

The
Red Wulf
Songbook

This is a book which is meant for merriment. I have asked myself the following questions about each song;

If the good gentles of Mooneschadowe were sitting around a fire, and perchance, someone had this book, could the song be sung? And if it can be sung, would it be a help to our good cheer?

Hence, have I given preference to songs which are well known, songs with choruses, songs of seasonable length, and rounds.

I hope we may all spend hours in each other's good company, singing merrily to the night sky.

—Mistress Rhiannon Redwulf

For PDF of the songbook, some tune recordings, & sundries go to: <http://www.redwulf.info>

A Robyn, Gentil Robyn

A Robyn, gentil Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman doth
And thou shalt know of mine.

A Robyn, gentil Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman doth
And thou shalt know of mine.

My lady is unkind,
I wist, alac why is she so,
She loveth another better than me
And yet she will say no.

By William Cornysh (a composer and poet for Henry VIII) who died in 1523.



All Among the Barley

Now has come September,
The Hunter's Moon begun
And through the wheat and stubble
Is heard the frequent horn.
The leaves are pale and yellow,
And trembling into red
And the ripe and bearded barley
Is hanging down it's head.

Chorus: All among the barley,
Who would not be blythe
When the ripe and bearded barley
Is smiling on the scythe.

The summer is a tyrant
Of most ungracious kind
The spring is like a young girl
Who does not know her mind
But the autumn's like an old friend
Who loves one all she can
And brings the bearded barley
To gladden the heart of man.

The wheat is like the gentry,
It's sleek and well to do
The oats are like a pack of girls,
Laughing and dancing too
The rye is like a miser,
It's sulky, lean and small
But the ripe and bearded barley
Is monarch of them all.

Words by A.T., Music by Elizabeth Stirling. Published by Lee & Walker 1871. This variant was taught to Mooneshadowe by Vicountess Megan (A.S. XXVII).

All Through the Night

Sleep, my love, and peace attend thee,
All through the night.

Guardian angels God will lend thee,
All through the night.

Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping.
Love alone his watch is keeping,
All through the night.

Though I roam a minstrel lonely,
All through the night.
My true harp, shall praise thee only,
All through the night.
Love's young dream alas is over,
Still my strains of love shall hover
Near the presence of my lover,
All through the night.

*A Welsh folksong, "Ar Hyd y Nos." The tune was originally set down in the **Musical Relics of the Welsh Bards** (c. 1784). The traditional English translation above is by Harold Boulton (1859–1935).*

The Ansteorran L ne

On any Known World battlefield
An army finds it's fate is sealed
And they know that they must die, or yield
Before -- the Ansteorran Line

Let all who face our might today
And try to keep our swords at bay
Be the next to join the dead who lay
Along -- the Ansteorran Line

Chorus: And cry "Vivat!" for the heroes (of) old
Cry "Vivat!" for the new ones, too
And cry "Vivat!" for the Black and Gold
And the Star that shines when hearts are true

And whene'er for honor's field, we vie,
Our Kingdom banner sweeps the sky
And we know we'll win, or bravely die,
Within -- the Ansteorran Line

For never when our spears were set,
And never when our shield-walls met
Have our foemen failed to pay the debt,
Unto -- the Ansteorran Line

And for every fallen friend we must,
Fulfill for them this warrior's trust
A dozen foes shall bite the dust,
Before -- the Ansteorran Line
 So fling your war-flag to the sky,
 “Vivat the Star!” your battle cry
 And fight ‘till the blood floats knee-cop high,
 Around -- the Ansteorran Line

So on any Known World battlefield,,
An army finds it's fate is sealed
And they know that they must die, or yield,
Before -- the Ansteorran Line
 So fling your war-flag to the sky,
 “Vivat the Star” our battle cry
 And fight ‘till the blood floats knee-cop high,
 Around -- the Ansteorran Line

Words by Alden Pharamond and Benedict Foxwell. Sung to the tune of Clare's Dragoons.

An Ape, a Lion, a fox, & an Ass

An ape, a lion, a fox, and an ass
Do show forth man's life as it were in a glass
For apish we are till twenty and one
And after that lions till forty be done
Then witty as foxes till three score and ten
But after that asses and so no more men.

A dove, a sparrow, a parrot, a crow,
As plainly set forth how you women may know;
Harmless as doves till thirteen be gone,
Then wanton as sparrows till forty draw on.
Then prating as parrots till threescore be o'er,
Then birds of ill omen, and women no more.

This song is by Henry Purcell (1659-1695).

The Ashgrove

The Ashgrove how graceful, how plainly tis speaking
The harp through it playing, has language for me.
Whenever the light through its branches is breaking,
A host of kind faces is gazing on me.
The friends of my childhood again are before me,
Each step wakes a memory as freely I roam.
With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle o'er me,
The ashgrove, the ashgrove alone is my home.

My lips smile no more, my heart loses its lightness
No dream of the future my spirit can cheer
I can only brood on the past and its brightness
The dead I have mourned are again living here.
From ev'ry dark nook they press forward to meet me
I lift up my eyes to the broad leafy dome
And others are there, looking downward to greet me
The ashgrove, the ashgrove alone is my home.

Traditional Welsh folksong, "Llywn On." A variation of it appears as "Cease Your Funning," in John Gay's "The Beggar Opera" in 1728.

The Ballad of Centurion Owen

I'll tell it to you as they told it to me
Of Centurion Owen and the Northern Brigade.
When campfires crackle and the summertime wanes
Through the mist on the water comes the bardic refrain

Chorus: And off to the Gulf War went the Northern Brigade.
The bards and the ladies cried, "Owen the brave!"
But when they marched home, the ladies refrained
for they know how cruel that war is.

From North Ansteorra, the troop marched away
To the west of Stargate in the morning
To a place Meridans called "King's Arrow Ranch"
In the lands of the Barony of Grey Niche.
For Centurion Owen, it came in a dream;
He'd find his fate where he'd never been.
Then the brew-all arose, war cries filled the air.
Travel well Owen, I'll wait on you there.

Chorus

For the trifoil barbarians the killing war came.
For soldiers like Owen, no need to explain.
For as many a time I traveled this way
To take my place in the fire.
The word's struck Owen like a two-handed axe
for everyone knew of the warning.
"So play us a tune to remember me by
For tomorrow I'll not be returning!"

Chorus

When the shield wall crashed, the Northerner's died
Never again to sit by the pride.

In the wilderness screen, the sun and the rain
They're here, forever remaining.

Now I'll tell it to you as they told it to me
Of Centurion Owen and the Northern Brigade
When campfires crackle and summertime wanes
Through the mist on the water comes the bardic refrain

Last Chorus (Getting progressively slower)

*This song filked by Master Oxlade Lachlan Mackinnon from **The Ballad of Duncan Campbell**
(recorded by the **Highland Weavers**.)*

Barbara Allen

In Scarlet town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwellin'
Made every youth cry "Well a-day"
And her name was Barbara Allen.

'Twas in the merry month of May
When green buds they were swellin'
Sweet William on his deathbed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent a servant to the town
To the place where she was dwellin'.
"My Master's sick and he bids you come
If your name be Barbara Allen."

Then slowly, slowly she got up
And slowly she went nigh him
And as she drew the curtain back.
"Young man I think you're dying.

Oh, ken ye not in yonder town
in the place where we were dwellin'
You gave health to the ladies all
But you slighted Barbara Allen."

"Oh yes I ken, I ken it well.
In the place where we were dwellin'
I gave health to the ladies all
But my love to Barbara Allen."

Then slowly she went down the stairs,
He trembled like an aspen,
"Be kind good friends and neighbors all,
be kind to Barbara Allen."

And as she crossed the wooded fields
She heard his deathbell knellin'
And every stroke it spoke her name,
“Hard hearted Barbara Allen.”

She looked to east, she looked to west,
She saw his corpse a-coming.
“Oh bearers, bearers, lay him down,
For I think I too am dying.”

“Oh Mother, Mother, make my bed,
And make it long and narrow.
Sweet William died for the love of me,
I'll die for him of sorrow.”

“Oh Father, Father, dig my grave
and dig it deep and narrow.
Sweet William died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow.”

They buried her in the old churchyard,
They buried him beside her,
And from his heart grew a red, red rose
And from her heart a briar.

They climbed right up the old church wall
Till they could climb no higher.
They tied themselves in a lover's knot,
The rose around the briar.

This is a variation of Child's Ballad #84. Samuel Pepys wrote in his diary in the year 1666, that he had heard, “the little Scotch song, Barbary Allen.”

The Battle of Maldon

Here must we hold So hearken to my counsel
Felled is our lord Slain by foemen on the field
Now must we honor The oaths we made in mead-hall
Now must we shoulder The burden of his shield

Chorus:

**For our hands shall be the harder & our will shall be the wiser
And our hearts shall be bolder though our strength must end
Come and follow me to glory so that when they tell the story
We shall not be forgotten in the halls of men**

Great were his gifts Of gold and noble gemstones
High were the halls Where the heroes boasted so
He is our lord and Loathe am I to leave him
Vow to avenge him By vanquishing the foe

I will not flee, but Farther will I follow
Boldly to battle With broadsword in my hand
More than my life Was the love I bore for Bryhtnoth
Fierce will I fight now And so defend this land

Come I from kindred Of honor and of courage
Ne'er shall they say That I nothing was at war
Stand with me steadfast Staunch against the Vikings
Wield ye your weapons Like warr-i-ors of yore

We stand undaunted The last of the defenders
Stout-hearted men Who can strike a mighty blow
We will encourage Each other in the war-play
Let them advance now For we shall lay them low

Death is our doom But let us die with honor
All that lives after Is what the bards do say
Fight to be worthy Of fame in the future
Let them remember The deeds we do this day

Last chorus:

For our hands shall be the harder and our will shall be the wiser
And our hearts shall be bolder as our strength must end
Come and follow me to glory so that when they tell the story
We shall not be forgotten in the halls of men
We shall not be forgotten in the halls of men

Words and music written in 1999 by Mistress Rosalind Jehanne © 2012. This is an impressive reworking of an Old English poem describing a battle that happened in 991 A.D. In Old English poetry, each line is composed of two halves separated by a cesura (a space). Each half of the line contains words that alliterate with the other half.

*The first line of the chorus above closely echoes the Old English lines:
Hige sceal the heardra heorte the cenre
mod sceal the mare the ure maegen lytlath.*

Belt and Chain

The times are too fast, and the legends long past,
Yet some would dream of a place;
A place of goodwill where beauty lies still,
A bastion of honor and grace,
A bastion of honor and grace.

Chorus: Will you wear the belt and chain,
That this dream may yet live again,
And swear your heart
To chivalry's art,
Swear your sword to our gain,
Swear your sword that we reign?

Take the young (lass) and make (her) a page
Teach the (girl) to come of age
Teach (her) fealty, service and truth,
Give (her) these gifts in (her) youth,
Give (her) these gifts in full sooth

Take the page and make (her) a squire
Teach (her) arms to best (her) sire
Teach (her) chivalry's strength without stain,
One day (she'll) take belt and chain,
One day (she'll) take belt and chain.

Wear the belt as a badge of your word
Bear well the chain, for your oath is interred,
Hold fast to honor, as hard as it seems,
For you guard the halls of our dreams,
You guard the halls of this dream.

Last chorus on next page—

Chorus: And you wear the belt and chain,
That this dream may yet live again,
You've sworn your heart
to chivalry's art,
You've sworn your sword to our gain,
Sworn your sword that we reign.

Words & Music by Master Morric Haast of Trimaris (Copyright © William Ritchie). This variation was sung at Dame Alicia's knighting ceremony, heard by Sir Burke, and passed on by him to me. Master Haast's original is written with male pronouns.

The (Barbarian) Birthday Dirge

Happy Birthday (grunt & stomp),
O Happy Birthday (*grunt & stomp*).
Doom, destruction, and despair,
people dying everywhere,
On your Birthday (*grunt & stomp*),
so Happy Birthday (*grunt & stomp*).

May the cities in your wake
burn like candles on your cake,
On your Birthday (*grunt & stomp*),
O Happy Birthday (*grunt & stomp*).

Now you've lived another year,
& you know your end is near,
Happy Birthday (*grunt & stomp*),
O Happy Birthday (*grunt & stomp*).

Sung to the tune of "The Volga Boatman." The much longer original was composed and sung by the Dark Horde in the 1980s. This is the variation that was being sung in Mooneschadowe when I began playing in A.S. XXVI. (And yes, I do know that many more verses have been written, but when there is cake waiting to be eaten, it is loathsome in my sight for there to be 8 more verses.)

