

CRY OF THE WOLF II

MEMORIAL



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A publication of
the Bardic College of Ealdormere
AS XXXVI
(copyright July, 2001)

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An Introduction

Since Ealdormere became a kingdom, a concerted effort has been made to join the talent of our bards into a cohesive group. At Septentrian Twelfth Night, AS XXXIV, the Bards of Ealdormere were officially recognized as a College by his majesty, King Kildare. Since that time, the bards of Ealdormere have been very active.

The Bardic College saw several great achievements this year. First was the launch of its web site www.bards.ca hosted by Lord Eirik Andersen (Kyle Andrews). Since its creation the site has grown enormously and is now receiving a considerable number of visitors.

The second achievement was the hosting of the first Known World Bardic College and Cooks Collegium (it always pays to feed the bards) in October. The classes were excellent and a great deal of fun was had. Included in the music you will find several settings to a poem entitled "The Wanderer" by Gwerydd verch Rhys. These are 2 of 7 tunes that were written in under 30 minutes as part of an impromptu challenge that weekend.

The third was the publishing of *The Cry of the Wolf*. • *Popular Songs* at Wassail on December 2nd, 2000. Edited by Garraed Galbraith, this collection of lyrics was an instant success and began what we hope will be a long publishing tradition.

This year the Bardic College had to deal with the loss of one of its own. Mistress Rhiannon of Wye (Menya Wolfe) died on February 13, 2001 after a five year battle with breast cancer. She had been made a member of the order of the Laurel for her skill as a harpist and was part of our strong musical tradition. Unfortunately much of her music was never written down and despite the efforts of Master Rufus (Robert Schweitzer) who transcribed what he could at her bedside, some of it was lost.

This songbook is an extension of Master Rufus' efforts to form a database of all the music of Ealdormere so that never again will songs be lost. This represents only a fraction of our talent, but I have attempted to include pieces from as many of Ealdormere's bards as possible. It is also

a memorial. It is a memorial not only to Mistress Rhiannon, whose nine saved compositions are included here, but also to the other friends we have lost: Baroness Fiona, Ulrich von den See, and most notably his majesty, Sir Thorbjorn Osis and Lady Bernadette whose deaths in a car accident two years ago had a profound impact on this kingdom.

My thanks go to Master Rufus who did much of the transcription for this songbook, all the people who came forward with contributions and the family of Menya Wolfe for allowing us to use her music.

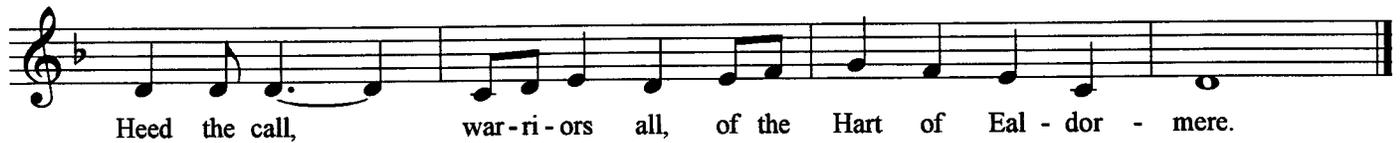
This songbook is entirely made up of original compositions which have been transcribed using Finale Notepad and Finale PrintMusic. The composers have graciously allowed their music to be made available to you through this publication, but they hold the rights to their music and lyrics. Any use of these songs outside this collection requires the permission of the composers.

In Service,

Martin Bildner, Editor
(Richard Schweitzer)

Heed the Call

Aelric of the Marines



The winter snows have claimed our land,
The Huscarls have grown fat.
Above the hearth they wrap their arms,
Over there the spears are stacked.

Strap on shield, belt on sword,
Heft your spear on high.
Gather all your shield mates near,
We follow our Scarlet Sky.

The sun sinks low in the west,
Ealdormere's blood runs red.
Gather round our Scarlet Sky,
Watch as Ealdormere dies.

Heed the call of the Great North Wind,
As it blows across our lands.
Heed the call, warriors all,
Of the Hart of Ealdormere.

Hear the howl of the Great North Wind
As it blows down from the hills.
Heed the call, warriors all,
Of the Hart of Ealdormere.

Hear the call, oh Great North Wind,
Of the warriors of Ealdormere.
Tell our deaths to the Queen we love,
The Heart of Ealdormere.

The Spring wind does thaw our land,
The plow we clean of rust.
With backs bent low and nightly groans,
We plant seeds in the dust.

East and west across our lands,
Hear the warriors shout.
Gathering here, assembling there,
At Ealdormere's command we fight.

As fall wears on, a new king stands,
To lead us through the snows.
Rebuilding the glory we once knew,
A hope for Spring's new rise.

Heed the call of the Great North Wind,
As it blows across our lands.
Heed the call, warriors all,
Of the Hart of Ealdormere.

Heed the howl of the Great North Wind,
As it blows across your lands.
Heed the call, warriors all,
Of the Hart of Ealdormere.

Hear the call of the Great North Wind, As
it blows across our lands.
Heed the call, warriors all, Of
the Heart of Ealdormere.

Now calls loud the great northern Wolf,
His vassals Oaths to arm.
Summer comes, the howl goes out,
For Ealdormere's to war.

Cannons blare and lines advance,
Hear Ealdormere's cry.
Pounding feet and the crash of shield,
Watch as our foemen die.

One quiet dinner when all is gloom,
A child shall arise.
He'll walk the hall and raise a spear,
A warrior of Ealdormere.

Heed the call of the Great North Wind, As
it blows across our lands.
Heed the call, warriors all,
Of the Hart of Ealdormere.

Hear the call of the Great North Wind,
As it blows across your lands.
Heed the call, warriors all,
Of the Heart of Ealdormere.

Heed the call of the Great North Wind,
As it blows across our lands.
Heed the call, warriors all,
Of the Hart of Ealdormere.

Once again comes the dawning Spring,
A King from the land will rise.
To lead us all until Fall,
When Ealdormere goes to war.

Four Seasonal Rondelets

Lyrics: Brenmain O'Murchadha de Ros Comain
Tune: Anne Gris (Ann Graham)



The wi - int - er's cold; I have no wish to be out in The
wi - int - er's cold. It chi - ills my soul and ma - akes me old. It helps not that my
ga - arb is thin; I would not last o'er lo - ong with - in The wi - nt - er's cold.

2.

The springtime rains;
God grant me strength! I do not trust
The springtime rains.
They drench my skin and soak my brains.
My arms and armour, they will rust;
I'll hide, whilst folk explain " 'Tis just The
springtime rains."

3.

The summer's heat;
Away from me I wish to drive
The summer's heat.
It saps my strength and bakes my feet.
I am not pleased to be alive,
And, true to say, I shan't survive The
summer's heat.

4.

The autumn breezes;
Against my weary body beat
The autumn breezes.
They give me cold, catarrh, and sneezes.
Oft times they knock me from my feet, Thus,
kindly shall I never greet
The autumn breezes.

Kaffa's Song

Anne Gris (Ann Graham)

Oh, Kaf - fa's leg is in a cast! He - e - e - ey no -
o - o - on - ny n - o - o - on - ny! Oh, Kaf - fa's leg is in a cast, And
has been so for three weeks past. But three weeks more will be the last.
He - e - ev no - on - nv no!

Oh, Kaffa's blamed a wooden stump! Hey nonny, nonny!
Oh, Kaffa's blamed a wooden stump Making her land on her rump, Dealing her foot a nasty thump. Hey nonny no!

Oh, Kaffa's brought her paint box with her! Hey nonny, nonny
Oh, Kaffa's brought her paint box with her And summoned sever0l artists hither To paint her cast (and chatter with her). Hey nonny no!

(repeat first verse)

Tune: May 23, 2001
Lyrics: June 24, 1989

Ribbons to Wear

Cynred Broccan (Ken Cook)

Whilst walk - ing to Lae - stun, some war - es to
buy, I saw a fair mai - den sit - ting by the river side. Sweet
maid - en, fair maid - en, why sit ye down there, For
steep is the riv - er bank, deep co - ld the wat - er.

