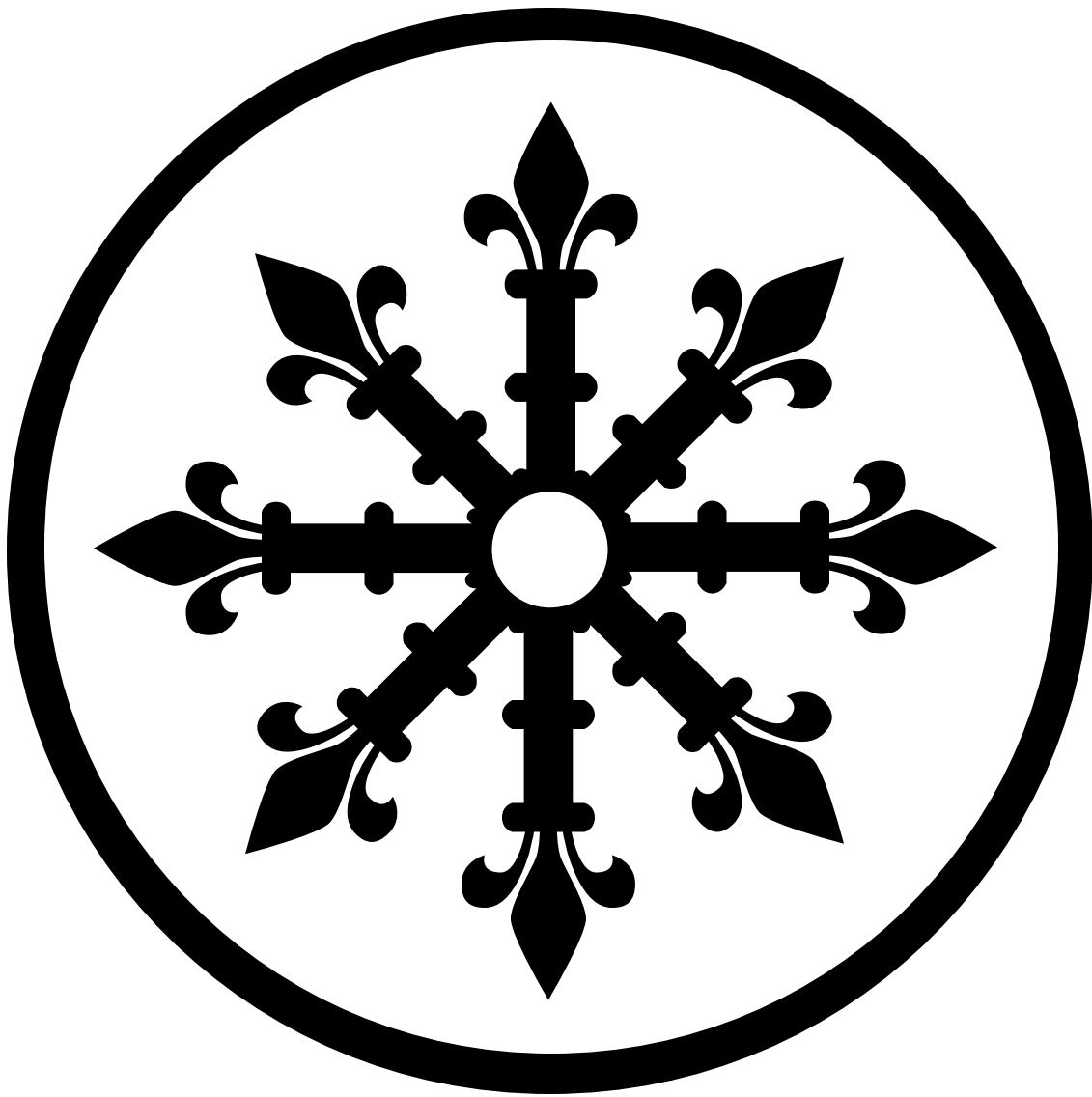


The Æthelmearc College of Bards Presents

Songs of Æthelmearc



Notes

Æbout this booklet

This booklet is a collection of songs about the Kingdom of Æthelmearc. You'll notice some differences from previous years, probably first that the songs are now divided into two sections. The first section contains all original works by SCAdians, and primarily Æthelmearc subjects and citizens. The second section is called "Contrafacta" in reference to the period practice of taking songs and writing new lyrics to the same tune. Yes, folks, filking is period. Written music is provided for the first section and for the contrafactum to period (and therefore public domain) melodies, but the music for the modern filks will have to be obtained elsewhere as we do not have the funds to license all the modern music that has been used.