Black Widows in the Privy

Everyone knows someone we'd be better off without,
But best not mention names, for we don't know who's about.
But why commit a murder, and risk the fires of hell
When black widows in the privy can do it just as well?

Now poison's good, and daggers, and arrows in the back,
And if you're really desperate, you can try a front attack,
But are they really worthy of the risk of being caught
When black widows in the privy need not be bribed nor bought?

So if there's one of whom you wish most simply to be rid,
Just wait til dark, then point the way to where the widow's hid,
And say to them, "I think you'll find that this one is the best."
And black widows in the privy will gladly do the rest.

Words & music by Heather Rose Jones. Reprinted with her permission.

Bowline Sea Shanty

Haul on the bowlin', so early in the morning.

Refrain (all sing): Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

Haul on the bowlin', the bonnie ships a-rollin. *(refrain)*

Haul on the bowlin', the old man is a-growling. *(refrain)*

Haul on the bowlin', Kitty is me darlin'. *(refrain)*

Haul on the bowlin', Kitty comes from Liverpool. *(refrain)*

Haul on the bowlin', 't's-a far cry to payday. *(refrain)*

Haul on the bowline, we'll haul away together. *(refrain 2X)*

Note: A single voice sings the verses, then all voices join on the refrain. This allows the sailors to work without becoming winded by singing continuously. New verses can be improvised. I've left you room to write yours in!

The poet, collector, and amateur ethno-musicologist John Masfield speculated that the words to "Haul the Bowline" (Roud 652) may date to the time of Henry VIII. (His speculation is based on the fact the term "bowline," meaning the "foresheet," falls out of use after that time. It later becomes the term for a knot.)

Bow to the Crown

Chorus: Bow to the crown, bow to the throne,
And bow to the one whose favor you own
Remember their eyes are watching the fray.
Then bow to each other and fight as you may.

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

Honor the one whose favor you bear
And strive in their honor to ever be fair
Think on their faith when the battle's begun
And let them be proud of whatever you've won.

Honor your foe and keep your aim true.
Remember they fight with the same heart as you.
Trust in their judgment of all that you throw
For they are a part of the valor you show.

*"Bow to the Crown" written by Heather Dale (Mistress Marian of Heatherdale)
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The Burden of the Crown

The battlefield is silent
the shadows growing long
Though I may view the sunset
I'll not live to see the dawn
The trees have ceased to rustle
the birds no longer sing
All nature seems to wonder
at the passing of a King.

And now you stand before me
your father's flesh and blood
Begotten of my sinews
on the woman that I loved
So difficult the birthing
the mother died that day
And now you stand before me
to bear my crown away.

The hour is fast approaching
when you come into your own
When you take the ring and scepter
and sit upon the throne
Before that final hour when we each
must meet our fate
Pray gaze upon the royal crown
and marvel at its weight.

This cap of burnished metal
is the symbol of a land
Supporting all we cherish,
the dreams for which we stand
The weight, you'll find, is nothing
if you hold it in your palm
The burden of the crown begins
the day you put it on.

See how the jewels sparkle
as you gaze at it again
Each facet is a subject
whose rights you must defend
Every point of light a burden
you must shoulder with your own
And mighty is the burden
of the man upon the throne.

My waiting is now over, my limbs are growing cold
I can feel the angels waiting
to receive my passing soul
Keep well for me my kingdom
when my memory is dead
And forgive me for the burden
I place upon your head.

Words and music by Baldwin of Erebor (Derek Foster) © 1979. Published in Tournaments
Illuminated #60.

Call the Names

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 followed
Let them be jewels in the crown of our King.

Gather the sheaves of harvest time lightly,
Many a day will they strengthen our kin
Gather the sheaves of arrow shafts tightly
Many a battle their feathers will win.

Sharpen the blades of the axe-worker's cutting
Many a timber will strengthen our hall.
Sharpen the blades that are ready for blooding
Many a fray when the foe-men will fall.

Fashion the spears for the winter man's 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" written by Heather Dale (Mistress Marian of Heatherdale)
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Circles

In days gone by, when the world was much younger
Men wondered at spring, born of winter's cold knife,
Wondered at the games of the moon and the sunlight
They saw there the Lady and Lord of all life.

Chorus: And around & around & around turns the good earth.
All things must change as the seasons go by.
We are the children of the Lord and the Lady
Whose mysteries we know but we'll never know why.

In all lands the people were tied to the good earth;
Plowing and sowing as the seasons declared,
Waiting to reap of the rich golden harvest,
Knowing her laugh in the joys that they shared.

Through Flanders and Wales and the green land of Ireland
In Kingdoms of England and Scotland and Spain
Circles grew up all along the wild coastline
And worked for the land with the sun and the rain.

Circles for healing and working the weather
Circles for knowing the moon and the sun
Circles for thanking the Lord and the Lady
Circles for dancing the dance never done.

And we who reach for the stars in the heavens
Turning our eyes from the meadows and groves
Still live in the love of the Lord and the Lady
The greater the Circle the more the love grows.

© 1979, 2001 c.e.

*Words by Gwen Zak (verse 1-4) and Ann Cass (verse 5). The tune is Alan Bell's "Windmills."
The above variation was being sung when I joined the SCA in A.S. XXVI.*

Cockles and Mussels

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow

Chorus: Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh.
Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh."
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh.

She was a fishmonger, and sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before.
And they each wheeled a barrow

She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow

Also known as "Molly Malone." Written and composed by James Yorkston (Scotland). Earliest known version was printed in 1884. (Although it was printed by permission, so the song is older than the publication date.)

Come and Be Welcome

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

Learned from Sir Jean Paul de Sens in AS XL. Words by Emer nic Aidan. Permission for use in SCA.

Coventry Carol

Refrain:

Lully, lullay, thou little tiny child,
Bye bye, lully, lullay.
Thou little tiny child,
Bye bye, lully, lullay.

O sisters too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day?
This poor youngling, for whom we do sing,
By by lully lullay.

Herod the King, in his raging,
Charg-ed he hath this day,
His men of might, in his own sight,
All young children to slay.

That woe is me, poor child for thee.
And every morn and day,
For thy parting, neither say nor sing,
By by, lully lullay.

*This carol is from the 16th century mystery play, **The Pageant of the Shearmen and Taylors**. The only surviving copy of the text was written down by Robert Croo in 1534, and the oldest known setting of the melody dates from 1591. There are references to Coventry's guild pageants dating back to 1392, so the play (and song) may be considerably older than 16th century.*

Cruiscín Lan

Let the farmer praise his grounds, let the huntsman praise his hounds,
Let the shepherd praise his dewy scented lawn;
But I, more wise than they, spend each happy night and day
With my darlin' little cruiskeen lan, lan, lan
Oh, my darlin' little cruiskeen lan.

Chorus: OH! Gra-ma-chree ma-cruiscin, slainte geal mavoornen
Gra-machree ma crúiscín lán lan lan,
Oh! gramachree ma crúiscín lán

Immortal and divine, great Bacchus, god of wine
Create me by adoption your own son.
In hopes that you'll comply, that my glass shall ne'er run dry
Nor me darlin' little cruiskeen lan, lan, lan
Me darlin' little cruiskeen lan.

And when grim death appears,
In a few, but happy years,
And says "Ah won't you come along with me";
I'll say, "Begone, you knave,
"For King Bacchus gave me leave,
"To fill another cruiskeen lan, lan, lan,
"To fill another cruiskeen lan!"

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips a-dry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another cruiskeen lan, lan, lan,
To fill another cruiskeen lan.

Imported into Mooneschadowe via the Blood of Heroes Event held in Grimfells (Kingdom of Calontir). The chorus is "Love of my heart, my little full jug. Bring health, my darling."

Crusader's Song

Chorus: I'm for the Holy Land sailing,
To win back Jerusalem's walls,
I'm for the Holy Land sailing,
And I'll win a fortune, or a martyr I'll fall.

As my ship sails out, I watch the far coastline,
For leaving of kinsmen, my heart is full pained,
And I've traded all for the Cross on my shoulder,
No land for a third son, so I'm away.

As I look around me at the men on the benches,
Their eyes are like mine, so I know their hearts' pain,
I sing them a song of bravery and battle,
And now their eyes shine like their keen polished blades.

I followed King Richard to Sicily Island,
For Johanna's dowry 'gainst Tancred prevailed,
Now a fortune in silver and a new wife hath Richard,
And I've a swift horse, and a fine coat of mail.

At landfall in Cypress they refused Barengaria,
And Richard in anger has answered in steel,
Now the crown of Cypress he's added to England's,
And I've added knighthood's gold spurs to my heels.

I followed the banner to battle at Acre,
And held it aloft when it's bearer was slain,
Now we've given Richard a tower of the city,
He's given me rank, and a full captain's pay.

At Arsouf on the coastline we met with the Paynim,
We won the battle, though many men fell,
And one was a Baron with lands that need tending,
Now they are mine, and I'll tend them well.

Now I sit in court over Christian and Moslem,
And I've a strong keep and soldiers ten score,
And King Richard's army he's sailed back to England,
And I've said farewell, for I'll see them ne'er more,
You see,
I'm in the Holy Land staying,
To guard my own castle walls,
I'm in the Holy Land staying,
And I've won my fortune, so farewell to all!

Words and Music by Conn MacNiell. This is one of the Calontir songs, we imported to Mooneschadowe during the last of the 30th decade A.S.

(Source: Visitation de la Muse Polyhymnia Chansons et Poemes Compose de Conn MacNiell)

Dona Nobis

1. Dona nobis pacem, pacem. Dona nobis pacem.
2. Dona nobis pacem. Dona nobis pacem.
3. Dona nobis pacem. Dona nobis pacem.

*Latin. Translation—Give us Peace. Attributed to Giovanni Palestrina (c. 1525-1594).
Sung as a round. Taught to Mooneschadowe by Llywelyn Briddid ap Dafydd.*

Drink from the Cup

Chorus: Drink from the cup
Filled from deep well or vinyard.
Drink from the cup,
Valor's badge leaves lips dry.
Drink from the cup,
Vessels serve not when broken.
Drink from the cup,
Sing of Battles gone by.

Courtesy offered to each guest who asks it.
Speak well to them be they peasant or queen.
Travelers' needs are made great by their journeys.
Deeds done for them may be more than they seem.

Bright fields of Valor where ravens fly o'er us.
Victory's lost but honor is won.
Bright crimson breast speaks of skill, luck, and courage.
Slake now your thirst for the day's fighting's done.

Chipped, split, and cracked is clay pulled from the fire.
Broken to shards it serves not as these things.
Likewise your body's a vessel for service.
Maintain it well to the service of Kings.

Words and music: Marcus de la Foret, Shire of Grimfells, Kingdom of Calontir. Dedicated to Countess Branwen ferch Rhael. Used with permission.

Drinking of Ale

Chorus:

Toss the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry
And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

We take no thought, we have no care
Still we spend and never spare
Till all of money our purse is bare,
We ever toss the pot.

We drink carouse, with heart most free
A hearty draught I drink to thee
Then fill the pot again to me
and ever toss the pot.

And when our money is all spent,
Then sell our good, and spend our rent,
Or drink it up with one consent,
and ever toss the pot.

When all is gone we have no more,
Then let us set it on the score,
Or chalk it up behind the door,
and ever toss the pot.

And when our credit is all lost,
Then may we go and kiss the post,
And eat brown bread instead of roast,
and ever toss the pot.

Let us conclude as we began,
And tesse the pot from man to man,
And drinke as much now as we can,
and ever toss the pot.

from A Briefe Discourse (1614), by Thomas Ravenscroft.

Eileen Aroon

I know a valley fair, Eileen Aroon.

I know a cottage there, Eileen Aroon.

Far in that valley shade, I know a tender maid.

Flower of the hazel glade, Eileen Aroon.

Who in the song so sweet? Eileen Aroon.

Who in the dance so fleet? Eileen Aroon.

Dear are her charms to me, dearer her laughter free

Dearest her constancy, Eileen Aroon.

Were she no longer true, Eileen Aroon

What would her lover do, Eileen Aroon?

Fly with a broken chain, far o'er the sounding main

Never to love again, Eileen Aroon.

Youth will in time decay, Eileen Aroon,

Beauty must fade away, Eileen Aroon,

Castles are sacked in war, chieftains are scattered far,

Truth's an e'er fixed star, Eileen Aroon.

This originally gaelic song is said to be by Carrol O'Daly, Ollave of Corcomroe (14th-15th Century), and survived in the oral tradition of Ireland when the Bardic School in Burren was closed.

Earth Took of Earth

Earth took of earth earth with woe;
Earth another earth to the earth drew;
Earth laid earth in earthen trough;
Then had earth of earth earth enough.