Good sir if you have the time I'll tell you a tale,
Of true love and noble words that I now bewail,
Mark ye the place where I fell in despair,
For true love and noble words are smoke in the air.

Early last morning I left for the fair,
To buy my true love some ribbons to wear,
As I searched the stalls my treasure seek,
I spied my true love and he turned his cheek.

By his side sat the mercer's daughter,
Her face alight with joy and laughter
He made her smile with song and with jest,
As she pinned some ribbons upon his sweet chest.

Then he stood on the threshold of mercer's stand,
With bold words and smiles wide he played for her hand,
When he turned to make his song more sweet,
His eyes sought only her as he cast me free.

I left the market place alone and bereft,
My feet took me many miles before I did rest,
And now I sit here lonesome and cold,
And think on his bonny face so lively and bold.

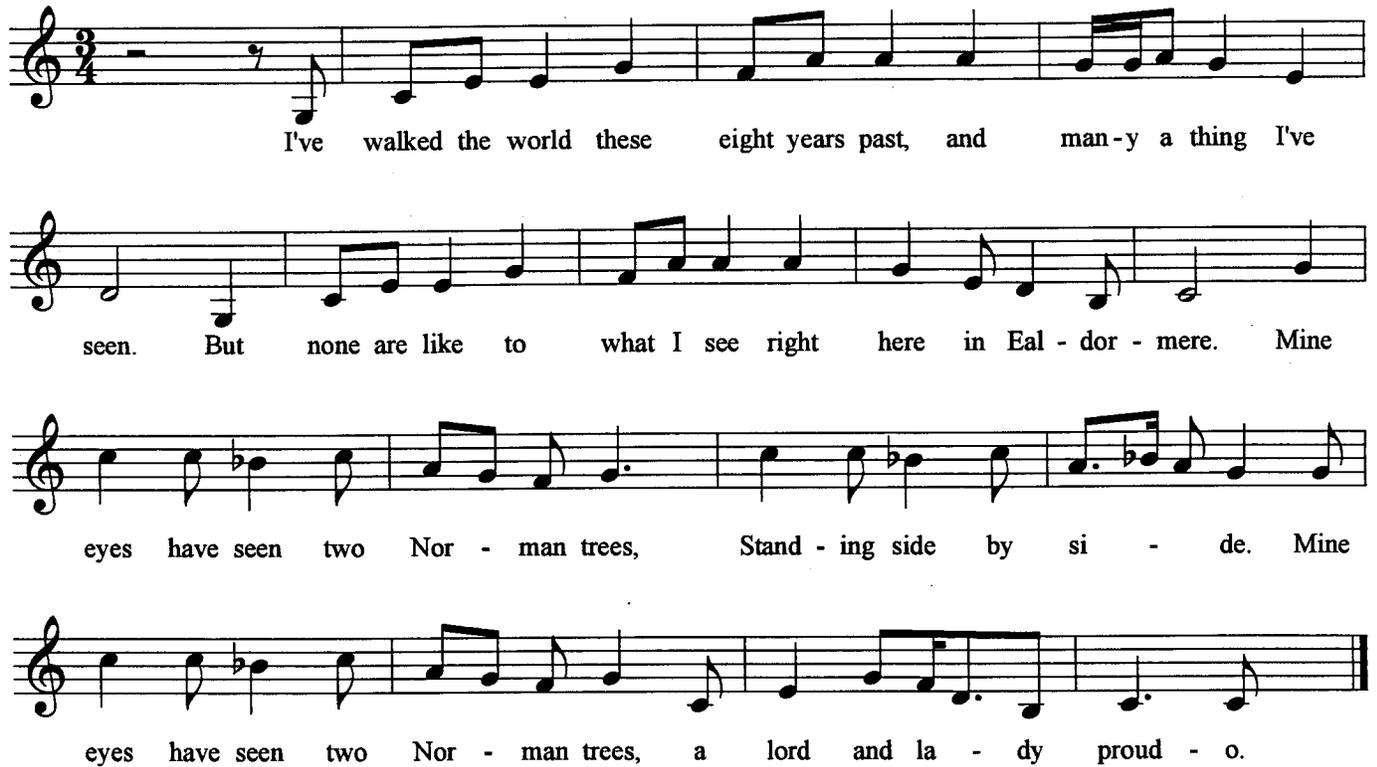
Fair maiden I fear your true love is false,
But thy beauty it steals my heart and breathe it is lost,
If thou would chance it and look kindly on me,
Then some ribbons I'll give unto thee.

My sweet river maiden became my true bride,
Now many a year have passed us by,
With love and laughter we've trod life's way,
Two hearts together unto this day.

Copyright Ken Cook, October 2000

Two Norman Trees

Cynred Broccan (Ken Cook)



I've walked the world these eight years past, and man-y a thing I've
seen. But none are like to what I see right here in Eal - dor - mere. Mine
eyes have seen two Nor - man trees, Stand - ing side by si - de. Mine
eyes have seen two Nor - man trees, a lord and la - dy proud - o.

Two Norman trees, side by side, A
noble vision this.
One each for lord and lady,
Reaching for the Sky.

With mighty branch and leaves of nine,
The lord's tree doth command.
Awe and wonder, love and more,
A true king of the land.

CHORUS

Graceful limbs and seven leaves,
Crowned by a star.
Light of the North, it's plain to see,
A fitting queen for all.

Virtue and honour, noble traits,
Displayed by Royal trees.
For David and Elina,
My heart is gift to thee.

CHORUS (2X)

copyright Ken Cook, March 1999

Absent Friends

Cynred Broccan
(Ken Cook)

Ab - sent friends, on jour - ney else where, ab - sent friends,
whose laugh - ter w - e miss. Some gone from th - is earth, or just from ou - r hearth
with luck shall our paths meet a - gain.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Absent Friends'. It consists of three staves of music in a treble clef, with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a 7-measure rest. The second staff has a double bar line after the first measure. The third staff ends with a double bar line.

Absent friends, trodding onwards
Absent friends, walking life's way
Some half remembered, time's mist oft clouds
The memory of their worth

Raise your glass, and drink to their shades
Raise your glass, for soon you may be
Counted among them, a memory for
Loved ones left behind

Hark ye now, and think on their lives
Hark ye now, and think on their wierd
No one knows, how life's unknowns,
Will render our fates at last

Shed a tear, for those departed
Shed a tear, for those left behind
The burden of living, facing each day
Our helpmates the ones we mourn

Live your life, each day is the start
Live your life, it may be your last
Make your presence, worthy of memory
That you may immortal be

Written on the occasion of Uhic Von der See's untimely death
Farewell gentle friend

The Virtues of the North

Emer nic Aidan
(Emily Holbert)

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Virtues of the North'. It consists of six staves of music in a single system, each with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter, eighth, and dotted notes. The lyrics are: 'In a far Southern wood stood a fair Unicorn There he looked to the North of his land bravely born And espied there a Ram in the chill of the morn Thought he "I would have such Strength too" With small courage at last he timidly asked "Noble Ram, could I ever be as Strong as you?" "Nev-er fear," said the Ram, "for I once was young too and with Bold - ness of the Bear I Grew"'. The lyrics are hyphenated across lines to fit the musical phrasing.

In a far Southern wood stood a fair Unicorn
There he looked to the North of his land bravely born
And espied there a Ram in the chill of the morn:
Thought he, "I would have such strength too."

With small courage at last he timidly asked:
"Noble Ram, could I ever be as strong as you?"
"Never fear," said the Ram, "for I once was young too,
"And by the boldness of the Bear I grew."

Through the Northlands he passed and in strong voice he
asked: "Noble Bear, could I ever be as bold as you?"
"Never fear," said the Bear, "for I once was young too,
"And by the wisdom of the Wolf I grew."

Growing bold to his task to the High Seat he asked:
"Noble Wolf, could I ever be as wise as you?"
"Never fear," said the Wolf, "for I once was young too,
"And by the grace of the Dragon I grew."

