

When Your Lord is a Fighter. Sung to *The Wild Rover*, original lyrics by Lady Anjuli McDonald of Clanranald of the Isle of Skye.

Build the Shieldwall. Music and lyrics by Ivhon Thorne.

My Kind of War. Sung to *Men of Harlech*, original lyrics by Mistress Esperanza Halevi.

United at War. Music and lyrics by Mistress Marian of Heatherdale.

Dona Nobis Pacem. Traditional Round.

Non Nobis Domine. Music by William Byrd.

Æthelmearc Warriors. Sung to *Northstar CIT's* from the movie "Meatballs." Original lyrics by Lady Mæve Aislynn Ronan.

As War Goes By. Sung to *As Time Goes By* from "Casablanca," original lyrics by THL Gwendolyn the Graceful.

Hey, Ho, Nobody Home. Traditional round.

Deo Gracias, Æthelmearc, Sung to "The Banana Boat Song." lyrics by the Mad Bard of Æthelmearc (with apologies to Agincourt).

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The Æthelmearc College of Bards Presents

Songs of Æthelmearc (and the Known World)



Collected and compiled for this purpose: that we may
join our voices in song as we
Their Royal Majesties, Maynard and Christina, and
also Their Sylvan Highnesses, Rurik and Angelik,
The whiles they do await their most Noble Cousins,
the Monarchs of the Assembled Kingdoms, most
notably the Rulers of the East and the Midrealm;

But that we might not be vexed in this time by
boredom, we shall have songs celebrating our glory:

**Thus shall we make merry and be glad, lifting our
voices as one, for all to hear the joyful noise that is
Æthelmearc.**

Æthelmearc Sing

I come from the Sylvan lands as many good folk do,
To see all the pageantry on a field of crimson hue,
To hear somebody call good day and call good morrow to you,
To sit before the bardic fire and share a tale or two.
Some of you came as lost cousins less than a year ago,
Some of you come as kings and queens your blessings to
bestow,
Some of you stand all swelled with pride, some kneel before
our king,
But all of us come with open hearts to hear Æthelmearc sing.
In the forests, in the cities, in the mountains and in the trees,
In the stories and in the people I can hear Æthelmearc sing.

The Pelicans, the Laurels, the Knights of chivalry,
The performers, the artisans and nobility,
The tales of our creation, the teaching of gentility,
The legends of a Camelot for all eternity.
And in the recreation of a brief twelve hundred years,
At what cost do we build a kingdom in blood and sweat and tears,
For if we stood divided, divided we would fall,
But since we stand together, we shall conquer all.
In the forests, in the cities, in the mountains wild and free,
In the stories and in the people I can hear Æthelmearc sing.

Sing of honor, sing of valour, sing of friendship and good company,
In the field on a Pennsic morning, I can hear Æthelmearc sing.

O, I can hear Æthelmearc sing.

Heart of the Land. Music and lyrics by Ivhon Thorne.

A Pennsic Round. Sung to *Christmas is Coming*, original lyrics by
Brigette MacLean of Myrkfaelinn.

Enchanted Æthelmearc. Music and lyrics by Lady Anjuli McDonald
of Clanranald of the Isle of Skye.

Banners of Scarlet. Music and lyrics by THL Gwendolyn the
Graceful.

The Escarbuncle Banner. Music and lyrics by Master Michael
Alewright.

Honor, True Honor. Music and lyrics by Master Michael Alewright.

Pennsic Proclivity. Sung to *The Lusty Young Smith*, original lyric by
THL Gwendolyn the Graceful.

One Song Short. Sung to *Your Tune Here*, lyric by the Mad Bard of
AE.

Song of the Wain. Music and lyrics by Inc. Master Garraed
Galbraith.

Simply Æthelmearc. Music and lyrics by THL Gwendolyn the
Graceful.

Children of Æthelmearc, sung to “*Children, Go Where I Send
Thee*,” original lyrics by Baroness Katherine Bakestondone and
Baroness Bouadicea Ravenhair.

Æthelmearc, the Beautiful. Sung to *America, the Beautiful*, original
lyrics by Baroness Ysabeau Ferch Gwalchafed.

Notes on songs:

Æthelmearc, Sing. Sung to *Sing, Australia* by John Denver, original lyrics by Lady Kateryna y Ty Isaf.

The Æthelmearc Song. Music and lyrics by Viscount Sir Haakon Oaktall.

How Great is the Pleasure. Arr. The Minstrels of Mayhem.

Æthelmearc, My Camelot. Sung to *Douce Dame Jolie*, original lyrics by THL Gwendolyn the Graceful.

March, Æthelmearc! Music and lyrics by THL Gwendolyn the Graceful.

Æthelmearc Lullabye. Sung to *Hush, Little Baby*, lyrics by Megge Gormshuileach.

Song of the Free. Music and lyrics by Master Michael Alewright.