Original Middle English Words:

Erthe toc of erthe erthe wyth woh;
Erthe other erthe to the erthe droh;
Erthe leyde erthe in erthene throh;
Tho hevede erthe of erthe erthe ynoh.

Anonymous (14th c.)

This is a very popular little momento mori lyric that appears in Harley MS 2253, folio 59v and in other manuscripts. The words are a kind of riddle that echoes the biblical phrase "Remember Man that thou art dust and to dust thou shalt return." So "earth" means different things as it is repeated: dirt, ground, a human, a corpse, etc. The first three lines appear to describe making a living as a farmer, carrying a body in a funeral procession, and burying a body.

In the manuscripts it has no extant tune, but it is a ballad stanza with four lines, each with four stresses. So it can be sung to tunes such as Baa Baa Black Sheep and Nobilis Humilis.

Farewell to Ansteorra

Chorus: Farewell to Ansteorra, that sun-blessed land.
May your hamlets bright and cheery be.
When I am far away over mighty mountains tall,
Will you ever breathe a sigh or a wish for me.

I hate to leave my native land,
I loathe to leave my comrades all
But I must hie away over hill and plain
For my captain calls, and I must obey.

My own true love did bid me stay
She would not part our company
But honor calls "To horse and away."
For no slight shall mar our Kingdom free.

Red War does cry on every side
Our swords are broken, bent or dulled
But Ansteorra stands as a shield in the sun
And Honor and Glory shall e'er be our pride.

(slowly)

I lay me down this night to die
My wounds are grievous, I've greatly bled,
But Ansteorra's life means more than mine,
For Love and Beauty must ne'er wash away.

Chorus (slowly & wistfully)

Chorus (fast & loud)

Words by Alaric ap Morgan. Tune is "Farewell Nova Scotia."

The fruit of the Yew

Grim warriors appeared, decked in iron and gold,
Their bright banners snapped in the breeze
Harvest was over, the weather was cold
Turning hot breath to cloud in the freeze.

They moved over river, and meadow and field
The peasantry scattered before
They gathered the wealth of the land on their shields
And carried it off to the shore.

"How can this happen, and where is our King?
And where are the warriors we pay?"
"Aye, the King may be King, where he sits on his throne,
But his throne is four days ride away!"

Swift word was sent to the men of the woods
There'll be no trade for winter this year.
No sacks of grain for the skin of the fox,
No ale for the flesh of the deer.

But deep in the woodlands of Wales grows a tree,
And the name of that tree is the yew.
And the fruit of the yew is a stout longbow stave
Throwing straight clothyard shafts strong and true!

They gathered in numbers from forest and fen
Walking soft as the hunting-men do,
And hung at their belts were the straight clothyard shafts
In each hand was the fruit of the yew.

And, slipping by night thru the still-burning steads,
They looked for the camp by the shore
And each made a vow, as he passed by the dead,
That the morning would even the score.

Well, morning broke clear, and the raiders awoke,
With a leisurely thought for the day
Till one showed himself, and a soft bowstring spoke,
From three hundred paces away!

And as he fell dead, a loud, taunting voice spoke
"It's a pleasure to pay you your due!"
"You came seeking all of the fruits of our land,
Have a taste of the fruit of the yew!"

What use are shields that don't cover the legs?
Or helms that don't cover the eyes?
Or shirts of bright mail 'gainst the stout clothyard shaft
That can pierce thru a stag on the fly?

The King arrived early, mud-spattered and tired,
Just to look on a field of the dead.
Cut down from the front as they stood in their line,
Cut down from the rear as they fled!

"And where are the men that have done me this deed?"
Asked the King, from his horse ridden lame,
"'Twas outlaws and brigands from back in the woods,
They've since fled back whence they all came."

"And would they take Pardon, and live in my Peace?"
Asked the King of his Councilor true,
Said the Councilor, "Nay, they're a quarrelsome lot;
They'll not become lawful for you."

Raiders, take heed to the gist of my tale
(It may lengthen your lives, if you will!)
When you go a-reavin' be sure of your mark!
Take care that it matches your skill!

For England pays silver, and Spain will give gold,
And France will grant land, that is true,
But seek not for wealth in the woodlands of Wales,
For they pay in the fruit of the yew!

Words and Music: James Treebull the Stubborn (Jim Pipkin)

Follow Me Up to Carlow

Lift MacCahir Og your face,
Broodin' over the ill disgrace
That black Fitzwilliam stormed your place
And drove you to the Fern.
Grey said victory was sure;
Soon the firebrand he'd secure
Until they met at Glen Malure
With Feach MacHugh O'Byrne.

Chorus: Curse and Swear, Lord Kildare,
Feach will do what Feach will dare;
Now Fitzwilliam, have a care-
Fallen is-a your star-low;
Up with halberd , out with sword,
On we'll go, for by the Lord
Feach MacHugh has given the word:
"Follow me up to Carlow!"

See the swords at Glen Imayle,
They're flashin' over the English pale;
See all the children of the Gael
Beneath O'Byrne's banner.
Rooster of our fighting stock,
Would you let a Saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish rock?
Fly up and teach him manners!

From Tassagart to Clonmore
There flows a stream of Saxon gore
Where great as Rory Oge O'more
At sending the loons to hades.
White is sick, Grey is fled,
Now for black Fitzwilliam's head.
We'll send it over dripping red
To Queen Liza and her ladies.

In 1580, at Glen Malure in Co. Wicklow, Feach MacHugh O'Byrne defeated Ld Grey de Wilton. Tune is traditional, lyrics by Patrick Joseph McCall (1861-1919). This variation was taught to Mooneschadowe by Vicountess Megan. I have returned two lines to their original form and corrected the spelling of person and place names.

God Rest ye frantic Autocrat

God rest ye frantic Autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
Despite the fact your great event
Is scheduled for today,
The tourney's grand, the rain won't last
For very long they say:

Chorus: And sing ye in chorus:
Never again, never again,
And sing ye in chorus:
Never again!

God rest ye frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
Despite the fact that everything
Is going wrong today,
The King & Queen came unannounced,
And God knows who else may:

God rest ye frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
The herald's lost his voice
And he can't even cry, "Oyez."
The list-field's under water,
A tornado's on the way:

God rest ye frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
The ants have eaten half the food
And carried your tent away.
Some mundane called the cops
And they took all the knights away:

God rest ye frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
It's getting cold, it just might snow,
You'd better start to pray,
The fire won't start, the food will spoil,
So serve it anyway:

God rest ye frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
The feast was grand, tho' half the court
Is dying of the plague.
The revel would have been great,
But the Tavern blew away:

God rest ye frantic autocrat,
Let nothing you dismay,
The Queen is mad, her tent and King
Have both been washed away,
It might be wise to change your name
And quit the SCA:

*Filked to "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" by Master Tivar Moondragon. This is one of the numerous variations in existence. It was taken from the **House Purple Songbook** in A.S. XXVII.*

Go to Joan Glover

Go to Joan Glover
And tell her I love her &
By the light of the moon
I will come to her.

*A round from Thomas Ravenscroft's **Deuteromaelia** (1609).*

Greensleeves

Alas my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously,
And I have loved you for so long,
Delighting in your company.

Chorus: Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my Lady Greensleeves?

I bought thee kerchiefs to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly;
I kept thee at both board and bed,
Which cost my purse well favoredly.

I bought thee tunics of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.

Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee,
Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thy gown was of the glossy green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by,
Which made thee be our Harvest Queen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

This song goes back at least to the time of Henry VIII.

The Gypsy Rover

The gypsy rover came over the hill
Down through the valley so shady.
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus: Lah-dee-doo, lah-dee-doo, dah-day,
Lah-dee-doo, lah-dee, day-ay
*[He whistled and he sang till the green wood rang
And he won the heart of a Lady.]

She left her father's castle gate,
She left her own true lover,
[She left her servants and her estate
To follow the gypsy rover.]

Her father saddled his fastest steed
And roamed the valley all over
[He sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.]

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river Claydee
[And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady.]

"He is no gypsy, my Father," she said,
"But Lord of these lands all over,
[And I will stay till my dying day
With my whistling gypsy rover.]"

*Sing the last two lines of preceding verse as the last lines of the chorus.

Written by Leo McGuire in Dublin (1950). It was written on a dare that he couldn't write a popular Irish song that didn't have a sad ending.

Háida Háida

1. Haida, haida, haidada daida, haida, haida, haida (2X)

2. Haida, haidada daida haida, haida, haida (2X)

*This is a “nigun,” a Jewish song without words used to create a special feeling, as during a prayer.
Sung as a round.*

Hotspur

Squire, bring my armour, my sword and my destrier,
I've raised an army to break Henry's power.
South from the Humber, we'll march to the Severn,
With Douglas of Scotland, to join with Glendower.

Ready your weapons and don warlike harness,
The King rides to greet us at Shrewsbury town.
He'll pay what he owes me, or fight on the morrow,
The Blue Lion of Percy will bloody the ground.

Hal Prince of Wales, has brought forth an army
To halt us he's planning, he'll bar nought to me.
Yon rides his father, a king made by Percy
His host in the thousands, a hard fight 'twill be

So let loose your clothyards, my stout Cheshire yeomen,
The hiss of your bowstrings, 'tis soft as a sigh.
Now King's knights you've halted, so up roar the horsemen
We charge for the center, brave Douglas and I.

Lay low a sergeant, and then slay his master,
Rend through the armour, and hew clear a way.
There by the banner, a king rides before me -
I swear by my honor, 'tis his final day.

But Prince Hal has broken my right wing of battle,
And he's for his father a-whirlin' around
Now one of his yeomen has sent me an arrow,
The Blue Lion of Percy is pulled to the ground.

(softly)

Squire bring my armour, my sword and my destrier,
I'll live forever, to spite Bolingbroke.

Know then of Hotspur, who died by the Severn,
And list what was heard when Lord Percy spoke:

(rousing)

Ready your weapons and don warlike harness
The King rides to greet us at Shrewsbury town.
He'll pay what he owes me, or fight on the morrow,
The Blue Lion of Percy will bloody the ground.

Words and music by Andrew of Wolvenwood. "Hotspur" was a nickname given to Henry Percy (1364-1403) for his speed and readiness to attack in battle. This ballad describes the Battle of Shrewsbury where Hotspur was slain, fighting against Henry Bolingbroke (Henry IV) whom the Percys had earlier aided to become king.

Hey Jack

Hey Jack, get a new hat.

Get a new hat Jack, get a new hat.

Lay your wreath of green leaves down.

Winter comes with his frosty crown.

This round was written by Master Ulf Gunnarson in AS 38.

Hineh Ma Tov

Hineh ma tov u'mana'yim, shevet achim gam yachad (2x)

Hineh ma tov, shevet achim gam yachad (2x)

Traditional Jewish song. Translation—Behold how good and pleasant it is for brothers and sisters to live together in unity (Psalms 133). Sung as a round.

Honeymoon Song

Ladies: On thy honeymoon, my Lord Newlywed,
As thou lifteth her through the door
In thine eagerness forget not the bed
For it's softer than the floor!

Lords: Oh, milady, thou hast a master now
'Tis the man who wears the pants
Though we dare to hope, tis not always so,
When the candles out perchance.

Ladies: And thou must not slump in thy wedding clothes
That will not do at all
For thy lady fair now and evermore
Thou must stand up straight and tall.

Lords: Tho art married now to a warrior bold
See thou helpest with his gear
Polish thou his sword and his helm of gold
And look well unto his spear.

Ladies: Thou must not dispute with thy Lady fair.
'Tis unseemly to bicker
To berate a wife ill becomes a man,
But tis all right to dicker.

Lords: Simple innocence best becomes a maid
E'en abed this is true
Never teach thy man any heathen ways
Let him think that he taught you.

Ladies: For a Lady is passing delicate
Thou must not be bold and rough
She'll appreciate manly self-restraint
Thrice a night should be enough.

All: If you truly do all we've bid you to
For as long as you are wed
Then we guarantee you will happy be
At least while you're abed.

The words were written by Vargskol Halfblood. The tune is "The Saucy Sailor."

Horse to Trot

Horse to trot, to trot I say
Amble, and amble, and make a stay and
Gallop a gallop a gallop a way.

Sung as a round.

by Thomas Pierce (from Catch that Catch Can) 1652

The Hospitaller's Song

The gentry are sleeping one by one, oyez, oyez,
The gentry are sleeping one by one, oyez, oyez,
The gentry are sleeping one by one,
It's very restful, but not much fun.
The gentry are sleeping anywhere they can.