If you have a piece about Æthelmearc you'd like to see put in future versions of this booklet, please send it to me!

Blanket Copyright Statement

All works contained herein are presumed to be the sole property of the original authors as noted. Permission is granted to sing in public performance and spread as widely as possible, but please do not record any of these for distribution or profit without the permission of the author.

Æbout the Bardic College

The Æthelmearc College of Bards is open to any who are interested in the bardic culture in the Kingdom of Æthelmearc. We have a webpage at <http://www.aebards.org/> with lyrics, events, and other information about the bardic college, as well as a mailing list, accessible at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/aebards/>, which anyone is welcome to join.

In Service and Song,
Lady Silence de Cherbourg
Æthelmearc Bardic College, Head
silence@aebards.org
AS XL

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Banners of Scarlet

Gwendolyn the Graceful

The musical score is written on three staves in 6/8 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature 'C' that quickly changes to '6/8'. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are: 'Chorus: Scar - let, fight for the ban - ners of scar - let,'. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics: 'fight 'til the fields they run scar - let with blood from the foe. Heed to the drum! To'. The third staff is labeled 'final chorus' and includes a repeat sign. The lyrics are: 'bat - tle we go. (Our) pride in your kingdom for -ev-er more'.

Chorus: Scar - let, fight for the ban - ners of scar - let,

fight 'til the fields they run scar - let with blood from the foe. Heed to the drum! To

final chorus

bat - tle we go. (Our) pride in your kingdom for -ev-er more

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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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.

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

Haakon Oaktall

Out of the East-realm there came a new war cry, "Æth-el-mearc, Æth-el-mearc
in-to the fight!" The brav-est of war-riors and fin-est com-mand-ers, "Æth-el-mearc, Æth-el-mearc,
CHORUS
show them your might!" Sing me a song of Æth-el-mearc, Æth-eal-mearc Sing me a song of
my land so fair War-riors of cou-age and la-dies of beau-ty, Æth-el-mearc Æth-eal-mearc
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!"

Chorus

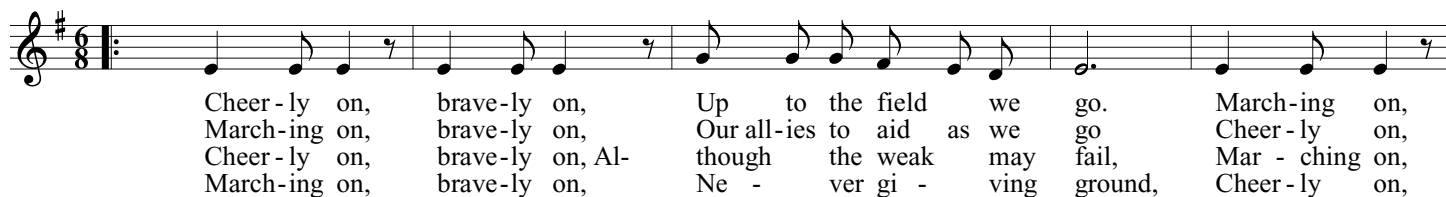
Dancing the dance of flashing bright steel,
"Æthelmearc, Æthelmearc, into the fight!"
Sending a clothyard shaft speeding downfield,
"Æthelmearc, Æthelmearc, show them your might!"