Seasons. Music and lyrics by THL Gwendolyn the Graceful.

Drink to the Crown of Æthelmearc. Sung to *Dadme albricias, hijos d'Eva*, original lyrics by Countess Caryl Olesdattir.

A Pre-Pennsic Song. Sung to *If You're Happy and Your Know It*, original lyrics by Mistress Esperanza Halevi.

Fair Lady Atlantia. Music and lyrics by M. Efenwealt Whystle.
Æthelmearc War March. Music and lyrics by Master Michael Alewright.

The Æthelmearc Song

Out of the Eastrealm there came a new war cry:
“Æthelmearc, Æthelmearc, into the fight!”
The bravest of warriors and finest commanders,
“Æthelmearc, Æthelmearc, show them your might!”

C: Sing me a song of Æthelmearc, Æthelmearc,
Sing me a song of my land so fair,
Warriors of courage and ladies of beauty,
Æthelmearc, Æthelmearc, my heart is there.

Onto the field, there came a new banner,
“Æthelmearc, Æthelmearc, into the fight!”
Red is for courage and gold is for honor,
“Æthelmearc, Æthelmearc, show them your might!” (C)

Dancing the dance of flashing bright steel,
“Æthelmearc, Æthelmearc, into the fight!”
Sending a clothyard shaft speeding downfield,
“Æthelmearc, Æthelmearc, show them your might!” (C)

How Great is the Pleasure (Round)

1. How great is the pleasure, how sweet the delight,
when soft love and music together unite.
2. How great is the pleasure, how sweet the delight,
when love, soft love, and music unite.
3. Sweet, sweet, how sweet the delight,
when harmony, sweet harmony, and love do unite.

Æthelmearc, My Camelot

Oh, Æthelmearc, my kingdom so fair
Your song is heard and your banner unfurled
Your borders rich with treasure more rare
Than any in the world.
In service to the Dream
My king and queen
Honored to be one among sixteen.
By fealty we are bound
To your renown
In loyalty and love for kingdom and crown.

Your ranks are filled with noblest of knights,
No Laurel circle compares to your own,
Your Pelicans look down from the heights;
Their works in you are shown.
Our fencers fierce and bold
Vow to uphold
Honor for the gleaming red and gold
Our archers aiming true
With shafts of yew
Win for Æthelmearc the glory she's due.

Though Camelot has withered to dust,
If ever legend be proof of the Dream,
In Æthelmearc, its memory, we trust,
Will live anew and gleam.
As once proud Arthur's knights
Dazzling in might
Gather'd to uphold the cause of right,

Deo Gracias, Æthelmearc

Deo, Deo, Deo gracias, Æthelmearc.
Deo, Deo, Deo gracias, Æthelmearc.
Our king went forth to Pennsic War,
Deo gracias Æthelmearc,
We'll fight and sleep and fight some more!
Deo gracias Æthelmearc.
Deo, Deo, Deo gracias, Æthelmearc.
Deo, Deo, Deo gracias, Æthelmearc.
Come mista marshall man, come inspect my armor,
Deo gracias Æthelmearc,
Sun's up, so am I, and it's getting warmer,
Deo gracias Æthelmearc.
Deo, Deo, Deo gracias, Æthelmearc.

Six kings, seven kings, eight kings, Fight!
Deo gracias Æthelmearc,
Six kings, seven kings, eight kings, Fight!
Deo gracias Æthelmearc.
Deo, Deo, Deo gracias, Æthelmearc.
Deo, Deo, Deo gracias, Æthelmearc.

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As War Goes By

You must remember this,
The gath'ring you can't miss
Has fun for you in store
The two-week long Medieval tour
Of Pennsic War.

And when two armies fight,
Their ranks swelled up with knights
And squires and scouts galore,
You learn what heraldry is for
At Pennsic War.

Bardics with filk songs, bawdy, sweet or droll,
Classes and parties, the classic swimming hole,
The two-mile hike from the parking lot to troll
That everyone abhors.

It's still the same old story,
A fight for love and glory,
And friends forevermore,
We'll live the Dream each year together,
At Pennsic War.

Hey, Ho, Nobody home (Traditional Round)

Hey, ho, nobody home,
Meat nor drink nor money have I none,
Yet shall I be merry.

So let our song of birth
Ring out our worth
Living that the Dream might be known on earth.

Forever in our hearts shall we praise
The escarbuncle, the laurel, the crown
To you our songs of glory we raise
For you our shouts resound.
Sweet Æthelmearc, my home
Where'er I roam
Ever shall I call this land my own
Though someday we may part
Here in my heart
Is loyalty and love for dear Æthelmearc.

March, Æthelmearc!

Cheerly on, bravely on,
Up to the field we go
Marching on, bravely on
For honor and glory to War!
March on, Æthelmearc!
Whose forces are fet for the fight
Turn back the invaders,
The armies and raiders
And stand in power and might.