Two by two...
It's a very period thing to do.

Three by three...
I think that is MY hand upon my knee.

Four by four...
On the furniture, on the floor.

Five by five...
With everybody except their wives.

Six by Six...
And [name] is up to his/her usual tricks.

Seven by Seven...
Call in the (knights/wenches) and we'll be in heaven.

Eight by Eight...
Hurry up [name] or you'll be late.

Nine by Nine...
I don't know why, it must be the wine.

Ten by Ten...
No one's asleep and it's morning again.

Author unknown. Sung to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again."

Ho Young Rider

Ho young rider, apple cheeked and whither riding,
On your steed so black and prancing whither riding?
What matters where I ride?
Slovak mountains are my pride.
Dushamoya! Dushamoya! Hey!

Ho young rider, apple cheeked and whither roaming,
On your steed so black and prancing whither roaming?
What matters where I roam?
Slovak mountains are my home.
Dushamoya! Dushamoya! Hey!

*The chorus words are probably "Dusa Moja," which is Serbo-Croatian for "Joy of my soul."
This variation was taught to Mooneschadowe by Vicountess Megan. (This is the only version I have
ever seen with two verses, the rest only have the first.)*

I am A—thirst

I am a-thirst what shall I say?
Alas I have no money to pay.
Fill the cup butler, fill, fill,
For I will drink with a good will.

*From Thomas Ravenscroft's **Pammelia** (1609).*

Karelia's Song

Oh, the Baron of Eastmarch's fair sorcerous daughter
Was enamored unseemly with the fool of her lord.
Though her duke was deemed handsome, he'd a soul vain and petty,
And a dark mind as empty as last summer's gourd.

Now the fool, he was clever and he sang for the lady,
Like a nightingale piping in a green forest hall,
But his station was lowly and his body was aging,
And their love was as hopeless as if he were stone.

So the lady has led them, the fool and her husband,
To her cool, secret garden by the Midsummer's moon,
And she's danced them a spell there of shifting and changing,
And left them dumbfounded by sorcery's boon.

She has left the fool crying to the gods of his fathers,
She has led the duke laughing to her high chamber door,
And she's kept him there softly through two days bright dawns,
While her servants all gossiped in wonder and awe.

Now the fool died in madness, saying he was ensorcelled,
And the duke only smiles him a sad, secret smile.
Now the duke rules his people with wit and good humor,
And he sings for his lady like the nightingale's song.

And she's borne him five children, two sons and three daughters,
And they've grown straight and handsome, and sorcerers all,
And they dance in the garden and sing in the moonlight,
Like a nightingale piping in a green forest hall.

The Keeper

The keeper did a hunting go
And under his cloak he carried a bow
All for to shoot a merry little doe
Among the leaves so green-o.

<i>Chorus:</i>	<i>First voice:</i>	<i>Second Voice:</i>
	O' Jackie boy	Master
	Sing ye well	Very well
	Hey down	Ho down
	Derry derry down,	
	Among the leaves so green-o	

To my hey down down	To my ho down down
Hey down	Ho down
Derry derry down	
Among the leaves so green-o	

The first doe she did cross the plain,
The keeper fetched her back again.
Where she is now, she may remain,
Among the leaves so green-o.

The next doe she did cross the brook.
The keeper fetched her back with his hook.
Where she is now you may go and look
Among the leaves so green-o.

The keeper did a hunting go.
In the woods he caught a doe.
She looked so sad that he let her go.
Among the leaves so green-o.

The earliest version, "The Huntsman's Delight," is a black-letter ballad by Joseph Martin (1680), collected from the oral tradition by Cecil Sharp in 1909. This variant by The Weavers was taught to Mooneschadowe by Vicountess Megan.

King's Arrow Bridge

As I came riding o'er the mound

Just a wee bit from the town

From the Northlands I was bound

To cross King's Arrow Bridge.

I met a man with darkened trews

And asked of him, "What was the news."

Says he, "The Ansteorran's rue

That e'er they came to King's Arrow.

"We were on the bridge, sir, everyone

When the Trimarin host upon us come.

A bloody battle then begun

Upon King's Arrow Bridge.

The Tr'marin horse, they were so rude,

They bathed their hooves in western blood.

But every man so boldly stood

Upon King's Arrow Bridge.

Elfsea, Stargate, & Eldern Hills

So boldly did they take the field,

Made their enemies to yield

Upon King's Arrow Bridge.

Mooneschadowe fought like Lion's bold

Namron's men the field controlled,

And they all fought like loyal souls

Upon King's Arrow Bridge.

The Meridians were mercenaries

They'd sold their swords to our army

But in their hearts was treachery;

They deserted at the bridge.

They crossed the river at a ford

Trimaris took their pledged sword.

And they all fought at his word

Upon King's Arrow Bridge.

At last we could no longer stay
From off the bridge we came away
Sad with a lament today
That e'er we came to King's Arrow.
 Thus the King, Michael, did say,
 "Come my men, show me the way,
 & I will over the hills this day
 To take King's Arrow Bridge.

Sir Mahdi took the field again,
Duke Anton did his stand ajoin,
Five of them played a bloody game
upon King's Arrow Bridge.
 Sir Kein's bold army did advance
 Bryn Gwlad fought with sword & lance,
 But they all fell in death's dark dance
 upon King's Arrow Bridge.

The Tr'marin King, he called a hold
He stopped the slaughter of the bold,
And to his men he nobly told,
"Let them cross King's Arrow Bridge.
 With honor they have fought this day
 A noble enemy are they
 Let these two Knights go on their way
 Across King's Arrow Bridge."

Words by Rhiannon Redwulf to the tune of "Haughs o' Cromdale" The events described happened at Gulf Wars 1995.

Knight's Leap

Now, the foemen are burning the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and gone?
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
I'll never drink but the one.

And bring my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead him 'round by the door;
He must take such a leap tonight, perforce,
As a horse never took before.

Chorus: I have fought my fight, I've lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trieste to Cologne 'twas never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine!

Well, I've lived in the saddle for twoscore years,
And if I must die on a tree
This old saddle-bow that bore me of yore
Is the only timber for me.

Now, to show to Bishop, to Burgher, to Priest
How the Altenahr hawk can die.
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest
He will take to his wings and fly! (Chorus)

So he harnessed himself in the pale moonlight
And he mounted his horse at the door
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine
As a man never drank before.

Then he spurred his old war-horse, held him tight
And leaped him over the wall
Out over the cliff, out into the night
Three hundred feet to fall! (Chorus)

He was found next morning in the glen below
With not one bone left whole:
Say a mass or a prayer, good travelers all
For such a bold rider's soul!

*Words by Charles Kingsley, music by Leslie Fish from the **Westerfolk Collection**, Volume II.*

Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon'.
Where me and my true love, were ever wont to go,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomon'.

Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue, the Hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart it kens, no second spring again,
Tho' the woeful may cease from their greeting.

Oh, ye'll take the high-road and I'll take the low-road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomon'.

18th century song about two soldiers imprisoned after the Scottish defeat at the Battle of Culloden Moor. One of the prisoners is to be executed and the other to be set free. According to Celtic legend, if a person dies in a foreign land, their soul will travel home by the "low road."

Lusty Young Smith

A lusty young smith at his vice stood a filing.
His hammer lay by but his forge still aglowed.
When to him a buxom young damsel came smiling,
And asked if to work, in her forge, he would go.

Chorus: With a jingle, bang jingle, bang jingle, bang jingle.
With a jingle, bang jingle, bang jingle, high ho.

"I will," said the smith, and they went off together,
Unto the young damsel's forge they did go.
They stripped to go to it, 'twas hot work and hot weather.
She kindled a fire and she soon made him glow.

Her husband, she said, No good work could afford her.
His strength and his tools were worn out long ago.
The smith said, "Well, mine are in very good order,
And now I am ready my skill for to show."

Red hot grew his iron as both did desire,
And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so.
She said, "What I get, I get out of the fire,
So prithee strike home and redouble the blow."

Six times did his iron, by vigorous heating,
Grow soft in her forge in a minute or so,
And ere it were hardened with heating and beating,
But the more it were soft, it did harden more slow.

The smith then would go, left the maid full of sorrow.
"Oh, what would I give could my husband do so.
Good lad with your hammer come hither tommorrow,
And pray won't you use it once more e'er you go!"

*A 17th century English song from Thomas D'Urfey's **Wit and Mirth: Pills to Purge Melancholy** in 1698. I first heard this version sung by Baroness Gunhilda Amberstar in A.S. XXVI.*

The Margrave's Song

Chorus: Hey down down, Hey down down
Hey down da down day down
Hey down down, Hey down down
Hey down da down day down

Pepin took the field 'gainst his foe.
Sir Frederick stood him toe to toe.
Pepin knelt & kissed a banner white
And rose again to face the knight.
Yelled the marshals, "Now lay on!"
Pepin's sword moved like a song.
Frederick's leg went first of all.
All of this at Gnomon Vale.

Sir Frederick said, from the ground,
"If you'd be Margrave then fight on."
Pepin circled round, tapped him once,
Flew into his foe's embrace.
He took Sir Frederick's good shield arm,
Quickly stepped away from harm.
As the crowd watched all around,
Pepin's shield dropped to the ground.

Sir Frederick said, for all to hear,
"The Margrave must hold honor dear;
His chivalry must guide always
His heart the truest, all his days."
Then Frederick laid his good sword down,
Said, "when you dropped your own shield down,
You proved that you loved honor true,
And I must yield the field to you."

This song describes the final bout of the first Gnomon Vale tourney, between Baron Pepin of Namron & Sir Frederick-Baron Wiesenfeuer. Words by Rhiannon Redwulf. Tune is a traditional Breton melody, "Sherif's Moor."

Martin Said to His Man

Martin said to his man, fie, man, fie
Martin said to his man, who's the fool, now
Martin said to his man, fill thou the cup and I the can
Thou hast well drunken man, who's the fool now

I saw the man in the moon, fie, man, fie
I saw the man in the moon, who's the fool, now
I saw the man in the moon, clouting of St. Peter's shoon
Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool, now

I saw the hare chase the hound, fie, man, fie
I saw the hare chase the hound, who's the fool, now
I saw the hare chase the hound, twenty miles above the ground
Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool, now

I saw the mouse chase the cat, fie, man, fie
I saw the mouse chase the cat, who's the fool now
I saw the mouse chase the cat, saw the cheese eat the rat
Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

I saw a flea heave a tree, fie, man, fie
I saw a flea heave a tree, who's the fool now
I saw a flea heave a tree, twenty miles out to sea
Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

I saw a maid milk a bull, fie, man, fie
I saw a maid milk a bull, who's the fool now
I saw a maid milk a bull, at every pull a bucket full
Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

By Thomas Ravenscroft (1590-1633) The original has slightly different words, "I see the man..."

Mead for the Servant

I forged my blade in the fire
Of my wrathful inclination
I quenched the steel in the ice
Of my veins.

I hear the fyrd in their armor
Impatient in the dawn
I hear the lookout shout at sight of land
The hosting of the foe.

Let come death on this morning,
To judge my righteous cause.
Let there be pain and destruction.
Let their warriors feed the crows.

All this for life and for honor
And for right of kingly sway.
All this for loot and for plunder
And mercenary pay.

So ready axe, shield and spear
To my war horn pay good heed.
I'll be the first on land today,
Or taste Valhalla's mead.

Yet says their priest, we are brothers
Each cherished by their Lord.
Yet I say, let us die as we have lived
Servants of the sword.

So ready axe, shield and spear
To my war horn pay good heed.
I'll be the first on land today,
Or taste Valhalla's mead.

by Lord Eideard of Small Gray Bear, Meridies.

Merry It Is

Merry it is while summer does last
with bird's sweet song.
Now draws near winter's blast
and weather strong.
Ei, but this night is long
And I weighed down with much wrong
Sorrow and mourne and fast.

The original Middle English words are:

Mirie it is while sumer ilast,
with fugheles song,
oc nu necheth windes blast,
and weder strong.
Ej! Ej! what this nicht is long,
and ich wid wel michel wrong,
soregh and murne and fast.

Written on the leaf of a devotional book from approximately 1225. It is generally regarded as the earliest recorded Middle English lyric with music. This Modern English Translation by Rhiannon Redwulf.

Mingulay Boat Song

Chorus:

Heel yo ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Heave her head round, into the weather,
Heel yo ho boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

What care we, how white the spray is?
What care we for the wind or weather?
Heel you ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

Wives are waiting, round the pier head,
Looking seaward, from the heather;
Heave her round boys, and we'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

They'll be waitin', anticipatin'
For the end of our adventures.
Don't ya cry girls, we're returnin'
To the shores of Mingulay.

