

## Songs for Any Occasion

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Dagmar's Battle Song

# *Call of the Wolf VI* *Marching to War* *with* *Trumbrand and Kaylah*



*A collection of songs  
suitable for group singing  
Compiled by Justinian Clarus*

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This songbook is dedicated to:  
Their Majesties Trumbrand and Kaylah, who have been my friends for 20 years  
My Many friends in the SCA who encourage this old man to keep singing  
and  
The Glory that is Ealdormere.

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## Songs for Any Occasion

### Rise

*Words by Master Hector of 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.

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.  
Rise, rise, rise!...

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.  
Rise, rise, rise!...

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.  
Rise, rise, rise!...

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## Come and Be Welcome

*by Emer nic Aidan*

Come and be welcome, O wandering minstrel  
Spreading your music from city to town  
Be you harper or piper your duty is noble  
You carry the tunes that shall never die down

    Come from the forest and sit by the fire  
    Come from the fields and enter our hall  
    Come drink from the guest-cup, come join in our circle  
    Come and be welcome, ye Bards, one and all

Come and be welcome O noble court-poet  
The treasure of knowledge is kept in your words  
So unlock the riches of rhyme and of rhythm  
And let all the wealth of your wisdom be heard

Come and be welcome O fair voicéd singer  
Weaving the magic of music along  
You can thunder the heavens to raise up an army  
Or simply bring laughter and peace with a song

Come and be welcome O rare tale-teller  
The stories of wonder you wisely recall  
Now tell of the heroes that dwell in our history  
For tales that are true are the best of them all

Come and be welcome, O fireside drummer  
With rhythms that echo the beat of a heart  
Now waken the music and call to the dancers  
The drum's beating pulse is a signal to start

Come and be welcome where ever you hail from  
Share all the secrets and joys of your art  
For every new voice that joins in the chorus  
Uplifts the spirit and cheers the heart

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## The Poacher's Song

by Emer nic Aidan

CHORUS

One for the partridge, two for the hare  
And three for the buck and doe  
The hunting of the good King's game  
Shall feed us through the snow

In Harold's time the hunting was fine  
And the birds did sweetly sing  
Then the Bastard came and all the game  
Became the right of the King  
But true English lads saw sport to be had  
And swift to poaching turned  
And so in that way have we e'en today Our  
pleasant supper earned  
CHORUS

Hunting deer or hare in the greenwoods fair  
The Kings own men do ride  
But we Saxons few are a-hunting too  
` Though cleverly we hide  
Time and again come the sheriff's men  
Hunting poachers ` round the shire  
But our prey we've shot and we'll not get caught  
As we feast around our fire  
CHORUS

Many say that Port is the finest sport  
That poaching's far too cold  
And so pass the year drinking fine dark Beer  
Or else some Whiskey bold  
But they'll find that Wine is the thief of time  
And Ale a bitter foe  
So the English man has no better friends  
Than his arrows and longbow  
CHORUS

Do not reproach the men who poach  
Within the High King's land  
To hunt the game is a noble aim  
Amid our merry band  
For Love rare and true is a poacher too  
Catching hearts within her snare  
So give me one kiss and I shall not miss  
As I hunt the greenwoods fair

© Emily Holbert

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## 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 dented 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)

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## **LIGHT OF THE NORTH**

*by Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)*  
(copyright © Amphisbaena Music, 1994)  
sound clip at [www.HeatherDale.com](http://www.HeatherDale.com)

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)

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## The Wolves' Song

*Words by Master Hector of Black Height*

(Chorus)

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 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.

So come, come ye wolves of the breed...

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.

So come, come ye wolves of the breed...

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.

So come, come ye wolves of the breed...

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, (slower to end)  
come from the Northlands, come down to feed.

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## The River Song

*Words by Master Hector of Black Height*

Some lands stand strong as mountains and earthquakes do them in,  
Some lands stand tall as forests 'til the felling axe begins.  
We are more strong than mountains, more graceful than the maple,  
Our power is within; we are a river.

We are the people, we are a river,  
We are the people, flowing free and strong.  
We are the people, we are a river  
and if you seek the people, flow along.