Marching on, bravely on
Our allies to aid as we go

Cheerly on, bravely on,
And blissfully beat every foe
March on, Æthelmearc!
And boldly hold the field
Our weapons unsheathed
Our full strength achieved;
Our enemy's sure to yield.

Cheerly on, bravely on
Although the weak may fail
Marching on, bravely on
Together we'll prevail
March on, Æthelmearc!
We're sure to win this day
Or if we should die
In our blood we shall lie
Til all flesh pass away

Marching on, bravely on
Never giving ground
Cheerly on, bravely on
Til vict'ry or death we have found
March on, Æthelmearc!
Let us do or die!
The cannon's sharp boom
Means our enemies' doom
Where Æthelmearc's banners do fly!

Cheerly on, bravely on,
Marching on, ever on,
March, Æthelmearc! (3x)

Dona Nobis Pacem (Traditional round)

Non Nobis Domine (Traditional round)
(Sed nomini tuo da gloriam)

Æthelmearc Warriors

From Æthelmearc we warriors come to fight
We stand behind our king, defend his right
We're going to roust you out with all our might
(Watch out, we bite!) We're Æthelmearc Warriors!

Out here the women fight beside the men
We'll pick you up to beat you down again
We get great pleasure from your groan of pain
(We're not real sane) We're Æthelmearc Warriors!

The archers' bows so strong ring swift and true
Our enemies this day will learn to rue
We're going to beat you 'til you're black and blue:
A lovely hue. We're Æthelmearc Warriors!

On countless fields we've many rivals met
And with their blood the fields they soon were wet
Your banner next in line for us to get
(Wipe off the sweat) We're Æthelmearc Warriors!

Come to our feasts and fires invited all
And listen to our bards within the hall
And when the morning comes with battle call
We'll have a ball! We're Æthelmearc Warriors!

United at War

A mountain pass,
Dividing two lands,
Two kingdoms were lining for war:
The East and the Midrealm
Were shieldwall to shield
And Æthelmearc stood at the fore.
The King of the Midrealm
Saw they were few
And sent his own forces to aid,
So Ealdormere bold, with the scarlet unfurled,
Joined hands with their cousins that day.

And we saw the bright grace,
And the light on their faces,
Two cousins united at war.

As the Æthelmearc prince
Took the field with his kin,
The Princess of Ealdormere bold
Embraced her South Cousin
With joy in her eyes
And wonder for all to behold.
Two Princesses noble
Walked hand in hand
As two Princes fought side by side,
And the Æthelmearc-Ealdormere warriors all
Proved cousins could share the same pride.

And we saw the bright grace....

An Æthelmearc Lullabye

Hush little baby, close your eyes
Tonight you sleep under Æthelmearc skies

Cold and snow rule the whole night long
We'll see Twelfth Night in St. Swithin's Bog

We wait for spring to return once more
And go to school with ravens in Thescorre

The Ice Dragon's grip on the land doth fail
We celebrate it's passing in the Rhydderich Hael

Passes open to the springtime raids
To Blackstone Mountain we'll give our aid

So hush....

Sun shines down over leaf and wood
We spin our fletching in the Delftwood

Whispers of war come rolling in
We practice that craft down in Myrkfaelinn

High summer brings Pennsic War to hand
In the Barony Marche of the Debatable Land

Ere winter sets in down by the mill
We'll have a last tourney in the Endless Hills
So hush....

Song of the Free

Unwelcomed and armed you come,
Your minions invade our land,
And cold grow our hearts
As the killing starts
But whatever should come we stand.
You see plunder ripe for taking,
And think to reach out your hand,
But beware of the prey
That you hunt today
For tomorrow will come—we stand.

We stand, we stand
Unbowed by your demand.
You will come to see
That we still live free
And despite your sword, we stand.

Our souls feel the chill of winter
Through the flames your anger fanned,
Our houses burned,
But our lesson learned,
In the hills and woods we stand.
You've killed us by the thousands,
And wrecked what once was grand.
Commit your crimes,
We shall bide our time,
When the moment comes, we stand.

But it looks so fine!
Purple gown - it's even slimming!
Strings of pearls and bolts of trimming!
Happy tears my eyes are dimming:
This will all be mine!

What a lovely bonnet - Worthy of a sonnet!
Royal blue, and velvet, too, a peacock feather upon it!

Over heaps of furs I clamber:
Don't I need a Turkish tambour?
Oh, that gorgeous Baltic amber -
I'll have that, and more!
Jewel case of burnished copper;
Leather jug with crystal stopper;
I shall be the champion shopper
Of this Pennsic War!

But my lord is moaning -
Looking pale, and groaning;
Oh, my dear, you're sick, I fear -
Or don't you like the stuff that I am owning?

I have fought hard to obtain it -
What? The wagon won't contain it??
Pile it on the roof, and chain it,
There is lots of space!
'Tis no matter what occurs, now;
I don't play with amateurs, now!
I have won my belt and spurs now,
In the marketplace!



