  
And some Rub A-5-3-5  
A splint for my finger  
And a frosty cold beer  
You un-zip the tent flap  
And you tell me you love me  
I tell you I'm tired  
And we're fighting again

(REPEAT LAST 4 LINES TO END)