

WE WEAR CHAIN MAIL KNICKERS

An Ynys Fawr Songbook

Volume One

This is a book of songs and poems, the words being mainly made up by me. Other authors are acknowledged with their songs. They are not, except in rare cases, intended to be sung at feasts, but at revels and camp-fires. This is because, although filking is a period concept (even if the word isn't), with rare exceptions the songs that I have used are not period tunes.

Filk is, to a great extent an expression of the oral history of a society. Not all people can stand up and tell a story about the great feast they attended or what the King just did. But if a bard has penned something, to a familiar or readily learnt tune, almost anyone can join in telling our group history and reaffirming our group solidarity by emphasis of common traditions. To this end, I would encourage all persons reading this to send me a copy of anything that they have written or heard (with the author credited) so that all may listen and learn.

I hope that no-one takes offence at any of the words that I have used, but will accept them all in the spirit of fun in which they are written. It is **not** the place of filk to be cruel or vindictive but to educate and entertain. I hope that all persons and places mentioned can laugh at themselves as we should not stand too much on our dignity. Could all prose objections to the contents, and especially any libels of me in song or verse, please be sent to me so that I can include them with proper acknowledgement. I hope you enjoy this selection.

Important Addendum

At the most recent Great Southern Gathering the attendant bards decided to remove the word 'filk' from our vocabulary as it does not properly represent what we do. We decided to use two words. 'Trope', a period word where new words are put to an old tune and we 'reverse engineered' it to mean 'traditional opus'. Here we agreed that a trope is only to be called that if the tune itself is of medieval origin. An Easter Carol is the only trope in this volume, they are all 'mopes' a contraction of 'modern opus' or modern work where the music is modern and the words are new. We hope that this finds favour.

Hrölf Herjölfssen
OP, OLM, ORL, AoA.
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| | | | |
|-------------------------------------|----|---------------------------------|----|
| A Drinking Song..... | 5 | Listmaker..... | 7 |
| A Grazing Mace..... | 1 | Lord Charles' Lament..... | 1 |
| A Song..... | 4 | Mistress Madelaine's Song..... | 10 |
| A Song for Fighters..... | 4 | Oh Ladies of Smithfield..... | 7 |
| As I was Going to Rowany..... | 14 | One Misty, Moisty Morning..... | 16 |
| Attila the Hun..... | 8 | Sir Haos' Song..... | 13 |
| An Easter Carol..... | 8 | The Bush Fighters Song..... | 6 |
| Comes a Train of Little Ladies..... | 12 | The Fighter..... | 10 |
| Gypsy Round..... | 3 | The Gypsy Fighter..... | 3 |
| Hark, the Shire Marshall Cries..... | 11 | Tourney has Opened..... | 6 |
| I'm Bruce the Knight..... | 12 | War Song for Politicopolis..... | 2 |
| I'm Only A Simple Serving Girl..... | 15 | War Song for Rowany..... | 2 |
| It Ain't Necessarily So..... | 9 | We Wear Chainmail Knickers..... | 7 |
| Let all our injuries..... | 13 | We'll Unpack the Armour..... | 10 |

This is the first SCA mope I ever attempted. It is based on a cartoon in the Known World Handbook. A fighter with an oversized mace, singing the first phrase. As I was the first to use a mace in Lochac this is a subject close to my heart so when I looked and looked for the words and could not find any, I wrote some. It is to the tune of "Amazing Grace". I wrote it in ASXV.

A grazing mace, how sweet the sound
That staved a wretch like thee.
I once was squire but now am peer,
Twas serf but now am free.

Twas a mace that taught thy heart to fear,
A mace my fears relieved.
How precious did that mace appear,
The hour I first believed

Though many tourneys, moils and wars
I have already fought,
A mace has brought me safe thus far,
A win is all I've sought.

Now I've been in a thousand fights,
And won more than my share.
A mace has brought me safe thus far,
A mace shall see me home.

The subject of this song maintains that it never was true, particularly when he is asked in front of his wife. It is sung to the tune of "Wouldn't it be loverly" from My Fair Lady.

Lord Charles' Lament

All I want is a keep somewhere,
Far away from the King's hard stare.
With wenches pair by pair,
Oh wouldn't it be loverly.