My Kind of War

Hark! I hear the sounds of battle!
Duct-taped swords on shields do rattle;
Fighters crowd like herded cattle -
What a dreary chore!
Weapons now on helms are bopping -
See the wounded fighters dropping!
As for me, I'm going shopping -
That's my kind of war!

Merchant's Row awaits me:
Oh, how it elates me!
I shall buy till purse runs dry,
No matter how my lord berates me!

Here we are - a world of riches!
Scarlet cloaks with golden stitches!
Woolen shift - I bet that itches,

We stand, we stand,
And refuse to be unmanned.
Let the hours creep
While you try to sleep,
For there in the dark we stand.

Let your eyes be filled with terror
Ere your mouth be filled with sand,
Let your flesh be meat
For the crows to eat
Let revenge begin: we stand.
Let crops grow where they've fallen
Who moved by your command.
Let their widows fear
When we march from here
And outside your door we stand.

We stand, we stand
For the doom of all you planned.
When the sight of me
Is the last you see,
Let your last thought be— we stand.

Your Song Here?

*It's possible, with today's Bardic College.
Bardic reception and circle in AE Royal Thursday night!*

Check the Bardic Circle book at A&S point for more!

Seasons

A young maid of twenty walks into the hall
Her eyes open wide at the sight of it all:
Jesters and dancers, the King and the Queen
The Peers and nobility living the Dream
The tourney for Crown is her first big event
She helps run the lists with the greatest intent
To see how it works; to learn what to do
For she knows that she wants to be Queen one day too.

Chorus: Round and round the seasons turn,
Crown to crown, dream and learn
All we know and have to give
Is our love for the dream that we live.

Young man learns to dance, learns to fight, learns to sing
He scrubs pots on the weekends, earns arms from the King
He's a squire in a few years and they say he'll be more
And he fights for the Lady he met at the War.
Five Pennsic Wars pass and the couple has grown
Each have accomplished some feats of their own.
In service and arts both take active parts
As they follow the Dream in their lives and their hearts.
(Chorus)

At a fall Coronation his Knight becomes King
They watch Peers recount his rights won in the spring.
They stand with pride as the crown touches his brow
As the Queen rises also their tears swell and flow.

Build the Shieldwall

The man at left, not ten days gone
was sowing barley, oats, and wheat
Now holds his sword tip straight and high
and fights until they call defeat.

Chorus: *Build the Shieldwall man by man.
And draw your sword by King's command.
To your foeman, never yield.
We'll find our glory on the field.*

Now man at right, while noble born
has taken arms against your foe.
If he will help to keep the wall,
then victory we both shall know. (Chorus)

The man behind me, merchants son
trades his father's scale, and stock money
to be an archer quick and true.
and aim his flights devotedly. (Chorus)

Now enm'y line begins to form
a force we will but smother.
And glory they'll not take today
from me, my shield, my brothers. (Chorus)

We'll travel to Pennsic, I'll carry his shield,
And I'll fetch for him drinks as he sweats on the field.
He'll gripe when, at daylight, he's forced to wake up—
When we get to the field he's forgotten his cup! (Chorus)

Last year's Highland River: for the short journey back,
He had leaned up his spear then proceeded to pack;
But the spear slipped and hit me as hard as it could;
As I fell down unconscious I forgot to yell "Good!" (C)

We are poor but so happy, tho' our furniture's sparse;
We have food and a home, and much laughter and farce.
But poverty's choices oft-times overwhelm:
Should we buy a new sofa or buy a new helm? (Chorus)

If someday we marry, how happy we'll be!
We'll have sons like my lord, we'll have daughters like me!
They'll be SCAdian children, but at one thought I quail:
I will not have them christened in infant chain mail! (C)

My lord joins me dancing at Pennsic each night—
He can beg all he wants, but I won't join the fight.
I'll cheer as opponents unnumbered he fells -
But there's got to be one of us guarding brain cells! (C)

I've never met someone who bruises so much!
And he gets them in places no polearm can touch!
I'd fear that he's cheating with some other maid -
But she'd run from his scars if he tried to get....close (C)

Both Lord and Lady assist with the reign
They hold local office but gladly retain.
Six months pass so quickly; another is crowned,
The Dream dances on as the seasons turn 'round. (Chorus)

Ten years have gone by since that starry-eyed girl
Witnessed a tournament that changed her world.
Now her Knight bears her favor sewn by her own hand;
For her honor and glory he'll win her the land.
The last round approaches, the silent crowd waits
And the Lady's hands tremble and nervously shake
The blow is called "Good!" and one noble knight falls
The other, her champion, is now the Prince called. (Chorus)

