

SONGBOOK
OF
THE



PRETHILS

Songbook
of
The



PRESTIGES

SONGS

AN OLD CLICHE REVISITED.....	50
THE BAIT.....	20
BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS.....	47
THE BISHOP'S CURSE.....	39
BLACKBIRD.....	12
BLACK VELVET BAND.....	37
BRING ME A STAR.....	4
BURDEN OF THE CROWN.....	21
CARLINGFORD.....	5
CARLOUGH.....	45
THE CHERI.....	35
CHIVALRY.....	13
CIRCLES.....	22
COME BY THE HILLS.....	7
DANCING VISION.....	38
FAREWELL TO ANSTEORRA.....	4
FELLOWSHIP GOING SOUTH.....	24
THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES.....	25
FIRE IN THE HILLS.....	3
FREEHILLS BATTLESONG.....	27
FREEHILLS FOLLIES.....	44
THE GOLD AND THE GRIM.....	33
GOLDEN EYES.....	26
GYPSY ROVER.....	5
HEARTS TURNED AT BAY.....	16
HEARTS TURNED TO STEEL.....	49
IMPERIUM.....	27
KARELIA'S SONG.....	3
THE LAST DEFENDER OF CAMELOT.....	23
LOOK AT THE COFFIN.....	7



SONGBOOK OF THE FREEHILLS -- VOL. I

CREDITS

MANY THANKS TO ALL THE ARTISTS, BOTH ANONYMOUS OR FAMOUS WHO HAVE KNOWINGLY OR UNKNOWINGLY CONTRIBUTED TO THIS VOLUME. THEY HAVE WROUGHT WELL AND WE GAIN GREAT PLEASURE FROM THEIR CRAFT.

SPECIAL GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO LORD RHYS AP GORDON AND LADY REYNA ARAFEL WHO PERSEVERED -- AND WITHOUT WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT, AID, CREATIVITY AND SUPPORT THIS VOLUME WOULD SURELY NEVER HAVE EXISTED.

APPRECIATION TO LORD ZARED LOCHWOOD AND ELSPETH DER VOLK WHO CONTRIBUTED WARMTH, SPIRIT, AND TALENT, AND ARE FOREVER BROTHER AND SISTER OF OUR HEARTS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT TO RICK ALDERDICE, WHO SPENT UNTOLD HOURS ON KEYPUNCH, RESEARCH AND EDITING, AND MAY SOMEDAY COME OUT OF HIDING...

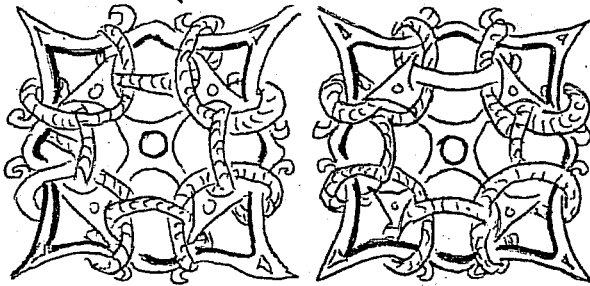
TO ANSTEORRA, WHO UNWITTINGLY BIRTHED THE REBELS THEN CUT THE CORD IN SHOCK AT WHAT WE BECAME.

THANKS, ADLER AND CHRYSALENE. YOU, WITHOUT KNOWING IT, UNSHACKLED THE DREAM AND ARE EVER WITH US IN SPIRIT IF NOT IN BODY.

AND TO THE REBELS...MAY YOUR FIRES EVER BURN BRIGHTLY, YOUR DRINK FLOW UNCEASINGLY, AND YOUR FOES BE EVER WARY...

FOREVER REBELS, FOREVER FREE!

SONGS OF THE FREEHILLS, VOL. I WAS:



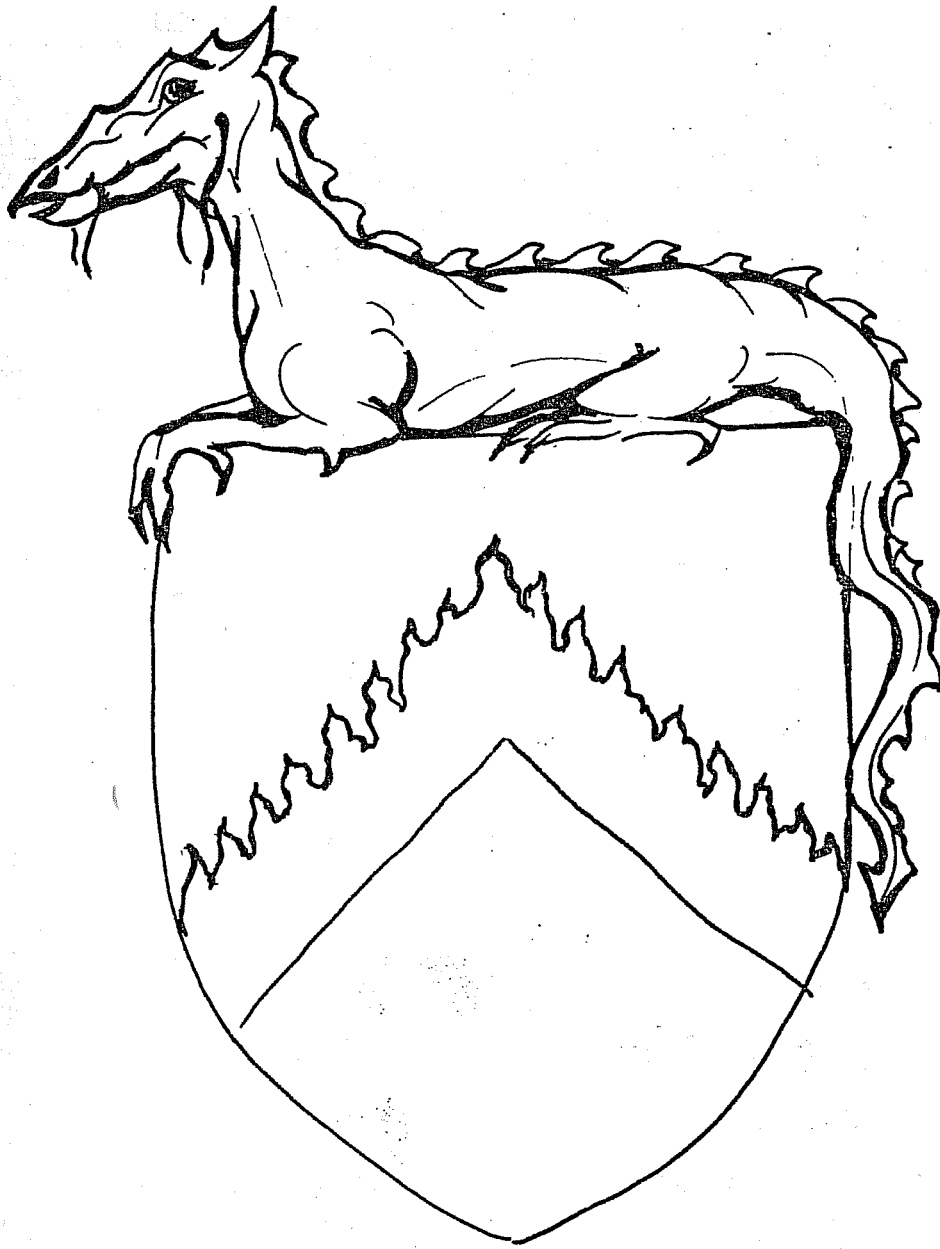
INSPIRED BY THE DREAM
CREATED BY RHYS AP GORDON
EDITED BY ALRICK OF ALLARDYCE
COVER DESIGN: RHYS AND ALRICK
FREEHILLS LOGO COURTESY OF:
REYNA ARAFEL & MYRRICK DEANS

EVERY EFFORT HAS BEEN MADE TO INSURE CORRECTNESS OF VERSE AND INTEGRITY OF PHRASE. IN SOME CASES, PUNCTUATION WAS ADDED TO IMPROVE CLARITY. RECOGNITION FOR CONTRIBUTION HAS BEEN INCLUDED, AS FAR AS I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ASCERTAIN. ANY ERRORS IN SPELLING, GRAMMAR, CONTENT OR CREDIT ARE MINE, AND ARE APPOLOGIZED FOR HERE AND NOW. IF ANYONE CARES TO NOTIFY ME OF SUCH, I WILL BE HAPPY TO MAKE CORRECTIONS.

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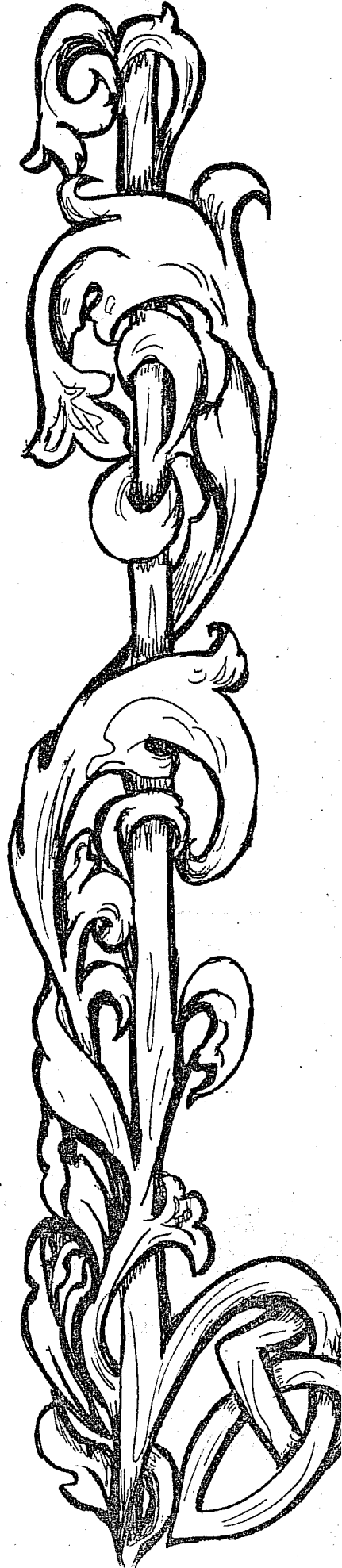
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SONGS

LORD OF THE DANCE.....	40
LOVE DEEP AS RIVERS.....	34
MEN OF THE PICTS.....	6
THE MINSTREL BOY.....	7
MYRDDIN'S GAY FLUTE.....	9
NORSE DRINKING SONG.....	19
THE QUEST.....	28
REBELS.....	17
THE REBELS FROM THE FREEHILLS.....	52
RIMINI.....	43
THE RISING OF THE MOON.....	8
RORY'S RAIDERS DRINKING SONG.....	18
SCOTLAND THE BRAVE.....	46
THE SINGING SWORD.....	41
SLAY THE DEAD.....	36
SONG OF THE BORDERMEN.....	11
SONG OF THE FOOTMEN.....	14
SONG OF THE SHIELD-WALL.....	29
SIGNY MALLORY.....	30
SILKIE.....	34
SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES.....	51
SUZANNE.....	15
SWEET ALICE.....	35
SWEET LADY.....	42
THE TEMPER OF REVENGE.....	31
THREES.....	32
TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME.....	48
VERGIO.....	10
WHEN I WAS SINGLE.....	9
THE WOOSTIE-GELE.....	13



FIRE IN THE HILLS

BY LORD ZARED LOCHWOOD

CHORUS: FIRE IN THE HILLS, FIRE IN THE HILLS
 FREEDOM SHALL REIGN THROUGH THE SWORD AND THE QUILL
 COME TAKE A PART, BRING YOUR SAD HEART
 AND WARM BY THE FIRE IN THE HILLS

WALKING ALONE, FAR FROM MY HOME,
 SAILING COLD SEAS AT MORNING.
 I WALK EMPTY ROADS, I BEAR HEAVY LOADS
 AND LONG FOR THE FIRE IN THE HILLS.

CHORUS:

EMPIRES MAY GROW, KINGS COME AND GO
 WHERE FRIENDS ARE NOT FRIENDS AND FOEMEN NOT FOE.
 FREE FROM THE STRIFE, I LONG FOR THE LIFE
 AROUND THE FIRE IN THE HILLS.