The Poacher's Song

Emer nic Aidan
(Emily Holbert)

CHORUS

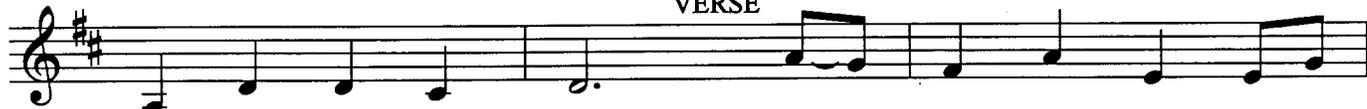


One for the part - ridge Two for the hare and Three for the buck and



doe The hunt - ing of the good King's game shall

VERSE



feed us through the snow. In Har - old's time the hunt



ing was fine and the birds did sweet - ly sing Then the



Bast - ard came and all the game be - came the right of the



King But true Eng - lish lads saw sport to be had and

swift to poach - ing turned And so in such way have we e'en

to day our pleas - ant sup - per earned.

CHORUS

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

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

A Celebration

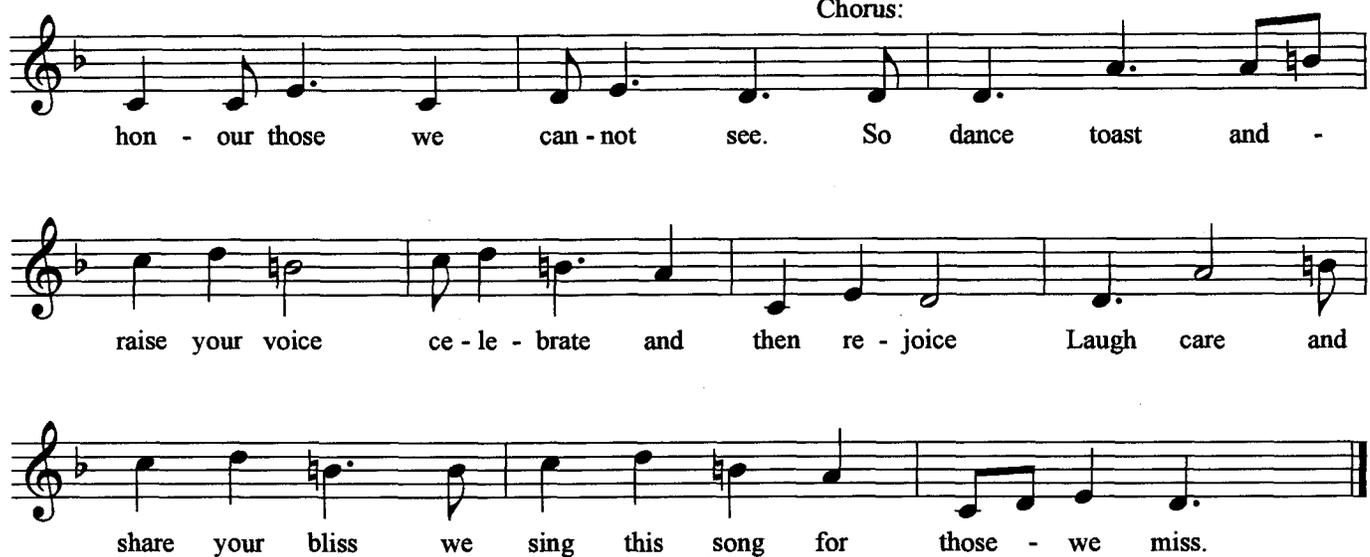
Gunnar Truthsinger
(Michael McDougall)

Verse:



We walk the mist through an - cient grove To
sa - cred space of em - er - ald Gifts we bring for u - nit - y and

Chorus:



hon - our those we can - not see. So dance toast and -
raise your voice ce - le - brate and then re - joice Laugh care and
share your bliss we sing this song for those - we miss.

Hand in hand with strength of
one A kinship all through
battles won We join in peace
and harmony And honour
those we cannot see

CHORUS

With single mind and force of will
We overcome our journey's hill
Direction seen with clarity
Received from those we cannot
see

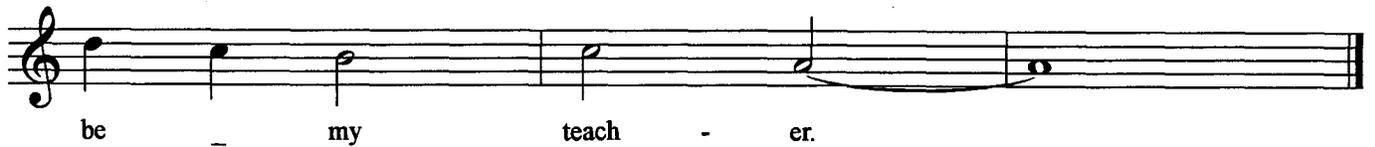
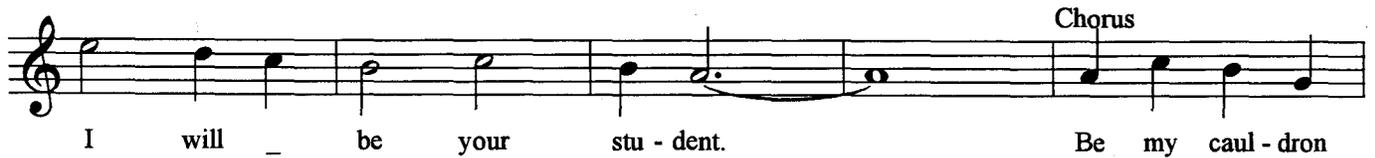
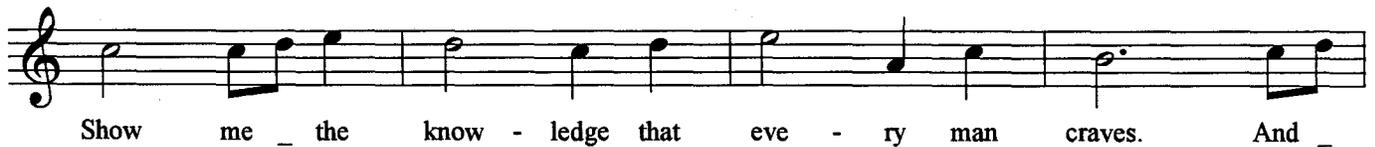
CHORUS

The troubled times are long since gone
Hope anew and life anon
Nurtured with prosperity
And love from those we cannot see

CHORUS

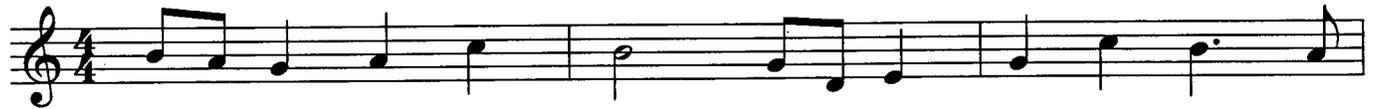
Come and Be

Lyrics by Crwerydd verch Rhys (Helen Marshall) Music by Tryphena of Stargard



Northern Winds

By Grwerydd verch Rhys



When the snow falls down South where - once the sun ruled, my



love, I think of my home where North - ern wolves sing. Where the



fire - burns bright - and the sweet mead does flow, my love, I'll



hear the rich voice that the North - ern winds bring. For the North - ern wind



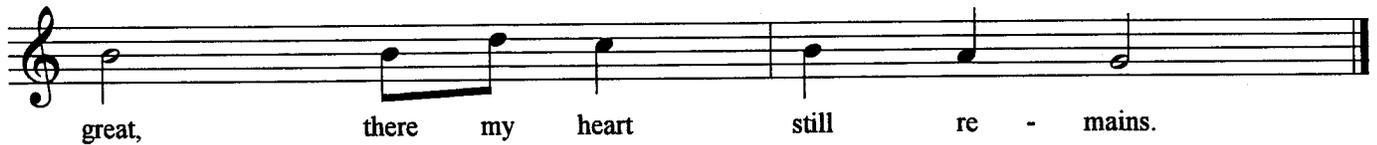
blows o'er the fair lands of Eal - dor - mere. It car - ries the



sounds of my home - lands sweet strains. And the North - ern wind



blows o'er the fair lands of Eal - dor - mere. My tra - vels are



When the snow falls down south where once the sun ruled, my love.
I think of my home where Northern wolves sing
Where the fire burns bright and the sweet mead does flow, my
love I'll hear the rich voice that the Northern wind brings.