Chorus

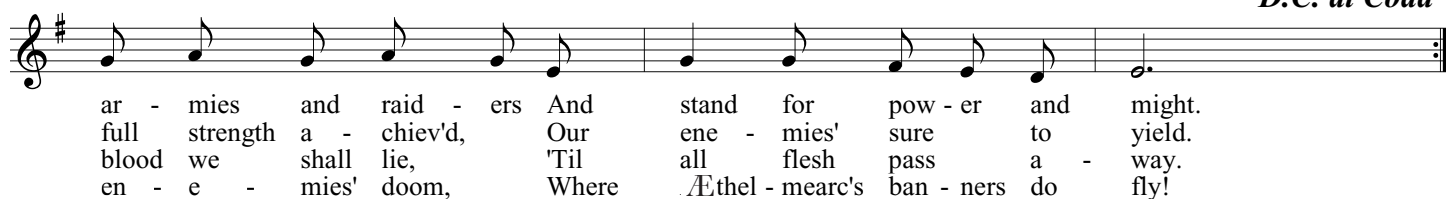


March, Æthelmearc!

Gwendolyn the Graceful



D.C. al Coda



Cheer-ly on, brave-ly on, March-ing on, ev-er on, March, Æ-thel-mearc!



March, Æ-thel-mearc!

Here's to the Escarbuncle

Cadell Blaidd du



First on the line is the no - ble knight, With sword of steel and belt of white,



CHORUS

Lay-ing down his life for right And all for the glor-y of Æth-el-mearc! Drink, lads, fill your cups!



Here's to the lands of Æth-el-mearc, Drink, lads, fill your cups! Here's to the es-car-bu-un-cle!

Skilled are the Laurels in their art
Teaching those who wish to start
All they do comes from their heart
And all for the glory of Æthelmearc!

Chorus

The Pelican's a noble breed,
Helping all of those in need.
Doing service is their creed,
And all for the glory of Æthelmearc!

Chorus

Lords and ladies, nobles all,
Lift your glasses, heed my call!
Let your voices fill the hall!
All for the glory of Æthelmearc!