In the season of Twelfth Night the winter wind sighs.
The Court invites Countess to kneel and arise
A Mistress as well, for accomplishments vast
Recognition for service, a Pelican at last.
Spring coronation at the turn of the year:
A-Maying they wander and play in good cheer.
As strawberry leaves are placed on her hair
The girl still inside her has more dreams to share. (Chorus)

Another Crown tourney; the cycle won't end.
Once more at her vigil, surrounded by friends.
As candle lights candle, her Laurel wreaths show,
Our Dream brightens when we pass on what we know.
For many a lady and many a lord
Our great game of Chivalry strikes a deep chord.
Our wishes are realized when we can see
The Peers and nobility living the Dream. (Chorus)

Drink to the Crown of Æthelmearc

C: Fill your glass and hear a story*
People of these sylvan lands
Story of the Sylvan crown*
Lift up your glass and toast the crown,
Drink to the Sylvan crown,
The crown of Æthelmearc.

First to wear the Sylvan crown,
Yngvar with Caryl beside him
At the dawn of Æthelmearc,
They begin our history. (Chorus)

Next the Tiger, fierce and noble
Sits beside the sable Swan.
With Maurya to inspire
Christopher did wear the crown. (Chorus)

Hear the Dragon's mighty roar
For the love of Meirwen fair,
Morghun's sword struck straight and true
for his love of beauty rare (Chorus)

Green and white the Swan ascends
Cygnus and Dorinda bright,
Sylvan lands our King defends
Guided by his fair Queen's light. (Chorus)

* Last chorus "Fill your glass and Raise it high/ Raise it to the Sylvan crown"

When your Lord is a Fighter

Oh, my lover gets clubbed like a baby harp seal;
And so what else is new? This is not a big deal!
I hear his helm ring and I watch his eyes spin;
I don't worry until rigor mortis sets in!

Chorus: And it's flat, light tippy,
Good, excessive, or clean:
When your lord is a fighter,
You know what I mean.

He dons all his armor and chain mail each week.
He's a weekend stick-jock, other days he's a geek!
He has bruises to spare—battle scars make him boast!
(It's the whining next day that annoys me the most!) (Chorus)

He will re-live each moment, each blow of each fight,
And he'll tell me the details the rest of the night!
I've given up fearing his head bouncing free—
'Cause I'll hear all about his duct tape surgery! (Chorus)

He yacks about great swords and wrap shots and such -
I admit, as a bard, I don't sympathize much!
I keep hoping someday he'll stop thinking it's fun -
But by then, I'm afraid, the brain damage is done! (Chorus)

He went to Crown Tourney, a'seeking for fame—
For to rule this fair kingdom and honor my name.
He fought, but he lost, which was fine, though unplanned -
To be queen would have cost me an extra ten grand! (Chorus)

Æthelmearc, the Beautiful

How beautiful, fair Æthelmearc
For noble borders free;
From Blackstone Mountain's majesty
To the pine of Coppertree.
O Æthelmearc, great Æthelmearc
Our Kingdom strong and free
By Crown and Rood,
In brotherhood,
From wood to Inland Seas

How beautiful the gracious smiles
Of ladies high and fair
Their graceful banners to inspire
The lords and fighters there
O Æthelmearc, great Æthelmearc
Our Kingdom's blessed by these
By Crown and Rood
In brotherhood
The flower's nobility.

How beautiful the gentle arts
The fruits of wealth and peace
The inspirations from the hearts
of craftsmen never cease
O Æthelmearc, great Æthelmearc
Our Kingdom's built by these
By Crown and Rood
In brotherhood
Our hand's ability.

A Pre-Pennsic Song

“Are you ready, are you ready for the War?
O, you fighters, are you ready for the War?”
“Sure, we’re ready for the War –
All that lovely blood and gore!
Yes, we’re ready - oh, we’re ready - for the War!”

“Ho, you Tuchux, are you ready for the War?
Dogs and wenches, are you ready for the War?”
Comes a marrow-chilling yell:
“Yeah, we’ll freak ‘em all to Hell!
We barbarians are ready for the War!”

“O, you merchants, are you ready for the War?
Got your rare and wondrous merchandise in store?”
“Sure, we’re piling up our stock
Of pseudo-Medieval schlock -
Bring your money, for we’re ready for the War!”

“Hey, you heralds, are you ready for the War?”
“Yes, we’ve practiced till our larynxes are sore!
We’ll inaugurate the fray with peremptory ‘Oyez!’
And we’ll lead the cheering section at the War!”

“Mr. Cooper, are you ready for the War?
For the occupying armies of the War?”
“Gott in Himmel! Here they come!
Fetch my cask of Valium,
And I’ll work on getting ready for the war!”

But each minstrel and each bard and troubadour
Is in readiness and eager for the War,
For the things we'll see and do
(With a little twist or two)
Will provide us with next winter's repertoire -
LAY ON!!