CHORUS

I have said my farewells when I knew I would leave, my love
And drunk one more glass when the time came to soon
I swallowed my tears with a smile for my friends, my love
And sung a sweet song of the Northern wind's tune.

CHORUS

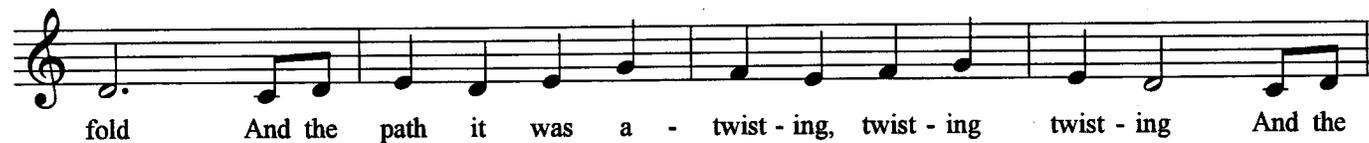
Though the path has been hard and the road does still twist, my love
The rain's bite is chill and the shadows are long.
Still the distance is less and the fires are close, my love.
Sweet music I hear of the Northern wind's song.

CHORUS

The Wanderer

Lyrics: Gwerydd (Helen Marshall)

Music: Martin Bildner (Richard Schweiter)



2 On the endless journey, I set forth without fear
I, the fair-haired wand'rer, with eyes so child-like clear
Amber sunset followed, and nightfall did draw near
And the shadows were a-stretching stretching, stretching
And the shadows were a-stretching as the sunlight did yield here.

3 The road, it did divide, and my choice was offered so
One path did offer kindness, an easy trek I know
The other rocky and solemn, much harder to go
The harsh way I was a-trav'ling, trav'ling, trav'ling
The harsh way I was trav'ling, and the wind began to blow.

4 The road, just then did darken, but I carried on my trail
The moon, my only mem'ry of the bright sun's light so pale
And forward I continued, for my journey I'd not fail
And the stars, they were a-twinkling, twinkling, twinkling
And the stars, they were a-twinkling despite the gloomy hail.

5 Bright beacons, they did guide me, until I did reach day
A dark-haired man did meet me with eyes a stony grey
I knew he was the reason I'd been searching for this way.
Entwin'd we went a-wand'ring, wand'ring, wand'ring
Entwin'd we went a-wand'ring, ne'er leading me astray.

The Wanderer

Lyrics: Gwerydd verch Rhys (Helen Marshall)

Music: Rufus of Stamford (Robert Schweitzer)

The way spread out be - fore me a thread - ing, stretch - ing
road. And the sun did shine bright o'er me a bril - liant yel - low
gold. My - feet they soon did car - ry me to - wards the ris - ing
fold. And the path it was a - twist - ing, twist - ing,
twist - ing And the path it was a - twist - ing and the
sun kept off the cold.

6 I was as the morning, and he was as the night
My dark-haired, wand'ring stranger, a mysfry of delight
And then I knew I lov'd him, eyes so shining bright
But he went a-trailing, trailing, trailing
But he went a-trailing, heading from my sight

7 I struggled hard to follow, the road did intervene
Veering me away from him, the one with whom I'd been.
What could I do but follow? This path for meant for me.
And the wind it was a-howling, howling, howling
And the wind it was a-howling, mourning loud for he.

8 Alone, I did continue, without his helping role
Charron's price for passage always was a soul. Instead of my
brave spirit, Death had chosen him to go
And the days, I spent a-pining, pining, pining
And the days, I spent a-pining for a dark-haired,
strange hero.

Call the Names

Marian of Heatherdale
(Heather Dale)

Call the names of the foe - men who've fal - len Let them be
car - ried like seeds on the wind. Call the names of the
kins - men who've fal - lowed Let them be jewels in the
crown of our King. Gath - er the sheaves of har - vest - time
light - ly Ma - ny a day will they streng - then our kin.
Gath - er the sheaves of ar - row shafts tight - ly Ma - ny a
bat - tle their fea - thers will win.

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

CHORUS

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

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Measure of a Man

Marian of Heatherdale
Heather Dale

Verse:

Steel on steel, break the blade that called him to his
rest and cast it to the deep.

Light the pyre, name the one whose shield is on his
chest and leave him to his sleep.

Chorus:

Mm Mm The mea - sure of a man
stands or falls with what he leaves be - hind.

Mm Mm Gath - er on the sand
Let your voi - ces car - ry to the sky. Rise in
light Let the gods look down on this and won - der.

Raise the ring

Cast the broken circle to the waves
And give the sea her due
Push the prow

The measure of a man

Stands or falls with what he leaves
behind Gather on the sand
Let your voices carry to the
sky Rise in light
Let the gods look down on this and wonder

Sung at the boat-burning for King Thorbjom Osis of Ealdormere.
Inspired by Master Hectors memorial at Pennsic for Baron Ieuan of
Sententria who stemmed down and was lost on Crusade.

Maxims for Men

Martin Bildner
(Richard Schweitzer)

1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8



Praise the day in the even-ing, a wife when dead, a weap-on when tried, a



maid when wed, the ice when 'tis crossed, and ale when 'tis drunk

1, 3, 4, 7, 8 2



these are the max-ims for men sword for its strik-ing a maid for her kiss.

2. Hew wood in a wind Sail a ship in
a breeze. Woo a maid in the dark
For day's eyes may see.
Work a ship for its gliding,
A shield for its strength
A sword for its striking
A maid for her kiss.

3. Drink ale by the fire,
But slide on the ice.
Buy a steed when 'tis lanky,
A sword when rusty.
Feed thy horse 'neath a roof
And thy hound in the yard.
These are the maxims for men

4. The speech of a maiden
Should no man trust,
Nor the words which a woman says
For their hearts were shaped
On a whirling wheel,
And falsehoods were fixed in their breasts.

7. Like the love of a woman
Whose thoughts are lies
Is the driving unrough-shod
O'er slippery ice,
Or a wild wind steering
A helmless ship.
These are the maxims for men.

8. Let none put faith
In the first sown fruit,
Or yet in his son too soon.
Whim rules the child
And weather the field.
Each they are open to chance.
These are the Maxims for Men.



5. Break - ing bow, or flar - ing flame, rav'n - ing
 6. Play of bears or prin - ce's child, sick - ly



wolf, croak - ing rav - en, rout - ing swine, or root - less tree, wax - ing
 calf or self willed thrall wit - ches' - flatter - y or new slain foe, broth - er's



wave, or seeth - ing cald - ron, fly - ing ar - rows, fall - ing bill - ows, ice of
 slay - er seen on high - way, half burned house, or horse to swift, be ne - ver



