

WE WEAR CHAIN MAIL KNICKERS

An Ynys Fawr Songbook

Volume Two

This is the second volume of a book of songs and poems, the words being mainly made up by me. Other authors are acknowledged with their work. 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), the music, with rare exceptions, is not.

As with the first volume 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.

This volume notes the increase in the number of contributions from other sources. I suppose the habit is catching. Stay tuned for volume four. (volume three is all period and authentic.

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. Opposed to this are '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
Baron et al.
Current version
9 October 2011

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Many people do often ask me "what is the secret to story telling?". The reply is usually different to this ramble. This was done as half of a challenge from Maximillian von Baden Baden. He had to work on "Science Fiction - Double Feature" and I had "Jonathon Livingstone Budgerigah" by Bob Hudson. Like much mope, it is little changed from the original, just enough to utterly warp it. It is sort of a song and mainly monologue and totally silly. So here is....

Maximillian Bon Bon

Young story tellers often ask me, "Hrölf what's your secret of story telling?" And when they ask me this I tell them this story. This is the story of a young lord who lived in Lochac during the Current Middle Ages, called Maximillian von Baden Baden. One day, when young Maxie was musing in his philosophical peregrinations (that was all his garb was in the wash), he chanced upon, philosophically and in theory at least, an entirely new way of making up a song without being able to hold a tune. This thought young Maximillian von Baden Baden was a great leap forward for the fighters of the Shire. So he went to see the Seneschal, who was an old Pelican, and begged to be given an opportunity to compose and sing a whole song without being able to hold a tune. The old Pelican looked Young Maximillian fair in the eye and said...

Maximillian Bon Bon,
You're just short, you're not long
We can't bother to hear your song
Maximillian Bon Bon

Maxie was extremely miffed at this and begged to be given a chance to compose and sing a whole song without being able to hold a tune. And, seeing that this is Lochac after all, where all young lords have a chance of getting an Award of Arms for entertaining when they are not, the old Pelican said "Prithee Sir, a chance you'll get." So they left you Maxie locked in a room at the back of the feasthall, with a pen and paper. It was announced that if, by the end of the feast, young Maxie had been able to compose and sing a whole song without being able to hold a tune, then he would have proved his point and be made a member of the Guild of Entertainers, able to libel and slander by Royal Decree.

So the Shire feasted on (loud party noises) they feasted even harder (more noise). After closing court they all came back into the room. There was no sign of Maximillian von Baden Baden. All that could be seen in the room was the pen and paper and a vast pile of fallen hair. "Strewth", said the old Pelican, in a rare display of forsooth speech, what if you Maxie has succeeded in his venture, to compose and sing a whole song without being able to hold a tune, and been taken up by the Laurels. But no, this was not meant to be, for suddenly, under the pile of hair, were discovered the sad and drunken remains of Maximillian von Baden Baden. The silly little bugger had balded himself in anguish. The old Pelican looked down on the sad remains of this apprentice Llewyn and said

Maximillian Bon Bon,
You should make a story, not sing a song.
Just tell a tale and let it go on and on
To get on in the Society won't take you long.

This is the reply;

"Brotherhood Fighters"

Oh, young Jesca was pissed,
The day she drew up the lists,
But she told us who to fight.
And Hrölf Halfdan was there,
But we didn't care
'Cause Leif Gregson was an awesome sight.
Then something went wrong,
For old Joab Cohen
He got caught by Tristram's rising blow.
Then at a deadly pace,
Vas-i-ly swung his mace,
And how it hurt Lord Martin so.

Chorus

All us heavies, find great pleasure,
We love to fight, no time for leasure.
See Brothers fighting out on the eric.
All the challengers, are sure to panic.
(wah ha ha haaa)
As the brothers, bash the life out, of their foes.

Oh, Lord Julian DuBois,
Looked really bourgeoisie
As he strode out to the tourney field.
The crowd all relaxed,
As out walked Bro Max
Hey I wonder if his bald spots' healed
The Marshal said "fools,
Give me the rules"
But reading them took lots of skill!
And when fighters collide
Their Ladies beam with pride
Hoping their Lords are not killed

Chorus

This is a favourite of the Shire. At any rate it is a favourite of anyone whose birthday it is currently not. It is sung to the "Volga Boatman" song. I do not know who the writers are, but any extra verses are welcomed.