Fair Lady Atlantia

As I stand upon this mountain, looking out across the sea,
Through the mist I see a land that strangely calls to me.
I can hear familiar voices, saying "You've been gone too long."
But on the breeze, the sound grows louder, I think I hear a song:

C: Fair Lady Atlantia, she rides upon the wind:
The bravest of warriors, and the poet's friend.
Though I've traveled for many days,
She never seems so far away:
Fair Lady Atlantia, my lady by the sea.

The gentle folk they still remember the simple days of years gone past
In Crannag Mor, at Tear Sea's Shore, at home in Elvegast.
I long to roam Windmasters' hills, the mountaintops of Sacred Stone,
And wander through her boundless woodlands: I long to be back home. (C)

Now I stand upon this mountain, looking at the land below.
I turn once more and say "Farewell" to those that I have known.
For now its time to journey onward, along an endless winding road,
But someday I'll return to see the place I call my home. (C)

Through the years that I have traveled, so many places I have seen;
I close my eyes and I can see the land within my dreams.

Children of Æthelmearc

Call: Children, go where I send thee
Response: How shall you send me?

I'm gonna send you one by one:
One for the dream of honour
Found in a suit of armour
Fighting on the fields at Pennsic,
Held, held here in Æthelmearc

Call/Response

I'm gonna send you two by two:
Two for the arts and the science,
One for the dream....

Three for the acts of service,
Four for the reigning monarchs,
Five for the heirs apparent,
Six for the children joyful,
Seven for the fencers deadly,
Eight for security up too late,
Nine for the archers shoot so fine,
Ten for the staff and the Coopers,
Eleven for the Midnight Madness,
Twelve to pass the Dream along....

And yet amidst the stress and strain
Of one thing I've no doubt:
That every soul who lives here
Knows just what we're about.
Because no matter where we go,
On land or sea of foam,
Our hearts return to Æthelmearc
Because she is our home.

While other kingdoms may attest
Their patriotic zeal,
Amassing songs and odes of praise
To tell you how they feel
In Æthelmearc our loyalty
Lives deep within the breast,
For though we may not say it much,
We love her first and best.

No, we've no tiger fierce and bold,
No falcon swift of wing,
No dolphin playing in the sea,
Of wolves we do not sing.
But our cries are just as heartfelt
When we toast the Sylvan throne,
And her subjects love fair Æthelemearc
Because she's simply: home.

Æthelmearc War March

War again consumes our land
Gone to war, gone to war
We obey our King's command
Æthelmearc has gone to war

You who fear the battle's roar (Gone to war...)
Should have thought of that before (Æthelmearc....)

We will answer Glory's call (Gone to war...)
Heaven waits for those who fall (Æthelmearc...)

Never fear the death of men (Gone to war...)
God shall raise us up again (Æthelmearc....)

Now's the time for blood and gore (Gone to war...)
This is what you signed up for (Æthelmearc....)

Peasants plant and tradesmen sell (Gone to war...)
We march in the mouth of Hell (Æthelmearc....)

Let the Devil show his face (Gone to war....)
We will put him in his place (Æthelmearc....)

Foemen think they have the might (Gone to war...)
We will teach them how to fight (Æthelmearc....)

We have killed them by the score (Gone to war...)
Go back home and bring some more (Æthelmearc...)

Let the sun come beating down (Gone to war...)
It is shady underground (Æthelmearc...)

Babes and children all may sleep (Gone to war...)
Safely for the trust we keep (Æthelmearc...)

We won't leave the field of Mars (Gone to war...)
'Til the victory is ours (Æthelmearc....)

Now we face the foe at last (Gone to war...)
Now the time for song is passed (Æthelmearc....)

Heart of the Land

Alone, atop a hill
we sit beside our fire.
And we wait for dawn, to come along
with acts that must transpire.

We left behind our homes
to fight to keep them free.
From the wicked band that burns our land
a half-day's ride from we.

Chorus: *For we are the heart of the land
the soil that lets it grow.
And we are the rocks of the bed
o'er which the rivers flow*

Simply Æthelmearc

I tried to write a little song
Of what Æthelmearc's about,
But we're neither middle, east, nor west,
We aren't north or south,
We have no totem animal
To represent our breed,
The escarbuncle stands for us,
Though it is not our creed.

So how can we extol our land
Or tell you of our pride,
When we have so few traditions
And scant history on our side?
And yet I think there is one point
I make clear in this poem:
Her subjects love fair Æthelmearc
Because she is our home.

It's not a perfect kingdom:
Too hot, too cold, too damp.
We've got our share of villains
And drama queens for camp.
Our monarchs have their vices,
Our peers each have their flaws,
And lack of money's a constant threat
That our attention draws.

Song of the Wain

Chorus: Heave ho, away we go, Rollin' faster, rollin' faster,
Heave ho, away we go, Wagons roll to war.