Lots of food now for me to eat.
Lots of grog and lots of meat.
Full face, nice wench, more mead,
Oh wouldn't it be loverly.

Oh so loverly drinking from my own home brew still.
I would never budge at all,
Except to get more to swill.

Someone's head resting on my knee,
Completely severed from its body.
He took a wench from me,
Oh wouldn't it be loverly.

This was a war song for the first Rowany-Politicopolis (as it then was) clash. For some reason I have always been mugged and been unable to finish it each time I have tried to sing it at Rowany. It must be the quality of my voice. It is sung to “Swing low, sweet chariot”.

Chorus Swing slow, Oh Rowan’s minions,
 Falling down all over the field
 Swing slow, Oh Rowan’s minions,
 They’re fallen down all over the field

I looked on the tourney, and what did I see?
 (falling down all over the field)
 Rowan’s fighters heading for the ground
 (falling down all over the field)

(Chorus)

If you get there, before I do,
 (falling down all over the field)
 Leave some to me, I want to fight too
 (falling down all over the field)

(Chorus)

A cry of bias prompted the following;

Mine eyes have seen the gory
 And the coming of the war
 We are trampling down the fighters
 Of the Polypean horde.
 We have loosed the fatal lightning
 Of our terrible swift swords.
 Ro-wan is marching on.

Chorus Glory, Glory, bash their heads in,
 Glory, Glory, bash their heads in,
 Glory, Glory, bash their heads in,
 Ro-wan will conquer all.

We have sounded out the trumpet
 Which shall never sound retreat.
 We hit them and we strike them,
 Right off their very feet.
 Be swift our folk to challenge them,
 And cause them to retreat.
 Ro-wan is marching on.

(Chorus)

This is an example of mope by committee. Whilst driving back from the Mordenvale Gypsy Investiture, I was overcome by the feeling that there had to be a song there. I drove, Madelaine wrote it down and added bits and Charles of the Park, William Henry of Oxeneford and Miriam Galbraith all contributed. So the blame is not entirely mine. This is nearly the first song our, then three year old, daughter could sing. It is to the tune of "The Gypsy Rover".

The Gypsy Fighter

The gypsy fighter came on to the field,
Swinging his sword so gaily,
He whistled and he sang as his great sword rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus Ah de doo, ah de doo dah dey, ah de doo ah de day.
He whistled and he sang as his great sword rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her fathers gypsy tent,
His stolen flocks all over,
He promised her servants and fair estate,
If she'd follow the gypsy fighter.

(Chorus)

Her fathers stolen the fastest steed,
Ridden these lands all over,
He did swear by word and deed,
That he'd slaughter the gypsy fighter.

(Chorus)

At last he came to a feast hall fine,
Down in Morden's Vale,
There was music and there was wine,
And flowing meads and ales.

(Chorus)

He's no gypsy my father, she said,
But Lord of these lands all over,
With him I'll stay to my dying day,
With my whistling gypsy fighter.

(Chorus)

This was sung at the first gypsy feast at Rowany festival. I couldn't let them have everything go their way could I?

Gypsy Round

Hey ho, no-body home,
Sheep nor cows nor horses have I none,
The gypsies have been very busy here.

This is sung to “Summertime” from Porgy and Bess. It started out as a song for the Rowany festival, but I added to it for the mid-winter that followed so it is now

A Song

Autumn Time, and the weather is raining.
Easters’ coming and the fighting is nigh.
So find your armour, and make up new banners,
Hark now all Lochac, come and die.

Fightings hard, and the speeches may bore you.
Melees many, and the victors are few.
Get a consort, and enter the tourney,
The poor fool up front could be you.

Winter time, and the weather is freezing
Meads a flowing and the King he is nigh.
Put on some garb and come to the feast hall
Herald cries loudly, court is nigh.

This is High Court and the Polyps will grace you,
Food is plenty, and complaints they are few.
We’ve all come for the Coronet’s crowning.
Drinks abundant, and songs not a few.