We sparkle in the sunlight if the passers-by would see,  
We thunder in the rapids as we face adversity.  
Come flow, my chosen kinsmen, the sea of fate is calling.  
Our power all can see; we are a river.  
We are the people...

We have our raging whitecaps, we have our pools of peace,  
We all are of one river, we all starve or we all feast.  
We sometimes lead the current, we sometimes float when tired,  
Our power cannot cease; we are a river.  
We are the people...

Ours is the brook's mad laughter, ours is the tidal roll,  
The glacial melt our mother, the ancient sea our soul.  
Come clasp hands, chosen kinsmen, such is the life we make.  
Our power we extol; we are a river.

We are the people, we are a river,  
We are the people, flowing free and strong.  
We are the people, we are a river  
and if you seek the people, flow along.

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## The Song of the Northern Wanderer

*Words by Master Hector of Black Height*

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.  
I'm going home...

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.  
I'm going home...

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.  
I'm going home...

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.  
I'm going home...

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.  
I'm going home.

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.  
I'm going home...

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!  
I'm going home...

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## Battle Songs

### The Ealdormere Song, or Hey, Hey the Wolves Will Bay (The "E" Song)

*by Master Hector of the Black Height*

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 evermore 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 evermore shall be so.

UNTIL YOU REACH....

PRE-ENTHRONEMENT  
(ORIGINAL) VERSION

Ten, ten, let's do 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 evermore shall be so.

CORONATION VERSION (24 Oct AS XXXIII)

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 Line of Princes  
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.

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

Ten for Victory in the South  
Nine for the hundred archers  
Eight for the bastard Viking  
Seven for the Loyal Households  
Six for the Northern Baronies  
Five for the Old Duke Finnvarr  
Four for Their Royal Highnesses  
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.

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## The Blazing Scarlet Banner

by Master Hector of the Black Height

When I was just a stripling, was when I first saw rippling  
Across the Pennsic battlefield the points of Eastern spears.  
But then I saw beside me, to lead me and to guide me,  
The blazing scarlet banner of the Prince of Ealdormere.

### *Chorus*

And if you could have seen us then. 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 long remember  
The blazing scarlet banner of the Prince of Ealdormere.

They tell the tales of glory. They sing the scarlet story  
Across the camps across the south as far as Calontir  
Of Grimwulf and of Aeden, whose names sent foes to hidin'  
When they formed up the shieldwall for the Prince of Ealdormere.

We've got Roak, we've got Berus, and if the foe's embarrassed  
To stand against Sir Edward, then give the foe a cheer.  
There's Menken up in Skraeling who conquers without failing  
Whenever he's commanded by the King of Ealdormere.

### *Chorus*

And if you could have seen us then. 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 long remember  
The blazing scarlet banner of the King of Ealdormere.

And now I am confessing, it's the foemen I'm addressing,  
The ones who stand across the field with sword and shield and spear.  
I hope your steel you've mastered, or pity the poor bastard  
Who stands against GREAT TRUMBRAND, the King of Ealdormere.

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## Stand in the Shieldwall

*by Master Hector of the Black Height*

To the Lords of the Trillium King Trumbrand did speak,  
Saying, "Life is for living, it's not for the meek,  
And my Lords, should the Prince and should you both agree,  
Then to Arms and come stand with King Trumbrand and me."

### *Chorus*

Come bring me my sword, come bring me my bow,  
Come give us a cheer, for to battle we go.  
The dragon may beckon but soon he will flee.  
Come and stand in the shieldwall with Trumbrand and me.

The dragon is haughty, the dragon is proud.  
His claws are fair sharp and his roar is fair loud.  
But we're of the Trillium and proud folk are we  
Who shall stand and shall fight with King Trumbrand and me.

Sweet ladies and fair, 'tis to battle we go.  
We shall smite with the sword and draw with the bow.  
With your names on our lips we'll grasp sweet victory.  
Save a kiss for your Lord, for King Trumbrand and me.

We stand 'neath the shade fo the trillium unfurled.  
Our great banner is known to the ends of the world,  
And 'tis legend we make, and 'tis legends ye'll be  
If you stand in the Shieldwall with Trumbrand and me.