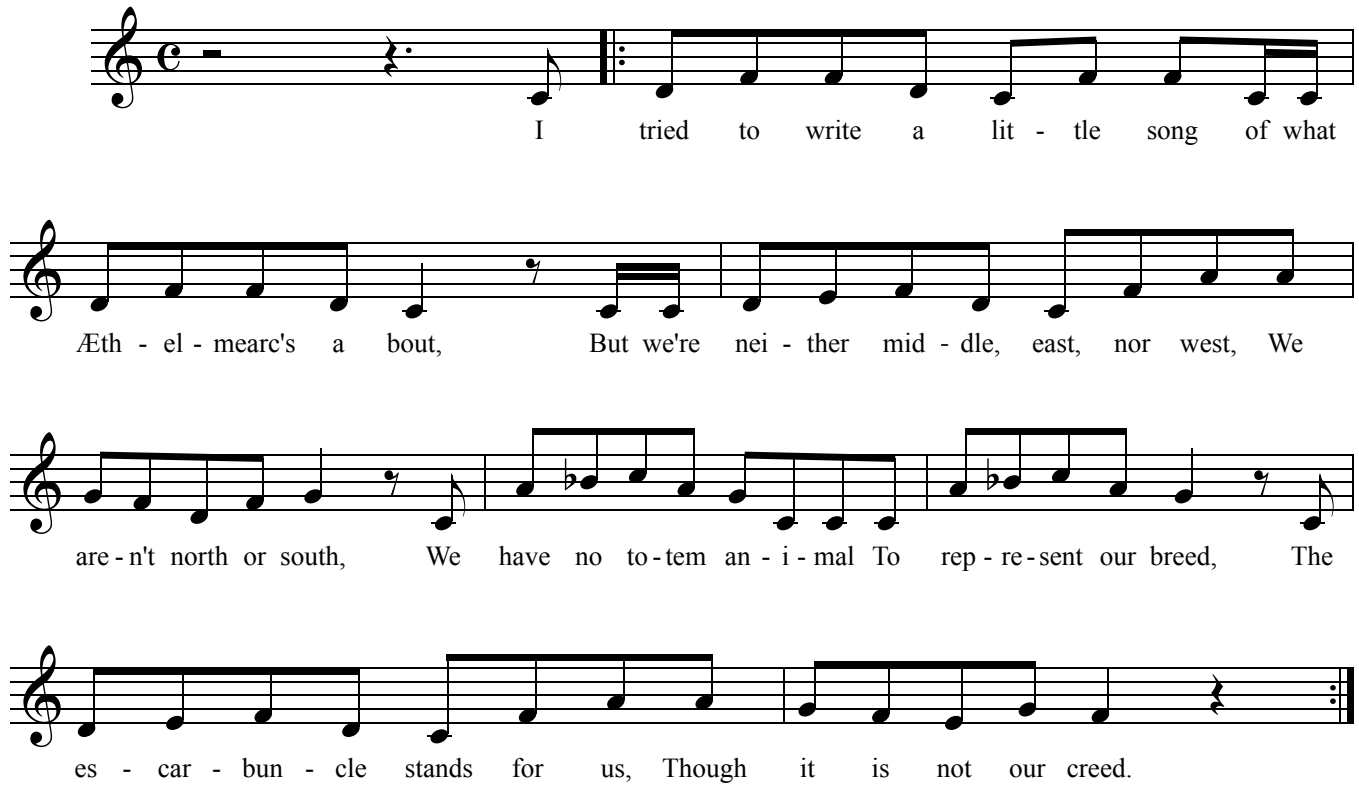


Chorus (2x, both at full speed)

Optional: sing final chorus a minor third higher

Simply Æthelmearc

Gwendolyn the Graceful



I tried to write a lit - tle song of what
Æth - el - mearc's a bout, But we're nei - ther mid - dle, east, nor west, We
are - n't north or south, We have no to - tem an - i - mal To rep - re - sent our breed, The
es - car - bun - cle 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.

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.

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

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 Æthelmearc
Because she's simply: home.

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

Æthelmearc War March

Michael Alewright

The musical score is written on three staves in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The first staff contains the first line of music, with the lyrics 'War a - gain con - sumes our land.' under the 'Caller(s)' section and 'Gone to war,' under the 'Chorus' section. The second staff contains the second line of music, with the lyrics 'gone to war.' under the 'Caller(s)' section and 'We o - bey our King's com - mand. Æth - el - mearc has' under the 'Chorus' section. The third staff contains the third line of music, with the lyrics 'gone' under the first measure, 'to' under the second measure, and 'war.' under the third measure. The score ends with a double bar line.

Caller(s) Chorus

War a - gain con - sumes our land. Gone to war,

Caller(s) Chorus

gone to war. We o - bey our King's com - mand. Æth - el - mearc has

gone to war.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

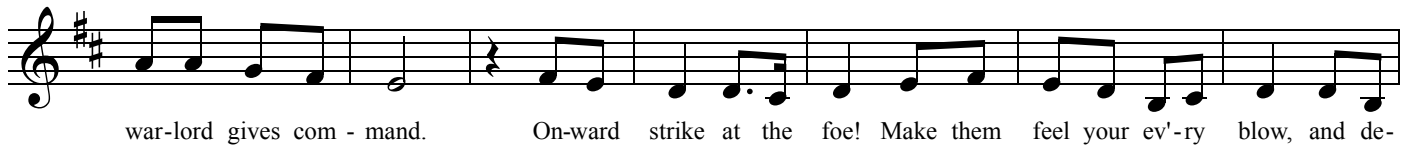
Let the Devil show his face (Gone to war...)
We will put him in his place (Æthelmearc....)