A Song for Fighters

(Tune from Donovan’s “I Love my Shirt”)

- | | |
|--------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| One | Do you have a shield that you really love? One that you feel so safe behind. You don’t even mind if it starts to break, That only makes it nicer still. |
| Chorus | I love my shield, I love my shield, My shield that so comfortably loves me. I love my shield, I love my shield, My shield that so comfortably loves me. |
| Two | Do you have a helm that you really love? One that you feel so flashy in. You don’t even mind if it starts to dent, That only makes it nicer still |
| Chorus | (insert helm in place of shield) |
| Three | Do you have some chain that you really love? Some that you feel so Lucky in. You don’t even mind if it starts to rust, That only makes it nicer still. |
| Chorus | (inserting chain) (so to speak) |

A Drinking Song
(to the tune of "Bound for South Australia")

In Innilgard now I was born,
Drink on up, fall on down
In Innilgard now raise a horn,
Drink and then fall over

Chorus Pour it down you sodden fools,
 Drink it down, pour it down.
 Pour it down you sodden fools,
 Another drink all round now.

(Chorus)

We can drink and dance all night,
Drink on up, fall on down
By morning we're a fearsome sight,
Drink and then fall over

(Chorus)

Our tourney's held in open field
Drink on up, fall on down
The mossies they will make you yield.
Drink and then fall over

(Chorus)

Bro John he brews a toothsome drop,
Drink on up, fall on down
Made from mead or grape or hops.
Drink and then fall over

(Chorus)

The reason we can drink so much,
Drink on up, fall on down
Our water can be used for mulch.
Drink and then fall over

(Chorus)

When we do our journeys far,
Drink on up, fall on down
We always take a full grog jar.
Drink and then fall over

(Chorus)

When tourneys o'er and in the past,
Drink on up, fall on down
The grogs all drunk, it never lasts.
Drunk and fallen over.

This is not written about anyone, although the first verse should be familiar to all fighters. The moral is in the last line, it is for **her** honour that he wins. This is sung to the tune of “Morning has broken”.

Tourney has opened, with a new fighter,
Out on the eric, for the first time.
He feels so nervous, Knight he is facing.
Knees they both tremble, though armour it shines.

Sweet the maids eyes fall, gowned like the heavens,
Voice like the new call of a soft dove.
Praises the fighter, praises his courage,
Praises his valour and his great heart.

Mine is the tourney, mine is the victory,
Seeing the sunlight in her hair play.
I have her favour, I am victorious,
To her great honour, I have this day.

The Bush Fighters Song (To “Click go the Shears”)

Chorus Clash go the spears boys clash, clash, clash.
Wide are their blows and their style lacks dash.
The knight looks around, but is beaten by a blow,
Glory when he gets up won't he make that novice go.

Chorus

Out at the eric, the old fighter stands,
Grasping his sword in his thin bony hands.
Fixed is his gaze on a lady at the side,
Maybe he can catch her if he takes a quick dive.

Chorus

In his cool pavilion with his hands everywhere,
Sits the Viceroy with a fixed glassy stare.
Watching each wench as they come to the feast,
Paying strict attention that their escorts are meek.

Chorus

Out at the side the poor medic stands,
With a pack of band-aids clutched in her hand.
Fixed is her gaze on a new broken limb,
Now she has to fix it and her chances look slim.

Chorus

The McArrum is there, a-waiting in demand,
With his beery brews clutched in his grimy hands.
Hoping the fights will be long hard and slow,
Watching all the fighters and their thirsts all grow.

Chorus

Down at the tavern, the old fighter stands,
Clutching a tankard in his tired old hands.
Fightings a fools game for the younger set.
He'll sit on the sidelines now and keep his throat all wet.

If you do not know what this song is about I suggest that you visit the Polyps at a major feast. To the tune of "My Lady D'arbanville" by Cat Stevens.

Oh Ladies of Smithfield,
Why do you keep so still?
Your Corsets are tightened.
I fear it does you ill.
I fear it does you ill.

Oh Ladies of Smithfield,
Why do you breathe so slow?
Your voices are muted,
Decolletage so low,
Decolletage so low,

Oh Ladies of Smithfield,
You look so bold tonight.
The lords would approach you,
To the occasion rise.
To the occasion rise.