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## **Song of the Wain**

*by Garraed Galbraith, Olagh*

*Chorus:*

Heave ho, away we go  
Rollin faster, rollin' faster  
Heave ho, away we go  
The wagons role to war.

The Southron called us to the dance  
From Northern ground we now advance  
Take up the sword, the spear, the lance  
It's off we ride to War

With Scarlet Banner's now unfurled  
Our King takes up the challenge hurled  
And we prepare to leave this world  
Our King must have his War

The armour's piled deep and wide  
The wagons' rock from side to side  
No army stands against the tide  
Of Ealdormere at War

The armies clash beneath the sun  
A' fore night falls they will be done  
And we'll be dead or we'll have won  
That's how we fight a War

Beneath the scarlet we stood fast  
So on we march, this battle past  
Yet still we know it's not the last  
We'll win our King this War

To foemen, heed my warning cry  
North men are not afraid to die  
So give your wife her last goodbye  
We'll see 'her after/you at the' War.

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## Runnin' With the Wolfpack

Tune: Ridin' on a Donkey  
by Emer nic Aiden

### Chorus:

Way-hey! And away we go!  
Off and runnin', Off and runnin'  
Way-hey! And away we go!  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Was you ever in Ealdormere  
Where we fight with sword and spear  
Our arrows fly as fast as deer  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Was you ever in Ealdormere  
Where our song rings loud and clear  
And we sing for all to hear  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Have you fought beside the Bear  
Where the folk are brave and fair  
The Kingdom's glories they will share  
Runnin with the Wolfpack!

Have you ever seen the Skrael  
Armour shining, plate and mail  
The Hare's honour shall never fail  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Ever fought with Ben Dunfirth  
They're some o' the finest folks on Earth  
Full of fire and full of mirth  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Was you ever with Rising Waters  
Fighting sons and fighting daughters  
Strong as oxen, fleet as otters  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Was you ever in Ramshaven  
Seen the proud and fighting men  
See them take the field again  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Was you ever at Murder Melee  
Feast by night and fight by day  
Around the fires the drummers play  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Was you ever at Pennsic War  
Where battle-honour lies in store  
Once you've been you'll be back for more  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

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## **Woods Battle Day**

*By Lady Sibylla of Glyndmere*

Inspiration; The Teddy Bears Picnic song

If you go out in the woods today you're in for a big surprise  
If you go out in the woods today protect yourself, no lies  
For every man that ever there was  
Will gather there for certain because  
Today's the day the armored men go ballistic!

\*Woods Battle Day for armored men  
The armored men are to capture bloodied flags today  
Bashing, slashing, crippling,  
And see them scramble on their knees and pray  
See them struggle with their foes  
They strike their mighty blows  
And clashing shields ring in the air  
At cannon's blast the marshals of Pennsic  
Will examine their helms and heads  
Because their grins are stretched from ear to ear

If you go out in the woods today you'd better not go alone  
It's bloody out in the woods today be safer to stay at home  
For every knight that ever there was  
Will gather there for certain because  
Today's the day the knighted go ballistic!

\*Chorus

Every woman in arms is good they are sure of a treat today  
There's plenty of armored men to beat they'll kill you with no delays  
Beneath the trees where nobody sees  
They'll hide and seek, take you out at the knees  
Today's the day the Ladies go ballistic!

\*Chorus

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## The Hammer of Thor

CHORUS: Axe time, sword time, bend your back to the oar.  
Wind time, wolf time, and here's to the hammer of Thor!