CHORUS:

WE HAIL FROM ALL LANDS, WE TAKE DIFFERENT STANDS.
 WE SEE DIFFERENT VISIONS AND WARNINGS.
 THOUGH FOEMEN WALK ROUND, WE'LL STAND OUR GROUND,
 FOR WE'RE ONE ROUND THE FIRE IN THE HILLS.

CHORUS: (GLAD HEART) (OUR FIRE)

KARELIA'S SONG

BY IOLO FITZOWEN

OH, THE BARON OF EASTMARCHE'S FAIR SORCERESS DAUGHTER
 WAS ENAMORED UNSEEMLY OF THE FOOL OF HER LORD.
 THOUGH THE DUKE WAS DEEMED HANDSOME, HE'D A SOUL VAIN AND PETTY
 AND A DARK MIND AS EMPTY AS LAST SUMMER'S GOURD.

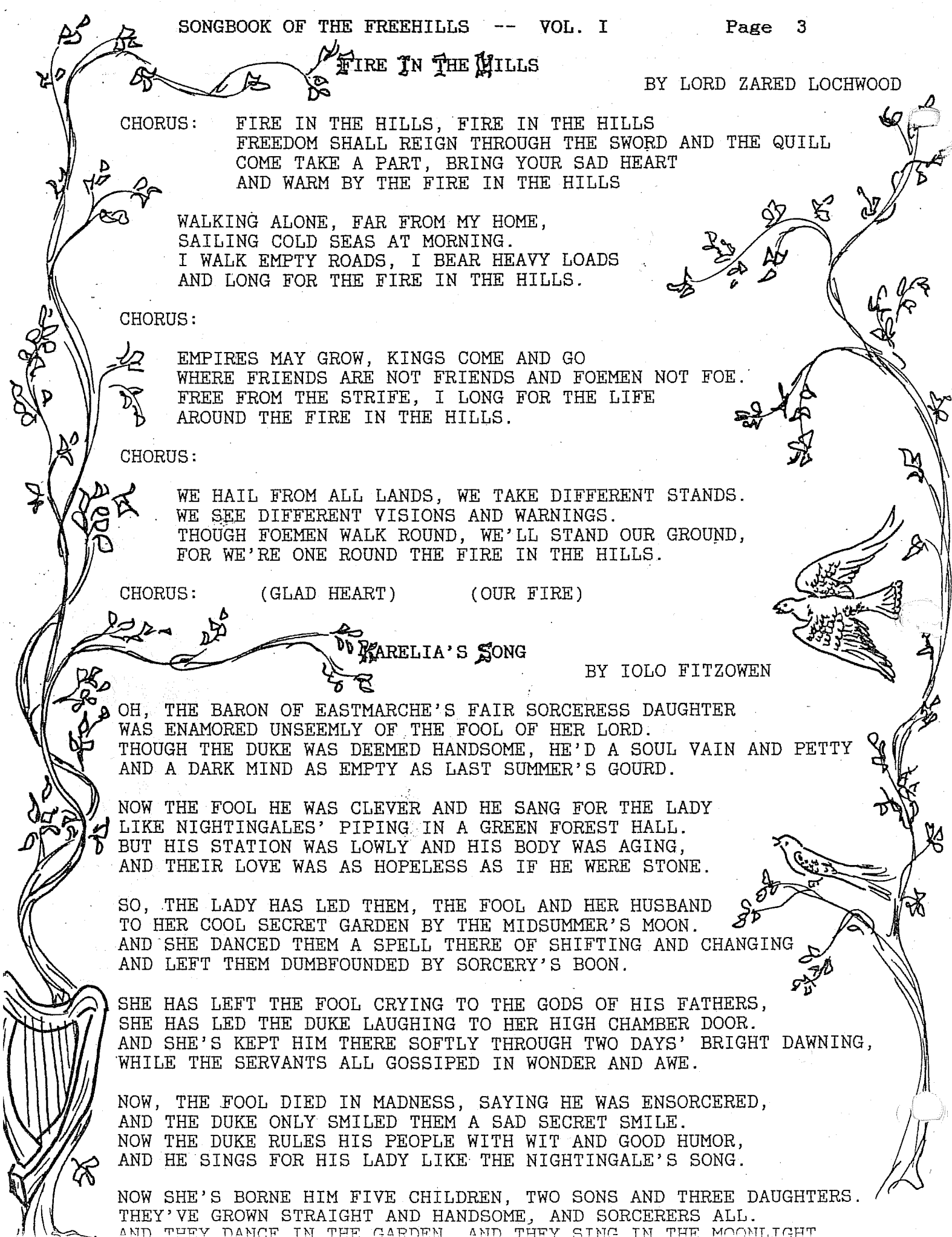
NOW THE FOOL HE WAS CLEVER AND HE SANG FOR THE LADY
 LIKE NIGHTINGALES' PIPING IN A GREEN FOREST HALL.
 BUT HIS STATION WAS LOWLY AND HIS BODY WAS AGING,
 AND THEIR LOVE WAS AS HOPELESS AS IF HE WERE STONE.

SO, THE LADY HAS LED THEM, THE FOOL AND HER HUSBAND
 TO HER COOL SECRET GARDEN BY THE MIDSUMMER'S MOON.
 AND SHE DANCED THEM A SPELL THERE OF SHIFTING AND CHANGING
 AND LEFT THEM DUMBFOUNDED BY SORCERY'S BOON.

SHE HAS LEFT THE FOOL CRYING TO THE GODS OF HIS FATHERS,
 SHE HAS LED THE DUKE LAUGHING TO HER HIGH CHAMBER DOOR.
 AND SHE'S KEPT HIM THERE SOFTLY THROUGH TWO DAYS' BRIGHT DAWNING,
 WHILE THE SERVANTS ALL GOSSIPED IN WONDER AND AWE.

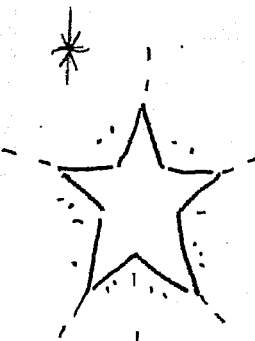
NOW, THE FOOL DIED IN MADNESS, SAYING HE WAS ENSORCERED,
 AND THE DUKE ONLY SMILED THEM A SAD SECRET SMILE.
 NOW THE DUKE RULES HIS PEOPLE WITH WIT AND GOOD HUMOR,
 AND HE SINGS FOR HIS LADY LIKE THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

NOW SHE'S BORNE HIM FIVE CHILDREN, TWO SONS AND THREE DAUGHTERS.
 THEY'VE GROWN STRAIGHT AND HANDSOME, AND SORCERERS ALL.
 AND THEY DANCE IN THE GARDEN, AND THEY SING IN THE MOONLIGHT




BRING ME A STAR


BY CYNTHIA MCQUILLIN



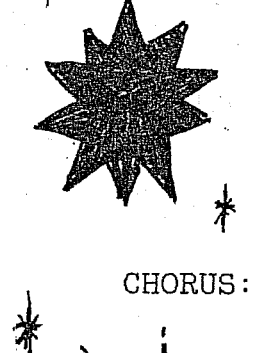
BRING ME A STAR THAT'S FALLEN FROM THE SKY,
TO LAY IN MY LADY'S HAND.
STAY TIME IN IT'S FLIGHT,
KEEP TOMORROW FROM THIS NIGHT.
BUT TIME IT DOES FLY, AND STARS DO NOT FALL.



IF I HAD A SONG I'D SING IT FOR HER,
TO TELL ALL THE LOVE THAT I BEAR.
I WISH I HAD RIBBONS OF CRIMSON AND GOLD
TO BIND IN HER BONNY BRIGHT HAIR.




BUT I AM A POOR MAN, NO RIBBONS HAVE I,
NOR GOLD NOR SONGS I CAN SING.
TOMORROW SHE WEDS AT HER FATHER'S COMMAND
AND I HAVE NOT EVEN A GIFT I MAY BRING.



SO GIVE ME A STAR THAT'S FALLEN FROM THE SKY
TO LAY IN MY LADY'S HAND.
STAY TIME IN IT'S FLIGHT,
KEEP TOMORROW FROM THIS NIGHT.
BUT TIME IT DOES FLY, AND STARS DO NOT FALL.

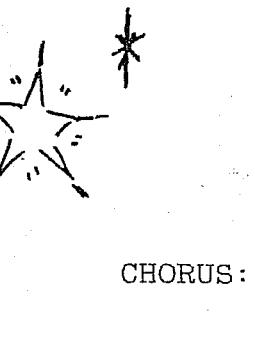
FAREWELL TO ANSTEORRA

TRADITIONAL



I HATE TO LEAVE MY NATIVE HOME,
I LOATHE TO LEAVE MY COMRADES ALL
BUT I MUST HIE AWAY OVER HILL AND PLAIN
FOR MY CAPTAIN CALLS, AND I MUST OBEY.


CHORUS:



FAREWELL TO ANSTEORRA, THAT SUN-BLESSED LAND!
LET YOUR HAMLETS BRIGHT AND CHEERY BE!
WHEN I AM FAR AWAY OVER MIGHTY MOUNTAINS TALL,
WILL YOU EVER HEAVE A SIGH OR A WISH FOR ME?

MY OWN TRUE LOVE DID BID ME STAY
SHE WOULD NOT PART OUR COMPANY
BUT HONOUR CALLS "TO HORSE AND AWAY!"
FOR NO SLIGHT SHALL MAR OUR KINGDOM FREE

CHORUS:



RED WAR DOES CRY ON EVERY SIDE
OUR SWORDS ARE BROKEN, BENT OR DULLED
BUT ANSTEORRA STANDS LIKE A SHIELD IN THE SUN
AND HONOUR AND GLORY SHALL E'ER BE OUR PRIDE (CHORUS)

(SLOWLY) I LAY ME DOWN THIS NIGHT TO DIE
MY WOUNDS ARE GREIVOUS, I'VE GREATLY BLED
BUT ANSTEORRA'S LIFE MEANS MORE THAN MINE
FOR LOVE AND BEAUTY MUST NE'ER WASH AWAY

CHORUS: (SLOWLY AND WISTFULLY)

CARLINGFORD

BY FALLOWMOON

WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND IN MY PRIME,
AND COULD WANDER WILD AND FREE.
THERE WAS ALWAYS A LONGING IN MY MIND
TO FOLLOW THE CALL OF THE SEA.

CHORUS: SO I SING FAREWELL TO CARLINGFORD
AND FAREWELL TO GLENMORE,
AND I THINK OF YOU BOTH DAY AND NIGHT
UNTIL I RETURN ONCE MORE,
UNTIL I RETURN ONCE MORE

ON ALL THE STORMY SEVEN SEAS,
I HAVE SAILED BEFORE THE MAST.
AND ON EVERY VOYAGE I'VE EVER BEEN,
I SWORE IT WOULD BE MY LAST. (CHORUS)

NOW, I HAD A GIRL NAMED MARY DOYLE
AND SHE LIVED IN GLENMORE.
AND THE FOREMOST THOUGHT WAS IN HER MIND
WAS TO KEEP ME SAFE ON SHORE. (CHORUS)

NOW THE LANDSMAN'S LIFE IS ALL HIS OWN,
HE CAN GO OR HE CAN STAY.
BUT WHEN THE SEA GETS IN YOUR BLOOD,
WHEN SHE CALLS YOU MUST OBEY. (CHORUS)

GYPSY ROVER

TRADITIONAL

THE GYPSY ROVER CAME OVER THE HILL
DOWN THROUGH THE VALLEY SO SHADY
HE WHISTLED AND HE SANG 'TIL THE GREEN WOODS RANG
AND HE WON THE HEART OF A LADY