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

With Scarlet banners now unfurl'd
Our King takes up the challenge hurl'd
And we prepare to leave this world
Our King must have his war (Chorus)

The armour's piled deep and wide
The wagons rock from side to side
No army stands against the tide
Of Ealdormere at war. (Chorus)

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 (Chorus)

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. (Chorus)

To foemen, heed my warning cry
Northmen are not afraid to die
So give your wife her last goodbye,
We'll see you at the war. (Chorus)

We have only our swords
to throw back that mighty tide.
With the rising sun, we'll stand as one,
we will not run and hide.

From us shall not be won
the home we call our own.
From this motley band will spring a land
that our lifeblood has sewn. (Chorus)

Tonight, we seek our peace
from brothers all ringed 'round.
The hope and fear in eyes is clear
heard loud, without a sound.

Tomorrow, some will die
when we face that endless horde.
But tonight shall we, make revelry
whether peasant, king or lord. (Chorus)

A Pennsic Round

Pennsic is coming, Lord, I've gotten fat
I can't fit into my wardrobe, including hats
If I don't start sewing soon
Then I won't have things to wear
I guess I could go 'natural'
But that would scare.

Enchanted Æthelmearc

Ah, Sylvan Lands, bewitching lands!
Green in the highland mist she stands
And greets the world with outstretched hands –
Enchanted Æthelmearc!

Her fairy voice, like Yuletide bells,
Her bold, enthralling story tells,
Breathes o'er her hills in mystic spells –
Enchanted Æthelmearc.

Refrain: Fain would I seek—and vainly seek—
Thy like on any star.
None truthfully can name thy peer,
No tongue thy image mar.
From Drachenwald, from Ansteor',
To thy sweet voice I hark;
And in thy silken woodlands bide
Eternity; and none may chide.
They envy us, those souls denied
Enchanted Æthelmearc.

Though gentle maid, let none suppose,
She will not rise to full oppose
All who would stand chivalry's foes—
Enchanted Æthelmearc!

Her comely hand can grip the spear,
Her claymore numbs the heart with fear—
Defends the weak, protects the poor—

One Song Short

There should be a song here,
But there isn't.
We should see a song,
And not a tent.
In fact, we would prefer
To have a whole 'nuther page of songs.
'Cause then the layout would...
Look better.
So sing me a song about Pennsic.
Sing me a song, and pass me the cup.
Sing me a song about Pennsic,
And please help this songbook fill up.



For horns on the cow need not mean desperation,
Congress and love hand-in-hand need no go,
Lust can dull one's sense of discrimination,
But if you're well supplied, then you'll not sink too low.
With a jingle, etc.

Now someday, perhaps, she will meet her lover,
And meanwhile she'll practice her gifts to bestow,
So when that bold hero she dreams she'll discover
She meets, she'll be ready her partner to know.
With a jingle, etc.
With a jingle, etc.



Enchanted Æthelmearc! (Refrain)

And somehow sing her bards more sweet,
Her dancers flit with lighter feet,
Her drums their rhythm surer beat—
Enchanted Æthelmearc!

Her arts unmatched, her peerless skills
All jealous condemnation stills—
The envious rival helpless thrills!
Enchanted Æthelmearc! (Refrain)

My heart, bereft, weeps like a child
When far from home, in countries wild,
I hear my lass's voice breathe mild—
"Enchanted Æthelmearc..."

She calls me back, in misty dreams.
So distant, yet so near she seems!
And in my soul forever gleams
Enchanted Æthelmearc.

Oh, when this weary dance should pall,
And close my eyes for once and all—
Then rest me where my heart shall call:
Enchanted Æthelmearc!

And I shall soar above that land,
And watch my brethren, merry band,
In that sweet forest ever stand!
Enchanted Æthelmearc! (Refrain)

Banners of Scarlet

Chorus: Scarlet, fight for the banners of
Scarlet. Fight 'til the fields they run
Scarlet with blood from the foe!
Heed to the drum! To battle we go.

Our king calls: fight with him proudly!
Our king calls - rally your forces!
Our king calls! We'll stand by our crown,
For Æthelmearc march, do not let him down.

Shieldwall, wide as a mile, the
Shieldwall. Shoulder to shoulder the
Shieldwall. The moment is near:
Let loose your warcry; don't show them your fear.

Honour comes before victory.
Honour! Let no one question your
Honour. Remember, my friend:
'Tis Æthelmearc's honour you bear in the end.

Spearpoints: Dress the line! Hold up your
Spearpoints. Lift them up! Steady your
Spearpoints, a gleaming display
To pierce through the shieldwall and into the fray.

Argent, white the escarbuncle,
Argent - knight's belt of fealty and
Argent as blades of bright steel
That shall not be sheathed until the foe yields.

The maid let him sing, but she felt not a tremble,
No love in her heart for this boasting young crow.
But nevertheless, for his suit she dissembled,
And arm-in-arm back to his tent they did go.
With a jingle, etc.

