

# Songs of Æthelmearc



Presented by the Æthelmearc College of Bards

AS XLII

# Notes

## **About this booklet**

This booklet is a collection of songs about the Kingdom of Æthelmearc. You'll notice that the songs are 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. Period filking, so to speak. 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!

## **Copyright**

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## **About 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. We thank Lady Silence for her service to the College, and we welcome with open arms Lady Helene, who has agreed to take up the reigns and further the bardic arts in the Kingdom of Æthelmearc.

In Service and Song,

Lady Silence de Cherbourg  
Outgoing Head of the Æthelmearc Bardic College  
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Lady Helene al-Zarqá  
Incoming Head of the Æthelmearc Bardic College  
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# Banners of Scarlet

Gwendolyn the Graceful

*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

*Verse*



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-rage 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*





# In Glorias Æthelmearc

Boudicea Ravenhair  
Katyne of Bakestondone

*Chorus*



*Verse follows melody line of chorus*

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

*Chorus*

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

*Chorus*

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

*Chorus*



# We Are The Escarbuncle


Giulietta da Venezia

D m A



A ti - ny band of ar - mored men did face a migh - ty foe, their  
In days of old, our king - dom young, they asked of us a thing, "What  
Our King - dom grew by leaps and bounds with ev - ery pass - ing year, with  
A migh - ty King - dom we've be - come with war - riors brave and bold, with

3 A7 D m




for - ces far out - num - bered ours, our hopes were ri - ding low, when  
fear - some to - tem will you choose to rep - re - sent your King? Your  
ra - pi - er, with sword and axe, with ar - rows stri - king fear in -  
ar - ti - sans and those who proud - ly serve the red and gold, our

5 G m C7 F D m G m/E A7



all at once a migh - ty prince stood forth to have his say, his words in - spir - ing to this  
Queen? Your lands? Your sove - reign - ty? What beast shall lead the way, Our voi - ces rose as one to  
to the hearts of foe - men when the red and gold they spy, for - ev - er fear our bat - tle  
peo - ple, ev - en those who must for for - eign shores de - part bear the es - car - bun - cle in their

8 D m G m C F D m G m/E A7



day:  
say:  
cry:  
heart!

We are the es - car - bun - cle, the boss on the shield, though wood may splin - ter, we

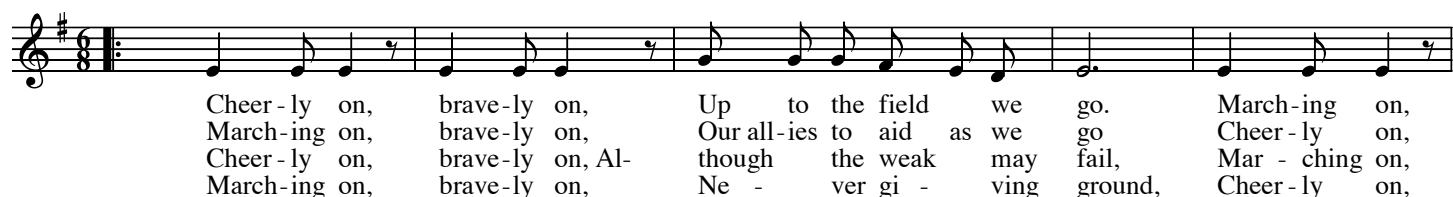
12 D m D7 G m C F D m G m/E A7 D m



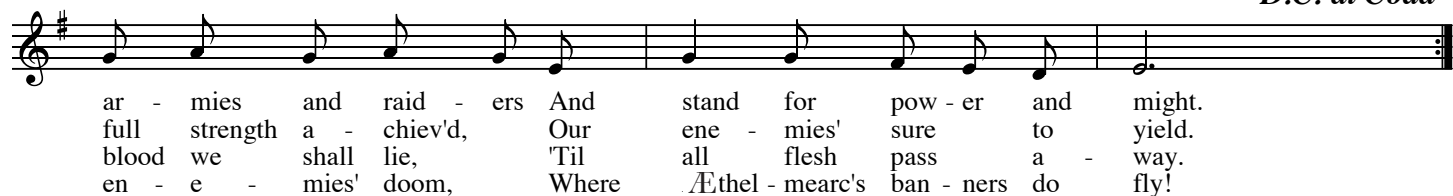
nev - er shall yield, we shall stand, we shall fight, we shall nev - er give way, the es - car - bun - cle holds the day!

# March, Æthelmearc!

Gwendolyn the Graceful



*D.C. al Coda*



⊕  
*Coda*



March, Æ-thel-mearc!