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

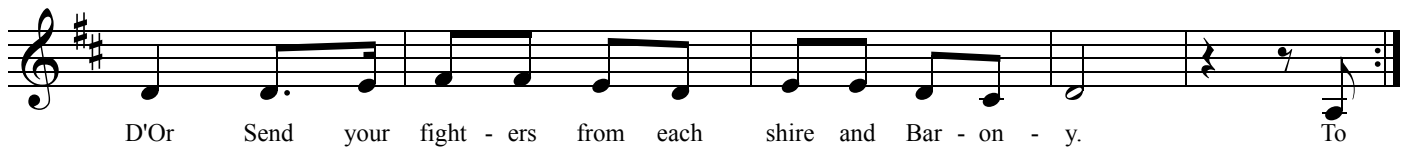
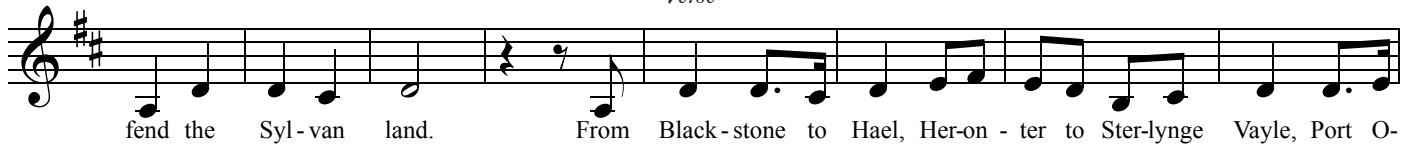
Sylvan March

Gwendolyn the Graceful

Chorus



Verse



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)

Chorus

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)

Chorus

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

Chorus

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)

Chorus

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)

Chorus

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)

Chorus

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)

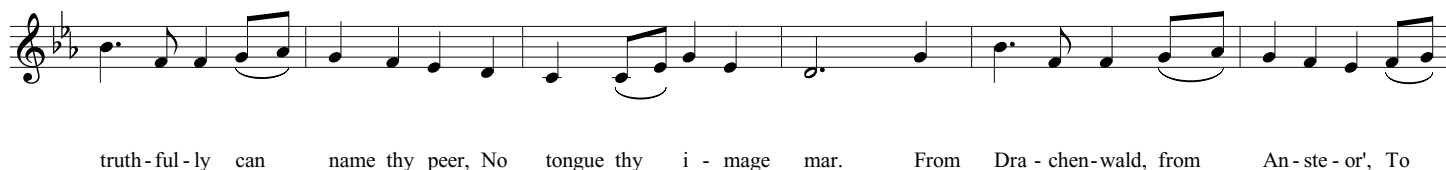
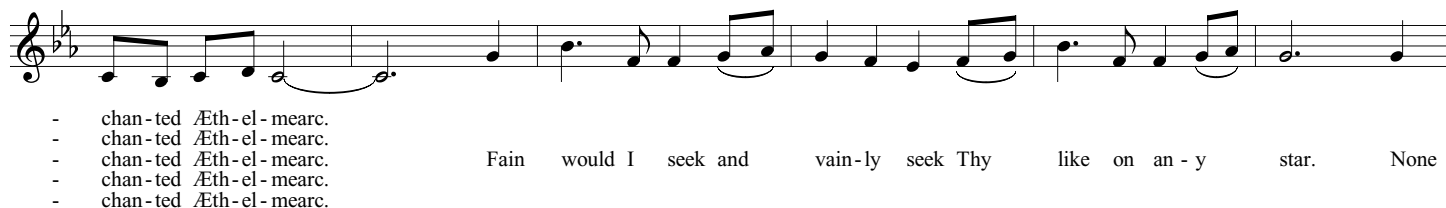
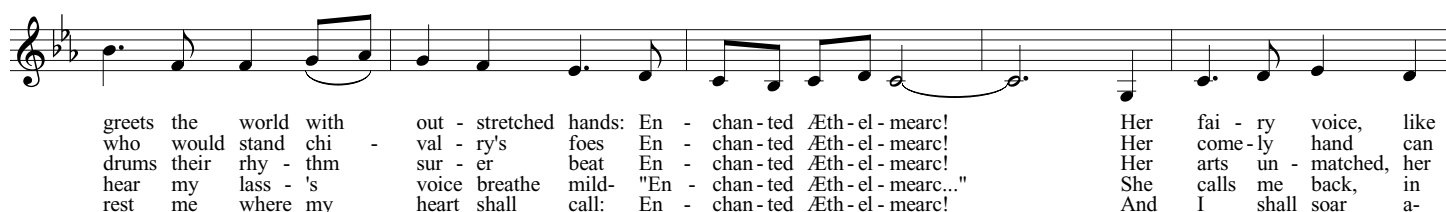
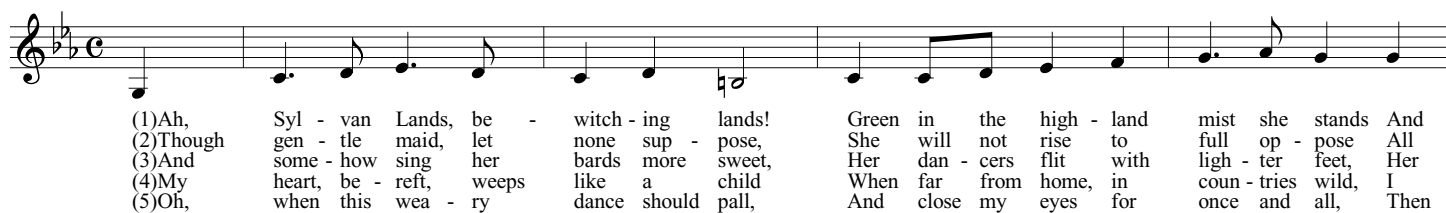
Chorus