I searched the world for the perfect brew,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore;  
Now all I've got is a drunken crew,  
And here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

Here's to the house of Rowan Hall  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
They'll fight to the death and never fall  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

We'll fill our days with song and deed  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
And fill our nights with maid and mead;  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

A maiden stood by the cold sea and cried  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
Her love will not return on the tide,  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

Sigurd captained a motley horde  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
One morning he found himself overboard  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

I've searched the world for a maid to keep;  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
But all I've got is a stinky old sheep.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

The food's on the table, the beer's keeping cool,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
We'll bow to the king and laugh at the fool.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

The food's in our bellies, the beer is all gone,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
We'll sing of our king, tho he's no paragon.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

I traveled around on this world since its dawn,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
And the saddest of time is when the liquor is gone,  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

Gather ye round, I've a tale for to tell,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
Of Sigurd the Thirsty, who fights pretty well,  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

Let's sing now in praise of an over-full glass,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
The man at the bar, and a pinchable lass,  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

My life is one of war and death,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
From the first taste of salt to my dying breath,  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

I go to the tourneys and fight in the lists  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
But I never win and that's why I get pissed.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

I'll sing ye a song of John the Bard,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
When he drinks ale, 'tis by the yard.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

Our bard will write verses about anything  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
But he'll be much better if he learns to sing.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

Here's to Sarah, her praises we'll sing,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
If we pray hard enough, she may break a string.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

Imperium compound is quite a drink  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
One glass and you're sure the King is a fink.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

Master Hector never changes his shirt  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
His clothing is white, but you only see dirt.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

I'll sing ye a verse of our man-mountain stone  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
He's too big to roll, so we'll leave him alone.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

I hope that I'll in battle fall,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
And join the heroes in Odin's hall.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

But with my luck, I'll die in bed,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
And be forgotten when I'm dead.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

Let's drink a toast to the common folk,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
May they all perish in Ragnarok.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

And here's a toast to all my friends,  
Let's wallow in blood and gore.  
May they all meet appropriate ends.  
So here's to the hammer of Thor!

CHORUS:

*with only two two rhymes this song can be extemporized for a VERY long time*

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## A Battle Song of Ealdormere and Trinovantia

*lyrics: Jessica of Henderson (Jessica Cann)*

tune: Good King Wenceslas

written for: HRM Queen Dagmar at the third St. Valentine's Day Massacre

verse 1:

Here we stand prepared to face  
all who come against us.  
Blades and hearts and cloaks and shields  
helping hold the li-ine.  
Though this tune may cause surprise  
see how strong our spirits!  
Come and face us if ye dare,  
ye shall here meet your demise.

verse 2:

Hear the thrum of stout and strong  
bowstrings hither held tight.  
See the cloud of arrows there  
sent forth darken sunlight.  
Flee before our prowess great  
or ye perish surely.  
Sore shall be your great defeat!  
We shall ne'er be felled by you.

verse 3:

Daggers flying through the air  
flung from outstretched ha-ands,  
join the axes landed fair,  
glinting our demands.  
Piercing armour, spilling blood,  
ne'er do we rele-ent!  
Face the enemy as one!  
Ealdormereans let fly! (Trinovantia let fly!)

verse 4:

Ealdormereans stand tall, (Trinovantia stand tall,)  
enter battle proudly.  
Hold aloft your martial arms,  
gird yourselves in armour.  
Of the North we wolves all howl,  
send this truth before us!  
Rue the day you chose this place.  
Death we wait, amassed and true!

verse 5:

Hearken thither fencers all,  
fast and deadly fighters.  
Answer now the battle call,  
pick apart those blighters!  
Jesters, pirates, ninjas, Lords,  
motley our apparel.  
Bely do we appearances,  
forces we formidable.

verse 6:

Face the wrath of those who charge  
cross't the field before us.  
Armour strong and great shields broad,  
axes, spears, and swords thrust.  
Trembling ground beneath their feet,  
telling of their presence.  
Turn and flee or crushed you'll be.  
Ste-e-eve and more you meet.

Repeat verse 4.

verse 7:

Clarion the call to arms  
bards and heralds rising.  
Seek not out more gentle charms,  
now is not that timing.  
Song and sound the fastest blade,  
follow them and stand up.  
Face this weaker foe, attack!  
Piercéd they with words and fear.

verse 8:

Kings and Queens, apparent heirs,  
toymakers and nobles.  
Vikings, Scots, barbarians,  
Romans, Europeans.  
Here your courage, here your might,  
there the fool invaders.  
Drive them out, reclaim our lands,  
use if needs arise bare hands!

verse 4:

Ealdormereans stand tall, (Trinovantia stand tall,)  
enter battle proudly.  
Hold aloft your martial arms,

gird yourselves in armour.  
Of the North we wolves all howl,  
send this truth before us!  
Rue the day you chose this place.  
Death we wait, amassed and true!