Ships return now, heavy laden
Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'
We'll return though, when the sun sets
We'll return to Mingulay.

The original words & music are by Hugh S. Robertson, founder of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir. In this variation, the words are somewhat different than the original, and the third verse is entirely new. I heard it sung by M'lady Kyrien Tempo at the second Gnomen Vale Bardic in 1996.

The Minstrel Boy

The minstrel boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you'll find him.
His father's sword he has girded on
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song," said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betray thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul un-der;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke a-gain,
For he tore its chords a-sun-der;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

Words by Thomas Moore (1779-1852). Music is "The Moreen" an Irish air that was considered "ancient" at the time that Moore wrote his lyrics to it.

Mooneschadowe's Carting Song

Hey-yeh laddie-o

We'll climb the hill and we'll fight the foe.

*The muscled might of Mooneschadowe

Is climbing up the hill with our swords and bows.

Hey-yeh laddie-o

We'll climb the hill and we'll fight the foe.

Carting the whole day-o

We'll be carting off the foes of Mooneschadowe.

Hey-yeh laddie-o

We'll climb the hill and we'll fight the foe.

Snow, rain or sun beat down

We're fighting for the pride of our sovereign crown.

Hey-yeh laddie-o

We'll climb the hill and we'll fight the foe.

*Hail to our friends from far & near

Our allies to the north, brave Calontir

Hey-yeh laddie-o

We'll climb the hill and we'll fight the foe.

Heed well the Northern Guard

When you see us on the field with our foe-men dead.

Hey-yeh laddie-o

We'll climb the hill and we'll fight the foe.

What means a belt & rowl

When their faces turn to white from our Northern howl?

Hey-yeh laddie-o

We'll climb the hill and we'll fight the foe.

Fie! What their king bestows.

They'll be getting their rewards from our swords and bows.

Hey-yeh laddie-o

We'll climb the hill and we'll fight the foe.

*The army rolls towards the field

In the tides of the battle we will not yield.

Hey-yeh laddie-o

We'll climb the hill and we'll fight the foe.

Lift up your swords and sing

for the glories of the war this day will bring.

Hey-yeh laddie-o

We'll climb the hill and we'll fight the foe.

Heave ho with all your might

The crown on the mountain is in sight.

Hey-yeh laddie-o

We'll climb the hill and we'll fight the foe.

*See on our backs, the black star shine

The Liondragon guard will hold the line.

Hey-yeh laddie-o

We'll climb the hill and we'll fight the foe.

**The first lines of theses stanzas have an alternate melody.*

Filked by Rhiannon Redwulf from "The Carter's Song" written by Heather Dale (Mistress Marian of Heatherdale). Copyright Amphisbaena Music 1998: www.HeatherDale.com. Used by permission.

Non Nobis

Non nobis, domina domine,

Non nobis, domine

Sed nomine, sed nomine

Tu al da gloriam

Canticle: Non nobis domine

Non nobis domine

Sed nomine, sed nomine

Tu al Gloriam

A medieval hymn popularized by the movie, Henry V, by Kenneth Brannagh.

It is Psalm 115 in Latin: "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to your Name give glory."

O How Lovely Is the Evening

O how lovely is the evening, is the evening,
When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.

(original German lyrics)

O wie wohl ist mir am Abend, mir am Abend
Wenn zur Ruh die Glocken läuten, Glocken läuten
Bim bam, bim bam, bim bam.

Traditional German. Sung as a round.

An Old Cliche Revisited

Oh, a dragon has come to our village today
We'd like him to leave, but he won't go away.
He talked to our King and they worked out a deal;
No more homes will he burn, no more stock will he steal.

Chorus: Oh do virgins taste better than those who are not?
Are they saltier, sweeter, more juicy or what?
Do you savor'em slowly, gulp'em down on the spot?
Do virgins taste better than those who are not?

Now there is but one catch (we dislike it a bunch,)
Twice a year he invites him a virgin for lunch.
We don't have much choice so the deal we'll respect,
But we can't help but wonder and pause to reflect:

Now we'd like to be shed of you and many have tried,
But no one can get through your thick, scaly hide.
We hope that some day a brave soul will come by.
We can't wait around 'til you're too fat to fly.

Now you have such good taste in your women, for sure.
They always are pretty, they always are pure.
But your notion of dining it makes us all flinch,
For your favorite entree is barbecued wench.

Now we've found a solution, it works out so neat
If you'll settle for nothing but virgins to eat
No more will our numbers grow ever so small...
We'll simply make sure we've no virgins at all!

Words by © 1982 Randy Farran. Tune is "The Irish Washerwoman."

The Dragon's Retort

Now, I am a dragon. Please listen to me.
For I'm misunderstood to a dreadful degree.
This ecology needs me, and I know my place.
But I'm fighting extinction with all of my race.

Well, I came to this village to better my health
Which is shockingly poor, despite all my wealth.
But I get no assistance and no sympathy,
Just impertinent questioning shouted at me.

Chorus:

**Yes, virgins taste better than those who are not.
But my favorite snack food, mixed with peril is fraught.
For my teeth will decay and my trim go to pot.
Yet virgins taste better than those who are not.**

Well, I'm really quite good, almost all through the year.
Vegetarian ways are now mine out of fear.
But a birthday needs sweets as I'm sure you'll agree.
And barbecued wench tastes like candy to me. [*Chorus*]

As it happens our interests are almost the same.
For I'm really quite skillful at managing game.
If I ate just your men, would your excess decline?
Of course not, the rest would just make better time. [*Chorus*]

But the number of babies a woman can bear
Has limits, and that's why my prunings done there.
And an orphan's a sad sight and so when I munch.
I'm careful to eat only virgins for lunch. [*Chorus*]

Words by Claire Stephens McMurray © 1985, to the tune "Irish Washerwoman"

Paddy's Song

My Lord, I write this note, for to tell you of my plight.
And at the time of writing, I am not a pretty sight.
My body is all black and blue, my face, a deathly grey.
And I write this note to say why I'm not on the wall, today.

While working on the castle wall, some bricks I had to clear.
For to throw them down from off the top seemed quite a good idea.
But the bailif, he would not agree, him being an awful sod.
He said I'd have to cart them down the ladder, in my hod.

Well, clearing all these bricks by hand, it seemed so very slow.
So I hoisted up a barrel, and secured the rope below.
But in my haste, to do the job, I was too blind to see,
That a barrel full of building bricks is heavier than me.

So when I untied the rope, of course, the barrel fell like lead.
And clinging tightly to the rope, I started up instead.
I shot up like an arrow, and to my dismay I found,
That halfway up, I met the bloody barrel coming down.

Well, the barrel broke my shoulder as towards the ground it sped,
& when I reached the top, I banged the pully with my head.
I clung on tight, though numb with shock, from that almighty blow,
While the barrel spilled out half its bricks, some forty feet below.

Now when the bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor,
I then outweighed the barrel, so I started down once more.
Still clinging tightly to the rope, I raced towards the ground.
& I landed on those broken bricks that lay scattered all around.

While I lay there moaning, I thought sure I'd passed the worst,
But when the barrel hit the top, 'twas then the bottom burst.
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I didn't have a hope,
And in the great confusion, I let go the bloody rope.
Well, the barrel now was heavier, & it started down once more.
And it landed right on top of me, as I lay there on the floor.
It broke three ribs, and my left arm, and I can only say,
I hope you understand why I'm not on the wall, today.

The original song that this is reworded from is "The Sick Note." by © Pat Cooksey 1969.

Parcel of Rogues

Farewell to a' our Scottish fame,
Farewell our ancient glory,
Farewell e'en to our Scottish name
So famed in martial story.
Now Sark runs over the Salway sands
And Tweed runs to the ocean
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel o' rogues in a nation.

What force or guile could not subdue
Through many warlike ages
Is wrought now by a coward few
For hireling traitor's wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valor's station,
But English gold has been our bane,
Such a parcel o' rogues in a nation.

Would 'or that I had seen the day
That treason first could sell us:
My ain grey head ha' lain in clay
With Bruce and loyal Wallace.
By pith and pow'r till my last hour
I'll make this declaration:
We were bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel o' rogues in a nation.

This is the standard English translation of Robert Burn's (1759-1796) song, "A Parcel of Rogues in a Nation." It was taught by Vicountess Megan to Mooneschadowe. The words are almost identical to the original.

The Parting Glass

O', all the money e'er I had,
I spent it in good company.
And all the harm I've ever done,
alas! it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit,
to mem'ry now I can't recall,
So fill to me the parting glass.
Good night and joy be with you all.

O' all the comrades e'er I had,
they're sorry for my going away,
And all the sweethearts e'er I had,
they'd wish me one more day to stay,
But since it falls unto my lot,
that I should go and you should not,
I gently rise and softly call,
good night and joy be with you all.

A very popular Irish and Scottish song, printed on broadsides as early as 1770. The tune appears in the Skene and Guthrie Manuscripts (1600s). It is also in Playford's Original Scots Tunes.

The Parting Round

Don't cry sweet Meg, dry your eyes don't cry,
Thy sighs and sorrows pierce me to my soul.
Said the king to the earl, to the knight, to the gilly boy,
"A warrin' we will go, in the mornin, a warrin' we will go."

Descant 1:

Don't cry Meg don't cry.
Kiss me once and bid me fast away.
Touch my face with a trembling hand,
Soft as the breeze may blow, in the mornin, soft as the breeze may blow.

Descant 2:

Field in the planting, weights for the harvest,
Will our child be maiden or man.
Still I must away in the dawning
Soon as the cock shall crow in the mornin, soon as the cock shall crow.

*This song was written by Ld Eidord of Small Gray Bear, of Smith Keepe in Meridies.
("Gilly" is a scottish term for a servant or lad).*

Pastime with Good Company

Pastime with good company
I love and shall untill I die.
Grudge who list, but none deny,
So God be pleased, thus live will I.

For my pastance—
Hunt, song, and dance,
My heart is set—
All goodly sport
For my comfort,
Who shall me let?

Youth must have some dalliance,
Of good or ill some pastance.
Company methinks then best
All thoughts and fancies to digest.

For idleness
Is chief mistress
Of vices all.
Then who can say
But mirth and play
Is best of all?

Company with honesty
Is virtue vices to flee.
Company is good and ill
But every man hath his free will.

The best ensue,
The worst eschew,
My mind shall be.
Virtue to use,
Vice to refuse,
Thus shall I use me.

Attributed to Henry VIII [British Library Additional Ms. 31922, ff.14v-15]

New World Renaissance Band's album Live the Legend (1992) has a nice singable version. Words have been edited a tiny bit to accord with that recording.

A Pict Song

Rome never looks where she treads
Always her heavy hooves fall
On our stomachs, our hearts, or our heads
And Rome never heeds when we bawl.

Her sentries pass on that is all.
And we gather behind them in hordes,
And plot to reconquer the Wall
With only our tongues for our swords.

We are the Little Folk—we!
Too little to love or to hate
But leave us alone and you'll see
How we can drag down the State!

We are the worm in the wood,
We are the rot in the root,
We are the taint in the blood,
We are the thorn in the foot!

Mistletoe killing an oak—
Rats gnawing cables in two—
Moths making holes in a cloak—
How they must love what they do!

Yes, —and we Little Folk too,
We are as busy as they—
Working our works out of view—
Watch, and you'll see us some day!

No indeed! We are not strong
But we know peoples that are,
And yes, we will guide them along
To smash and destroy you in war!

We shall be slaves just the same
Yes, we have always been slaves;
But you—you will die of the shame
And then we will dance on your graves!

We are the Little Folk—we!
Too little to love or to hate
But leave us alone and you'll see
How we can drag down the State!

From Puck of Pook's Hill by Rudyard Kipling. Tune is by Leslie Fish, on her album Our Fathers of Old.

Piers Plowman Song

“Come go with us,” the pilgrims said,

“Since you know the way.”

“Half an acre must be plowed

Before I can away,”

Quoth Piers the faithful plowman

A sickle in his hand.

“What will we work at while we wait?”

A lady asked of Piers.

“Good ladies with your fingers long,

Sew silk and sendel dear.

Wives and widows spin flax

To make the harvest sacks.”

“By Christ and Virgin,” quoth a knight,

“He teaches us the best.

I’d help ye Piers Plowman

But I know none the rest.

My father taught me sword play,

But never planting hay.”

“Good now, sir knight,” said Piers then,

“I’ll plow for all of us.

Thou must keep me safe from thieves

For that is only just.

Hunt hares and bucks, and boars wild

That trample down my field.”