Happy Birthday

May the cities in your wake
Burn like candles on your cake
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

Your servants steal, your wives untrue
Your children plot to murder you
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

Hear the women wail and weep
Kill them all and spare the sheep
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

You must be wedded very soon,
The baby's due the next full moon.
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

You're a period cook it's true,
Just ask the beatles in your stew.
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

We brought you linen, white as clouds,
Now lets sit and sew your shroud
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

It's your birthday never fear,
You'll be dead this time next year
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

'Twas bad enough your hair turned grey,
Now it's falling out they say.
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

The Black Plague has struck your town,
You yourself feel quite run down.
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

They steal your sheep, your gold, your house,
Take your sheep but not your spouse.
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

Now you've reached the age you are,
Your demise cannot be far
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

You saved the damsel in distress,
Now your social lifes a mess
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

Now you've lived another year,
And your death is drawing near.
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

People dying on the earth,
Go ahead, eat your desert.
Happy Birthday, ugh !, Happy Birthday, ugh !

To the tune of "Bedlam Boys";

"Ynys Fawr Boys"

For to see Sir Häos crowned
Across the strait you've travelled
Ye've left your homes behind ye
And come south for to honour

(Chorus)
Still bonny mad boys,
Ynys Fawr boys
Ynys Fawr boys are bawdy.
For they all get drunk, even the monk,
And they have no taste to tourney.

The frosty Southern Lights, Oh!
Will always southward drag ye.
The Lords will shake and Ladies quake.
Whenever he commands thee.

I went down to the south,
Over oceans stormy.
The weather it was never hot,
But chilly in the morning.

By a Knight of Pall and Sun,
You summoned are to tourney.
Forty leagues across the strait
Together you must journey.

This sword has slain many men,
And on their shields has lain them.
For he won the fight in Mordenvale,
And beat them to a standstill

With a host of motley mein,
Of which he is commander,
They'll scare away, at light of day,
All who do this way wander.

In many ways I think I am proudest of this bit of doggerel. It seems to be a part of the early history of the SCA in Australia and one of the few real mopes that can be done at a serious feast. It was written for Mid-winter AS XVI.

James the Lefty Sinister

There was movement at the castle,
For the word had passed around,
That the dragon on the hill had flown away.
And had burnt up sundry villages -
He'd flown o'er much ground,
So all the Knights had gathered for the fray.

All the tried and noted fighters,
From the keeps all near and far,
Had gathered at the castle overnight.
For a knight loves hard fighting,
(With a dragon as the star),
And the war horse snuffs the battle with delight.

There was Änderson, who was knighted
When Nevsky won the day,
The viking with his sword as slow as mud;
But few could stand against him
When his fighting arm was fresh,
He could cleave a shield and holder both in twain.

And mighty Torg of Hawkhurst
Came down to lend a hand.
No better fighter ever strode the earth.
For never man could best him,
'cept in challenge 'gainst the brain.
He learnt to fight, but never learned verse.

And one was there, a stripling
In a black, light leather vest,
Painted with a rose oversized.
With a touch of grog inside him,
Three parts drunken at least
And a sword held at his off-hand side.

He was quick and rough and lively,
Just the sort who won't stay by,
When fighting for a maid to take to bed.
And he bore the badge of drinking
In his red and bleary eye,
And the droop in the carriage of his head.

But still so slight and weedy,
One would doubt his power to stay
And the Old Man said, "This knight will never do
For a long and tiring fight,
Lad you'd better stop away,
This dragon's far too rough for such as you."

So he waited - bad and lustful,
Only Torold stood his friend.
"I think we ought to let him come.", he said
"I warrant he'll be with us
When he's wanted at the end,
For both his horse and he are Island bred."

"He's James the Lefty Sinister,
Down from Scotland's Isles,
Where the dragon's twice as big and twice as rough.
Where a man is not a man until
He can be drunken still and ride
Any man that holds a sword is man enough

For beating down the neighbour's raids
To hold them safe their homes,
They always keep their swords and axes keen.
I have see full many drunken knights
Since first then I did roam,
But nowhere yet, such brawlers have I seen

So they went. They found the dragon
By the big mimosa clump.
He raced towards them with a fearful row
And the Old Man gave his orders,
"Sirs, go at him from the jump,
No use to try for fancy fighting now.