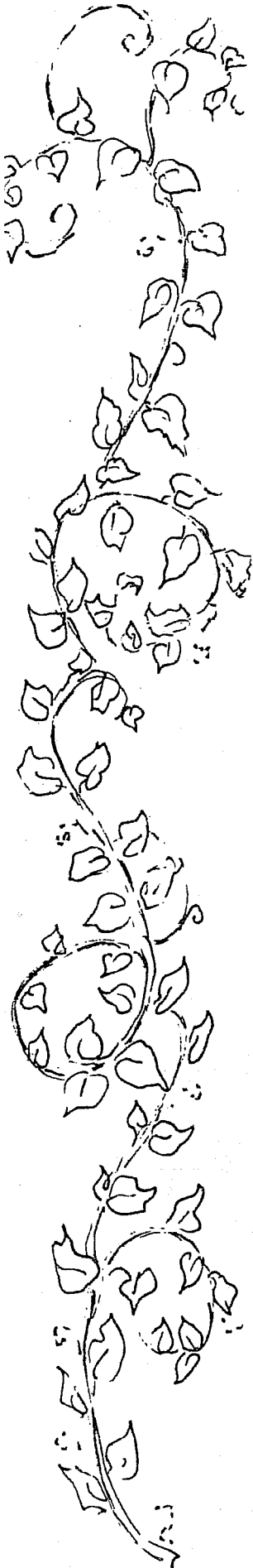
CHORUS: AH-DI-DO, AH-DI-DO-DA-DAY
AH-DI-DO, AH-DI-DAY-O.
HE WHISTLED AND HE SANG 'TIL THE GREEN WOODS RANG
AND HE WON THE HEART OF A LADY

SHE LEFT HER FATHER'S CASTLE GATE
SHE LEFT HER OWN TRUE LOVER.
LEFT HER SERVANTS AND HER ESTATE
WITH THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER. (CHORUS)

HER FATHER SADDLED HIS FASTEST STEED
ROAMED THE VALLEY ALL OVER
SOUGHT HIS DAUGHTER AT GREAT SPEED
AND THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER. (CHORUS)

HE CAME AT LAST TO A MANSION FINE,
DOWN BY THE RIVER CLAYDEE.
AND THERE WAS MUSIC AND THERE WAS WINE
FOR THE GYPSY AND HIS LADY. (CHORUS)

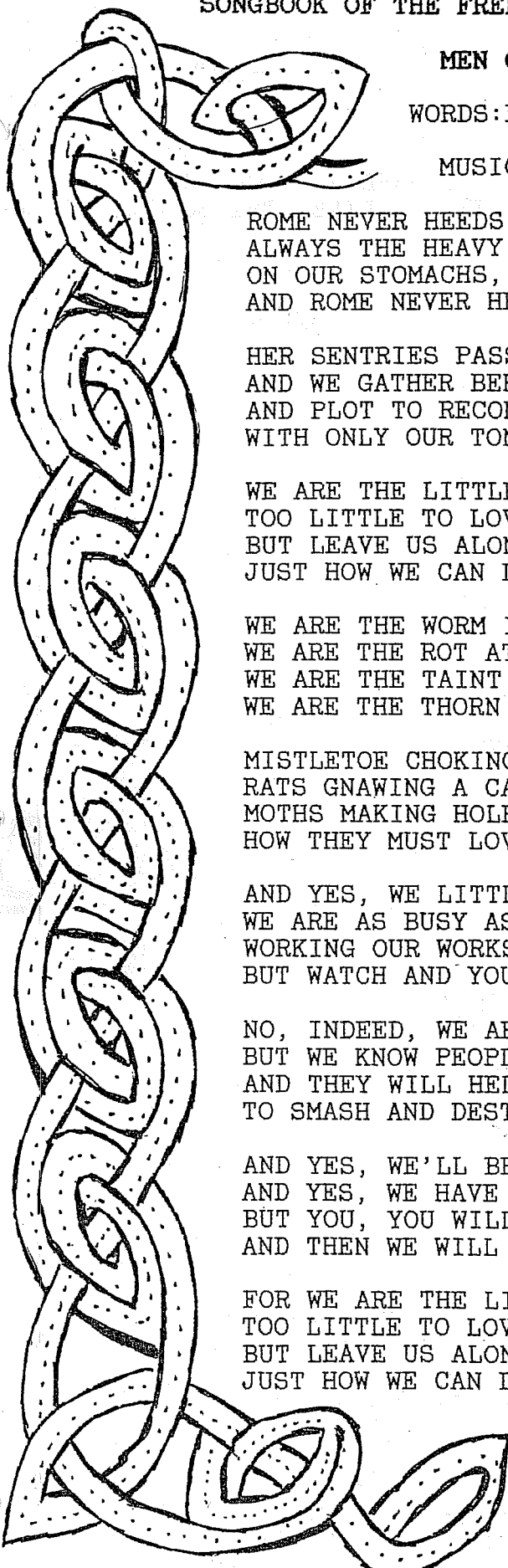
HE'S NO GYPSY, MY FATHER, SAID SHE
BUT LORD OF FREELANDS ALL OVER
AND I WILL STAY 'TIL MY DYING DAY
WITH MY WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER (CHORUS)



MEN OF THE PICTS

WORDS: RUDYARD KIPLING

MUSIC: LESLIE FISH



ROME NEVER HEEDS WHERE SHE TREADS
ALWAYS THE HEAVY HOOVES FALL
ON OUR STOMACHS, OUR HEARTS, AND OUR HEADS
AND ROME NEVER HEEDS WHEN WE BAWL.

HER SENTRIES PASS ON, THAT IS ALL
AND WE GATHER BEHIND THEM IN HORDES
AND PLOT TO RECONQUER THE WALL
WITH ONLY OUR TONGUES FOR OUR SWORDS.

WE ARE THE LITTLE FOLK, WE
TOO LITTLE TO LOVE OR TO HATE
BUT LEAVE US ALONE AND YOU'LL SEE
JUST HOW WE CAN DRAG DOWN THE STATE.

WE ARE THE WORM IN THE WOOD
WE ARE THE ROT AT THE ROOT
WE ARE THE TAINT IN THE BLOOD
WE ARE THE THORN IN THE FOOT

MISTLETOE CHOKING AN OAK
RATS GNAWING A CABLE IN TWO
MOTHS MAKING HOLES IN YOUR CLOAK
HOW THEY MUST LOVE WHAT WE DO.

AND YES, WE LITTLE FOLK TOO
WE ARE AS BUSY AS THEY
WORKING OUR WORKS OUT OF VIEW
BUT WATCH AND YOU'LL SEE THEM SOMEDAY.

NO, INDEED, WE ARE NOT STRONG
BUT WE KNOW PEOPLES WHO ARE
AND THEY WILL HELP US ALONG
TO SMASH AND DESTROY YOU IN WAR.

AND YES, WE'LL BE SLAVES JUST THE SAME
AND YES, WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SLAVES
BUT YOU, YOU WILL DIE OF THE SHAME
AND THEN WE WILL DANCE ON YOUR GRAVES

FOR WE ARE THE LITTLE FOLK, WE
TOO LITTLE TO LOVE OR TO HATE
BUT LEAVE US ALONE AND YOU'LL SEE
JUST HOW WE CAN DRAG DOWN THE STATE.

LOOK AT THE COFFIN

TRADITIONAL

LOOK AT THE COFFIN, WITH IT'S GOLDEN HANDLES,
ISN'T IT GRAND BOYS, TO BE BLOODY WELL DEAD.

CHORUS: LET'S NOT HAVE A SNIFFLE. LET'S HAVE A BLOODY GOOD CRY.
AND ALWAYS REMEMBER, THE LONGER YOU LIVE, THE SOONER YOU'LL
BLOODY WELL DIE.

LOOK AT THE FLOWERS, ALL BLOODY WITHERED;
ISN'T IT GRAND BOYS TO BE BLOODY WELL DEAD. (CHORUS)

LOOK AT THE MOURNERS, BLOODY GREAT HYPOCRITES;
ISN'T IT GRAND BOYS TO BE BLOODY WELL DEAD. (CHORUS)

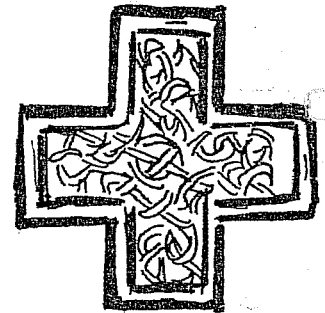
LOOK AT THE PREACHER, BLOODY SANCTIMONIOUS;
ISN'T IT GRAND BOYS TO BE BLOODY WELL DEAD. (CHORUS)

THE MINSTREL BOY

TRADITIONAL

THE MINSTREL BOY TO THE WAR HAS GONE
IN THE RANKS OF DEATH YOU WILL FIND HIM.
HIS FATHER'S SWORD HE HAS GIRDED ON
AND HIS WILD HARP SLUNG BEHIND HIM.
LAND OF SONG SAID THE WARRIOR BARD
THOUGH ALL THE WORLD BETRAY THEE.
ONE SWORD AT LEAST THY RIGHTS SHALL GUARD
ONE FAITHFUL HARP SHALL PRAISE THEE.

THE MINSTREL FELL! BUT THE FOEMAN'S CHAIN
COULD NOT DRAG HIS PROUD SOUL UNDER.
THE HARP HE LOV'D NE'ER SPOKE AGAIN
FOR HE TORE IT'S CHORDS ASUNDER.
AND SAID, "NO CHAINS SHALL SULLY THEE
THOU SOUL OF LOVE AND BRAVERY!
THY SONGS WERE MADE FOR THE PURE AND FREE
THEY SHALL NEVER SOUND IN SLAVERY".



COME BY THE HILLS

TRADITIONAL

COME BY THE HILLS TO THE LAND WHERE FANCY IS FREE
AND STAND WHERE THE PEAKS MEET THE SKY AND THE LOCHS MEET THE SEA
WHERE THE RIVERS RUN CLEAR AND THE BRACKEN IS GOLD IN THE SUN
AND CARES OF TOMORROW MUST WAIT TILL THIS DAY IS DONE

COME BY THE HILLS TO THE LAND WHERE LIFE IS A SONG
AND SING WHILE THE BIRDS FILL THE AIR WITH THEIR JOY ALL DAY LONG
WHERE THE TREES SWAY IN TIME AND EVEN THE WIND SINGS IN TUNE
AND CARES OF TOMORROW MUST WAIT TILL THIS DAY IS DONE

COME BY THE HILLS TO THE LAND WHERE LEGENDS REMAIN
WHERE GLORIES OF OLD STIR THE HEART AND MAY YET COME AGAIN
WHERE THE PAST HAS BEEN LOST AND THE FUTURE HAS STILL TO BE WON
BUT CARES OF TOMORROW MUST WAIT TILL THIS DAY IS DONE

THE RISING OF THE MOON

BY THE CLANCY BROTHERS

"OH, THEN TELL ME SEAN O'FARRELL, TELL ME WHY YOU HURRY SO?"
 "HUSH ME BUCHALL HUSH AND LISTEN," AND HIS CHEEKS WERE ALL AGLOW,
 "I HEAR ORDERS FROM THE CAPTAIN, GET YOU READY QUICK AND SOON,
 FOR THE PIKES MUST BE TOGETHER BY THE RISING OF THE MOON."

CHORUS: BY THE RISING OF THE MOON, BY THE RISING OF THE MOON,
 FOR THE PIKES MUST BE TOGETHER BY THE RISING OF THE MOON.

"SO THEN TELL ME SEAN O'FARRELL, WHERE THE GATHERING IS TO BE?"
 "IN THE OLD SPOT BY THE RIVER, RIGHT WELL KNOWN TO YOU AND ME.
 ONE MORE WORD FOR SIGNAL TOKEN, WHISTLE UP THE MARCHING TUNE.
 WITH YOUR PIKE UPON YOUR SHOULDER BY THE RISING OF THE MOON."