The knight, he drew his sword then,
And answered courteously,
“Piers Plowman, by my power
I plight my troth to thee,
Defend thee will I, to the death
While yet I still draw breath.

My listeners draw you closer still
And learn you from my song.
Each of us dependant is
As we go along.
For hearth and home and corn yet,
We're in each others debt.

This song written by Rhiannon Redwulf. It is a synopsis of the Fair Field section of Piers Plowman, an alliterative poem written by William Langland of Malvern Hills around the year 1370.

Queen of Argyll

Gentlemen it is my duty
To inform you of one beauty
Though I'd ask you of a favor,
Not to seek her for a while
Though I own she is a creature
Of character and feature
No words can paint the picture
Of the Queen of all Argyll.

Chorus: And if you could have seen her there,
 Boys if you had just been there
 The swan was in her movement,
 And the morning in her smile.
 All the roses in the garden,
 They bow and ask her pardon
 For not one could match the beauty
 Of the queen of all Argyll.

On that evening that I mentioned,
I passed with light intention
Through a part of our dear country
Known for beauty and for style
Being a place of noble thinkers,
Of scholars and great drinkers
But above them all for splendour
Shone the Queen of all Argyll

So my lads I needs must leave you,
My intention's not to grieve you
Nor indeed would I decieve you,
Oh I'll see you in a while
I must find some way to gain her,
To court her and obtain her
I fear my heart's in danger
From the Queen of all Argyll

By Andy M. Stewart, recorded with Silly Wizard. Permission requested.

The Quest

The knight came home from the quest;
Muddied & sore he came
Battered of shield and crest,
bannerless, bruised, and lame.
Fighting we take no shame.
Better is man for a fall.
Merrily bourne, the bugle horn
Answered the warder's call.

Chorus: And here is my lance to mend,
Here is my horse to be shod.
Ay they were strong,
The fight was long
But I paid as good as I got.
I paid as good as I got!

Oh, dark and deep was their van,
That mocked my battle cry
I could not miss my man,
But I could not carry by.
Utterly whelmed was I;
Flung under horse and all.
Merrily borne, the bugle-horn
Answered the warder's call.

My wounds are noised abroad;
but there's my foeman cloaked.
You see my broken sword—
But never the blade she broke
Trading them stroke for stroke.
Good handsel over all;
Merrily bourne, the bugle-horn
Answered the warder's call.

My shame ye count and know,
Ye say my quest was vain.
But ye have not seen my foe;
Ye have not counted his slain.
Surely he fights again;
But when you prove his line
There'll come to your aid,
My broken blade
In this last, lost fight of mine.

Words: from Rudyard Kipling's Puck of Pook's Hill. Music: Leslie Fish's Westerfalk Collection.

Ramblin' Rover

Chorus:

There's sober men a-plenty,
And drunkards barely twenty.
There are men of over ninety
That have never yet kissed a girl.
But give me the Ramblin' Rover,
Frae Orkney down to Dover,
We will roam the country over,
And together we'll face the world.

Well, I've roamed thru all the nations,
Tak'n delight in all creation,
And I've had a wee sensation,
When the company did prove kind.
When parting was no pleasure,
I've drunk another measure,
To the good friends that we treasure,
For they are always in our minds.

There be many who fain enjoyment,
From merciless employment,
Their ambition was this deployment,
From the minute they left the school.
And they save and scrape and ponder,
While the rest go out and squander,
See the world and rove and wander,
And they're happier as a rule.

When you're bent with arthritis,
And your bowels have got collitis,
You've got gallopin' bollicitus,
And your thinkin' it's time you died,
If you've been a man of action,
As your lying there in traction,
You will gain some satisfaction
Thinkin', "Jesus, at least I tried."

Words and Music by Andy M. Stewart. Recorded by Silly Wizard. Permission requested.

The Raven Banner

Sigurd the jarl of the Orkney Isles,
Has called to his banner a Viking band,
And sailed to Dublin to make himself
King of the Irish land.

But crowns are never so quickly won,
The Norns, they well know —
The king of the Irish blocks our way,
We must to battle go.

The Raven Banner of the Orkney Jarl
Brings luck in battle but its bearer dies.
Two men have fallen 'neath its wings today,
But still the Raven flies.
The Jarl tells a third to take it up,
The third man answers, "no.
The devil's your own, take it up yourself,
And back to battle go."

"Tis fitting the beggar should bear the bag,"
Replies the Jarl, "And I'll do so here."
He fought with the banner tied around his waist
And fell to an Irish spear.
He died and the Irish broke our line,
We had no chance but flight.
But I'm not hurried—it's a long way home;
I won't get there tonight.

The Norns have woven a bloody web,
Tapestry woven of guts and bone,
And parcelled it out to the Orkney host—
Our day in Ireland's done.
The grey wolf howls and the ravens soar
Above the arrows flight,
And Odin is waiting beyond the fray
For some of us tonight.

Words by Malkin Gray (Debra Doyle). Tune by Peregrynne Windrider (Melissa Williamson).

Red is for Purity

Oh, we are the SCA heraldic team,
We all have big mouths and we wear gold and green,
We sell strange devices at moderate prices,
And we'll tell you just what they mean.

Chorus: For we know red is for purity, white is for blood.
And lions and roses are as common as mud,
And unicorns vairy can only be carried
By those who survived the great flood.

Now swords stand for cowardice, we all agree,
And spears are for impotence it's plain to see,
And halbards and axes mean you owe back taxes,
Except if you bear them in threes.

Bends sinister mean that you can't be a knight,
Unless you're left handed and then they're all right,
And those with bars gemel were spit on by camels
As children and given a fright.

Now mullets of five points or six points or eight,
Mean that you're strange, but you're more or less straight,
But seven inverted means you are perverted
In ways that we won't contemplate.

Now charges in chiefs mean you want to be boss,
And open-mouth beasts mean that you need to floss,
And weapons in saltire are carried by liars,
For that means your fingers are crossed.

By Heather Rose Jones (reprinted with permission.)

The Riddle Song

I gave my love a cherry that has no stone.
I gave my love a chicken that has no bone.
I gave my love a ring that has no end.
I gave my love a baby with no cryen.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
How can there be a ring that has no end?
How can there be a baby with no cryen?

A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone.
A chicken when it's pipping, it has no bone.
A ring when it's rolling, it has no end.
A baby when it's sleeping, has no cryen.

*From: Secular Lyrics of the 14th & 15th Centuries (R.H. Robbins).
Variation of Sloane Manuscript 2593, Child's Ballad #46, and Appalachian folksong.
I heard this from Lady Sarmasia of Lakediamonia in A.S. XXVII.*

Ride a Cock Horse

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross
To see a fine lady upon a white horse
Rings on her fingers & bells on her toes
She shall have music
Wherever she goes.

A traditional nursery rhyme. The large cross at Banbury was destroyed in 1601.

The Rising of the Star

Well then tell me folks in Atenveldt
O' have you heard it said
That the sun upon your banner
Has turned to bloody red?
We're comin' from the Southlands
You don't know who we are.
[We're your friends from Ansteorra]
By the Rising of the Star.

Chorus: By the Rising of the Star
By the Rising of the Star
[We're your friends from Ansteorra]
By the Rising of the Star

Many a foe has tried us
On many a bloody field.
A precious few have killed us
Because we never yield.
We've got powder for our cannon,
Grapeshot, and boiling tar
[We're your friends from Ansteorra,]
By the Rising of the Star.

The women of Ansteorra
They'll make you lovely wives,
But check their skirts and bodices,
They always carry knives.
They say that iron-mongery
Their beauty will not mar.
[They'll thrill you or they'll kill you]
By the Rising of the Star.

The children of Ansteorra
Are ever so polite.
Don't turn your backs upon them
The little buggers bite.
Their cunning none surpasses
You know they will go far
[They're the heirs of Ansteorra]
By the Rising of the Star.

The bards of Ansteorra
are ever long of wind.
Their songs have no beginning,
And their stories never end.
A tune they cannot carry
In a bucket or a jar
[But they'll revel on to daylight]
And the Rising of the Star.

O' the Ansteorran summers
Are seven months in length;
The rivers lose their waters,
And the fighters lose their strength.
There's swooning in the tourneys
And fainting in the war;
[As we long for cool November]
And the Rising of the Star.

We're just psychotic killers,
We like to maim and gunch.
Don't pack us any baskets,
We'll just eat their dead for lunch.
We're brothers of the Normans
And daughters of the Czars
[We're the folks from Ansteorra]
By the Rising of the Star.

Words to verses 1-4, & 7 are by Bathazar of Endor. (5& 6 unknown). Tune is "The Rising of the Moon," also called "The Wearing of the Plaid."

Rite of Passage

In Hyberia born to a father full worthy
Who died fighting Normans with a sword in his hand.
My schooling was then taken up by my uncle
A pirate more clever than the scholars of France.

He said, I've seen a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,
I've seen a blade of the good Spanish steel
I've seen a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea
I've seen them all, I've seen them all-a-all.
I've seen them all in my travels at sea.

Now my eyes met the knight's as we boarded his vessel
My rusty blade sundered by his first blow at me
As I bore him to the deck my wound burned like fire
But not quite as brightly as the things in my dreams.

I said, I'll have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,
I'll have a blade of the good Spanish steel
I'll have a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.
I'll have them all, I'll have them all-a-all,
I'll have them all with the ransom for thee.

The ransom by law, well it went to my uncle
A tunic and dagger were all he gave me
I drank the French wine as the knight spoke of tourney
And the fine things and glories that waited for me.

He said, You want a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,
You want a blade of the good Spanish steel
The bonnet for thee is of Rhineland gilt iron,
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.
You'll have them all, You'll have them all-a-all,
You'll have them all if you come back with me.

So I went with the knight for my heart was a lion's
But I had no skill with the horse or the lance
Through the pain and the shame of my training I chanted
When my head hit the ground, or I stumbled at dance.
 I'll have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,
 I'll have a blade of the good Spanish steel
 I'll have a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,
 And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.
 I'll have them all, I'll have them all-a-all,
 I'll have them all when I've mastered these deeds.

The tournament field held both demons and angels
Men well-scarred and ruthless and ladies full fair
My horse and my armour were much cause for laughter
But I laughed right back when I saw the knights there
 For One sat a horse a fine Andalus stallion,
 One girt a blade of the good Spanish steel,
 Another donned a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,
 And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea
 I'll have them all, I'll have them all-a-all,
 I'll have them all when I've won them from thee

Now the knights in the meadow they numbered five hundred
But midst that death's throng I saw clearly but three
The first one still carries my lance in his shoulder
The second and third lie well bitten by steel
 Now, I have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,
 I have a blade of the good Spanish steel
 I have a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron,
 And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.
 I have them all, I have them all-a-all,
 I have them all and now all shall know me

Continued on the next page....

The ladies in the evening they looked on me frowning
Saying “Any wild beast can do the deeds that we’ve seen”
So I danced in the galliard and lilted a chanson
Now all the knights there grow quite jealous of me
Chorus: For, I have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion, ...
...I have them all, all the ladies I mean

By torchlight we hearkened to tales of armed pilgrims
Who told us of wonders in the lands to the East
Where a butler through merit became Prince of Jaffa
I cried out “My lords pray book passage for me.”
Chorus: For, I have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,
.... I’ll have it all, all the lands there for me

My hauberk has warded a dozen barbed arrows
My stallion with hoofs shod in iron fells three
The blow of an Emir is turned on my bonnet
My blade swift as lightening flies straight at his teeth
Chorus: For, I have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion,
.... I have them all, all his lands left to me

My fief on the marches looks east on Damascus
A holding fit only for the fierce and the bold
And I need strong vassals with hearts like a lion’s
To help me bring back what the caravans hold.
And, You’ll have a horse, a fine Andalus stallion
You’ll have a blade of the good Spanish steel
You’ll have a bonnet of Rhineland gilt iron
And a cunning wrought hauberk from over the sea.
You’ll have them all, You’ll have them all-a-all
You’ll have them all, all the spoils of the east

You’ll have them all, You’ll have them all-a-all
You’ll have them all, if you come back with me.

Rose

Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose,
Shall I ever see thee wed?
I will marry at thy will Sire,
At thy will.

Canticle: Ah poor bird,
Take thy flight
After the morning
of this sad night.

2 Variations:

1). Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong
Wedding bells on an April morn
Carve our names on a moss covered stone
On a moss covered stone.

2). Hey Ho, Nobody Home.
Meat nor drink nor money have I none,
Yet shall I be very merry
Hey Ho, Nobody Home.