We Love you my ladies,
Say all the fighters so,
Thy clothing does gladden,
The less that it does grow.
The less that it does grow.

Listmaker, Listmaker
(to "Matchmaker, Matchmaker")

List maker, listmaker make me a list,
Find me a fight, smash maim and bash.
Listmaker, listmaker make me a list,
And find me a fight of my own.

For Louis make it a learner,
For Brusi, better make it a King,
And I, well I wouldn't holler,
If she were as puny as anything

Now from Mistress Madelaine de Bourgogne and Melysaunde Gwyllt ferch Gwion, to the tune of a Cornflakes ad (which my good lady tells me is really "The Yellow Rose of Texas") and destroying those last illusions of staid behaviour, we have

We Wear Chainmail Knickers

Oh, we wear chain-mail knickers
Breast-plates with fleur-de-lis.
When we go into battle,
We strike at what we please.
Our shields are lined with velvet,
Our woad is very blue.
Ask us what we're wearing
And this we'll say to you...

We wear gothic in the morning,
And leather every night.
Our presence on the List field
Adds colour to the fight.
The Seneschal is shaking,
He's worried for his life,
That mongols' not a lady,
That mongol is my wife.

On the subject of mongols, this is an old song taught to us by Yang the Nauseating. The writer is Khulan the Dark from the central West. You know the tune.

Rape, loot, pillage, burn,
 Rape, loot, pillage, burn,
 Who's the leader of the horde,
 Who's made for you and me?
 ATT ILA TH EH UN.
 ATTILA THE HUN !, (Ghengis Khan !).
 ATTILA THE HUN !, (Ghengis Khan !).
 Forever hold those heads on pikes up high.
 (high, high, high)
 So come along and sing this song,
 And join our massacree
 ATT ILA TH EH UN.
 Rape, loot, pillage, burn,
 Rape, loot, pillage, burn,

The events in this song are (almost) all true. I was there, at Rowany Fetival #8 in 1989, conversing with the King about the oral history of the society when they happened. Quoth I, "there must be a song in that". Quoth he "don't you dare". I did. The tune is the totally period one, *Tempus adest floridum*, a 13th century spring carol, to which is sung *Good King Wenceslaus*. That makes this a trope.

An Easter Carol

Good King Joffrey look-ed out,
 On the feast of Easter.
 All the lords sat round about,
 Drinking like the heathen.
 Brightly shone the fire that night,
 'Twas the tent of Maelgwyn;
 For the poor man had a fright
 And the fate was cruel

Hither William, stand by me,
 If thou know it telling,
 Yonder bard now who is he?
 What hap to his dwelling?
 Sire he lives in Rowany,
 Makes he beauteous costume,
 And his tent is burn-ed up
 Shame it is, and loss to.

Bring me cloak and bring me wine
 Bring me shelter hither.
 We shall see him warm tonight
 Safe all from the weather.
 So the King gave o'er his cloak,
 That he might be sheltered;
 So should all kings always be,
 And all knights true belted.

None of the people or events in this are true, they are all made up. Or at least that is my defence. All names are co-incidence and at any rate I libelled myself as well. New verses welcome. It is to the Porgy and Bess tune of the same name.

It Ain't Necessarily So

(Chorus)

It ain't necessarily so
 It ain't necessarily so.
 The things that the herald,
 Is liable to tell you
 They ain't necessarily so.

de Clifford has wavy red hair,
 de Clifford has wavy red hair,
 He comes from old Eire,
 Was baptised in fire.
 Some wish that he'd return there.

Hrolf pretends to do verse,
 Hrolf pretends to do verse,
 Some they are good,
 But others you should,
 Say they're for better or worse.

Khurreem she wears a veil,
 Khurreem she wears a veil,
 Her belly dancing,
 Sets Knights a prancing,
 Hoping the veil it will fail.

Thorfinn he talks up a storm,
 Thorfinn he talks up a storm,
 He cries out in Court,
 As all Heralds ought.
 Thorfinn he causes a storm.

Sir Haos, the flower of the South,
 Sir Haos, the flower of the South,
 His hose clad stems,
 Delight all the femmes
 Sir Haos, the flower of the South!