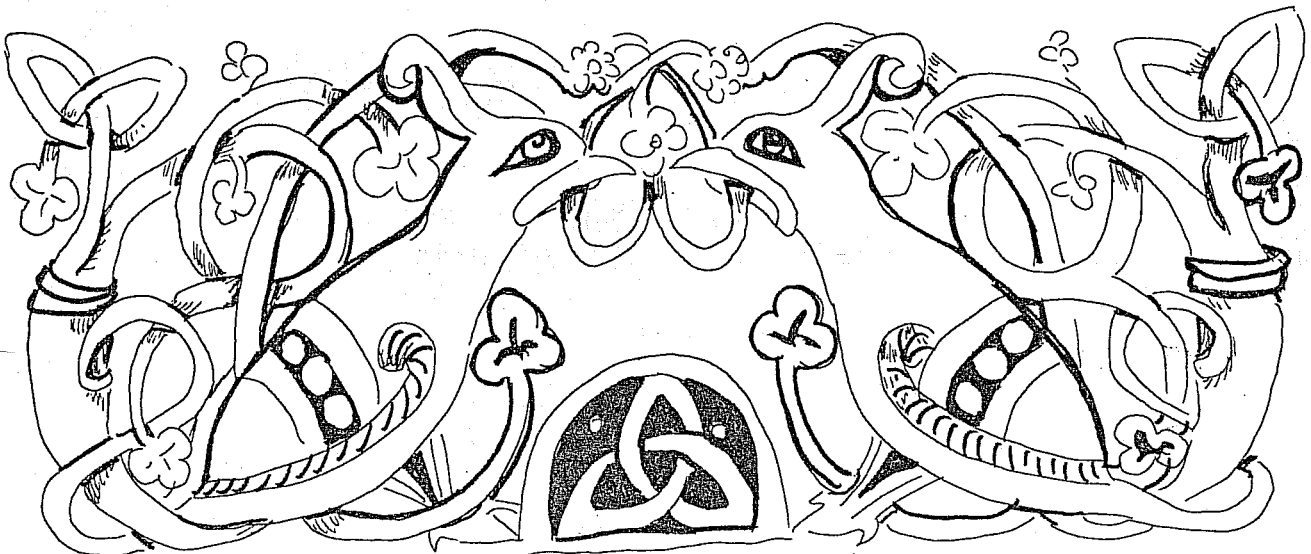
CHORUS: BY THE RISING OF THE MOON, BY THE RISING OF THE MOON,
 WITH YOUR PIKE UPON YOUR SHOULDER BY THE RISING OF THE MOON.

OUT OF MANY A MUD WALL CABIN EYES WERE WATCHING THROUGH THE NIGHT,
 MANY A MANLY HEART WAS THROBBING FOR THE COMING MORNING LIGHT.
 MURMURS RAN ALONG THE VALLEY LIKE THE BANSHEE'S LONELY CROON:
 AND A THOUSAND PIKES WERE FLASHING BY THE RISING OF THE MOON!

CHORUS: BY THE RISING OF THE MOON, BY THE RISING OF THE MOON,
 AND A THOUSAND PIKES WERE FLASHING BY THE RISING OF THE MOON!

THERE BESIDE THE SINGING RIVER THAT DARK MASS OF MEN WAS SEEN.
 FAR ABOVE THEIR SHINING WEAPONS HUNG THEIR OWN BELOVED GREEN.
 DEATH TO EVERY FOE AND TRAITOR, FORWARD STRIKE THE MARCHING TUNE,
 AND HURRAH ME BOYS FOR FREEDOM - TIS THE RISING OF THE MOON!

CHORUS: TIS THE RISING OF THE MOON, TIS THE RISING OF THE MOON,
 AND HURRAH ME BOYS FOR FREEDOM - TIS THE RISING OF THE MOON!



MYRDDIN'S GAY FLUTE

BY IOLO FITZOWEN

MYRDDIN WAS PLAYING HIS PIPES IN THE WOOD,
AND IT SOUNDED SAE GOOD TO MY FEELING.
HIREE, HIROO, STIRRED THE DANCE IN MY BLOOD,
AND MY FRESH MAIDENHOOD STARTED REELING.

CHORUS: SWEETLY IT DREW ME, THE SOUND IT WENT THROUGH ME
AS IF SURE IT KNEW ME, A MAIDENSONG, LAUGHING LONG
I'M SURE THAT I HEAR IT, OH LET ME DRAW NEAR IT,
I WANT TO BE MERRILY COURTED IN SPRING.

'ROUND US THE TREES FORMED A WHEEL IN MY MIND
AS IF ALL WOMANKIND WERE CAREERING
SOFTLY HE TOUCHED ME, OUR HANDS INTERTWINED
AS WE GENTLY RECLINED IN THE CLEARING (CHORUS)

DEWFALL TO STARFALL HE MADE LOVE TO ME
IN A MANNER SAE FREE AND REVEALING.
SWIFT-FOOTED, LIGHT-FOOTED, GOAT-FOOTED HE
PLAYED HIS SWEET MELODY WITH SUCH FEELING (CHORUS)

DAYBREAK AND I WAKE TO SPRING'S SWEET BOUQUET
AND THE GLORIOUS DAY OF BEGINNING
MYRDDIN HAS GONE ON HIS MAGICAL WAY,
BUT THE EQUINOX DAY LEAVES ME SPINNING. (CHORUS)

WHEN I WAS SINGLE

TRADITIONAL

WHEN I WAS SINGLE, I WORE A PLAID SHAWL
NOW THAT I'M MARRIED, I HAVE NOTHING AT ALL.

CHORUS: OH, BUT STILL I LOVE HIM, I'LL FORGIVE HIM
I'LL GO WITH HIM WHEREVER HE GOES.

HE CAME TO OUR ALLEY AND HE WHISTLED ME OUT,
BUT THE TAIL OF HIS SHIRT, FROM HIS TROUSERS HUNG OUT.

CHORUS:

HE GAVE ME A HANDKERCHIEF, RED, WHITE, AND BLUE
BUT BEFORE I COULD WEAR IT, HE TORE IT IN TWO.

CHORUS:

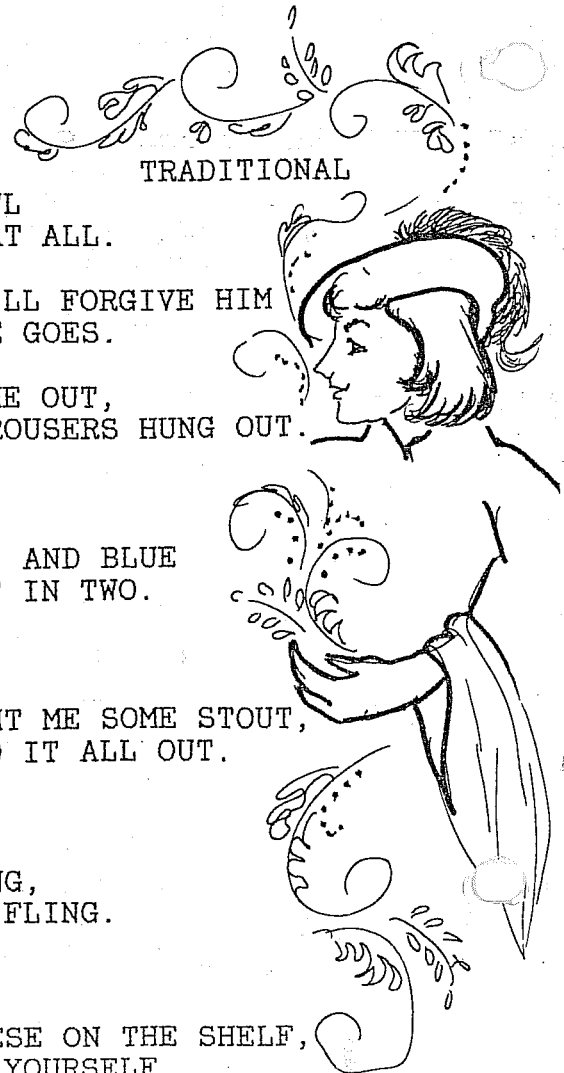
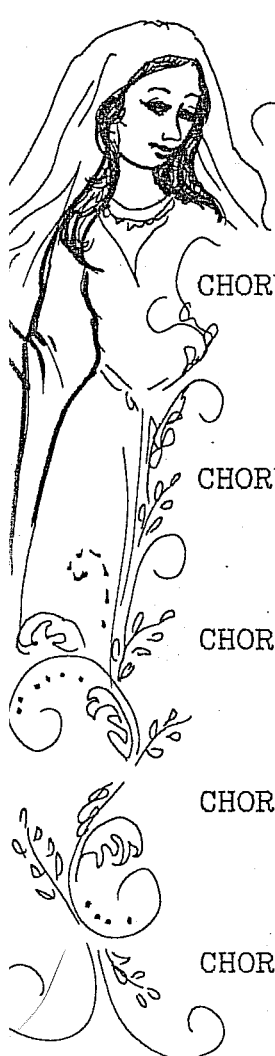
HE TOOK ME TO AN ALEHOUSE AND HE BOUGHT ME SOME STOUT,
BUT BEFORE I COULD DRINK IT, HE Poured IT ALL OUT.

CHORUS:

HE BORROWED SOME MONEY TO BUY ME A RING,
THEN HE AND THE JEWELER WENT OFF ON A FLING.

CHORUS:

THERE'S CAKE IN THE OVEN, THERE'S CHEESE ON THE SHELF,
IF YOU WANT ANY MORE, YOU CAN SING IT YOURSELF.



VERGIO

TRADITIONAL

THREE SISTERS WENT OUT ONE FINE DAY
AH, THE LEE AND THE LONELY-O
MET A ROBBER ON THEIR WAY
ON THE BONNY, BONNY BANKS OF THE VERGIO

HE TOOK THE FIRST ONE BY THE HAND,
WHIPPED HER 'ROUND AND HE MADE HER STAND.

OH, WILL YOU BE A ROBBER'S WIFE?
OR WILL YOU DIE BY MY PENKNIFE?

OH, I'LL NOT BE A ROBBER'S WIFE
AND SO I'LL DIE BY YOUR PENKNIFE.

AND SO HE TOOK HIS WEE PENKNIFE
AND THERE HE TOOK HER OWN DEAR LIFE.

HE TOOK THE NEXT ONE BY THE HAND,
WHIPPED HER 'ROUND AND HE MADE HER STAND.

OH, WILL YOU BE A ROBBER'S WIFE?
OR WILL YOU DIE BY MY PENKNIFE?

OH, I'LL NOT BE A ROBBER'S WIFE
AND SO I'LL DIE BY YOUR PENKNIFE.

AND SO HE TOOK HIS WEE PENKNIFE
AND THERE HE TOOK HER OWN DEAR LIFE.

HE TOOK THE LAST ONE BY THE HAND,
WHIPPED HER 'ROUND AND HE MADE HER STAND.

OH, WILL YOU BE A ROBBER'S WIFE?
OR WILL YOU DIE BY MY PENKNIFE?

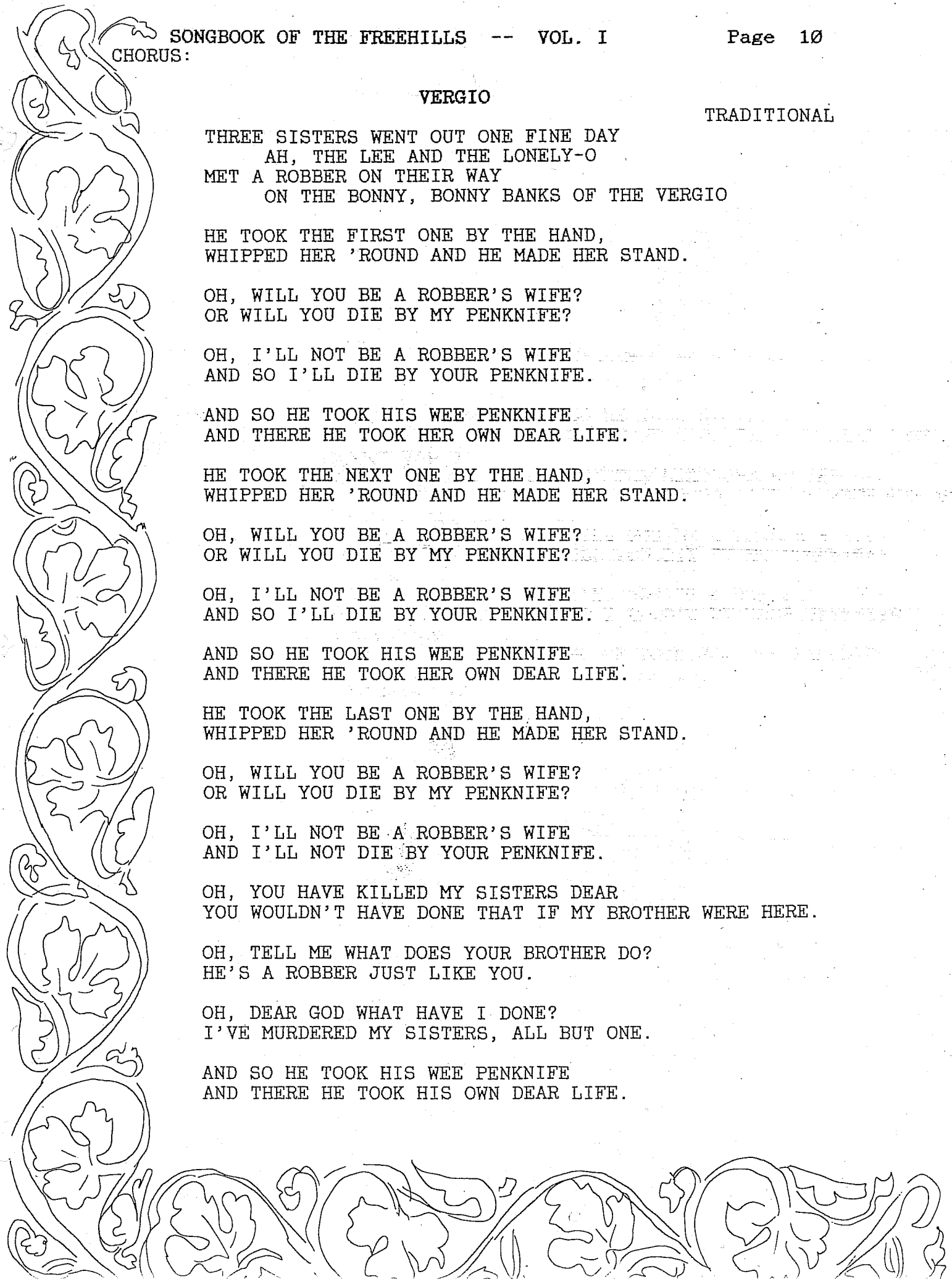
OH, I'LL NOT BE A ROBBER'S WIFE
AND I'LL NOT DIE BY YOUR PENKNIFE.

