

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...

CRY OF THE WOLF V

**A PREJUDICED COLLECTION
OF EALDORMEREAN SONGS
COMPILED BY
THL JUSTINIAN CLARUS
BARD TO THEIR MAJESTIES
AARON AND RUSTIQUE**

MAY 1 ASXLI

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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!...

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

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Fine Print

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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.

Come and Be Welcome

Words 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 voiced 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

The Poacher's Song

Words by Emer nic Aidan (© Emily Holbert)

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

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

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

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

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.

Blazing Scarlet Banner

Words by Master 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 Prince 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 Prince 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 formed up the shieldwall for the Prince 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 Menken up 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 Great Aaron, the King of Ealdormere

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 (Slower)
In cold winds of September
The foe will all remember (A tempo)
The blazing scarlet banner of the King of Ealdormere

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 roll 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.

TRUE & DESTINED KING

Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)
(copyright © Amphisbaena Music, 1995— sound clip at
www.HeatherDale.com)

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.

The E-Song

Words by Master Hector of 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 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....

AS XLI 4th Post-Revisionist War Version

Edited by TH Uncle J with permission

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 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 ever more shall be so.

Notes:

This song has undergone numerous revisions. As our kingdom has evolved so have the words. *Ten for Victory in the South* should only be used from the Coronation of the War Royalty to the end of Pennsic. In other times *Ten for a Crown of Northern Gold* or *Ten Ten Lets Sing it Again* are more appropriate. Among Auld Pharts *Nine for Kaffa in the Ditch* is appropriate.