Gwynfor he lives far south,
 Gwynfor he lives far south,
 If you want the news,
 At everyones shoes,
 You tell the mouth from the south.

Rowan is small but oh my,
 Rowan is small but oh my,
 The hearts she has slain,
 And souls has in lien,
 Yes Rowan is small but, oh my.

Tamsyn we've known since a child,
 Tamsyn we've known since a child,
 She wants only one thing,
 A Knight or the new King,
 Oh Tamsyn has grown up wild.

Mistress Madelaine's Song

Hark Australis Herald sings,
 Glory to the West's crowned King.
 Nobles, Lords and Ladies fine,
 Raise your goblets, ale and wine.
 Come ye all the Known Worlde rise,
 Kingdoms of our earth and skies.
 With a joyful cry proclaim,
 Days of honour born again,
 Hark Australis Herald sings,
 Glory to the Known Worlde Kings

Seated at the King's left side,
 Queen of beauty, grace and pride.
 Knights bestow their fealty,
 To this Queen of Chivalry.
 Peers and Royals kneel before her,
 All to cherish and adore her.
 Know ye now our love for thee,
 Queen of grace and chivalry.
 Hark the Lochac heralds sing,
 Glory to our Queen and King.

We'll Unpack the Armour

(To "Pack up your troubles" followed by "It's a Long Way to Tipperary")

We'll unpack the armour from our tourney bags and smite, smite, smite.
 Put on our plate and helms too and get into the fight.
 We're going into battle, waving banners bright,
 So we'll unpack the armour from our tourney bags and smite, smite, smite.

It's a fine day to hold a battle, a fine day you know,
 It's a fine, fine day to hold a battle, swapping blow for blow.
 Put on all my armour, pick up sword and shield.
 It's a fine, fine day to hold a battle, and force them to yield.

This is with the assistance of Martin the Juggler. Any resemblance to certain Dukes whose claim is "I am just a simple country knight in the SCA." must be a coincidence. The tune is "The Boxer"

The Fighter

I am just a poor knight,
 And a simple country Squire.
 Oh, I practice what I preaches'
 On the tourney field and
 Battlegrounds out in the West

Chorus I'm a knight
 I may just be a slow one
 But what I do seems right,
 And they die,
 Die, die, die, die, die, die, die,
 Die, die, die, die, die, die,

I am only here to keep,
 The Crown above the mud.
 To lead our armies forth
 And slay the foreign knights
 Out in the field of chivalry

Chorus etc

This is signed Brothers Vasily and Maxi, I won't repeat the history. Most people can see someone like it around them, in any group. The only reason other people are not in is due to the rhyme scheme of their first two lines. Mistress of Arts and Sciences does not fit to well.

Hark the Shire Marshal Cries

Hark the shire marshall cries,
 Come and practice all you guys.
 You must go and hit the pell,
 Or I'll yell, and yell, and yell.
 I will rant and I will rave,
 I will bore you to the grave.
 Come on guys, come out and fight.
 And this time try to do it right.
 Hark the shire marshall cries,
 Come and practice all you guys.

Hark the shire herald cries,
 But no-one listens to those guys.
 They've got nothing good to say,
 But they'll say it anyway.
 Hope that your names not too long,
 For they'll always get it wrong.
 Walk into the feast at night,
 Pray to BOD they'll get it right.
 Hark the shire herald cries,
 But no-one listens to those guys.

Hark the shire senshal cries,
 Thinks he's really good and wise.
 But he couldn't organise
 A chook as a raffle prize.
 He will plan and he will plot,
 Gets the blame for the damn lot.
 It is really such a shame,
 The seneschal must take the blame.
 Hark the shire senshal cries,
 Thinks he's really good and wise.

Hark the shire fighter cries,
 Sad because he always dies.
 He goes out to fight the rest,
 But he comes off second best.
 Last time he went out to fight
 All the crowd laughed at the sight,
 He has such a scrawny build,
 Couldn't even lift his shield
 Hark the shire fighter cries,
 Sad because he always dies.

Hark the shire peasant cries,
 Sad because he cannot rise.
 Wants an office, yes it's true.
 He will take from me or you.
 Really hates his one word name,
 Makes him want to die of shame.
 Even steal an AoA
 Just to have it for a day.
 Hark the shire peasant cries,
 Sad because he cannot rise.