*“Rose” is a traditional round often attributed to the time of the Middle Ages. “Hey Ho, Nobody Home” is from Thomas Ravenscroft’s **Pammelia** (1609).*

Sir Siridean Seeks the Sword Eclipse

Chorus: Sir Siridean seeks the sword Eclipse
But three things must he find;
A Lady's favor, a knight's bold strength,
And a heart's true oath in kind.

He traveled far from Calontir
Noble friends with him arose.
His bright helm pieced from fallen foes'
Shone gold at Mooneschadowe.

But no man's hand can claim Eclipse
That holds no lady's token.
A silver ring Rhiannon gave
Although they'd never spoken.

Six bouts he fought with six stout foes;
They fell before his lance.
Then came two Ansteorran knights
To fight him both at once.

He quickly knocked Sir Aesoph down
Then warded Alrek's blow.
But while his stroke laid Alrek out
Struck Aesoph from below.

When sun was set and moon was high
To the greenwood did they ride.
There he was judged strongest in arms
With the lady by his side.

These words he swore with hand on hilt
As sweet as any bard.
A year and a day to stand with the Shire
Fair Mooneschadowe to guard.

Written for Sir Siridean the XXII Guardian of Mooneschadowe by Rhiannon Redwulf.

Sisters Dancing Together

Will you come with me?

Will you come and sing? [Heed not wind nor weather]

Come and join the dancing ring. [Sisters dancing together.]

When the leaves turn brown

And the wind blows cold [Heed not wind nor weather]

Round a roaring fire a dance we'll hold. [Sisters dancing together.]

When the nights grow long

And the snow does fly [Heed not wind nor weather]

We'll dance the old sun back in the sky. [Sisters dancing together.]

When the birds return

And the earth turns green. [Heed not wind nor weather]

Down by the brook side we'll be seen. [Sisters dancing together.]

And when the summer's

Back again [Heed not wind nor weather]

We'll dance barefoot in the rain. [Sisters dancing together.]

When the harvest's in

And the meal is ground [Heed not wind nor weather]

We'll dance as we are homeward bound [Sisters dancing together.]

When the bread is baked

And the board is laid [Heed not wind nor weather]

We'll dance the dance that our mothers made. [Sisters dancing...]

We'll dance our joy

We'll dance our pain [Heed not wind nor weather]

We'll dance our hope reborn again. [Sisters dancing together.]

(Repeat first stanza)

This song is from Leslie Fish's album, Skybound.

Skye Boat Song

Chorus:

Speed bonny boat, like a bird on the wing.

"Onward," the sailors cry.

Carry the lad that's born to be king,

Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, long the waves roar,

Thunderclouds rend the air.

Baffled our foe, stands by the shore.

Follow he will not dare.

Many's the lad fought on that day,

Well the claymore could wield.

When the night came, silently lay,

Dead on Culloden's field.

Words by Sir Harold Boulton, Bart., 1884. Music by Annie MacLeod.

Charles Edward Stewart, the Young Pretender, was routed by the Duke of Cumberland on Culloden Moor in 1745. Aided by a Jacobite heroine, Flora MacDonald, Bonnie Prince Charlie escaped to the island of Skye in the inner Hebrides. The first half of the tune is said to be an old sea shanty; the other half is traditionally attributed to Miss MacLeod. (There are three additional verses to the song not included here.)

Song of Roland

Roland, Roland, King Charles sister's son,
Renowned through all the Frankish lands for battles ye have won.
In Council hear ye Ganelon make plea to go to war,
To aid the rebel Saracen, against their rightful lord.

Roland, Roland, ye call this plan ill made,
But nonetheless does Charlemagne agree to send them aid.
Then Ganelon requests you for the post most perilous,
And willingly do you accept, as honor deems ye must.

Roland, Roland, the rear guard you command,
With Oliver your loyal friend to ride at your right hand.
But at the Vale of Roncevaux your doom is now anigh,
The Saracen do hold the pass, and will not let you by.

Roland, Roland, ye know now you're betrayed,
Yet in your heart is courage, and your voice is not dismayed.
Now shall we have grim battle, take your shields & hold them high
With honor have we lived our lives with honor shall we die.

Roland, Roland, sound your mighty horn.
Try to call the men back that marched out just yestermorn.
The king has heard ye call afar, but Ganelon says nay,
Tis only our young Roland, out a-hunting on this day.

Roland, Roland, sound your horn again,
As fierce the battle rages through the valley and the glen.
Again the King has heard your call, again the traitor lies.
And none will come to aid you, since your peril he denies.

Roland, Roland, sound your final blast,
As one by one your men at arms die fighting in the pass.
And at the last is Oliver by swordsmen overthrown,
And ye of all the Frankish host now stand alone.

Roland, Roland, oh black the day ye died.
Your comrades slain around you and your sword by your side.
They find you on the hilltop with your face turned toward foe.
Never has there been a day of such great woe.

Roland, Roland, your name will live in song,
Where ever brave men take up arms to right a mighty wrong.
The fairest flower of chivalry to bloom in all the land,
The noblest of all the knights of Charlemagne.

Music and Words by Mistress Rosalind Jehanne of Paradox Keep.

The Song of the Shield Wall

Hasten, O sea-steed, over the swan-road,
Foamy-necked ship, o'er the froth of the sea.
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, O fyrds-men, down to the river;
The dragon-ships come on the inflowing tide.
The linden-wood shield and the old spear of ash-wood
are needed again by the cold water side.
Draw up the shield-wall, O shoulder companions,
Later, whenever our story is told,
They'll say that we died guarding what we call dearest,
Land that the sons of the Saxons will hold.

Hasten, O house-carls, north to the Dane-law,
Harald Hardrada's come over the sea.
His long-ships he's laden with berserkers from Norway
To gain Canute's crown and our master to be.
Bitter he'll find here the bite of our spear-points,
Hard-ruling Northman too strong to die old.
We'll grant him six feet—plus as much as he's taller—
Of land that the sons of the Saxons will hold.

Make haste, son of Godwin, southward from Stamford,
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 hill-top at Hastings,
Fight til the sun drops and evening grows cold,
And die with the last of your Saxons around you,
Holding the land we were given to hold.

*Words by Malkin Gray (Debra Doyle). Tune by Peregrynne Windrider (Melissa Williamson).
I learned this song from the Calontiri, who have shifted the tune a bit.*

Spring Strathspy

Myrddin was playing his pipes in the wood
And it sounded so good to my feeling
Hiree, hiroo stirred the dance in my blood
And my fresh maidenhood started reeling

Chorus: Sweetly it drew me, the sound it went through me
As if sure it knew me, a maiden song, laughing long
I'm sure that I hear it, oh, let me draw near it
I want to be merrily courted in spring

Round us the trees formed a wheel in my mind
As if all womankind were careering
Softly he touched me, our hands intertwined
And we gently reclined in the clearing.

Dewfall to starfall he made love to me
In a manner so free and revealing
Swift-footed, lightfooted, goat-footed he
Played his sweet melody with such feeling.

Daybreak and I wake to Spring's sweet bouquet
And the glorious day of beginning
Myrddin has gone on his magical way
But the equinox day leaves me spinning.

By Gwydion PenDerwyn (1946-1982). I learned this from Pachomius One Shoe around A.S. XXVI.

Stand Brother Stand

Chorus: Stand, brother, stand, and defend our mother land
Through the blazing sun of summer
Through the mud and rain and sand
And line after line, we'll await our king's command
For the pride of Ansteorra we will stand!

The land of the lion is the land I call my home
Where the star on our standard shines for honor, truth, and right
And the sons of the southland have no fear of any foe
For the pride of Ansteorra we will stand...

The foe are not few and I know them to be strong
And alone, I am one, and I cannot stem the tide
But I am not alone in the shield wall or the throng
For the pride of Ansteorra we will stand...

Woe be to they who the lion's land betray
And woe be to all who take arms against our king
And DOWN with the foemen who would slay my chosen kin
For the pride of Ansteorra we will stand...

Oh, join with your kin, for the wars will come again
And every sword and spear adds a link into the chain
Add your arm to the army and the star shall rise again
For the pride of Ansteorra we will stand...

Stand for the weak and the weary and the lame
And stand for the right of the ruler and the realm
And stand at my shoulder and make ready for the fray
And if I should fall, then steady you must stand... (Chorus 2X)

Words and music by Truly Carmichael (Eleanor Fairchild) ©2004, all rights reserved. Used with permission.

Sumer is Icumen In

Sumer is icumen in, Loudly sing cuckoo,
Groweth seed and bloweth mead
and springeth wood anew.

Sing cuckoo.

Ewe now bleateth after lamb,

Lows after calf the cow.

Bullock starteth, Buck now verteth,

Merry sing cuckoo.

Cuckoo, Cuckoo,

Well now sing thou cuckoo,

Nor cease thou never new.

Burden:

Sing cuckoo, New, Sing Cuckoo

This song is from a 13th Century manuscript in the British Museum. (f. 11v, BM. Harley MS 978).

The original words are:

Sumer is icumen in,
Loude sing cuckou!
Groweth seed and bloweth meed,
And springth the wode now.
Sing cuckou!

Ewe bleteth after lamb,
Loweth after calve cow,
Bulloc sterteth, bucke verteth,
Merye sing cuckou!
Cuckou, cuckou,
Wel singest thou cuckou:
Ne swik thou never now!

Tallis Canon

My Lords and Ladies, pray attend,
Your sojourn sleep is at an end,
For Helicon the sun doth rise,
And greets the day with joyful eyes.

This round is sung to the familiar tune Tallis Canon, which many churches sing with the words:

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow.

Praise Him, all creatures here below.

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host.

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

These SCA words were written by Mistress Arlys o Gordon (Cynthia J. Ley). Music by Thomas Tallis (1505-1585)

The Temper of Revenge

We were sworn to protect a timeless land,
Our steel pledged to greater goals.
Meant to serve what our Lords deemed as good;
Part of a greater whole.

We swore Lords a pledge with breath and tongue,
A pledge I now break with my heart.
Those beliefs impede what I'm called now to do.
My allegiance is sundered apart.

My soul was torn from me this day.
Half of me lies interred in his grave.
That shattered life I can never retrieve;
No well-meaning wizard can save.

Chorus: So, find me a horse, as red as the sun.
Find me a blade that will make their blood run.
I will ride out at dawn, while the sun's in the sky
So the buzzards can see where the bodies will lie.

Bring me my lance. Bring my shield.
Strong as my sword is the vengeance I wield.
To seek vengeance is wrong, say my masterful Lords,
But vengeance has tempered my sword.
Vengeance has tempered my sword.

My companion was made to be half of me;
We were sealed in both body and soul.
What is life to one human alone?
How can one unpartnered be whole?

He was slaughtered at night, not a warrior's death.
All goodness seemed useless and vile,
For good let my fragile world be destroyed.
My oaths by such lies were defiled.

Forgive me, my Lords, for what I do.
Know that this sinner is suffering too—
But your virtues pure don't allow what I plan,
And by God, I'll pay killers their due!
Chorus

This song is by Julia Ecklar, from the album, Divine Intervention.

Three Blind Mice

Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run, see how they run.
They all chased after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife.
Have you ever seen such a sight in your life as....

This is a modern variation of a round from Thomas Ravenscroft's Deuteromelia (1609).

The original words are:

Three blinde mice, three blinde mice
Dame Julian, Dame Julian
The miller and his merry olde wife,
She scrapte her tripe, licke thou the knife.

Three Ravens

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Down a-down, hey down a-down.

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a down.

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be,
With a down, down, derry down, down.

Then one of them said to his mate...
O where shall we our breakfast take?

Over in yon green-ed field...
A knight lies slain beneath his shield.

His hounds they lie down at his feet...
So well do they their master keep.

His hawks they fly so swift nearby...
There's no fowl that dare come him nigh.

Yonder comes a fallow doe...
As great with young as she might go.

She lifted up his bloody head...
And kiss'd his wounds that were so red.

She buried him before the prime...
She was dead herself ere eventime.

God send to every gentleman...
Such hawks, and hounds and such a leman.

Originally from Ravenscroft's 1616 Melismate. Recorded on Richard Dyer-Bennet 4 and Nye's Early English Ballads, Child's Ballad #26.

To Portsmouth

To Portsmouth! To Portsmouth!

It is a gallant town:

And there we will have a quart of wine

With a nutmeg brown, Diddle Down!

The gallant ship, the Mermaid,

the Lion, hanging stout,

Did make us to spend there

Our sixteen pence all out.

Anonymous from David Melvill's Book of Roundels (1612).

Savage Daughter

Chorus: I am my mother's savage daughter
The one who runs barefoot
Cursing sharp stones
I am my mother's savage daughter
I will not cut my hair
I will not lower my voice.