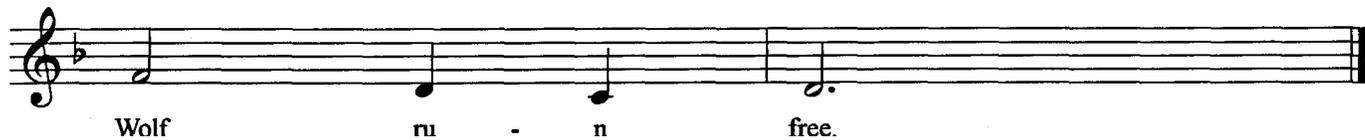
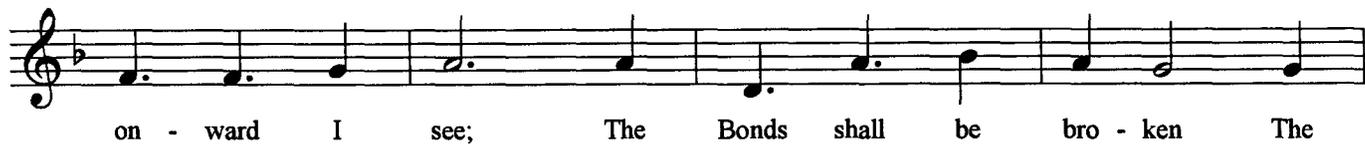
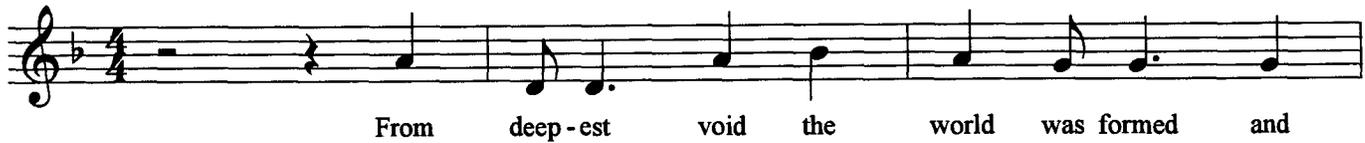
night - time, coil - ing add - er, wo - man's bed talk, brok - en blade,



so trust - ful as these to trust

The Bonds Shall Be Broken

Martin Bildner
(Richard Schweitzer)



2. Now drives Hiram from the East
Holding shield on high.
The scarlet shieldwall holds the field
For Midreln pride we die.

3. From the strongest of the North
A champion is named.
The king rebukes our loyal kin.
Our anger is enflamed

4. From nameless land, once Ealdormere
The wolfhead now does rise.
It's symbol base on crown is placed
Beneath their very eyes.

5. Though rebels called our hearts are pure
By Ealdormere we stand.
No more the quiet servants
In the Midreln hinterland.

6. By David's name we claim this land.
The shade of Osis guides.
Our true king calls us to the field
Our will won't be denied.

7. Standing strong on northern stone
Our shields against the storm,
Though battered and scarred we are unbowed;
The field is still our own.

The North Wood's Lament

Master Hector
(Arthur McLean)



The sad wil - low and the beech, the tall
When the storm winds whipped the wood, When the
They are fall - en to the earth And their



ash - wood and the pop - lar shed their leaves in bit - ter
light - ning tore the fir - ment, When the might - - - y oak was
glor - y feeds the for - est Soon the green shoots of the



au - tumn as a car - pet for the rains a chill
fall - en And the ap - ple close be - side: It was
spring - tide Shall a - venge the sum - mer's blight But no



wind now blows in mourn - ing 'cross the clear - ing they have
cold rain shook the bran - ches, It was light - ning took them
sap - ling so tall tow - ers, But no shoot can bloom so



left us, And the thun - der and the still - ness leave us want - ing.
from us
sweet - ly

For Osis and Bernadette, Pennsic XXVIII

A Midrealm War Song for Pennsic XXV

Master Hector
(Arthur McLean)



What lands are far be low, the
The gran - ite North - shield shines;
Where five - seas' sail - ors sail,
The Tril - li - um does bloom;
"And how can all be one?" the



soar - ing Dra - gon won - ders. "Whose lands are far be -
soar - ing Dra - gon won - ders. Its beau - ties pure and -
soar - ing Dra - gon won - ders. "There vic - tor - y will is
soar - ing Dra - gon won - ders. "The North - wolf in run
soar - ing Dra - gon won - ders; "Like i - ron the



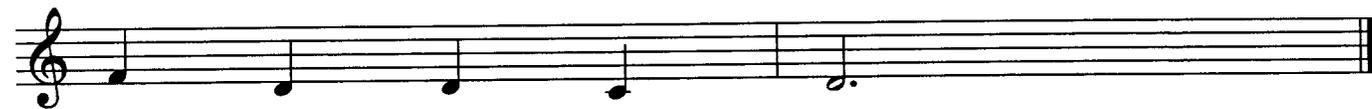
low?" the soar - ing Dra - gon cries; "I
bright; the the soar - ing Dra - gon cries. The
found!" the the soar - ing Dra - gon cries. "And
free!" the the soar - ing Dra - gon cries. "The
forge," the the soar - ing Dra - gon cries. "The



claim them for my own," the the soar - ing Dra - gon
Oak - en might a - wakes; the the soar - ing Dra - gon
Con - stell - a - tions - beam; the the soar - ing Dra - gon
all will meet a - gain," the the soar - ing Dra - gon
time has come to strike!" the the soar - ing Dra - gon



thun - ders, "I know them for my own be -
thun - ders, The lin - den for - est blooms be -
thun - ders, And in such light swords gleam, be -
thun - ders, "When vic - tor - y is night, be -
thun - ders: Let le - gends now be won b -



neath the Mid - realm skies.
neath the the Mid - realm skies.

The Pennsic Moron

Master Rufus of Stamford
(Robert Schweitzer)

Let me tell you a fab - le, I'm not sure it's true. Of an
S C A mem - ber, not me and not you. And his mis - haps at
Penn - a - week - he would - rue. - The tale - of - a Penn - sic -
mor - - - on.

He showed up at Pennsic with no cash to pay,
Without any garb and with no place to stay,
His photo i.d. would arrive the next day,
I pitied the Pennsic moron.

His meal plan was simple without too much spice,
And he thought that some sushi would really be nice.
But raw meat should really be kept stored on ice.
Please help feed the Pennsic moron.

He did learn that chainmail felt cool in the sun.
And removing the cloth simply made it more "fun".
He did cook (t)his meat if you'll pardon the pun.
Don't laugh at the Pennsic moron.

His exploits that evening are spoken of still.
With stolen cart races down cardiac hill,
And trysts in the clout, his tag must be there still.
Remember the Pennsic moron

At long last our moron went down for the night,
Warming his tent with a Coleman stove's light.
It was really the fireworks which gave us the fright.
Well never forget that moron.

A land in mourning

Rufus of Stamford
(Robert Schweitzer)

The land had grown si - lent, the for - est lay still. Save
on - ly one sound which was harsh and shrill. The si - lence was
bro - ken by a lone rav - en's cry. A call to an - nounce that a
bard's death was nigh.