OH, YOU HAVE KILLED MY SISTERS DEAR
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT IF MY BROTHER WERE HERE.

OH, TELL ME WHAT DOES YOUR BROTHER DO?
HE'S A ROBBER JUST LIKE YOU.

OH, DEAR GOD WHAT HAVE I DONE?
I'VE MURDERED MY SISTERS, ALL BUT ONE.

AND SO HE TOOK HIS WEE PENKNIFE
AND THERE HE TOOK HIS OWN DEAR LIFE.



SONG OF THE BORDERMEN

BY LORD ZARED LOCHWOOD

RUGGED AND ROUGH IS THE KINGDOM'S EDGE
 FAR FROM THE HIGH KING'S COURT
 THE LAND IS HARD AND THE LIFE IS HARSH
 AND OFTEN TIMES IS SHORT
 THE OUTPOST THERE AT THE KINGDOM'S EDGE
 IS FIRST TO TASTE THE STEEL
 BUT THE BORDERMEN WILL BEAR THE BRUNT
 AND DIE BEFORE THEY YIELD

CHORUS: SO OUR LAUGHTER IS LONGER AND LOUDER THAN MOST
 AND THE MEAD WE DRINK FASTER THAN EVER IT'S POURED
 FOR MEN OF THE BORDER HAVE FOUND THAT THE DANCING
 IS SWEETEST WHEN DANCED ON THE EDGE OF THE SWORD

OUR LEATHER WE DYE WITH FOEMAN'S BLOOD
 OUR SWORDS KNOW NOT OF RUST
 WE WARD THE GATES OF THE SOUTHERN LANDS
 AND EVER HOLD THAT TRUST
 IF EVER YOU SEE A WARRIOR STRIDE
 WITH EYES SO FIERCE AND BOLD
 YOU'LL KNOW HE'S DONE A TURN ON THE WALL
 IN AN OUTPOST BORDER HOLD

CHORUS:

SO WE TAKE OUR PLEASURE AS WE CAN
 BY THIS BE NOT DISMAYED
 FOR THE FIRE THAT SHEDS THE BRIGHTEST LIGHT
 MUST SOONER DIE AND FADE
 SO SLEEP YOU SAFE IN YOUR SILKS AND FURS
 AND IN YOUR GREAT HALLS DINE
 FOR THEY KEEP THE WOLF BEYOND THE WALL
 WHO KEEP THE BORDERLINE

CHORUS:



BLACKBIRD

TRADITIONAL

I AM A YOUNG SAILOR, MY STORY IS SAD
 FOR ONCE I WAS CAREFREE AND A BRAVE SAILOR LAD
 I COURTED A LASSIE BY NIGHT AND BY DAY
 AH, BUT NOW SHE HAS LEFT ME AND SAILED FAR AWAY

CHORUS: OH, IF I WAS A BLACKBIRD, COULD WHISTLE AND SING
 I'D FOLLOW THE VESSEL MY TRUE LOVE SAILS IN
 AND IN THE TOP RIGGIN' I WOULD THERE MAKE MY NEST
 AND I'D FLUTTER MY WINGS O'ER HER LILY WHITE BREAST

OH, IF I WAS A SCHOLAR AND COULD HANDLE A PEN
 ONE SECRET LOVE LETTER TO MY TRUE LOVE I'D SEND
 AND I'D TELL OF MY SORROW, MY GRIEF, AND MY PAIN
 SINCE SHE'S GONE AND LEFT ME IN YON FLOWERING GLEN

CHORUS:

I SAILED ON THE OCEANS MY FORTUNE TO SEEK
 THOUGH I MISSED HER CARESS AND HER KISS ON MY CHEEK
 I RETURNED AND I TOLD HER THAT MY LOVE WAS STILL WARM
 BUT SHE TURNED AWAY LIGHTLY, AND GREAT WAS HER SCORN

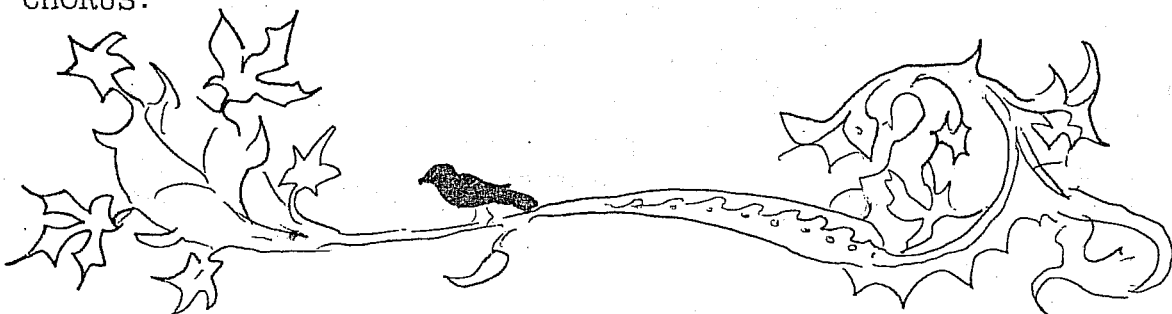
CHORUS:

I OFFERED TO TAKE HER TO DONNYBROOK FAIR
 AND TO BUY HER FINE RIBBONS FOR HER HAIR
 I OFFERED TO MARRY AND TO STAY BY HER SIDE
 BUT SHE SAILED IN THE MORNIN'; SHE SAILED WITH THE TIDE.

CHORUS:

MY PARENTS THEY CHIDE ME AND WILL NOT AGREE
 SAYIN' THAT ME AND MY FALSE LOVE MARRIED SHOULD NEVER BE
 AH, BUT LET THEM DEPRIVE ME OR LET THEM DO WHAT THEY WILL
 WHILE THERE'S BREATH IN MY BODY SHE'S THE ONE THAT I LOVE STILL

CHORUS:



WOOSIE-GELF

BY ALRICK OF ALLARDYCE

THE WOOSIE-GELF COMES PRANCING IN. HURRAH! HURRAH!
 THE WOOSIE-GELF COMES PRANCING IN. HURRAH! HURRAH!
 OUR WOOSIE-GELF SHALL GUARD OUR DOOR;
 ALTHOUGH HE STANDS BUT ONE FOOT FOUR!
 AND WE FEEL SECURE, KNOWING WOOSIE IS AT HAND...
 WOOSIE IS AT HAND.

OUR WOOSIE-GELF IS FIERCE AND BOLD. HURRAH! HURRAH!
 OUR WOOSIE-GELF IS FIERCE AND BOLD. HURRAH! HURRAH!
 HE GUARDS OUR BACKS AND HE WILL NOT STRAY -
 EXCEPT WHEN THERE'S DANGER... HE RUNS AWAY!
 BUT WHEN IT'S SAFE AGAIN, THE WOOSIE WILL BE BACK.
 THE WOOSIE WILL BE BACK!

OH, WOOSIE GUARDS THE LOCH OF DREAMS. HURRAH! HURRAH!
 OH, WOOSIE GUARDS THE LOCH OF DREAMS. HURRAH! HURRAH!
 HE BARS THE WAY TO OUR HOLD AND KEEPS US SAFE TO OUR HOLD...
 (ALL BUT THE TIMES WHEN HE FALLS ASLEEP!)
 THOUGH WHEN HE WAKES UP WE ALL KNOW WOOSIE IS THERE...
 YES, WE ALL KNOW WOOSIE IS THERE!

CHIVALRY

BY ALRICK OF ALLARDYCE

WHAT OF COURTESY?
 IS IT JUST POLITENESS THAT WE USE?
 IT SHALL NEVER MEAN A THING, UNLESS IT'S FROM THE HEART;
 HOW OFTEN DO YOU SEE THAT NOW?
 WHAT OF COURTESY?

IN THIS FAST-PACED LIFE,
 WHERE TOO OFTEN FRIENDS FALL BY THE WAY;
 WE MUST CHERISH THOSE WE HAVE - AS LONG AS WE MAY!
 IN THIS WORLD OF PAIN AND STRIFE;
 IN THIS FAST-PACED LIFE!

WHERE IS CHIVALRY?
 A THING FORGOTTEN FROM THE PAST.
 LONG AGO FOUNDED IDEALS OF HONOR AND OF GRACE -
 WHAT'S A PERSON NOW TO DO?
 WHERE IS CHIVALRY?

IN THE EMERALD HILLS
 I'M SO GLAD TO SAY THIS THING LIVES ON.
 IT'S OUR GUIDING LIGHT OF TRUTH, AND WE KNOW IT'S RIGHT;
 IT CAN BE THERE FOR YOU TOO -
 IN THE EMERALD HILLS.

THIS SHALL BE OUR CREED -
 HONOR, GRACE AND CHIVALRY SO TRUE.
 LET THIS ALWAYS BE OUR QUEST, BOTH FOR ME AND YOU;
 LIFE CAN BE SO FINE AND FREE -
 HERE IS CHIVALRY!



SONG OF THE FOOTMEN

BY CHANCE D'ARIEL

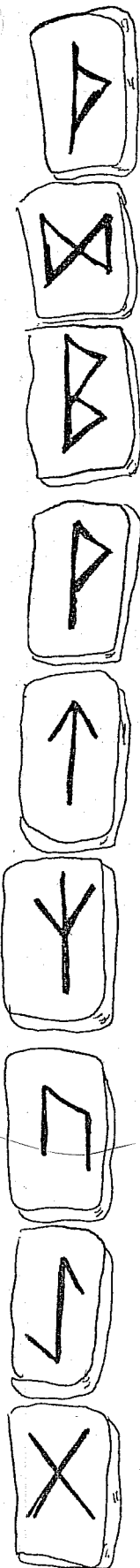
THE KNIGHTS RIDE PROUD
 ON THEIR ARMORED STEEDS
 LANCES LEVELED FOR THE CHARGE
 BUT WHEN THE CAVALRY'S DONE
 WE DARE THE GAP
 OR ELSE IT'S WE
 WHO TAKE THE RAP
 WE'RE THE FOOTMEN OF THE LINE, BOYS
 THE FOOTMEN OF THE LINE!

THE ARCHERS BEND
 THEIR STRONG DEADLY BOWS
 THEIR ARROWS FLY SWIFT AND TRUE
 BUT WHEN THE QUIVER'S DRY
 AND THE ARCHERS YIELD
 AND THE LINE IS DRAWN
 WITH BLADE AND SHIELD
 WE'RE THE ONES TO WHICH THEY TURN, BOYS
 THE ONES TO WHICH THEY TURN!