# Here's to the Escarbuncle

Cadell Blaidd du

## *Verse*



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, - ear't, 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 two measures: the first measure is labeled 'Caller(s)' and the second is labeled 'Chorus'. The lyrics 'War a - gain con - sumes our land.' are under the first measure, and 'Gone to war,' are under the second. The second staff also contains two measures: the first is labeled 'Caller(s)' and the second is labeled 'Chorus'. The lyrics 'gone to war.' are under the first measure, 'We o - bey our King's com - mand.' are under the second, and 'Æt Æ el - mearc has' are under the third measure. The third staff contains three measures: the first is labeled 'gone', the second is labeled 'to' and has a sharp sign (#) above the note, and the third is labeled 'war.' and 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. Æt Æ el - mearc 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...)

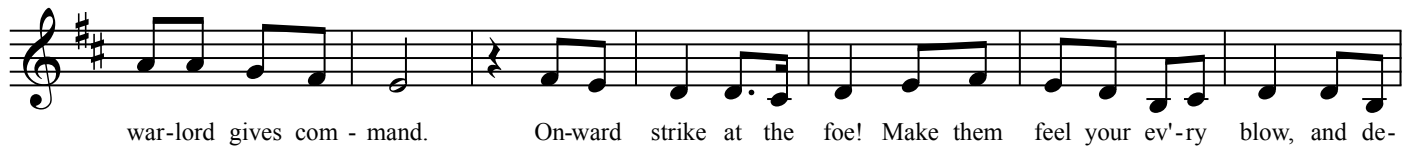
We won't leave the field of Mars (Gone to war...)  
'Til the victory is ours (Æthelmearc....)

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

# Sylvan March

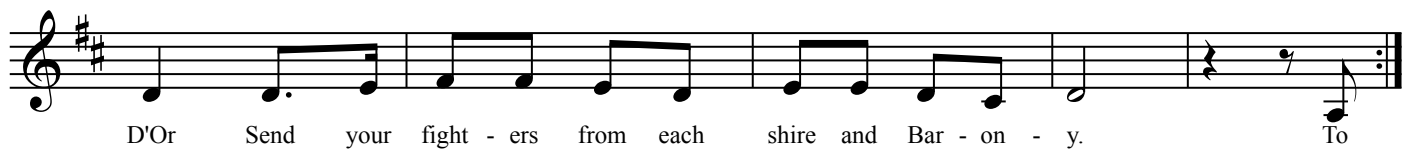
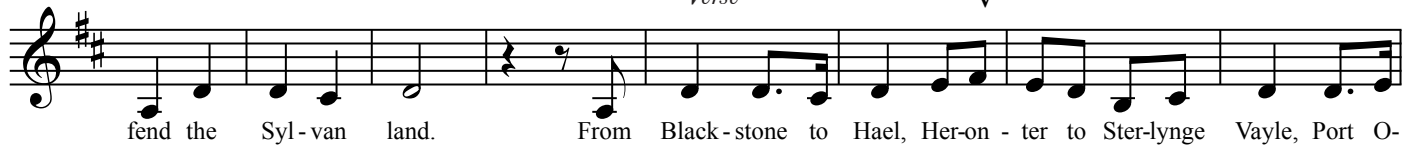
Gwendolyn the Graceful

## Chorus



## Verse

V



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 Wyntersett,  
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




(1)Ah, Syl - van Lands, be - witch - ing lands! Green in the high - land mist she stands And  
 (2)Though gen - tle maid, let none sup - pose, She will not rise to full op - pose All  
 (3)And some - how sing her bards more sweet, Her dan - cers flit with ligh - ter feet, Her  
 (4)My heart, be - reft, weeps like a child When far from home, in coun - tries wild, I  
 (5)Oh, when this wea - ry dance should pall, And close my eyes for once and all, Then



greet the world with out - stretched hands: En - chan - ted Æth - el - mearc! Her fai - ry voice, like  
 who would stand chi - val - ry's foes En - chan - ted Æth - el - mearc! Her come - ly hand can  
 drums their rhy - thm sur - er beat En - chan - ted Æth - el - mearc! Her arts un - matched, her  
 hear my lass - 's voice breathe mild - "En - chan - ted Æth - el - mearc..." She calls me back, in  
 rest me where my heart shall call: En - chan - ted Æth - el - mearc! And I shall soar a -



Yule - tide bells, Her bold, en - thral - ling sto - ry tells, Breathes o'er her hills in mys - tic spells: En -  
 grip the spear, Her clay - more numbs the heart with fear De - fends the weak, pro - tects the poor En -  
 peer - less skills All jea - lous con - dem - na - tion stills The en - vious ri - val help - less thrills! En -  
 mis - ty dreams. So dis - tant, yet so near she seems! And in my soul for - ev - er gleams En -  
 - bove that land, And watch my breth - ren, mer - ry band, In that sweet for - est e - ver stand! En -



- chan - ted Æth - el - mearc.  
 - chan - ted Æth - el - mearc.  
 - chan - ted Æth - el - mearc. Fain would I seek and vain - ly seek Thy like on an - y star. None  
 - chan - ted Æth - el - mearc.  
 - chan - ted Æth - el - mearc.