My mother's child is a savage.
She looks for her omens in the colors of stones,
In the faces of cats, in the falling of feathers,
In the dancing of fire, in the curve of old bones.

My mother's child dances in darkness.
She sings heathen songs, by the light of the moon,
And watches the stars and renames the planets,
And dreams she can reach them with a song and a broom.

We are all brought forth out of darkness
Into this world, through blood and through pain
And deep in our bones, the old songs are waking
So sing them with voices of thunder and rain

Final chorus: We are our mother's savage daughters
The ones who run barefoot
Cursing sharp stones
We are our mother's savage daughters
We will not cut our hair
We will not lower our voice

Words and music by Wyndreth Berginsdottir (k. l. kahan) 1997.

Trees they do Grow High

Chorus: The trees they do grow high,
and the leaves, they do grow green.
Many's the time my true love I've seen.
Many's the hour I've watched him all alone.
He's young, but he's daily growin'.

Father, dear father, you've done me great wrong.
You've married me to a boy who's much too young.
I'm twice twelve, and he is but fourteen.
He's young, but he's daily growin'.

Daughter, dear daughter, I've done you no wrong.
I've married you to a great lord's son.
He'll be a man for you, when I am dead and gone.
He's young, but he's daily growin'.

Once when I was looking o'er my father's castle wall,
I spied the young boys playing at the ball.
My own true love was the flower of them all,
He's young, but he's daily growin'.

And so we awoke at the dawning of the day
Went out to the hayfield to have some sport and play;
And what we did there, I never would declare
But I ne'er more complained of his growing.

At the age of fourteen, he was a married man.
Age of fifteen, the father of a son.
Age of sixteen, o'er his grave the grass grows green
Cruel death had put an end to his growing

I'll weave my love a shroud of the holland so fine
Every stitch I put in it, o'er my true love, I'll pine.
Every stitch I put in it, the tears they will flow down.
Cruel fate has put an end to his growin'.

Folk ballad (Roud 31, Laws O35), thought to be about a 17th wedding in the Craigston family.

True & Destined King

My kinsman and my brother
My shieldmate and my guide,
May my arm always defend you
And your honor 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 sable throne
Your banner I will fly
The black star on the golden silk
And our voices raised up high.

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.

We will keep the shieldwall fast my King
That day our foes will die,
And as King you'll reign victorious.
You will hear our battle cry.

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.

"True and Destined King" based on "True and Destined Prince" by Heather Dale (Mistress Marian of Heatherdale) Copyright Amphisbaena Music 1996. (www.HeatherDale.com). Used by permission.

Twa Corbies

As I was walking all alone,
I heard two corbies making a moan;
The one unto the t'other say-o,
'Where shall we go and dine today-o?'
'Where shall we go and dine today?'

In behind yon old fell dyke,
I know there lies a new slain knight;
Nobody kens that he lies there-o,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair-o.
His hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

His hawk is to the hunting gone,
His hound to bring all the wild-fowl home,
His lady's ta'en another mate-o,
So we may eat our dinner sweet-o.
So we may eat our dinner sweet.

Ye'll sit on his white neck-bone
And I'll pick out his bonny blue eyes.
We'll take a lock of his golden hair-o,
To thatch our nest when it grows bare-o.
To thatch our nest when it grows bare.

Many a one for him makes moan,
But none shall ken where he is gone;
Over his white bones, when they're bare-o.
The wind shall blow for evermore-o.
The wind shall blow for evermore.

Tune is on an album by The Old Blind Dogs. The words are from English & Scottish Popular Ballads by Francis Child.

Two Magicians

She looked out of the window as white as any milk
And he looked in at the window as black as any silk.

Chorus: “Hello, hello, hello, hello
You coal black smith
You have done me no harm
But you never shall have my maiden-head
That I have kept so long.
I’d rather die a maid,” ah but then she said,
“And be buried all in my grave
Than to have such a nasty husky,
Dusky, fusky, musky coal black-smith.
A maiden I will die.”

She became a duck, a duck all on a stream,
& he became a waterdog and fetched her back again.

She became a trout, a trout all in a brook,
& he became a feathered fly who caught her with his hook.

She became a corpse, a corpse all in the ground,
& he became the cold, cold clay and smothered her all around.

She became a rose, a rose all in the wood,
& he became a bumblebee and stung her where she stood.

*This is a variation on a Child’s Ballad of the same name. This version can be sung to the tune on Steeleye Span’s album, **Now We Are Six**; or the tune on a Celtic Stone album.*

Two Sisters

There were two sisters side by side
Sing I dum and sing I day
There were two sisters side by side
The boys are bawling for me
There were two sisters side by side
The eldest for young Johnny cried
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me.

Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring,
He never bought the eldest a single thing.

Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat...
The eldest didn't think much of that...

As they were a-walkin' by the foamy brim...
The eldest pushed the youngest in...

"Sister, oh sister give me thy hand...
And you can have Johnny and all his land..."

"Oh sister, I'll not give you my hand...
And I'll have Johnny and all his land..."

So away she sank and away she swum...
Until she came to the Miller's dam...

The Miller he took her gay gold ring...
And then he pushed her in again...

The Miller, he was hanged on the mountain head...
The eldest sister was spoiled in bed...

"Twa Sisters" appeared as a broadside in 1656. Child's ballad #10 is also a variation of it. I learned this version from Gunhilda Amberstar. It is very close to the one on Clannad's album, Dulaman (although the eldest sister's end is drastically different!)

Virgío

Three ladies walked out one fine day
All a-lee and a-lonely-o.
They met a robber on their way
On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgío.

He took the first one by the hand
All a-lee and a-lonely-o.
He whipped her ‘round and he made her stand
On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgío.

Twice: “Ah will you be a robber’s wife
All a-lee and a-lonely-o.
Or will you die by my penknife
On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgío.”

“Oh I’ll not be a robber’s wife
All a-lee and a-lonely-o.
I’d rather die by your penknife
On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgío.”

And so he took his wee penknife
All a-lee and a-lonely-o.
And there he took her own dear life
On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgío.

He took the next one by the hand
All a-lee and a-lonely-o.
He whipped her ‘round and he made her stand
On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgío.

“Ah will you be a Robber’s wife
All a-lee and a-lonely-o.
Or will you die by my penknife
On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgio.

“Oh I’ll not be a robber’s wife
All a-lee and a-lonely-o.
I’d rather die by your penknife
On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgio.

For you have killed my sisters dear
All a-lee and a-lonely-o.
That you wouldn’t, if my brother were here
On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgio.”

“Tell me, what does your brother do?
All a-lee and a-lonely-o.”
“He’s out robbin’ just like you
On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgio.”

“Ah, dear God, what have I done?
All a-lee and a-lonely-o.
I’ve murdered my sisters all but one,
On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgio.”

And so he drew his wee penknife,
All a-lee and a-lonely-o.
And there he took his own dear life
On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgio.

The Water is Wide

The water is wide and I can't cross o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

O' love is gentle, and love is kind
And love is sweet, when first it's new.
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away, like morning dew.

There is a ship and it sails the sea.
She's loaded deep, as deep can be.
But not as deep as the love I'm in,
I know not how, I sink or swim.

For the water is wide and I can't cross o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

A variation of an Irish traditional song.

We Be Souldiers Three

We be soldiers three,
Pardona moy je vous en pree.
Lately come forth from the low country
With never a penny of money.

Here good fellow I drink to thee.
Pardona moy je vous en pree.
To all good fellows where ever they be
With never a penny of money.

Here good fellow I'll sing you a song,
Sing for the brave and sing for the strong.
To all those living and those who have gone
With never a penny of money.

And he who will not pledge me this,
Pardona moy je vous en pree,
Pays for the shot what ever it is,
With never a penny of money.

*Words and music by Thomas Ravenscroft, 16th Century. (Recorded on **Where Beauty Moves and Wit Delights** by The New World Renaissance Band.) Likely enough the french phrase (excuse me if you please) is meant to be funny. In good English tradition I advocate mangling it to rhyme with the English words.*

Welsh History 101 B

If ever you wander out by the Welsh border,
Come stop by and see me, and all of my kin.
I'm Morgan ap Dafydd ap Gwion ap Hywell
Ap Ifor ap Madoc ap Rhodri ap Gwyn.
 We'll feast you on mutton and harp for your pleasure,
 And give you a place to sleep out of the cold.
 Or maybe we'll meet you out on the dark roadway,
 And rob you of horses and weapons and gold.

My neighbor from England has come across raiding,
Slain six of my kinsmen and burned down my hall.
It cannot be bourne this offense and injustice;
I've only killed four of his last I recall.
 I'll send for my neighbors, Llewellyn and Owain;
 We'll cut him down as for the border he rides;
 But yesterday Owain stole three of my cattle,
 And first I'll retake them and three more besides.

We need a strong prince to direct our resistance,
Heroic, impartial, of noble degree.
My brother's wife's fourth cousin's foster-son Gruffydd
Is best for the job, as I'm sure you'll agree.
 What matter that Rhys is the old prince's nephew?
 He's exiled to Ireland and will not return.
 I know this, for every time boats he is building,
 I send my spies money to see that they burn.

Last evening my brother and I were at war
Over two feet of land on a boundary we share.
But early this morning I hear he's been murdered;
I'll not rest until I avenge him, I swear.
 Yes, we are just plain folk who mind our own business,
 Honest and loyal, and full of good cheer.
 So if you should wander out by the Welsh border,
 Come stop by and meet all the friendly folk here.

*Words by Heather Rose Jones. (Reprinted with permission). It can be sung to: "The Ashgrove",
"Flow Gently Sweet Afton," or (shudder) "Streets of Laredo."*

We Would be in Less Danger

We would be in less danger
From the wiles of a stranger
If our own kin and kith
Were more fun to be with.

Words and music by Ellen Zweifel; Princeton, NJ. Sung as a round.

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
Earl-i in the morning?

Chorus: Hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises
Earl-i in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a long hose on him...
Earl-i in the morning.

Shave his beard with a rusty razor...
Earl-i in the morning.

Put him in bed with the captain's daughter....
Earl-i in the morning.

Put him in the long boat till he's sober...
Earl-i in the morning.

Traditional sea shanty. (Most sea shanties were collected in the 19th century.)

When the King Came to Mooneshadowe

Oh the King came to Mooneschadowe
And Gwennan was in a bother
For he came into the Green Man
And asked for a bite of supper.

So she called out to her husband,
“Aeddan what shall we feed the King?”
He said, “Never you mind, my darling one,
I know a man has just the thing.”

***Chorus:* Oh, There’s been shaking in Mooneschadowe,
Shaking in Mooneschadowe,
Shaking in Mooneschadowe,
For the full forty pounds.**

Aeddan had a friend called Godric,
Who brought to him full forty pounds
Of the best, most tasty deer
That ever a bow brought down.

“What fine and tasty cattle
Have the folk of Mooneschadowe,”
Said King Kein to Queen Alisha,
“They must live in a fair meadow.”

Pepin sat at the King’s high table,
For he’d won the Tourney that day.
He said, “Pardon my leige, for my honesty
Tis not beef, I’m sorry to say.”

Then Alisha asked the baron,
“Is it lamb or is it sheep?”

Or is it rabbit ground up fine,
With a sauce in a dish this deep?"

Baron Pepin said, "I tell you true,
It is not lamb, nor sheep,
It is not rabbit ground up fine,
But it's the King's own deer we eat!"

Oh, the King stood before the Shire
And told them right and plain,
"I love not the deer like Richard, ...but
You owe a tax for those you've slain."

Then Mooneschadowe brought him down
Full forty pounds of silver.
But the tax was short by five full pounds
So they turned upon the jester.

Lords Marke and Ewan shook the fool
And coins did ring out merrily.
Upside down, Puck did cry out,
"I am being abused unfairly."

Oh, the King and Queen have had their fill,
And the Baron is off with Caitlyn.
Now Puck's fingers are traveling lightly
Through the purses of Marke & Ewan.

Now, Gwennan has put Aeddan to bed,
The candles now she is lighting.
The Green Man is shut til morning,
and Godric is now in hiding

Words and Music by Rhiannon Redwulf

These events transpired at Mooneschadowe's Guardian Tourney in AS XXVII.

Wild Mountain Thyme

Oh, the summer time is come,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.

Chorus: Will you go, lassie, go?
And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear & crystal fountain,
And round it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.

If my true love, she'll not come,
I will surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.

Oh, the summer time is come,
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.

A modern variation of the song, "The Braes O' Balquiddher," by Robert Tannahill (1774-1810).

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