And Torold, you must lance him,
Try and lance him from the right.
Right boldly Sir and ne'er forget the thrills.
For never yet was fighter,
Who could take a dragon's bite
But a lance will give a dragon grievous ills.

So Torold rode to lance him,
To pierce him in the wing,
Where the best and boldest fighters take their place.
And he raced his war-horse t'wards him
And he made the ranges ring
With his war-cry, and they met then face to face.

It all halted, for a moment,
As Torg flew through the air,
For the dragon to this fighting was not new.
He had armoured up his skin and hide
With jewels fine and fair
And Torold's lance lay on the field in two.

Then they charged, with the hill
Behind their back, resounding
To the thunder of their tread.
And their war-cries woke the echoes,
And the dragon answered back
Its breath now fire, coloured fearful red.

Forward now, ever forward,
The war-horses charged their way.
With mounts and riders both a trifle wild;
And the Old Man cried out loudly,
"We may bid our lives good-day,
No sword can pierce that brightly armoured side."

But they'd reached the dragon's side
Now, and the air it was full
Of the noise of melee and of death;
For the dragon's strength was mighty
And his belly it was full
Of flaming fluid issuing on his breath.

But James the Lefty Sinister
Gave his war-horse the slip,
And swung his sword all round and gave a cheer.
He'd found the largest diamond
That he ever had perceived;
For this would keep him happy, for a year

So he prised the diamond outward
As the melee circled round
And the dragon slew the knights on every side,
But James the Lefty Sinister
Kept up with every bound,
For tis grand to see the Scots still have their pride

Through trials and tribulations,
Through victory and defeat,
A Scotsman's aim is always for more gold.
And no-one even noted
The diamond at his feet,
As all at once the dragons breath grew cold.

Now out in many a feast hall,
When glasses all are raised,
Tales all old and boastful then are told.
When stories of valour and glory,
And brave deeds are said by all,
There is one that's told of a man so bold.

But ye who all have listened,
And heard this story all,
Will know the truth when e'er it is told,
That James the Lefty Sinister
Slew the dragon old,
For taking out its heart-gem made it fall.

This has been prompted by a small "incident" during the investiture at Ynys Fawr. For those who were not there, I suggest asking Master Geraint for full details of what he keeps in the freezer. Sung to the period tune of "The Boar's Head Carol".

The Herald's Head Carol

Heralds head in hand I bring,
Twas beheaded for the King.
He left behind a little thing,
The seal in the refrigio.

(Chorus)

Caput praeconis defero
Reddens laudes imperio

The Herald's task, I understand,
His chief service in all this land,
To keep intact and in his hand,
The seal in the refrigio.

The pirates bold make no excuse
As a tale twas a bold ruse.
His trust he has now held quite loose,
The seal in the refrigio

Up to now how trustworthy,
Diligent and works hard he,
And his fate it was to be,
Sealed in the refrigio.

all. From Martin de Mont Blanc to the tune of "Who'll stop the Rain?" The subject is well familiar to us

Rowany Rain

Long as I can remember, the rains been coming down,
Clouds of misty pouring, confusion on the ground.
Pelicans and Laurels, Knights in silver chains,
And I wonder, still I wonder,
Can't they stop the rain.

I came to R'wany, to make the Dream my own.
Caught up in the fable, I wanted to know more.
Five months worth of savings, sodden garb and tears.
And I wonder, still I wonder,
Can't they stop the rain.

Saw the fighters slaying, how we cried for more.
The crowds all slept together, suppos'dly to keep warm.
Still the rain kept falling, on the Prince and Peers,
And I wonder, still I wonder,
Can't they stop the rain.

Mistress Madelaine (OL, OP) insists that this song is not to be taken seriously. She insists that it is "strictly a laugh" (although the West may not believe it). This is sung the tune of "Girl Talk".

Peer Talk

There's an old fashioned custom we keep
And it's known as Peer talk,
And we keep all our Orders in touch
With our custom of Peer talk.

Don't come any closer, don't come any nearer,
Unless you are a Knoght, a Pelican or Laurel.
Peer Talk ! ... and we say it's allowed !
Peer Talk ! ... and we say we know how !
Peer Talk ! ... and we say "that's enough for now"
Peer Talk ! ... if we say that it's so,
Don't you think that we'd know by now !