truth - ful - ly can name thy peer, No tongue thy i - mage mar. From Dra - chen - wald, from An - ste - or', To



thy sweet voice I hark; And in thy silk - en wood - lands bide E - ter - ni - ty; and none may chide. They

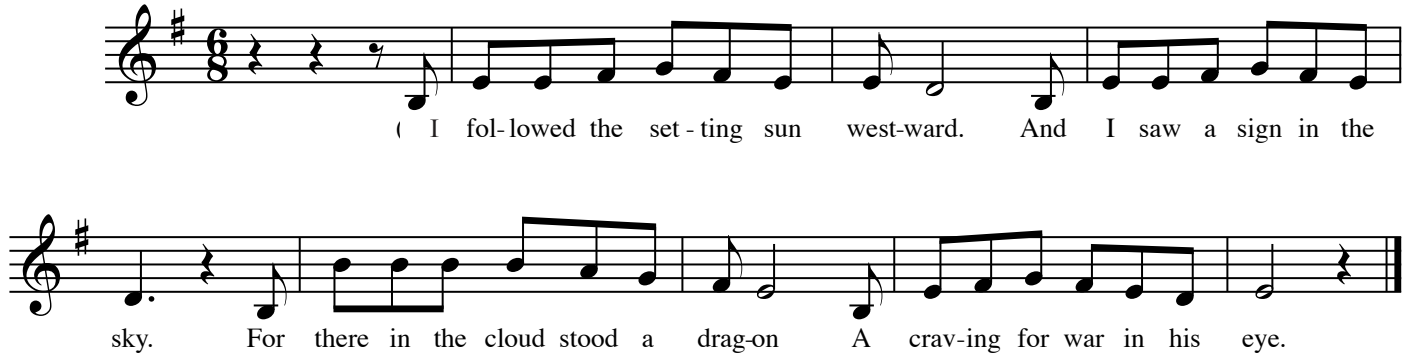


en - vy us, those souls de - nied En - chan - ted Æth - el - mearc.



# 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

*Verse*

1. Ten 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. 2. No

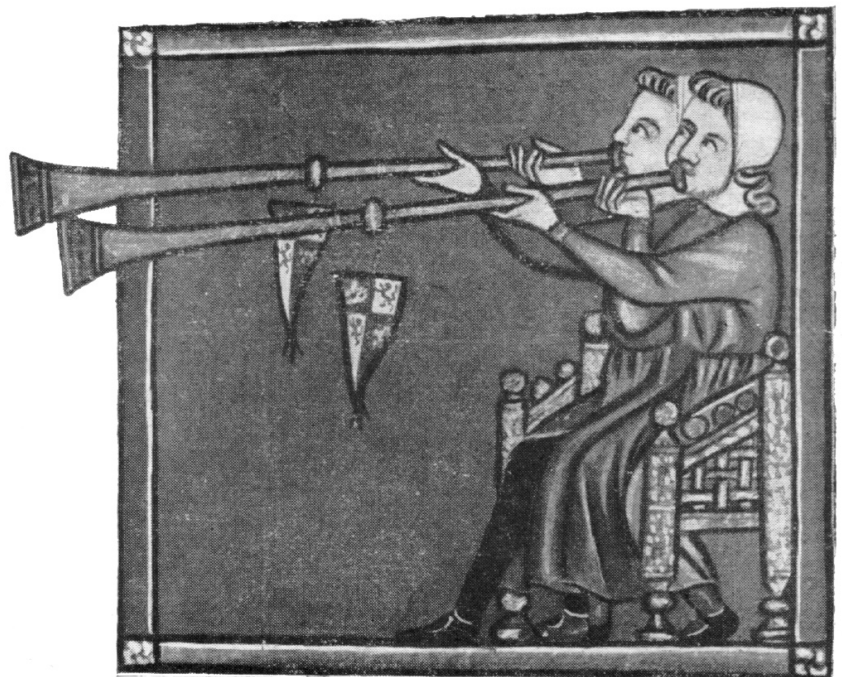
Detailed description: The musical score is written for a single voice part in 4/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#), indicating D major or B minor. The verse consists of 16 measures. The first measure is a whole rest, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note 'Ten' on a G4. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. A repeat sign is placed after the eighth measure. The chorus begins at the 15th measure with the lyrics 'peo - ple or our land.' and continues for 6 measures, ending with a double bar line. The second ending starts at the 21st measure with 'live be - neath its wheel.' and ends with a double bar line. The tempo/mood is indicated by '2. No' at the end.

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

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 is Marching Off to War

Helene al-Zarqá

*Chorus*



Æth - el - mearc is march - ing off to war! (off to war!) Æth - el - mearc is march - ing off to  
war! (off to war!) Æth - el - mearc is march - ing on, we'll nev - er stop 'til the fight is won!  
Æth - el - mearc is march - ing 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.

# 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 night, 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: Katryne of 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

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.

# NOTES

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