The musical score is written on four staves in 3/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody starts with a whole rest, followed by a series of quarter notes: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. A repeat sign follows. The second staff continues with quarter notes: D4, C4, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3, Bb2, A2, G2. The third staff continues with quarter notes: A2, G2, F2, E2, D2, C2, Bb1, A1, G1, F1, E1, D1. The fourth staff concludes with quarter notes: C1, Bb0, A0, G0, F0, E0, D0, C0, Bb-1, A-1, G-1, F-1, E-1, D-1, C-1, Bb-2, A-2, G-2, F-2, E-2, D-2, C-2, Bb-3, A-3, G-3, F-3, E-3, D-3, C-3, Bb-4, A-4, G-4, F-4, E-4, D-4, C-4, Bb-5, A-5, G-5, F-5, E-5, D-5, C-5, Bb-6, A-6, G-6, F-6, E-6, D-6, C-6, Bb-7, A-7, G-7, F-7, E-7, D-7, C-7, Bb-8, A-8, G-8, F-8, E-8, D-8, C-8, Bb-9, A-9, G-9, F-9, E-9, D-9, C-9, Bb-10, A-10, G-10, F-10, E-10, D-10, C-10, Bb-11, A-11, G-11, F-11, E-11, D-11, C-11, Bb-12, A-12, G-12, F-12, E-12, D-12, C-12, Bb-13, A-13, G-13, F-13, E-13, D-13, C-13, Bb-14, A-14, G-14, F-14, E-14, D-14, C-14, Bb-15, A-15, G-15, F-15, E-15, D-15, C-15, Bb-16, A-16, G-16, F-16, E-16, D-16, C-16, Bb-17, A-17, G-17, F-17, E-17, D-17, C-17, Bb-18, A-18, G-18, F-18, E-18, D-18, C-18, Bb-19, A-19, G-19, F-19, E-19, D-19, C-19, Bb-20, A-20, G-20, F-20, E-20, D-20, C-20, Bb-21, A-21, G-21, F-21, E-21, D-21, C-21, Bb-22, A-22, G-22, F-22, E-22, D-22, C-22, Bb-23, A-23, G-23, F-23, E-23, D-23, C-23, Bb-24, A-24, G-24, F-24, E-24, D-24, C-24, Bb-25, A-25, G-25, F-25, E-25, D-25, C-25, Bb-26, A-26, G-26, F-26, E-26, D-26, C-26, Bb-27, A-27, G-27, F-27, E-27, D-27, C-27, Bb-28, A-28, G-28, F-28, E-28, D-28, C-28, Bb-29, A-29, G-29, F-29, E-29, D-29, C-29, Bb-30, A-30, G-30, F-30, E-30, D-30, C-30, Bb-31, A-31, G-31, F-31, E-31, D-31, C-31, Bb-32, A-32, G-32, F-32, E-32, D-32, C-32, Bb-33, A-33, G-33, F-33, E-33, D-33, C-33, Bb-34, A-34, G-34, F-34, E-34, D-34, C-34, Bb-35, A-35, G-35, F-35, E-35, D-35, C-35, Bb-36, A-36, G-36, F-36, E-36, D-36, C-36, Bb-37, A-37, G-37, F-37, E-37, D-37, C-37, Bb-38, A-38, G-38, F-38, E-38, D-38, C-38, Bb-39, A-39, G-39, F-39, E-39, D-39, C-39, Bb-40, A-40, G-40, F-40, E-40, D-40, C-40, Bb-41, A-41, G-41, F-41, E-41, D-41, C-41, Bb-42, A-42, G-42, F-42, E-42, D-42, C-42, Bb-43, A-43, G-43, F-43, E-43, D-43, C-43, Bb-44, A-44, G-44, F-44, E-44, D-44, C-44, Bb-45, A-45, G-45, F-45, E-45, D-45, C-45, Bb-46, A-46, G-46, F-46, E-46, D-46, C-46, 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The Glory of Septentria

Mistress Rhiannon
(Menya Wolfe)

Rise and hast - en to - the field Rise ye swords - men, -
spear - men, bow - men Leave all peace ful cares be - hind
All for the glor - y of Sep - ten - tri - a

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

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

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

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

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

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

Written as the Septentrian War Song at the peak of the barony's strength. In those days Septentria was probably better known and more visible at Pennsic in our tabards than Ealdormere is now. It was for this song that Menya was given the Bear's Claw.

Spring 1987

Chanson Pour la Baronne

Mistress Rhiannon
(Menya Wolfe)



A: Est-ce qu'il y a une chose dans le monde,
Dans la terre grande et ronde,
Qui est aussi digne d'honneur,
Que la Baronne et sa valeur?

B: Seulement la rose peut comparer
Leur elegance at leur beaute
Nous obligent de faire homage
Et nous perdent dans les nuages.

A: Non la baronne est la meilleur
Avec le temps le rosier meurt
Mais elle est constante comme la pierre,
Et forte et vailante dans la guerre.

B: Puis rien ne peut la surpasser
Et peu de dames dont vous chanter
Sont digne de sa companie
Qui est, surtout, une vrai amie

This was written to honour Caffa Muiriath, second Baroness of Septentria. It is in the style of the troubadours, using tonal and rhythmic modes of that period, but is in modern French. A jeu-parti is a mock debate on a topic related to courtly love. This one compares Caffa to a rose.

This song was the first I wrote, the first I performed singing solo (with Monica on the second part), and the first time I entered (Middle) Kingdom A&S. I took second in the kingdom (or came last, depending on your point of view).

Autumn 1982

Handfasting

Mistress Rhiannon
(Menya Wolfe)



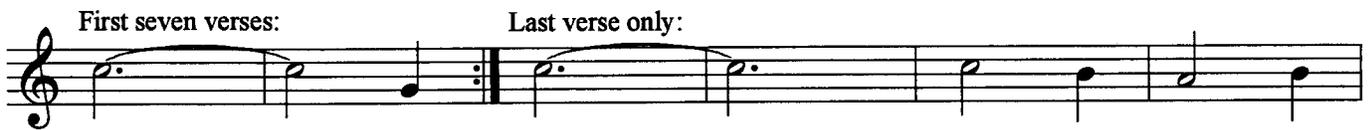
I'll sing you a riddle of water and earth



Who was the mother that gave us all birth? Who cradles and



comforts and nurses us still Answer me my



love

love

Come to me my



love

Come to me my love

I'll sing you the answer with copper and bone,
She dwells in the fountain and also the stone.
The Lady's our mother, the day it is done, Come
to me my love

I'll sing you a riddle of fire and air,
Who is the father that keeps us from care? Who
stands as a guardian when danger is near,
Come to my love.

I'll sing you the answer with morning and night
His voice is the thunder, his smile the light.
The Lord is our father, the day it is done
Come to me my love.

I'll sing you a riddle of chalice and sword
What can be greater than Lady or Lord?
What was the beginning of all living things,
Answer me my love.

I'll sing you the answer with bitter and sweet,
The world was created when these two did meet.
Their union is greater, the day it is done,
Come to me my love.

I'll sing you a riddle of legend and lore.
How long with this union of unions endure?
How long will it last, and when will it end?
Answer me my love.

I'll sing you the answer with myrtle and rue,
It cannot last longer than my love for you,
The answer's forever, the day it is done,
Come to me my love

Autumn 1984

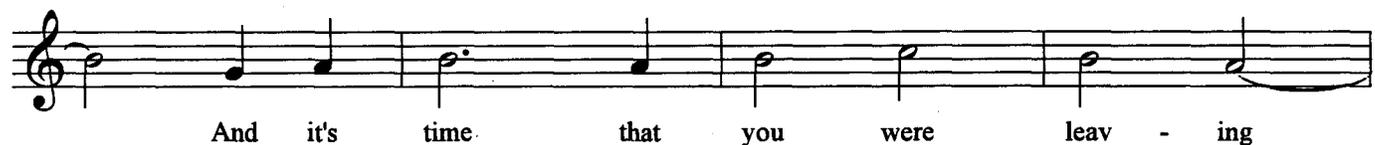
Journeyman's Song

Mistress Rhiannon
(Menya Wolfe)

Chorus:



Verse:





Chorus: Journey on, journeyman, journey on
May the wind be always at your back
May the gods guide your footsteps
And your road lead you home
Journey on, journeyman, journey on

Verse: I have loved you like a mother
And I've watched the seasons change you
But you've grown into a woman
And it's time that you were leaving

Chorus

I have loved you like a sister
And I've shared your joys and sorrows
Now your heart has found another
And it's time that you were leaving

Chorus

I have loved you like a teacher
And I've shared with you my knowledge
But the world will teach you wisdom
And it's time that you were leaving

Chorus

Oh, leavetaking is a sorrow
But my heart is filled with laughter
For your road lies straight before you
And I know that you will prosper

Chorus with last line repeated

Tamarra released two female apprentices one Pennsic because they were both marrying and moving far away. She asked Menya (three days beforehand) to write a song for the occasion. The term journeyman comes from journee, not journey (journeymen were paid by the day), but Menya thought the song worked.

Summer 1993

Lullaby for Gavin

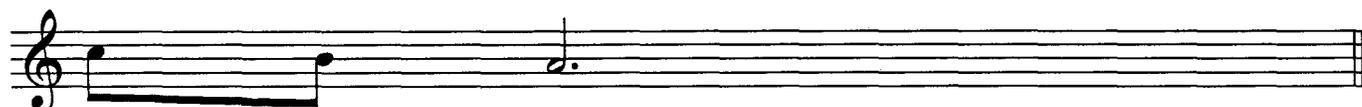
Mistress Rhiannon
(Menya Wolfe)



Sleep in my arms, my ³ bon-nie wee babe and dream of sweet-ness and song.