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)

Chorus

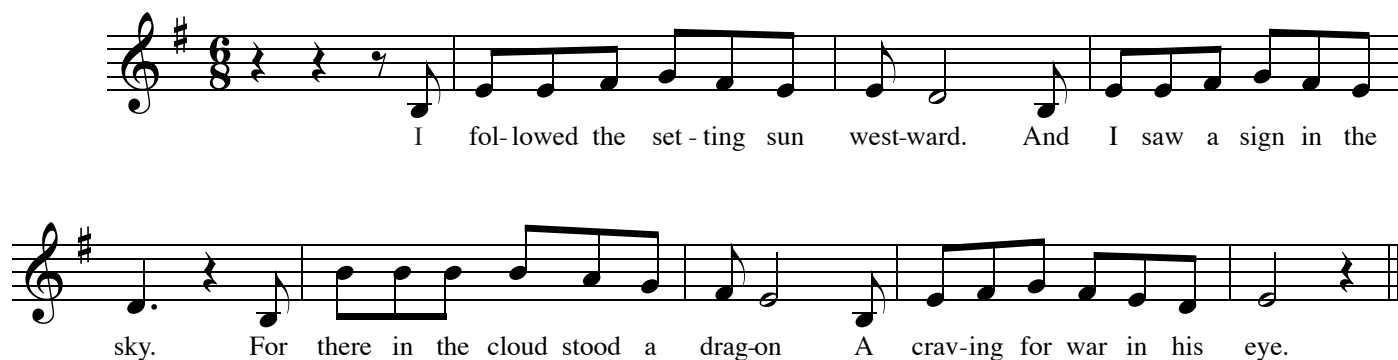
Enchanted Æthelmearc

Anjuli McDonald of Clanranald of the Isle of Skye



We Fight With the Midrealm

Cadell Blaidd du



Today we fight with the Midrealm
So rally your swords to the cause
We fight for the honor of Malcolm
And dragons have powerful jaws.

The field of the day was the mountains
For raiders had come on the morn
When steel tasted blood I knew this was
The day for which I had been born.

Today we fight with the Midrealm
The black stones of onyx our prize
We fight for the glory of Tessa
So you won't see fear in our eyes.

The battle was lengthy and bloody
But now it has come to an end
Where once we took arms 'gainst an enemy
We'll now take the hand of a friend.

Today we fought with the Midrealm
Great honor was won on the field
Glory it was the day's watchword
But all of the wounds have now healed.

We drink the drink of the warrior
We sit by the fire's proud light
But when new foes come from the East realm
We'll stand with our friends as we fight.