We will cloister the Royals away
Forever with Peer Talk.
And you'll stand and wait for the end
Of our custom of Peer Talk.

Can't you find a marshall?
Can't you find the eric?
Can't you go away?
Amuse yourselves together.
Peer Talk ... and we show no remorse
Peer Talk ... and we talk ourselves hoarse
Peer Talk ... and we know this of course
Peer Talk, let the Autocrat know,
That we'll steal the whole show away.

This poem was made up for an entertainment competition by Richard of Dunheved for his third event about the awards handed out to the Shire at his first, Mid-winter ASXXXV. He won the prize. Hopefully he will continue.

Mistress Madelaine made the most mark at Mid-Winter
A deserv'd adulation for a Dame much admir'd.
Her parental Pelican perches in Piety,
Wrapp'd in a Wreath reminiscent of Rome.

Hrölf son of Herjölf, our Hairy Historian
Is owner of Honours much honoured and old.
They now are so numerous he never sees new ones
Except when our Liege Lords can't Leaf well alone.

Lady Morag, our ardent and ablest Autocrat,
Manag'd Mid-Winter in a manner Amazing.
Our hearts were all heavy when the happening halted
Leaving the Lady with an Untarnished Tear.

Cohen was Constable, calling the contests,
(Except as an entrant in the Ending Event),
His AoA was far away a much deserv'd honour,
An apt accolade for a Joab well done.

Melitus Zolotoi Fedrov syn Velikov
Of Pere-ye-slavil Khmel-i-nit-ski
In past a proud priest; a pious peasant pauper,
Alas still lacks loot, but is now labelled Lord.

Amidst much anxiety, our own Alexandra
Defend-ez her daughter from dastradly deeds.
But now by the bounty of Haos and Bryony
That errant Abyssynian can come back to her Arms.

In this Isle Isolated there aren't many members;
Though more than are writ in the registry rolls.
Ynys Fawr, in as far as the fame of its fellows
Can hardly be seen as the smallest of Shires.

This is the male "reply" to the first volume's "Ladies of Smithfield", also to "My Lady D'Arbanville"

Toyboys of Smithfield

Oh toyboys of Smithfield,
Why do you look so pale?
Your duties have sapped you,
You used to be so hale
You used to be so hale

They love you oh toyboys,
Do all the Ladies so.
You task gets much harder,
But softens up just so
It softens up just so.

Oh toyboys of Smithfield
Your appetites do grow,
With food do you fill up
We trust you will not slow
We trust you will not slow.

Men of Anealee

This song is from Aneala. I have been told that Sir Brusi is somehow responsible, for this version, but have to confirm this. It is of course known to every branch of the armed services with the appropriate wording changes. It has the same tune as the nursery rhyme.

Chorus 1 Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he.
 He called for his wife in the middle of the night,

 And he called for his fiddlers three.
 Now every fiddler had a fiddle fine,
 And a very fine fiddle had he,
 "Fiddle like hell, like hell" said the fiddlers,

Chorus 2 "Very fine men are we,
 There's none so fair, as can compare,
 With the Men of Anealee."

Chorus 1
 And he called for his jugglers three.
 Now every juggler had some fine balls,
 And very fine balls had he,
 "Balls in the air, in the air" said the jugglers,
 "Fiddle like hell, like hell" said the fiddlers,
Chorus 2

Chorus 1
 And he called for his tailors three.
 Now every tailor had a needle fine,
 And a very fine needle had he,
 "Stick it in, stick it in, stick it in" said the tailors,
 "Balls in the air, in the air" said the jugglers,
 "Fiddle like hell, like hell" said the fiddlers,
Chorus 2

Chorus 1
 And he called for his tapsters three.
 Now every tapster had a fine tap,
 And a very fine tap had he,
 "Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out" said the tapsters,
 "Stick it in, stick it in, stick it in" said the tailors,
 "Balls in the air, in the air" said the jugglers,
 "Fiddle like hell, like hell" said the fiddlers,
Chorus 2

Chorus 1
 And he called for his faggoters three.
 Now every faggoter had some faggots fine,
 And some very fine faggots had he,
 "Stick it in the hole round the back" said the faggoters,
 "Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out" said the tapsters,
 "Stick it in, stick it in, stick it in" said the tailors,
 "Balls in the air, in the air" said the jugglers,
 "Fiddle like hell, like hell" said the fiddlers,
Chorus 2