THE ARTILLERYMEN
 THEY HAVE THEIR JOB
 BUT WHEN TUMBLING DOWN THE WALLS
 THEN WE ARE THE ONES
 WHO RUSH THE BREACH
 AND WE ARE THE ONES
 THAT DARE THEIR REACH
 AND THE ONES TO WHICH THEY FALL, BOYS
 THE ONES TO WHICH THEY FALL!

NOW THE SWORDSMEN KNOW
 AND THE PIKESMEN TOO
 THAT WHEN THE BATTLE'S HAND TO HAND
 THAT WE ARE THE ONES
 TO MEET THEIR VAN
 AND WE ARE THE ONES
 WHO MAKE THE STAND
 AND THE LAST TO LEAVE THE FIELD, BOYS
 THE LAST TO LEAVE THE FIELD!

MUDSLOGGERS, GRUNTS
 AND WORSE WE'RE CALLED
 BUT, WE HOLD OUR HEADS UP PROUD
 WHEN THE OTHERS ARE DONE
 AND THE GENERALS CRY
 THEN IT'S US THEY CALL
 TO HOLD OR DIE
 WE'RE THE BACKBONE OF THE LINE, BOYS
 THE BACKBONE OF THE LINE!



SUZANNE

BY LEONARD COHEN

SUZANNE TAKES YOU DOWN TO HER PLACE BY THE RIVER.
 YOU CAN HEAR THE BOATS GO BY. YOU CAN SPEND THE NIGHT FOREVER,
 AND YOU KNOW THAT SHE'S HALF CRAZY AND THAT'S WHY YOU WANT TO BE THERE;
 AND SHE FEEDS YOU TEA AND ORANGES THAT CAME ALL THE WAY FROM CHINA,
 AND JUST WHEN YOU WANT TO TELL HER THAT YOU HAVE NO LOVE TO GIVE HER -
 SHE GETS YOU ON HER WAVELENGTH AND LETS THE RIVER ANSWER
 THAT YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN LOVER.

CHORUS: AND YOU WANT TO TRAVEL WITH HER,
 AND YOU WANT TO TRAVEL BLIND,
 AND YOU THINK MAYBE YOU TRUST HER,
 CAUSE SHE'S TOUCHED YOUR PERFECT BODY,
 WITH HER MIND.

(AND) JESUS WAS A SAILOR WHEN HE WALKED UPON THE WATER,
 AND HE SPENT A LONG TIME WATCHING FROM A LONELY WOODEN TOWER,
 AND WHEN HE KNEW FOR CERTAIN ONLY DROWNING MEN COULD SEE HIM
 HE SAID "ALL MEN SHALL BE SAILORS, THEN, UNTIL THE SEA SHALL FREE THEM,"
 BUT HE HIMSELF WAS BROKEN LONG BEFORE THE SKY WOULD OPEN.
 FORSAKEN, ALMOST HUMAN, HE SANK BENEATH YOUR WISDOM LIKE A STONE.

CHORUS: AND YOU WANT TO TRAVEL WITH HIM,
 AND YOU WANT TO TRAVEL BLIND,
 AND YOU THINK MAYBE YOU TRUST HIM,
 FOR HE'S TOUCHED YOUR PERFECT BODY,
 WITH HIS MIND.

SUZANNE TAKES YOU DOWN TO HER PLACE BY THE RIVER.
 YOU CAN HEAR THE BOATS GO BY. YOU CAN SPEND THE NIGHT FOREVER,
 AND THE SUN POURS DOWN LIKE HONEY ON OUR LADY OF THE HARBOUR;
 AND SHE SHOWS YOU WHERE TO LOOK AMID THE GARBAGE AND THE FLOWERS.
 THERE ARE HEROS IN THE SEAWEED, THERE CHILDREN IN THE MORNING,
 THEY ARE LEANING OUT FOR LOVE, AND THEY WILL LEAN THAT WAY FOREVER
 WHILE SUZANNE HOLDS HER MIRROR.

CHORUS: AND YOU WANT TO TRAVEL WITH HER,
 AND YOU WANT TO TRAVEL BLIND,
 AND YOU THINK MAYBE YOU'LL TRUST HER,
 FOR YOU'VE TOUCHED HER PERFECT BODY,
 WITH YOUR MIND.

HEARTS TURNED AT BAY

BY LORD RHYS AP GORDON

TWAS A LONG TIME AGO THAT THIS TALE DID BEGIN:
 OF A PRINCE, AND OF COURSE, OF SOME OTHER YOUNG MEN.
 OF A KINGDOM QUITE PLEASANT, FOR EVEN A PEASANT -
 AND PEOPLE PLAYED GAILY AND DREAMS ONCE HELD SWAY.

COME ALL YE YOUNG CHILDREN, AND LISTEN TO ME;
 THIS TALE'S OF A TYRANT, AND OF MEN WHO ARE FREE.
 THE KING VALUED SUBJECTS AND WANTED TO RULE THEM,
 BUT HIS HAND WAS LIKE IRON AND COLD AS THE CLAY.

IN LONG YEARS BEFORE THIS, THE RULERS WERE GOD-SENT,
 AND SO CLAIMED THIS KING, IN HIS OWN SPECIAL WAY.
 THROUGH STRIFE AND THROUGH WARFARE HIS SUBJECTS HAD FOLLOWED...
 AS LONG AS THEIR KING BUT DID SHOW THEM THE WAY.

AND MANY LONG YEARS TOOK THE BLACK DAYS TO COME HERE!
 AND MANY GOOD BATTLES WERE FOUGHT LONG THE WAY!
 BUT SOON DID THE KING TIRE OF ONE SPECIAL SUBJECT,
 AND SAW FIT TO SAY SO ON BANISHMENT DAY.

THUS GRIM WERE THE TIDINGS COME FORTH FROM THE COUNCIL,
 AND CARRIED BY HORSE THROUGH THE BLACKNESS THAT NIGHT:
 OF A KING'S SEAL OF JUSTICE, ON PARCHMENT SO COLDLY,
 AND OF OTHERS WHOSE PROTEST FELL ON DEAD EARS OF MIGHT.

AND SOON WERE THE TIDINGS THAT PEACE IN THE MEADOWS
 HAD GONE FROM THE KINGDOM, AND FAR DID IT STRAY!
 AND BROTHERS TURNED FACES AWAY FROM EACH OTHER
 AND KINDRED HURT KINDRED AS HEARTS TURNED AT BAY!

AND TELL ME OF FEALTY AND OF STRANGE RIGHTS OF RULERS -
 WHOSE MEANING IS CLOUDED, BUT SUCH IS THE WAY;
 WHEN FOES ARE IMAGINED OF FRIENDS WHO WOULD COUNSEL
 WHAT WEIGHS IN THEIR HEARTS, AND THEIR SOULS MAKE THEM SAY.

SO TELL ME OF FEELINGS, OF WHAT ARE THEIR MEANINGS,
 WHEN HELD AGAINST OTHERS WHOSE ALSO ARE GREY?
 AND TELL ME OF KINSHIP - THAT TURNS A MAN'S FRIENDSHIP
 AGAINST ALL HIS BROTHERS, OH WHERE DOES IT PAY?

SO BEAT THE DRUM SLOWLY, AND BURN THE FIRE LOWLY
 AND TELL ME A TALE ON THIS COLD WINTER'S NIGHT,
 AND MAKE IT A GOOD ONE, AND SING IT OUT LOUDLY:
 OF GOOD TIMES WHEN PEOPLE HAD HEARTS THAT WERE LIGHT.

AND WELCOME THE MINSTREL, PAY HEED TO HIS STORIES,
 FOR SOON WILL THE THE WELCOME FIRES BURN ANYWAY.
 AND LONG WILL THE TALES BE TOLD ROUND THE CAMPFIRE:
 OF FRIENDS, AND OF KINSHIP, AND OF HEARTS TURNED AT BAY...

REBELS

BY LORD RHYS AP GORDON

YOU SAID WHEN YOU SAW US THAT WE WERE BUT REBELS
AND NOT WORTH YOUR NOTICE IN ANY SMALL WAY
YOU SAID THAT WE ONLY COULD SHOW BUT OUR COLORS
AND THOSE BE BUT YELLOW, AND TATTERED AWAY

SO BEAT YOUR DRUM SLOWLY, AND PLAY YOUR PIPES LOWLY
AND GUARD YE YOUR HONOR THOUGH HELL BARS THE WAY
AND CALL TO YOUR HOUSEHOLD, AND MARSHALL YOUR ARMIES
FOR WE ARE BUT SOLDIERS WHO COME HERE FOR PAY

YOU SEE FROM YOUR TOWER, YOUR HILLS BURN WITH WATCHFIRES
OF AN ARMY YOU CAN NOT IGNORE PAST TODAY
AND KNOW YOU THE WONDER AS, YOU LOOK UPON IT
HOW A TATTER OF YELLOW TURNS PROUD KNIGHTS AT BAY

REMEMBER THE FORENOON, WHEN HORSEMEN RODE HEAVY
AND TRAMPLED THROUGH RANKS OF THOSE REBELS TODAY
BUT LO 'ERE THE EVENING DID AXE TAKE IT'S SELEVYNING
AND LONG PAST THE NIGHTFALL, TWAS KNIGHT WHO DID SWAY

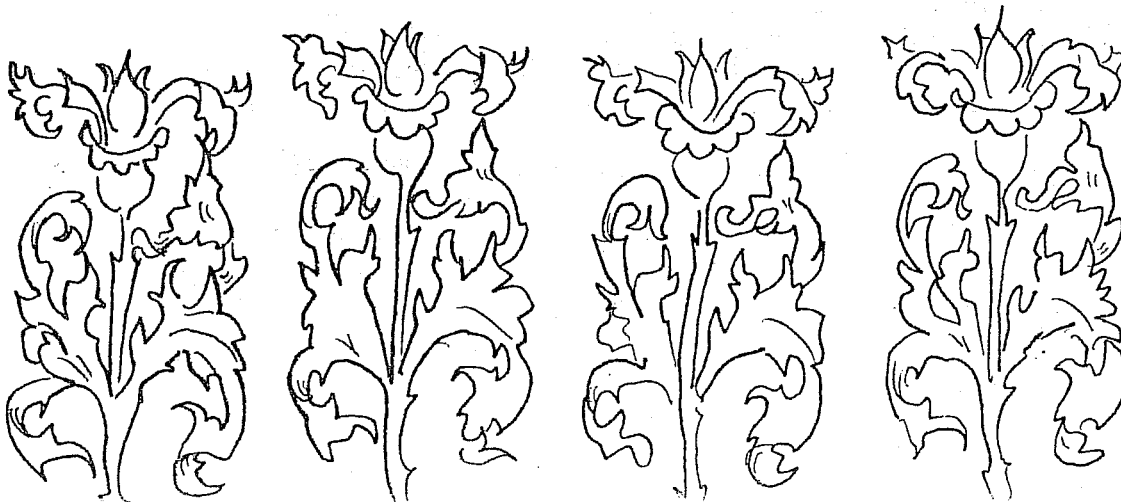
SO THE SONGS RING ALOUD FROM WATCHFIRE AND HILLSIDE
TO WASH OVER CASTLE AND TURN YOUR HEAD GREY
ON THE MORROW THESE REBELS WILL STAND BY YOUR PYRESIDE
AND TURN IT TO ASHES, AND SO SOON TO CLAY

AND WONDER OUT LOUDLY, AND CURSE YE THE FOUR WINDS
THAT BROUGHT YOU THESE TATTERS THAT CAME YESTERDAY
AND ASK YE THE GODS, YES EVEN THE OLD ONES GODS,
HOW REBELS CAN HARRY STRONG KNIGHTS IN THE FRAY

OH MUSE ON THE PASSING OF FORTUNE MADE COLDLY
WHEN AXE, AND WHEN SWORD, AND WHEN SPEAR BAR THE WAY
FOR EVEN THE STRONG ARM OF KNIGHTHOOD SO BOLDLY
DID NOT STEM THE TIDE OF THE TATTERS THIS DAY

(SOFTLY AND MENACINGLY)

YOU SAID WHEN YOU SAW US THAT WE WERE BUT REBELS
AND NOT WORTH YOUR NOTICE IN ANY SMALL WAY
YOU SAID THAT WE ONLY COULD SHOW BUT OUR COLORS
AND THOSE BE BUT YELLOW, AND TATTERED AWAY



THE OFFICIAL RORY'S RAIDERS DRINKING SONG

BY LARRINDILL CLOUDWALKER

RORY'S RAIDERS THEY CALL US THEY PAY HIGH FOR OUR SWORDS,
EXCEPT WHEN THEY CHEAT US THEN WE BEAT IN THEIR GOURDS!
WE'RE THE BEST TO BE HAD SO HOCK YOUR WEALTH, LAND AND LORDS ...
OR WE'LL RANSACK YOUR TOWN - FOR OUR MONEY!

