

Songs for Any Occasion

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



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

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

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Songs for Any Occasion

Rise

Words by Master Hector of Black Height

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

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

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

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

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

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Come and Be Welcome

by Emer nic Aidan

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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The Poacher's Song

by Emer nic Aidan

CHORUS

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

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

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

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

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

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TRUMBRAND'S LAMENT

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

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

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

You hand me an ice pack
And some Rub A-5-3-5
A splint for my finger
And a frosty cold beer
You un-zip the tent flap
And you tell me you love me
I tell you I'm tired
And we're fighting again
(REPEAT LAST 4 LINES TO END)

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LIGHT OF THE NORTH

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

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The Wolves' Song

Words by Master Hector of Black Height

(Chorus)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So come, come ye wolves of the breed,
come from the Northlands, come down to feed.
Come, come ye wolves of the breed, (slower to end)
come from the Northlands, come down to feed.

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The River Song

Words by Master Hector of Black Height

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

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

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

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

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

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

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The Song of the Northern Wanderer

Words by Master Hector of Black Height

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Battle Songs

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

by Master Hector of the Black Height

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

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

UNTIL YOU REACH....

PRE-ENTHRONEMENT
(ORIGINAL) VERSION

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

CORONATION VERSION (24 Oct AS XXXIII)

Ten for a Crown of Northern gold
Nine for the hundred archers
Eight for the bastard Viking
Seven for the Northern households
Six for the Northern baronies
Five for the Old Duke Finnvarr
Four for Line of Princes
Three, three, for Their Majesties
Two, two myself and you, we wear the scarlet proudly
And one for the land of Ealdormere, and evermore shall be so.

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

Ten for Victory in the South
Nine for the hundred archers
Eight for the bastard Viking
Seven for the Loyal Households
Six for the Northern Baronies
Five for the Old Duke Finnvarr
Four for Their Royal Highnesses
Three, three, for Their Majesties
Two, two myself and you, we wear the scarlet proudly
And one for the land of Ealdormere, and evermore shall be so.

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The Blazing Scarlet Banner

by Master Hector of the Black Height

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

Chorus

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

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

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

Chorus

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

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

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Stand in the Shieldwall

by Master Hector of the Black Height

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

Chorus

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

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

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

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

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Song of the Wain

by Garraed Galbraith, Olagh

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Runnin' With the Wolfpack

Tune: Ridin' on a Donkey
by Emer nic Aiden

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Woods Battle Day

By Lady Sibylla of Glyndmere

Inspiration; The Teddy Bears Picnic song

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

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

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

*Chorus

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

*Chorus

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The Hammer of Thor

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

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

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A Battle Song of Ealdormere and Trinovantia

lyrics: Jessica of Henderson (Jessica Cann)

tune: Good King Wenceslas

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

verse 1:

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

verse 2:

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

verse 3:

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

verse 4:

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

verse 5:

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

verse 6:

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

Repeat verse 4.

verse 7:

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

verse 8:

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

verse 4:

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

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

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The Twelve Days of Battle

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

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

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

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THE CARTER'S WAR SONG

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

(CHORUS:)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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CALL THE NAMES

Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)

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sound clip at www.HeatherDale.com

CHORUS:

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

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

Sharpen the blades Of the axe workers cutting
Many a timber will strengthen our hall
Sharpen the blades That are ready for bleeding
Many the fray when the foemen will fall
(CHORUS)

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

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

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TRUE & DESTINED KING

by Heather M. Dale (*Lady Marian of Heatherdale*)
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sound clip at www.HeatherDale.com)

My kinsman and my brother
My shieldmate and my guide
May my arm always defend you
And your honour lift you high
CHORUS:
You are true and destined King
And my sword is by your side
I will fight for you in glory 'til I die

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

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

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

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

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

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Dagmar's Fight Song

by *Widow Kate, Lady of the Lake*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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