Tomorrow we'll fight with the Midrealm
When the war-drums of Pennsic are played
The dragon, once foe, is now ally
And the Tyger shall fall by our blade.

The dragon, once foe is now ally
And the Tyger shall fall by our blade.

Escarbuncle Banner

Michael Alewright

When es - car - bun - cle ban - ners fly a -

bove the bat - tle field, my arm is strong, my head is high and

nev - er will I yield. Let Death come take me as he will, my

bro - thers still will stand, and none will do dis - hon - or to our

CHORUS

peo - ple or our land. The red is for our life - blood, the

sil - ver for our steel: The es - car - bun - cle stands for all who

live be - neath its wheel. Who

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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus (x2)



A Call To War

Lady Mæve Ronan

Hear the drums, feel the mar- ching rhy - thm The time has come The
king's called us to war War - riors ga - ther Fen - cers, ar - chers, throw - ers
Æth - el - mearc will take the field once more

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

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

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

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



Æthelmearc, My Camelot

Music: Guillaume de Machaut

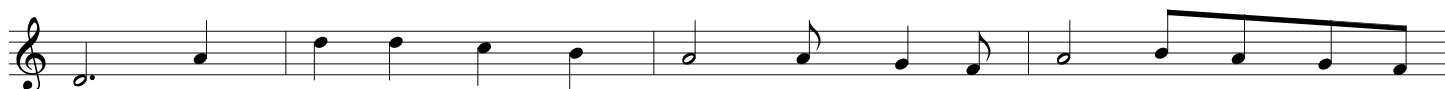
Lyrics: Gwendolyn the Graceful



Oh, Æ - thel - mearc, my king - dom so fair, Your song is heard and your
(Your) ranks are filled with no - blest of Knights, No Lau - rel cir - cle com -
(Tho') Cam - e - lot has with - er'd to dust, If ev - er leg - end be
(For) - ev - er in our hearts shall we praise The es - car - bun - cle, the



ban - ner un - furl'd Your bor - ders rich with treas - ure more rare Than an - y in the
- pares to your own, Your Pel - i - cans look down from the heights: Their works in you are
proof of the Dream In Æ - thel - mearc its mem' - ry, we trust Will live a - new and
lau - rel, the crown, To you our songs of glo - ry we raise, For you our shouts re -



world. In ser - vice to the Dream, My king and queen, Hon - oured to be
shown. Our fen - cers fierce and bold Vow to up - hold Hon - our for the
gleam. As once proud Ar - thur's knights, Dazz - ling in might, Gath - er'd to up -
- sound. Sweet Æ - thel - mearc my home, Where - e'er I roam, Ev - er shall I



one a - mong six - teen, By feal - ty I am bound To your re -
gleam - ing red and gold, Our ar - chers aim - ing true, With shafts of
- hold the cause of right, So let our song of birth Ring out our
call this land my own, Tho' some - day we may part, Here in my

1.2.3.4.5.

6.



- nown In loy - al - ty and love for king - dom and crown. Your
yew, Win for Æ - thel - mearc the glo - ry she's due. Tho'
worth, Liv - ing that the Dream might be known on earth. The
heart, Is loy - al - ty and love for dear Æ - thel - mearc.

Children of Æthelmearc

Music: "Children, Go Where I Send Thee," traditional
Lyrics: Katherine Bakestondone and Bouadicea Ravenhair

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....

Æthelmearc, The Beautiful

Music: "Materna" ("America, The Beautiful"), Samuel Ward
Lyrics: Ysabeau Ferch Gwalchafed

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.

Æthelmearc Warriors

Music: "Northstar CIT's" from the movie "Meatballs."
Lyrics: Mæve Aislynn Ronan

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!

Deo Gracias, Æthelmearc

Music: "Banana Boat Song (Day-O)", Darling/Arkin
Lyrics: The Mad Bard of Æthelmearc (with apologies to Agincourt)

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 marshal 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.

Æthelmearc, Sing!

Music: "Sing, Australia", John Denver
Lyrics: Kateryna y Ty Isaf

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.