CHORUS: AND WE RIDE OUT APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY,
AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, WE'LL FIGHT FOR OUR PAY!
AND IT'S FARE THEE WELL, ALL LORDS THAT ARE MISERLY ...
ALL OF THE RAIDERS ARE LOOTING!

NOW DEJA'S OUR LEADER - SHE DON'T TAKE NO CRAP,
THOUGH SHE'S JUST FOUR FOOT TWO FROM THE GROUND TO HER CAP!
AND IF YOU TICK 'ER OFF - YOU'D BEST JUST BE FAST -
OR SHE'LL HAUL OFF AND KICK IN YOUR FANKNEECAP!

CHORUS: AND IT'S FARE THEE WELL, ALL VESTIGE OF CHIVALRY ...
STRIKE WHILE THE BASTARDS ARE LIMPING!

WE DRILL ALL DAY LONG IN THE HOT BROILING SUN;
AND WE MARCH EIGHTY MILES UNTILL THEY LET US RUN!
IF BASIC DON'T KILL US THEN WE'LL FEAR NO ONE!
WE'RE THE MEANEST DAMN MERCS IN THE VALLEY!

CHORUS: AND IT'S FARE THEE WELL, ALL VESTIGE OF ENERGY ...
ALL THE RECRUITS ARE NOW DROPPING!

ON THE MORROW WE RIDE OUT TO SOME FAR OFF LAND;
THERE'S WORK THEY NEED DOING AND WE'LL LEND (AHEM) SELL THEM A HAND.
AT SOME EXOTIC LOCATION AS WILD AS IT'S GRAND ...
WE'LL MEET INTERESTING PEOPLE AND KILL THEM!

CHORUS: AND IT'S FARE THEE WELL, FINE POINTS OF DIPLOMACY ...
PUBLIC RELATIONS ARE BOOMING!

WE HIRE OUT FOR JOBS THAT THEY CAN'T GIVE AWAY,
AND WHEREVER WE ARE IS THE HEART OF THE FRAY!
IF WE FIGHT FAIR AND WELL THEN WE'LL CARRY THE DAY ...
IF WE THINK WE MIGHT LOSE WE'LL START CHEATING!

CHORUS: AND IT'S FARE THEE WELL, ALL VESTIGE OF HONESTY ...
WE ONLY FIGHT FAIR WHEN WE'RE WINNING!

WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH WE SEND IN THE TOP CREW,
RANSOME AND JARRED AND ELVENTINE TOO,
SAMOS AND NOBII'LL COME FOR THE BREW ...
AND IF THEY DON'T RETURN THEN WE'RE LEAVING!

CHORUS: AND IT'S LIGHT OUT, FAR AS WE CAN GET TO;
LET'S KILL THE DAMN HORSES IF IT GETS US AWAY!
AND IT'S FARE THEE WELL, ALL VESTIGE OF BRAVERY ...
IF IT'S TOO TOUGH FOR THEM THEN I'M LEAVING!

NOBODY LIKES IT WHEN WE RIDE OUT TO FIGHT,
CAUSE WE'LL EAT, DRINK OR SCREW, WHAT WE DON'T KILL ON SIGHT!
WE'LL STEAL ANYTHING THAT'S NOT NAILED DOWN TIGHT ...
MAKE WAY HERE'S THE SQUAD WITH CLAW-HAMMERS!

THE OFFICIAL RORY'S RAIDERS DRINKING SONG (CONT.)

CHORUS: AND WE'LL RAN-SACK LIKE A HORDE OF LOCUSTS!
DESCENDING UPON WHERE WE PILLAGE FOR PAY.
AND IT'S FARE THEE WELL, TO THE LAST OF YOUR VALUABLES ...
WE'LL CARRY THEM OFF AS WE'RE LEAVING!

THIS IS THE LAST VERSE AND I'LL BET YOUR RELIEVED,
BUT IF THERE'S STILL BOOZE LEFT WE'VE MORE UP OUR SLEEVE!
IF YOU DON'T LIKE OUR SINGING THEN YOU MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE ...
WE'VE SWORN ALWAYS TO SING WHILE WE'RE DRINKING!

CHORUS: AND IT'S DRINK UP TILL THE LAST OF THE BOOZE IS GONE!
UNTIL WE'RE THROWN OUT, THEN WE'LL DRINK UP OUR PAY!
AND IT'S FARE THEE WELL, ALL HOPE OF SERENITY ...
ALL OF THE RAIDERS ARE SINGING!

YES IT'S DRINK UP TILL WE DRINK OURSELVES SOBER NOW;
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT WE WILL DRINK UP OUR PAY!
AND IT'S FARE THEE WELL, AND IT'S FARE THEE WELL,
TILL THE LAST OF THE BOOZE IS GONE. LAST OF THE BOOZE IS GONE
THEN ON TO THE NEXT BAR WE'LL STAGGER!



NORSE DRINKING SONG

BY FALLOWMOON

OH, DRINK TO THE SWORD THAT SINGS MERRY IN BATTLE
OH, DRINK TO THE FOEMEN THAT GALLANTLY DIE
LET'S FILL UP OUR HORNS AND DRINK DEEP TILL TOMORROW
LET'S DRINK DEEP THE MEAD TILL THE BARREL RUNS DRY

AND WHAT WILL WE DO WHEN TOMORROW COMES EARLY?
AND WHAT WILL WE DO WHEN TOMORROW COMES NIGH?
WE'LL TAKE TO THE LONGSHIPS AND SET THE SAIL SMARTLY
WE'LL TAKE TO THE LONGSHIPS AND SET THE SAIL HIGH

CHORUS: AND DRINK TO THE SWORD THAT SINGS MERRY IN BATTLE
AND DRINK TO THE FOEMEN WHO GALLANTLY DIE
WE'LL FILL UP OUR HORNS AND DRINK DEEP TILL TOMORROW
WE'LL DRINK DEEP THE MEAD TILL THE BARREL RUNS DRY

AND WHAT WILL WE DO IF THE NORTH WIND IS BLOWING?
AND WHAT WILL WE DO IF THE NORTH WIND IS TAME?
BY SAIL OR BY OAR WE WILL HASTEN TO ENGLAND
TO PILLAGE AND PLUNDER FOR FORTUNE AND FAME (REPEAT CHORUS)

BUT WHAT WILL WE DO IF A STORM COMES A-SQUALLING
WITH THUNDER AND LIGHTNING AND RAIN ON THE SEA?
WE'LL BAIL OUT THE WATER AND LIFT UP OUR VOICES
AND SIGN WITH THE HAMMER SO ODIN WILL SEE (REPEAT CHORUS)

AND WHAT WILL WE DO WHEN WE LAND THERE IN ENGLAND?
BESIDE A GREAT FORTRESS SO STRONG AND SO BOLD?
WE'LL POUND ON OUR SHIELDS TILL THE WALLS ARE A-CRUMBLING
THEN CUT DOWN THE SOLDIERS AND TAKE ALL THE GOLD (REPEAT CHORUS)

AND WHAT WILL WE DO IF THE SOLDIERS ARE MANY?
A THOUSAND OR MORE WHO WILL STAND UNAFRAID?
WE'LL SING 'EM A SONG WITH GREAT SMILES ON OUR FACES

THE BAIT

LYRICS: MERCEDES LACKEY

MUSIC: JULIA ECKLAR

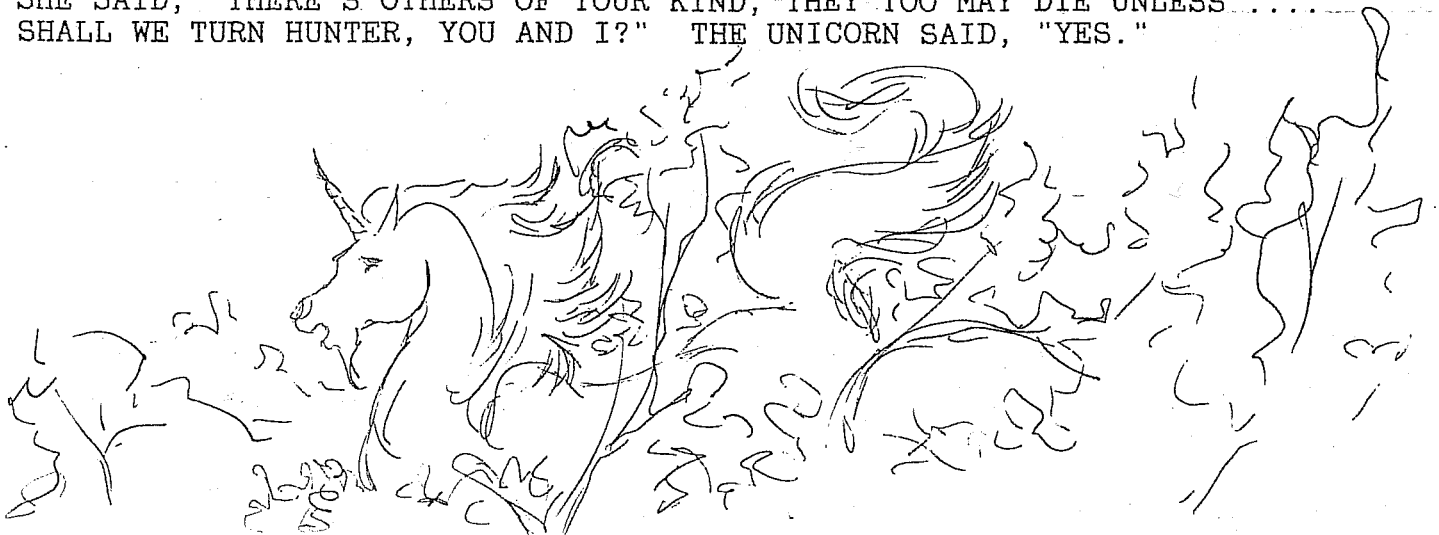
HE PLUNGES THROUGH THE FOREST NIGHT HIS EYES ARE WIDE WITH FEAR.
 BEHIND HIM HE CAN HEAR THE SOUNDS THAT MEAN THE HUNT IS NEAR,
 AND FAIR BEFORE HIM IS THE TRAP, AND IN THE TRAP, THE BAIT.
 HE TREMBLES, KNEELS, AND LAYS HIS HORN UPON THE LAP OF FATE.

AND NOW THE HUNT CONVERGES ON THE SPELLBOUND UNICORN.
 THE HUNTERS MEAN TO SLAY THE BEAST, AND TAKE HIS PRECIOUS HORN.
 SO GLEEFUL IN THEIR GREED AND LUST, THEY HAVE NOT PAUSED TO SEE
 THIS MAID IS NOT THE PEASANT-GIRL THEY LEFT TIED TO THE TREE.

NOW AS THEY RAISE THEIR SPEARS, SHE CASTS RED LIGHTNING FROM HER HANDS.
 THEIR LIMBS ARE BOUND FAST TO THEIR SIDES, AS IF WITH IRON BANDS.
 SHE RISES, IN HER VOICE IS RAGE, AND HATRED IN HER EYES.
 "CRUEL KILLERS OF A DREAM, FULL WELL YOU MERIT DEATH," SHE CRIES.

"THOUGH YOU SPREAD TERROR, PAIN, AND FEAR, ROUGH JUSTICE SHALL YOU SEE,
 AND AS YOU HAVE THE HUNTERS BEEN, SO SHALL YOU HUNTED BE."
 NOW ONCE AGAIN, OUT FROM HER HANDS, THE LIGHTNINGS DANCE AND FLARE.
 WHERE ONCE EACH MAN HAD STOOD, THERE WAS A SMALL AND FRIGHTENED HARE.