Hark the shire gossip cries,
 'Cause no-one believes her lies.
 She lets us know what's going on
 But she always gets it wrong.
 Knows about the King and Queen,
 Not a thing that goes unseen.
 Tell's us everything she's heard,
 But don't repeat it word-for-word.
 Hark the shire gossip cries,
 'Cause no-one believes her lies.

Hark the shire minstrel cries,
 Sad because his song don't rhyme.
 In every single verse he writes
 No matter how hard he tries he just can't seem to get the lines to scan.
 All his songs are in good taste,
 Which is just as **CENSORED** well.
 He has got a real good voice,
 Which goes real good with his good songs.

An incomplete one from Madelaine;

Comes a train of little Ladies
 For the Tournament to see.
 Each a little bit afraid is,
 Wondering what the fray shall be.
 Will we see a fight for two hands,
 Sword without a shield
 Or will we see gallant vikings,
 Shields and maces wield.
 Will our Shire come up to measure?
 Fighters at the war arrayed
 Will the autocrat find pleasure
 To have the venue changed,
 To have the venue changed.

We have all embroidered favours
 For to give our fighters brave.
 And we wonder, how we wonder
 ...when will she finish this song.

By rumour this song is not as true now as when it was penned. Still, certain knights are legendary for their prowess in battle, others for prowess in bottle, others for costume, dance etc. And then there is (to "I'm Jake the Peg")

I'm Bruce the Knight

I'm Bruce the Knight,
 Diddle, iddle, iddle, um.
 What a rusty sight,
 Diddle, iddle, iddle, um.
 Where'er I go,
 Through rain and snow,
 My Armour always lets me know,
 I need some oil.

Certain people are features of every Coronet tourney. Some of them are very persistent, despite this habit of coming second. Still, persistence pays off. This is sung to a Bernard Bolan tune - "The Rose Bay Ferry".

Sir Haos' Song

Every tourney in which I try,
To take up a Princedom I but die.
Put my armour on, take sword in hand,
Out to the eric and there I stand.

Lay on! says you, but how can it be,
That they always hit out much harder than me.
Well listeners all, I must explain,
As I go to fight I sing this sweet refrain...

Chorus What is the tourney for, dear knight marshal,
What is the tourney to be.
Let's fight fair and hard for the Coronet
See if the new Prince is me.

So put up the list shields, call us out,
As we fight for our consort to be.
So we must be merry, for fighters are many,
And I've lost the last two times or three, you see,
I've lost the last two times or three,

There's Styvren, Elfin and Reynardine
Have beaten me in battle for the very last time.
This time they won't get it right,
Investiture in Ynys Fawr is in my sight

To "Auld Lang Syne", a happy little dirge;

Let all our injuries be forgot, and ne'er brought to mind,
We'll armour for the melee round and strength to fight we'll find.
To fight for the King, my lads, to fight for the King,
We'll armour for the melee round and loudly swords will ring.

If this song has a history, I do not know it, or if I do the names and places are changed to protect the guilty. At any rate, it wasn't me. Sung to the English folk song "The Ups and Downs" as found on Steeley Span's "Parcel of Rogues".

"As I was going to Rowany"

As I was going to Rowany
 All on a tourney day,
 A pretty little local girl
 I met upon the way,
 Her business was to tourney,
 With sword and shield and glaive,
 And we both jogged on together me boys,
 Sing fol der ol diddle ol day

As we jogged on together me boys,
 Together side by side,
 By chance this fair maid's armour,
 Perchance it came untied.
 For fear of safety breaches
 I unto her did say,
 Hold now for a while my love,
 Sing fol der ol diddle ol day

As we rode on together me boys,
 To the entrance of the field
 At length this fair young damsel,
 She stopped and down did kneel.
 O since you've been so chivalrous,
 Pray fasten it for me.
 "I will if you'll grant me a favour"
 Sing fol der ol diddle ol day

And when we got to the tourney field,
 No others had arrived.
 I took this girl into a tent,
 Her armour for to tie.
 While fixing up her breast plate,
 Such sights now I did see.
 They don't teach this in fighters school
 Sing fol der ol diddle ol day