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## The Twelve Days of Battle

*lyrics: Jessica of Henderson, Zombie Slayer, Bard of the White Rose*  
written for: HRM Queen Dagmar, at the third St. Valentine's Day Massacre

On the \_\_\_\_\_ day of battle, my foe did give to me,

- 1 a taunting, jeering laugh
- 2 two black eyes
- 3 three hard knocks
- 4 four saucy puns
- 5 five arrow wounds
- 6 six shield bashes
- 7 seven fest'ring stab wounds
- 8 eight haematomas
- 9 nine deaf'ning head shots
- 10 ten lacerations
- 11 eleven broken bones
- 12 twelve days of bedrest

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## THE CARTER'S WAR SONG

(SCA: *Lady Marian of Heatherdale* / mka: *Heather Dale*)

(CHORUS:)

Hey hey laddie-o  
We'll climb that hill and we'll fight the foe

The muscled might of Ealdormere  
Is climbin' up the hill with our goods and gear

Heed well the Northern red  
When you see it on the field with the Eastern dead

Let the lazy bastards jeer  
We're warming up the arms of Ealdormere

What means your belt and rowel [spur]  
When your faces turn to white with the Northrealm's howl

The army rolls toward the field  
In the tides of the battle we will not yield

Hail to the Princess, wise and fair  
The finest inspiration of Ealdormere

Snow, rain or sun beat down  
We're fighting for the pride of our sovereign crown

Take heed and stand well clear  
Or you'll fall under the wheels of Ealdormere

Fie what their King bestows  
They'll be getting their reward from our swords & bows

Carting's a good career  
When you're carting off the foes of Ealdormere

See how their shieldwall fails  
When they come upon the spears of the Rams & Skraels

Strong hearts and stronger beer  
Are the products of the wilds of Ealdormere

Let prudent foes beware  
Of the hunger and the thirst of the Northern bear

Salute to the one you hold most dear  
And do honour to the Prince of Ealdormere

Lift up your swords and sing  
For the glories of the war this day will bring

Hail to the friends from far and near  
The allies of the wolves of Ealdormere

Heave ho with all your might  
The crown on the mountain is in sight

Raise up your voice and cheer  
For the patriots who sweat for Ealdormere!

\*\*\*\*\*

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\*\*\*Marian's written & recorded lots of bardic songs over the years --  
come learn them at [www.HeatherDale.com](http://www.HeatherDale.com)! :)

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## CALL THE NAMES

*Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)*

(copyright © Amphisbaena Music, 1998)

sound clip at [www.HeatherDale.com](http://www.HeatherDale.com)

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 bleeding  
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.

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## TRUE & DESTINED KING

by Heather M. Dale (*Lady Marian of Heatherdale*)  
(copyright © Amphisbaena Music, 1995  
sound clip at [www.HeatherDale.com](http://www.HeatherDale.com))

My kinsman and my brother  
My shieldmate 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 shieldwall 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.

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## Dagmar's Fight Song

by *Widow Kate, Lady of the Lake*

We rise, we rise to battle  
We rise for Ealdormere  
We rise, we rise to battle  
We rise for Ealdormere  
We fight for Crown and we fight for Throne  
We fight for the Kingdom we call our home  
We fight for the Queen we love so dear  
And all for the honour of Ealdormere

We rise, we rise to battle  
We rise for Ealdormere  
We rise, we rise to battle  
We rise for Ealdormere

When daylight comes we don our gear  
To fight for the Glory of Ealdormere  
We fight with valour and with good cheer  
We fight with honour and have no fear

We rise, we rise to battle  
We rise for Ealdormere  
We rise, we rise to battle  
We rise for Ealdormere

We follow our King where he would lead  
We fight in his name and we succeed  
We fight all day long and when War is done  
We know we fought well and we had good fun

We rise, we rise to battle  
We rise for Ealdormere  
We rise, we rise to battle  
We rise for Ealdormere

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