(continued over)

Chorus 1
And he called for his parsons three.
Now every parson had a fine book,
And a very fine book had he,
"Goodness, gracious me" said the parsons,
"Stick it in the hole round the back" said the faggoters,
"Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out" said the tapsters,
"Stick it in, stick it in, stick it in" said the tailors,
"Balls in the air, in the air" said the jugglers,
"Fiddle like hell, like hell" said the fiddlers,
Chorus 2

Chorus 1
And he called for his butchers three.
Now every butcher had a fine block,
And a very fine block had he,
"Stick it on the block, chop it off" said the butchers,
"Goodness, gracious me" said the parsons,
"Stick it in the hole round the back" said the faggoters,
"Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out" said the tapsters,
"Stick it in, stick it in, stick it in" said the tailors,
"Balls in the air, in the air" said the jugglers,
"Fiddle like hell, like hell" said the fiddlers,
Chorus 2

Needless to say, the author comes from Stormhold. He is Pedair nà Cluaine Bige. This came out of Bardic XXVI.

Down the way, where the Knights are gay
And the rain fall gently on their thrusting tips.
I took a trip on my Drakkar ship
And when I reached to Rowany I made a stop.
But I'm glad to say, I'm on my way,
I won't be back for many a day.
My helm is down, my drakkars turning around
I'm sailing away from Rowany town.

Down in the market you can hear
Merchants cry out as they try to dry their wares.
Mud with rice and mud with spice
The mud is here any time of year.

Sounds of raindrops everywhere
And the howling winds blow to and fro
I must declare my armours there
I sank three feet in the mud you know

The Squires Song

This is an original composition by Master Llewen the Unruly. I am sorry, but I cannot, at this stage, include scores.

Look well upon their eager brows,
Where sweat it proudly stands.
With boyish looks, or girlish laugh,
They take their swords in hand.

"So lift your arm with me", I cry,
To the Squires of this land,
For all that we do hope and seek
Is held within their hand.

(Chorus)

They be Kings one day, or Queens I say,
Oh! Doubt ye not my words
They be Kings one day, or Queens I say,
All by the Right of Arms

But will they gain, what they do seek,
With Grace and Courtesy
And will they one day wear with pride
The chains of Chivalry.

So look ye to their noble Knight
Who holds their Oath in hande
To nurture well the good he find
As well their skill at arms.

Chorus

And if those squires then be Knights
New squires in their stead
And ere the story told again,
Let all the same be said.

So look ye well, the future bodes,
And what it holds for all,
And walk with them a noble path,
Or else with them we'll fall

Chorus

Whose Pigs? A Round

Whose pigs are those,
Whose pigs are those
Oh they are Dick Potts,
You can pick them by the spots
And I found them in the vicarage garden.

This was composed at the Bardic Collegium Post-revel ASXXXVI, very late at night, by Mistress Madelaine de Bourgogne, Lord Martin and Lady Romille de Mont Blanc (the target's sister), Lords Melitus Zolotov Federov syn Velikij and Richard of Dunheved and myself. Like many songs of this type, truth is (partially) relative. Special thanks for his inspiration and for making all this necessary to John of Skye (who was present the whole time) and a big hello to Muffy, Fifi and Candy.

The Skye Leche Song

Speed bonny lass from the hands of the sleaze,
Homewards to father fly
Run from the lad who wants to be King
Now you've met John of Skye

How the crowd roars, loud the feast calls
Ladies they scream and cry.
Thrown from the hall, "But they're still warm",
He in the gutter lies.

Think ye he would have learned with the years
Wandering hands don't pay.
Flirting with girls, ends only in tears
Kisses their tears away.

Tender their years, offended their ears,
As he applied the wine.
Please! Oh Please! keep from her knees,
Don't use that tired old line.

Dancing on tables all the night long,
Keeping his drink horn nigh,
Recalls so little, we wrote this song
Reminding our John of Skye

Over the years, copes with the leers,
Spending the night with three
But the night past, over too fast,
Losing all memory.