You're the son of a knight and a la - dy bright And they'll watch o - ver you



all night

When you're a lad, you'll play like a prince
With trinkets of silver and gold,
With horses and hounds and hawks all around,
And picture books fair to behold.

When you're a man, all bearded and brave,
And fighting with heater and sword,
The fairest of maids from village and glade
Will love you and make you her lord.

Sleep in my arms, my bonny wee babe
And dream of sweetness and song.
You're the son of a knight and a lady bright,
And they'll watch over you all night long.

Gavin's was an unexpected arrival, and Eoforwic quickly organized a baby shower for Sir Finnvar and Lady Ragni. My gift was this song, written in haste. The most memorable gift was a wooden toy made by Tarver, a figure with moving arms and legs.

Winter, 1984

Mereddin

Mistress Rhiannon
(Menya Wolfe)

Mer - e - ddin, dark rav - en grey storm clouds are
brew - ing Fly high on the wind in the still of the night. Though
dark shad - ows haunt you, your god - dess is with you. Fly swift - ly, Mer -
e - ddin, be - lov - ed to me.

Winter 1993

Mereddin, dark raven, grey storm clouds are brewing
Fly high on the wind in the still of the night
Though dark shadows haunt you, your goddess is with you
Fly swiftly, Mereddin, beloved, to me

Oh once you were handsome, with rainment of silver
A joy to the ladies, the ruler of men
But then came your calling, and came your downfalling
Fly bravely, Mereddin, beloved, to me

Oh men call you evil one, doomslayer, kinslayer
Fear not their hatred, and hate not their fear
Their barbs cannot reach you while darkness enfolds you
Fly freely, Mereddin, beloved, to me

No mortal can fathom keen sorrow of prophets
To know each man's fate when you look in his eyes
To gaze in the Tam and see your own dying
Fly softly, Mereddin, beloved, to me

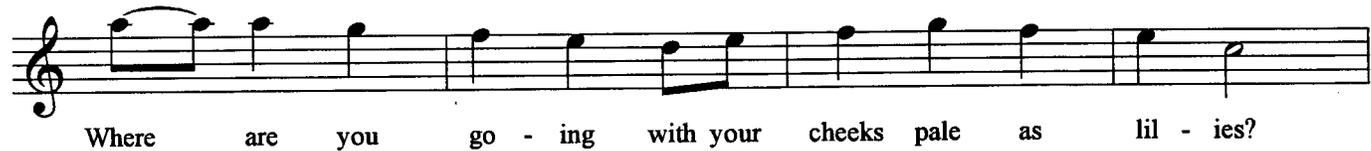
The head of Thorvaldr you carried before you
A dark bird of carrion with blood on your wings
Let no mortal judge you, unless he be blameless
Fly freely, Mereddin, beloved, to me

Mereddin, dark raven, I long to go with you
To share joys and sorrows and walk by your side
But your dark wings take where I cannot follow
Fly swiftly, Mereddin, beloved, to me

Mereddin and Menya agreed when they met for the second time in 1992 to write a song about each other, since they'd both written many songs but never been the subject of one. Menya presented this to him the next time they met, almost two years later. It seems cryptic, but is based on his persona history and the peculiar bardic bond they share.

Where Are You Going?

Mistress Rhiannon
(Menya Wolfe)



The sunlight has faded, your burden is heavy
The path you have chosen is narrow and long
Wait'til tomorrow, and I will go with you
By daylight we'll choose the road we'll walk along

Remember the Spring in the depths of the Winter
Remember the dawn in the dark of the night
Remember the sound of your own merry laughter
Remember your dreams when you wake in the night

(instrumental)

Where were you going you wanderer weary?
Where were you going that cold moonless night?
Far from the daylight my song cannot reach you
Did you find what you sought in the still of the night?

Michael was a member of the SCA for about a year before he took his own life. He had shown no signs of depression, but suffered from terrible migraines that caused him to black out and lose blocks of memory. It is believed that it was during an attack one night that he became irrational and hanged himself in his bedroom in an effort to stop the unbearable pain.

Winter 1986

Song for Talymar (with Eislinn's theme)

Mistress Rhiannon
(Menya Wolfe)

Song for Talymar

What can I find for to give to my la - dy A

tok - en to show her my faith and my love Her

strength is her beau - ty Her beau - ty un - ceas - ing She's the

The musical score is written in 3/4 time. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. The lyrics are: "What can I find for to give to my la - dy A tok - en to show her my faith and my love Her strength is her beau - ty Her beau - ty un - ceas - ing She's the".

love of my life and I live in her love

What can I find for to give to my lady

A token to show her my faith and my love

Her strength is her beauty, her beauty unceasing
 She's the love of my life, and I live in her love
 Gold has a glimmer that's ever unchanging
 Silver is secret and silent of hue
 but for all their great value, they cannot buy happiness
 They're as cold as the clay when the summer is
 through The finest of rubies, the fairest of emeralds,
 The greatest and roundest of pearls I could bring

but her beauty lacks nothing, no gem can surpass her
 And when they adorn her their sparkle grows dim

(theme for Eisfun once alone, then played with next verse)

If I could reach up to the sun in the heavens
 I'd slow down his course for a moment or two

For the days pass too quickly, the nights have no
 mercy A wink of an eye and a season is through

If days grew like flowers, I'd gather her ten thousand
 And still I would weep that I'd brought her no more
 For each fragrant petal, each moment together

Is worth more by far than the ransom of kings

(Eislinn's theme and variations)

I'll win her a kingdom, I'll conquer an empire

I'll throne her with honour and crown her with

Eislinn suffered from breast cancer, the same disease as Menya. When Talyamar won the Midrealm crown a second time, it was hoped she was cured, but she recurred while they were still heirs. At her insistence, they carried on with the reign, which was one of the most glorious in Midrealm history. She was undergoing chemotherapy and radiation treatments even during Pennsic. Everyone understood by that point that her disease was likely terminal, and many songs were written

and gifts given. Menya wrote this for Talyamar, since she knew him fairly well, but barely knew Eislinn, and because she sensed his frustration at being unable to prevent the inevitable. He liked it because it wasn't depressing like so many others.

When she was diagnosed in April of 1996, Menya dealt with it in part by playing the harp for hours every day. She played this song a lot.

Love Song

Mistress Rhiannon
(Menya Wolfe)

freely

My own true love has its own true love, she dwells in a for-eign coun -

5
try So sad - ly I'll weep while his vows he doth keep, And lies must my smi-les all

9
be Sad - ly I'll weep while his vows he doth keep, And lies must my smi-les all

13
be lies must my smi - les all be.

My own true love will sit by my side;
Together we laugh and sing.
But his lady so fair has his heart for her share
And that is a much finer thing.
But his lady so fair has his heart for her share
And that is a much finer thing.

Come build me a bower of willow and oak,
Deck it with garlands of yew,
And there let me lie 'til the stars leave the sky
And fall to the meadows like dew.
There let me lie 'til the stars leave the sky
And fall to the meadows like dew.

You ladies who dance in the bloom of your youth
May here learn a lesson of me.
Always beware and lend not your care
Where it never returned can be.
Always beware and lend not your care
Where it never returned can be.

My own true love has his own true love,
She dwells in a foreign country.
So sadly I'll weep while his vows he doth keep,
And lies must my smiles all be.
So sadly I'll weep while his vows he doth keep,
And lies must my smiles all be.

This was written in the throese of a situation that had strong resemblences to a Shakespearian Comedy: pining, misunderstanding, parallel plots.... Unfortunately, she ended the odd one out.

