

Banners of Scarlet

Music and lyrics by Baroness Gwendolyn the Graceful

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. [C]

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.
[C]

Longbow: Agincourt's prowess, the
Longbow. Nock and draw strongly your
Longbow, then loose and let fly!
Take the first rank before they draw nigh. [C]

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

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.
[C]

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. [C]

Nightfall, we've fought from dawn until
Nightfall. Sit by the fires of
Nightfall. In drink and in song,

Honor the fallen, remember them long

Final 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 Æthelmearc Song

Music and lyrics by Viscount Sir Haakon Oaktall

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]



Æthelmearc War March

Music and lyrics by Master Michael Alewright

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....)

Æthelmearc is Marching Off To War

Music and Lyrics by Baroness Helene al-Zarqá

C: Æthelmearc is marching off to war! (off to war)
Æthelmearc is marching off to war! (off to war)
Æthelmearc is marching on,
We'll never stop 'til the fight is won
Æthelmearc is marching off to war!

See the escarbuncle flying high (flying high)
See the escarbuncle flying high (flying high)
Escarbuncles flying high
Show we are not afraid to die
Æthelmearc is marching off to war.

Rally 'round the banners white on red (white and red)
Rally 'round the banners white on red (white and red)
White on Red we'll rally round
Hold the line and hold our ground
Æthelmearc is marching off to war.

See the column stretch a mile wide (mile wide)
See the column stretch a mile wide (mile wide)
See the column miles wide
We'll take the field from side to side
Æthelmearc is marching off to war.

Rally 'round the king as we fight on (we fight on)
Rally 'round the king as we fight on (we fight on)
Rally all around the king
And soon enough a vict'ry bring
Æthelmearc is marching off to war.

In Glorias Æthelmearc

Music and lyrics by Mistress Katryne of Bakestondone and Baroness Boudicea Ravenhair

C: Take up your sword, take up your bow
Take up your loom and your spinning wheel

Take up your paints, take up your pens
In Glorias Æthelmearc

We come to fight, we come to serve
We come to share our knowledge
So join with us and march along
In our van so bold [C]

To preserve the honor of our fair land
We raise our weapons high
Our swords and wits are deadly sharp
Our arrows straight and true [C]

From East to West and in between
We make our presence known
Whenever we leave Æthelmearc
We bring a bit of home [C]

A Call to War

Music and Lyrics by Lady Maeve Ronan

[C]Hear the drums, feel the marching rhythm
The time has come, the King's called us to war
Warriors gather, Fencers, Archers Throwers
Æthelmearc will take the field once more

Invaders come to test the Sylvan army
Beat them back, let them see our might
Polcarm, shield wall, leave them where they've
fallen
They regret they challenged us to fight [C]

Fencers all, step us to your foeman
Shlauger, foil, daggers deadly pierce
Cut them down, teach them all a lesson
As one by one they fall on your blades fierce [C]

Archers now, answer the King's calling
Raise your bows and notch your arrows fast
See them fly straight for target center
They fly true, the first one to the last [C]

Ax and knife, throwers make ye ready
Aim them true and let your weapons soar

See the fear gather in their eyes now
They forget what they all came here for [C]

The Escarbuncle Banner

Music and lyrics by Master Michael Alewright

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]

Sylvan March

*Music and Lyrics by Baroness Gwendolyn the
Graceful*

[C] So stand in the line with your spearpoint
next to mine

And advance when the warlord gives command
Onward strike at the foe! Make them feel our
every blow!
And defend the Sylvan Land

From Blackstone to Hael Herenter to Sterylng
Vale
Port Oasis to the fields of Coppertree
Endless Hills to Thescore, Misty Highlands to
Cour D'Or
Send your fighters from each shire and Barony.

From Abhainn Chiach Ghlais, let the song of war
be raised,
Bring your archers out from their old Hunter's
Home
Onto Sunderoak's plains, piping hot or drenched
with rains:
Where our King and Queen have need of us, we'll
roam. (And) [C]

Ev'ry year, so I'm told, Delftwood sends their
fighters bold,
And from Hartstone and from Riverouge they
come,
From Myrkfaelinn, brave friends ,doughty souls
from Sylvan Glen,
Joining Winter's Edge by marching to the drum.
(So) [C]

And do not forget, the strong folk of Wynterset,
Do not doubt the folk of Hornwood and
Nithgaard!
Gryffi n's Keep, Courtlandslot, what a force of
arms we've got!
Summon all who would be Æthelmearc's home
guard! (And) [C]

At Beau Fleuve, waters flow, and in Stormsport
winds may blow,
But no raging falls nor wave of inland seas
Could convince them to hide –they would form
against that tide,
And their shieldwall could defeat all enemies. (So)
[C]

From St. Swithin's Bog and from River's Edge
they'll slog
While Blackwater keeps on rolling o'er and o'er,
They shall stand, tall and proud, with a war-cry
deaf'ning loud,
Echoed tenfold by the forces of Gael Mor. (So)
[C]

King's Crossing proud stands with the
Debatable Lands,
And together they will make our foemen think!
But far from us they'll run, as if followed by the
Huns,
When we challenge them with Steltonwald to
drink! (So) [C]

Still our ranks ever swell, as the troops of foes we
quell,
For our subjects far and wide all heed and hark,
And wherever they bide, they'll assemble at our
side,
When our King has need of Greater
Æthelmearc! (We'll) [C]

From Æthelmearc's glade muster ev'ry able
blade
Let the Scarlet and the Silver wave on high!
Move your feet to war's dance, no invader stands
a chance,
When the Sylvan army gathers by and by! (To)
[C]