(repeat first verse)

Soul Cake (A round)

Soul, soul, soul cake
Please good missus a soul cake
An apple, a pear, a plum or a cherry
Any good thing to make us all merry.
One for Peter, two for Paul
Three for him who made us all.

I know not who wrote this song. It is a favourite of audiences throughout Lochac, despite being, from internal evidence, almost certainly out of period. I think that I have the words right.

The Foxy Song
(Hunt the Devil)

As we were out a'hunting
One morning in the spring
The hounds and the horses running well
Made the hills and the valleys ring.

But to our great misfortune
No fox there could be found
The huntsman swore and a'cursed but still
No fox moved over the ground

And then up spoke the master huntsman
At the head of the hounds rode he
Said "We've been riding for a full three hours
But no fox have we seen

And still there's strength within me
And I shall have my chase.
And if only the devil himself were here,
I'd run him such a race."

Then as quick as a bolt of lightning
Came a fox right out of his hole.
His coat was the colour of a starless night
And his eyes like burning coal.

And they chased him over the valleys
And they chased him over the fields,
And they chased him over to the riverside,
But still he would not yield.

And he's jumped into the water,
And he's swum to the other side
And he's crawled up upon the bank
And he's turned to the hunstman and he's cried:

(Chorus)
"Ride on ye gallant huntsmen
When must I come a-gain?
Just call on me and you shall have
The best of the sport and the game."

Then the men looked on in wonder,
And the hounds did run to hide.
For the fox had turned to the devil himself
Where he stood on the other side.

(Chorus)

Then the men, the hounds, and the horses
Came a chasing back to town
And hard on their heels ran a little black fox
A'laughing as he ran.

(Chorus)

I do not know what the mundane name of the tune is, but it is found as a charming SF song "Stone are my Walls" on the Dorsai Tapes. The words are by Martin de Mont Blanc.

The Shield Song

Broken my shield is and worn is my sword-arm
Dull is my armour and dented my helm;
My bones are all sore and my brow is a-blazing
But I shall take to the Field once again.

Standing beside is whose favour I bear,
Beauty in her eyes and grace in her stride;
The prize that I seek is not Crown or laurels
The love of my Lady is honour enough.

I entered the Lists just to fight in her honour
Duty and Loyalty strengthened my soul;
I have come so far yet there's one bout remaining
My foe and I to the last we will fight.

Sword upon sword-arm the battle progresses
Snap block and parry, rhymes the Song of War
The strength of my arm and the love of my Lady
Have on this day allowed me to prevail.

This is the day, and now is the hour
My hands have stretched upon the Sword of State;
The Crown that I wear it is matched with another
Sitting upon the white brow of my bride.

Broken my shield is, and worn is my sword-arm
Dull is my armour and dented my helm;
My bones are all sore and my brow is a-blazing
But I shall take to the Field once again.

Chords: C F G
 C F G
 C F G
 C F G C

I do not know the antecedents of this song. I know that this is an old, possibly period drinking song. We received this verbally and had to guess at some spellings. We have assumed that it is period and given it the Saxon name (pronounced *pay-segging*). Martin the Juggler gave this Shire the original words (and the first verse) etc at the Bardic Collegium. Madelaine added the next two verses.

The Pæð-sæccan Song

(Chorus)

One, Two, Three jolly men all in one line
We have come a-pæð-sæccan and we hope you'll prove kind
And we hope you'll prove kind
With your eggs and strong beer
And we won't come annoy you until the next year

Well first comes Master Hrölf he stands at the door
With his tankard in hand and he's begging for more
But we won't give him beer
Cause it does not him suit
So we'll give him water and juice of the fruit

And then comes Lord Tristram our fighter so fine
With his steel helm a'shining and manners refined
He likes his strong ale
And he brews his strong beer
And he greets all the ladies with a bow and a leer

And then there's Leif Gregson as sad as can be
With a droop in his shoulders and bend in his knee
But we'll give him strong beer
And his company keep
Cause we know that the beer will soon send him to sleep

Lady Romille de Mont Blanc is "responsible" for this.

Big Spender

The minute you stalked on the field (DA, DUM)
I could see you were a knight of distinction
a real big swordsman
well rounded, so defined
wouldn't you like to know what's going on in my mind
Now let me get right to the point
I don't green my sleeves for every knight I see
Hey big swordsman
Let me be a consort for thee.