Lament for Ealdormere

Mistress Rhiannon
(Menya Wolfe)

Well may you weep, you maid - ens mer - ry Well may you
weep, you war - ri - o - ors bold Men by the fire and mo - o - thers
nurs - ing Sad news I tell, Eal - dor - mere is dead

She was not born of man or woman
She was not sent by gods above
She was the sum of all our hearts yearning
Bitter words, Ealdormere is dead

Strong she was as stones beneath us
Soft as the earth at planting time
Fair she was as the hearth in the winter
Spent her flame, Ealdormere is dead

Blessed by beast of field and forest
Blessed by all but destiny
Fates are not kind to those who defy them
Black their gifts, Ealdormere is dead

Wondrous her works yet none might outlast her
Sure her shafts, too many the foe
Countless her friends, yet none might stand by her
Lone she fell, Ealdormere is dead

Tell your sons and tell your daughters
Tell your babes this tale of woe
A hero was born but the world was not ready
Brief her song, Ealdormere is dead

The Region of Ealdormere was outlawed by HRM Alen in February, and people responded in many different ways. Baron Aeden wrote a story about Ealdormere as a female warrior created by the people and brought down by the fates, who were jealous because they had not foretold her birth. It helped to make a lot of negative energy positive and eased some of the anger. This song is very close to his story, but omits the hopeful ending to preserve the feel of a lament.

Spring 1986

The Northern Shores

Vali inn svatr fleikingr
(Pierre LaFontaine)

The image shows three staves of musical notation in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of quarter and eighth notes. The second staff continues the melody with quarter and eighth notes. The third staff concludes the phrase with quarter notes and a final half note.

If you should walk on the north - ern shores A dis - tant
ech - o from the fj - ords The sor - row - ful dirge of the North - men be
heard Hark - en now and hear these words.

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

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

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

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

So keep your blade sharp on hostile soil
Be generous to kinsmen and your battle spoils,
Show justice ring giver, father sons with your seed,
And you'll live on forever in both name and in deed.

And you'll live on forever in this world's memory.

Biographies

Aelric of the Marines is an example of just what your average Ealdormerian is capable of. He has no musical background, but he wrote the words to *Heed the Call* and then brought it to an event hoping someone would be able to help him set it to music. Martin Bildner assisted, but Aelric knew what he wanted and the music is all his.

Anne Gris Anne le Gris was born in 1452 at Wilton House in Somerset. In her mid-twenties, Anne married one of her father's apprentices and, eventually, the young couple moved to Florence. They lived there for about 20 years. However, with the rise of Savonarola she and her husband decided to settle in Venice where they are currently living. She now fills her days with managing her husband's atelier and occasionally writes poetry and tunes for the amusement of her family and friends. Anne is now pursuing her interest in composing period-style early music, although she has not forgotten her first love: poetry - especially her beloved sonnets.

Ann Graham owns a company (Silver Writing) that offers technical writing and editing services to both the high tech and manufacturing businesses in the Ottawa area.

Baintigherna Emer nic Aidan is a bard of Dal Riada, an Irish colony-kingdom in early 7th century Scotland. She traveled with her husband Tighern Corrig mac Kail to southern Ealdormere and they currently reside in Trinovantia Nova. Under King Roak and Queen Carlotta, Emer became the 4th Bard of Ealdormere.

Emily Holbert is an undergraduate student in Classical Studies at the University of Western Ontario, and to support her addiction to buying musical instruments, books, silk and groceries she puts books back on the shelves at an on-campus library.

Cynred Broccan is an Anglo Saxon Thegn and land owner in 11th century England. He was born in 1031, and was 35 years old when he fought at Hastings against the Normans. Cynred has been interested in song and verse for about 30 years, he has had some training in voice from the Benedictines of Holy Hill Abbey. A place he was destined for until events conspired otherwise.

Ken Cook is a Nuclear Operator at the Pickering plant He's been in the SCA for about 9 1/2 years. Strangely, it seems Ken likes to sing as well. Ken also likes to make things, and is currently building a mead hall in Bonfield with the help of many like minded friends.

Gwerydd verch Rhys is daughter of Rhys ap Gwion, a Welsh trader, and Grainne ingen Diarmait Finn, an Irishwoman. She was brought up in an Irish household and listened to the tales of bards. At an early age, she came to the lands of Ealdormere since where she has been adopted by Gerrard Carpentarius and assists in him in his toy making. She has been actively writing poetry and songs since she discovered the joys of the Bardic Arts at Pennsic XXIX.

Helen Marshall is a student at St. Christopher Secondary School in Sarnia. In her spare time, she actively writes short stories and one day hopes to be published.

Gunnar Truthsinger, son of Thorvald Blood-Axe and Groa, daughter of Thrain Tongue Priest is currently serving time as bard for House Fenrir. When he isn't being thrown off of the longship for his extraordinary talent and wit(?), he can be found learning his trade. Hailing from Holt Iceland in the year 1005 he spent several years collecting white shirts and the names that went with them before making a necessary and hasty departure (due to the same extraordinary talent and wit).

Michael McDougall -Son of David McDougall and Arlene, Daughter of Harold Harton. Many years of musical theatre combined with a passion for playing sax has created a Production Supervisor at an industrial bakery that makes Belgian Waffles. A live concert fanatic and LARPer (Live Action Role-playing) with a background in Outdoor Recreational Leadership seems to have produced a scotch drinker that brews.

Hector of the Black Height, an itinerant ditch-digger taught to read by monks with little better to do, wandered out of the west islands of Scotland around 1297. Hector's done some soldiering and sapping (though, with regret, no mining) and a lot of singing and telling. Performance has kept him well fed and in good company for the past 15 years or so, which means it's about 1312 now. Strewth! Time flies when you're having fun.

Arthur McLean is a Federal civil servant, part-time Army officer and father of a young SCAdian son in Toronto. He does not read SCA E-lists and is happier for it.

Marian of Heatherdale was Ealdormere's first Kingdom Bard, an honour cheerfully held until the formal advent of the Bardic College of Ealdormere. She writes songs based on legends -- both SCA and Medieval. In recognition of her Arthurian research, Marian is to be laurelled at Pennsic XXX.

Heather Marian Dale is a professional Modern Celtic singer-songwriter who has produced 2 cds, *The Trial of Lancelot* and *Call The Names*, several songbooks, and numerous tapes. For more information, visit www.heatherdale.com

Martin Bildner hails from the town of Wismar, a lesser port of the Hanseatic League not far from the Danish border. Martin is a trifler by trade specializing in pewter buttons, bells and pins, but he is also a sculptor, dancer, and musician. With his proximity to Norway it is not surprising that his art and his music tends to be heavily influenced by Scandinavian traditions. Martin holds the distinction of being the last pentathlon champion of the Principality of Ealdormere and is currently the minister of Arts and Sciences for the Kingdom of Ealdormere.

Richard Schweitzer is a grade 7/8 teacher in Mount Forest who is very grateful to his twin brother (Master Rufus) for having introduced him to the SCA. Life just wouldn't have been the same without it

Master Rufus of Stamford is a Saxon, bom in the year 1098 in the town of Stamford, England. Within the SCA, Rufus was laurelled for his tablet weaving, but also enjoys playing the harp and singing. Rufus spearheaded the musical transcription project which began as an effort to preserve the music of Mistress Rhiannon who died after a prolonged bout with cancer.

Robert Schweitzer is a Chemistry and Physics teacher, currently at Agincourt Collegiate in Toronto. He has just bought a new house where he lives with his wife Ceridwyn and three cats: Mika, Dante and Temujin.

Mistress Rhiannon of Wye was one of earliest song writers in Ealdormere and had been made a member of the order of the Laurel for her skill as a harpist.

Menya Wolfe died on February 13, 2001 after a five year battle with breast cancer. Just prior to her death, an effort was made to transcribe her music as part of her legacy. If anyone knows any additional tunes which Rhiannon composed, please contact Master Rufus of Stamford at tablet_interloa.com

Vali inn svartr fleikingr was born in 820 to a Germanic woman and the raider who took her for his pleasure. After a brief time farming in Birka, Vali turned to raiding. A storm stranded him in Ealdormere and soon he had a new life as a warrior under Cordigan d'Amot and a new wife. Vali is a true norseman, a knight of the Society and has served as the baron of RamsHaven since A.S. XXXI .

Pierre LaFontaine lives and works in Guelph, Ontario with his wife Dori (Ragnheithr Thorbjomdottir).