'Twas not very long ere her choice she regretted:
This love was like none she desired to know!
Green was this hero, his sword not yet whetted
In battle or skirmish; he could land no blow.
With a jingle, etc.

"Alas, sir, I fear you will serve not my purpose.
Find some other girl to swear she loves you so.
If love and romance are to do you good service,
Then first you must learn to make heartfires glow."
With a jingle, etc.

Thereafter, the maid when she went forth to War,
Sought not for romance like the hart for the doe,
But rather she'd flirt and take time to explore,
And found to be single was far from all woe.
With a jingle, etc.

For "all in good fun" left her free from all pressure,
And though on that week she might reason forego,
She'd ne'er again be so daft as to take measures
She knew she'd regret on the morrow, oh no.
With a jingle, etc.

Perhaps a young squire would set her heart prancing.
She'd be at his side as to Knighthood he'd grow!
But not one among them would come with her dancing,
And every one only sought excessive blows.
With a jingle, etc.

Said one man, "My marriage is solidly open,
I sleep where I choose and my wife does also."
The maid held back laughter, for sure, he was hopin'
To capture his youth left behind long ago.
With a jingle, etc.

And so it was, each man had some trait that harried,
Too young or too old, or too fast or too slow.
Not one man in ten who was not gay or married,
And those that were not, well, she'd not sink that low.
With a jingle, etc.

By Pennsic's last night, the young maid was full frantic,
For what if the songs about Pennsic were so?
And then she met him - a young man as romantic
As those in the poems of long, long ago.
With a jingle, etc.

He lilted a love song with voice true and honest,
Entreating her back to his tent for to go.
He swore that his love, like that of Adonis
Would better be than any other she'd know.
With a jingle, etc.

Nightfall! We've fought from dawn until
Nightfall. Sit by the fires of
Nightfall, in drink and in song
Honour the fallen, remember them long

(Last chorus) Scarlet, follow the banners of
Scarlet, follow the white and the
Scarlet, in peace or in war,
We'll stand with our kingdom forevermore.
Take pride in your kingdom...forevermore.

The Escarbuncle Banner

When escarbuncle banners fly above the battlefield,
My arm is strong, my head is high, and never will I yield.
Let death come take me as he will, my brothers still will stand.
And none will do dishonor to our people or our land.

C: The red is for our lifeblood,
The silver for our steel,
The escarbuncle stands for all who live beneath its wheel.

Who comes to us in friendship, you are a sacred guest.
Who comes to us with knowledge, pray put us to the test,
Who comes to us in force of arms, your welcome's just as deep:
For you, a little plot of land to hold you as you sleep. (C)

Now let us march to make our mark upon this earthly world.
And let us look to Heaven as our banners are unfurled.
There's meat and drink awaiting all who live when day is done,
So let your valor and your blade reflect the rising sun. (C 2x)

Honor, True Honor

Honor, true honor, withstands any blow,
Even the one that will lay a man low;
If flesh is but beeble, of flesh I won't sing,
But of honor, great honor, the mark of a king.

A king serves his people, who serve him in turn.
His crown is the coin he must labor to earn,
For wealth, rank, and privilege are but empty pride,
But for the staunch honor that shines from inside.

Honor, true honor, is not thrown away,
Nor traded for fame that will fade in a day;
For light cannot last when the evening bells ring,
Yet honor will hold back the dark for a king.

A thief may abscond with an elegant crown,
And shine as resplendent as kings of renown;
But though he may prance and proclaim as he will,
A charlatan crowned is a charlatan still.

Honor, true honor, is sweeter than breath,
And one who has lost it has tasted of death.
Who suffers such loss who could not feel a thing?
For honor is ever the life of a king.

Pray be as a king in the life that you live,
And care not for taking, but learn how to give.
Look to your monarch who sits on the throne,
And think on the virtues for which he is known.

Honor, true honor, is worth any cost,
And never is bested, though battles be lost.
Though gold you may lack, shining honor will bring
You riches as worthy as those of a king.

Pennsic Proclivity

A lusty young maid off to Pennsic did travel
In search of a man, for that's how these things go,
But when she arrived, all her plans did unravel
For Pennsic is not quite so easy, you know.
With a jingle, bang-jingle, bang-jingle, bang-jingle,
With a jingle, bang-jingle, bang jingle, hi-ho.

She met there a knight who straight fell to wooing,
He flirted and teased 'til her heart it did glow,
But just as she thought to give in to his suing,
His wife came behind them and took him in tow.
With a jingle, etc.

Some lads did invite her to dine in the Food Court,
They brought her fine fare and they spoke to her low,
But she found them too young and too rough for her sport,
And she left them in search of that one perfect soul.
With a jingle, etc.

The next day, she met a fine Laurel for leather,
Whose artistry made all the ladies flame so,
But "flaming" was right, for he was a Bluefeather,
And off with another young man he did go.
With a jingle, etc.