Oh since you've taken my favour,
 Come tell to me your name.
 Likewise where' your home shire
 And what's your claim to fame.
 My name now I've not chosen,
 From Ynys Fawr came I,
 My fame it is my appetite.
 Sing fol der ol diddle ol day

Oh when the tourney opened,
 Her shield it was not seen.
 Her absence from the lists now
 Was noted by the Queen.
 She'd gone, she'd gone, she'd gone, you see,
 To try to satisfy me
 But my hunger was unsated.
 Sing fol der ol diddle ol day

Oh the moral of this story,
 If moral there must be,
 Don't treat your favours loosely,
 For loosely lost they be,
 But if you've still an appetite,
 Come down to visit me,
 And we'll see if we both can fill it
 Sing fol der ol diddle ol day

This little drinking song has original music. Seeing that none of us can transcribe it, you will have to learn the tune from an islander. The first verse of this song was sung to me by Melysaunde Gwyllt ferch Gwion. Rather than just send it back to her, I've passed it to Leif Gregson. The ball is in your court Leif.

I Am Only A Simple Serving Girl

I'm only a simple serving girl,
 But I'm willing and I'm able,
 It takes more than a simple serving girl
 To get our Senechal's cup to the table.
 Our Seneschal's cup, when all full up,
 Resembles a trough or a fountain.
 Through filling it up, the Shires bankrupt,
 Ten score barrels and still counting.

I am only a simple serving girl,
 But I'm willing and I'm able.
 It takes more than a simple serving girl,
 To get our Reeve's bread to the table.
 Our Reeve can eat, in just one feast,
 Enough bread for a mountain.
 To satisfy him, the cook on a whim,
 Put four score loaves and a cow in.

Seeing that he has not responded, and more than six months have past, here is a serve at the next Seneschal. The "bonk bonk" comes from his name, Martin de Mont Blanc, and nothing else.

I'm only a simple Seneschal,
 But I'm willing and I'm able.
 I takes a mighty Senechal,
 To bonk bonk at the table.
 A Seneschals lust, is liable to bust,
 Anything less stable.
 There came to be, the twins you see,
 The bonk is now a fable.

I've wanted to do something about this song for absolutely ages. Eventually, as they say in the classics, something came up. I thought it very fitting to end this first volume of mope on such a note. It is to the very old, possibly period, tune "One Misty, Moisty Morning"

One_ mis - ty mois - ty mor - ning when_ clou - dy was the wea - ther I__ met a with - er'd
old man a - cloth - ed all in lea - ther He was clo - thed all in lea - ther with a
cap be - neath his chin, Sing - in' "How - d'ye do and how - d'ye - do and__ how - d'ye - do a - gain!"

One Misty, Moisty Morning

One misty moisty morning, when cloudy was the weather,
I met with an young man, armoured all in leather.
He was armoured all in leather with a padded thing within.
Singing how do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do again

He said he was a fighter, to tourney he would stride,
And not an actor in a play, a thought he couldn't bide.
I'm from a big Society, where they do dance and sing
Singing how do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do again

I went a little further and there I met a maid
And with her Tudor finery, her beauty was displayed.
"We're opening up the feast hall, you're welcome to come in."
Singing how do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do again

I entered in the feast hall, where banners were displayed.
"Oh pray put on some garb now, a prithe, sir" she said.
A skirt to me she handed, it showed a lot of skin
Singing how do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do again

This skirt she called a tunic, and gave me tights beside,
A fancy hat and dagger, that hung down at my side.
"All the lords do dress like this, the ladies for to win".
Singing how do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do again

I got into the costume, (my friends would never see).
I'd have a little food now, and a drink or three.
A surprise there was in store now, as the feast begins.
Singing how do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do again

The room was full of people, four or five full score,
I soon knew plenty of them, I wanted to know more,
It seems that I was fated, a new life to begin.
Singing how do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do again

And now I don my armour, and to the field doth go.
At taking up these customs, I trust I proved not slow.
A beauteous lady at my side, I hope her love to win.
Singing how do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do again