"FROM MOON TO SUN TO MOON AGAIN, RUN HUNTED, EVIL MEN,
 AND PRAY THE LADY SPARES YOUR LIVES." THEY FLED IN TERROR THEN.
 SHE SAID, "THERE'S OTHERS OF YOUR KIND, THEY TOO MAY DIE UNLESS
 SHALL WE TURN HUNTER, YOU AND I?" THE UNICORN SAID, "YES."



BURDEN OF THE CROWN

WORDS AND MUSIC: DEREK FOSTER

THE BATTLEFIELD IS SILENT, THE SHADOWS GROWING LONG.
 THOUGH I MAY VIEW THE SUNSET, I'LL NOT LIVE TO SEE THE DAWN.
 THE TREES HAVE CEASED TO RUSTLE, THE BIRDS NO LONGER SING.
 ALL NATURE SEEMS TO WONDER AT THE PASSING OF A KING.

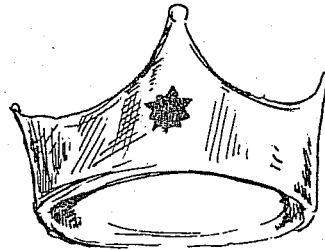
AND NOW YOU STAND BEFORE ME, YOUR FATHER'S FLESH AND BLOOD,
 BEGOTTEN OF MY SINEWS ON THE WOMAN THAT I LOVED.
 SO DIFFICULT THE BIRTHING, THY MOTHER DIED THAT DAY,
 AND NOW YOU STAND BEFORE ME, TO BEAR MY CROWN AWAY.

THE HOUR IS FAST APPROACHING WHEN YOU COME INTO YOUR OWN,
 WHEN YOU TAKE THE RING AND SCEPTER AND SIT UPON THE THRONE.
 BEFORE THAT FATAL HOUR, WHEN WE EACH MUST MEET OUR FATE,
 PRAY, GAZE UPON THE ROYAL CROWN, AND MARVEL AT ITS WEIGHT.

THIS CAP OF BURNISHED METAL IS THE SYMBOL OF A LAND,
 SUPPORTING ALL WE CHERISH, THE DREAMS FOR WHICH WE STAND.
 THE WEIGHT, YOU'LL FIND, IS NOTHING, IF YOU HOLD IT IN YOUR PALM.
 THE BURDEN OF THE CROWN BEGINS THE DAY YOU PUT IT ON.

SEE HOW THE JEWELS SPARKLE, AS YOU GAZE ON IT AGAIN.
 EACH FACET IS A SUBJECT, WHOSE RIGHTS YOU MUST DEFEND.
 EVERY POINT OF LIGHT A BURDEN YOU MUST SHOULDER WITH YOUR OWN.
 AND MIGHTY IS THE BURDEN OF THE MAN UPON THE THRONE.

THE DAY IS NEARLY ENDED, MY LIMBS ARE GROWING COLD.
 I FEEL THE ANGELS WAITING TO RECEIVE MY PASSING SOUL.
 KEEP WELL FOR ME MY KINGDOM WHEN MY MEMORY IS DEAD,
 AND FORGIVE ME FOR THE BURDEN THAT I PLACE UPON YOUR HEAD.



CIRCLES

BY GWEN ZAK MOORE

(TUNE - WINDMILLS)

IN DAYS GONE BY, WHEN THE WORLD WAS MUCH YOUNGER,
MEN WANDERED AT SPRING, BORN OF WINTER'S COLD NIGHT;
WONDERING AT THE GAMES OF THE MOON AND THE SUNLIGHT.
THEY SAW THERE THE LADY AND THE LORD OF ALL TIME.

CHORUS: AND AROUND, AND AROUND, AND AROUND TURNS THE GOOD EARTH,
ALL THINGS MUST CHANGE AS THE SEASONS GO BY.
WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD AND THE LADY;
WHOSE MYSTERIES WE KNOW, BUT WE NEVER KNOW WHY.

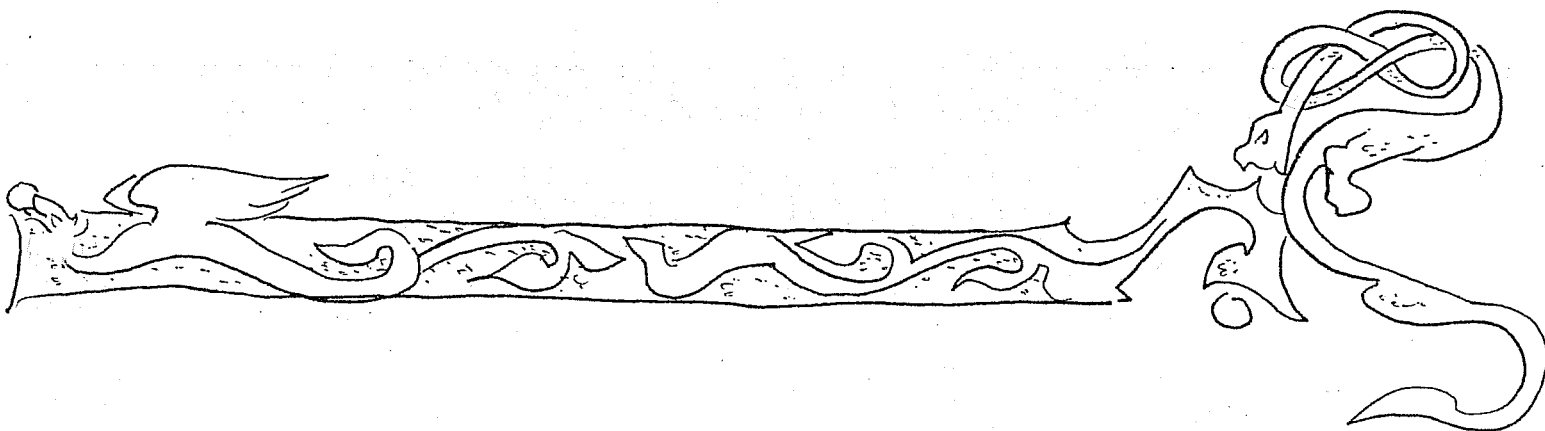
IN ALL LANDS THE PEOPLE WERE TIED WITH THE GOOD EARTH,
PLOWING AND SOWING AS THE SEASONS DECLARED;
WAITING TO REAP OF THE RICH GOLDEN HARVEST,
KNOWING HER LAUGH IN THE JOYS THAT THEY SHARED.

CHORUS: THROUGH FLANDERS AND WALES AND THE GREEN LAND OF IRELAND,
IN KINGDOMS OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND AND SPAIN;
CIRCLES GREW UP ALL ALONG THE WILD COASTLINE,
AND WORKED FOR THE LAND WITH THE SUN AND THE RAIN.

CHORUS: CIRCLES FOR HEALING AND WORKING THE WEATHER,
CIRCLES FOR KNOWING THE MOON AND THE SUN.
CIRCLES FOR THANKING THE LORD AND THE LADY;
CIRCLES FOR DANCING THE DANCE NEVER DONE.

CHORUS: AND WE WHO REACH FOR THE STARS IN THE HEAVENS,
TURNING OUR EYES FROM THE MEADOWS AND GROVES;
STILL LIVE IN THE LOVE OF THE LORD AND THE LADY,
THE GREATER THE CIRCLE, THE MORE THE LOVE GROWS.

CHORUS:



THE LAST DEFENDER OF CAMELOT

BY HAP 'N CHANCE

AS I WANDERED INTO A WATERFRONT TAVERN,
INTO A TAVERN I WANDERED ONE DAY...
I MET THERE A KNIGHT OF THE FABLED ROUND TABLE,
A KNIGHT OLD AND GRIZZLED, WITH EYES COLD AND GRAY.

SIR, DO ME THE HONOR OF SHARING MY TABLE,
AND TELL IF YOU WILL HOW DOES CAMELOT FARE.
"CAMELOT'S GONE NOW THESE MANY YEARS PASSING -
IDEALS WE ONCE CHERISHED ARE NOW ALL TOO RARE."

"ONCE I STOOD FAST AT THE RIGHT HAND OF ARTHUR,
CHIVALRY EMBODIED, A KING AMONGST MEN.
WE CHAMPIONED BOLDLY IDEALS HELD MOST NOBLE.
CREATING A KINGDOM LIKE THERE'S NEVER BEEN!"

"A MAN KNOWN AS MERLIN, A WIZARD MOST MIGHTY,
DID LEND US HIS STRENGTH - AND SO EVIL DID SWAY.
HE COUNSELED WITH WISDOM AND GUIDED OUR FOOTSTEPS,
EVER BRINGING US SAFE FROM THE HEART OF THE FRAY."

"OUR QUEEN WAS THE SYMBOL OF PURE LIGHT AND FAIRNESS,
AND GUINIVERE'S BEAUTY WAS FAMED THROUGH THE LAND.
OUR ARTHUR, HE LOVED HER WITH UNDYING PASSION.
THEIR LOVE AND OUR KINGDOM WERE EQUALLY GRAND."

"LANCELOT WAS THE REALM'S STAUCHEST DEFENDER,
WITH VIRTUE AS ARMOR, HIS STRENGTH WAS AS TEN.
NEVER DEFEATED WHEN RIDING TO BATTLE,
HIS BLADE WAS THE DOWNFALL OF VILLANOUS MEN."

"BUT THE KINGDOM WAS SIEGED BY THE DARK FORCE'S POWER,
OUR HONOR THEY TESTED AT EVERY BLACK TURN.
CONSTANTLY SEARCHING FOR CHINKS IN OUR ARMOR;
MORGAN AND MORDRED OUR VIRTUES DID SPURN."

"ARTHUR WAS BOUND BY THE DUTIES OF KINGSHIP.
GUINIVERE PINED FOR ATTENTIONS NOT SPARED,
IN DESPAIR SHE SOUGHT LANCELOT SEEKING SOME COMFORT
AND DARK MORGAN SMILED AT THE LOVE THAT THEY SHARED."

"FROM THE SEED THAT WAS PLANTED IN ARTHUR'S BETRAYAL,
MORGAN AND MORDRED THEY WOVE A BLACK SPELL:
BITTERNESS FESTERED AND JEALOUSY FLOWERED,
AND SO EVIL FLOURISHED AND CAMELOT FELL."

"AND ON THAT DARK DAY BROTHER FOUGHT AGAINST BROTHER -
OUR ENEMIES WON, AS OUR DREAM WE SLEW THERE
AS ARTHUR LAY DYING, REPENTING HIS ANGER,
EXCALIBUR'S TRUST FELL TO LANCELOT'S CARE."

"THROUGH CENTURY'S DUST DAUNTLESS LANCELOT WANDERED,
CASTING DOWN EVIL, UPLIFTING THE DREAM -
THE WEIGHT OF THAT VISION, ONE MAN COULD NOT CARRY;
IT FELL AND WAS SHATTERED FOREVER IT SEEMED."

"AND SO I GO OUT TO WAGE ONE FINAL BATTLE.
THOUGH DARKNESS GROWS MIGHTY, I MUST STEM THE TIDE."
HE STOOD UP TO LEAVE, AND MY EYES FELL ASTONISHED,
ON GLEAMING EXCALIBUR - REVEALED AT HIS SIDE!

FELLOWSHIP GOING SOUTH

LYRICS AND MUSIC: LESLIE FISH

ARRANGEMENT: CATHERINE COOK

WHAT IS COURAGE NOW?
IS IT JUST TO GO UNTIL WE'RE DONE?
MEN MAY CALL US HEROES WHEN THEY CAN SAY WE'VE WON -
BUT IF WE SHOULD FAIL, HOW THEN?
WHAT IS COURAGE NOW?

MOUNTAINS TO OUR SIDE,
STANDING LIKE A WALL AGAINST THE SKY,
SHOW NO PATH TO LET US THROUGH, YET STILL WE SEARCH AND TRY.
SILVER SNOW AND STONE, COLD BLUE -
MOUNTAINS TO OUR SIDE.

RIVER FROM THE PINES,
WE CAN HEAR YOUR ECHO FAR AWAY.
TO YOUR BANKS OUR STEP MUST LEAD. HELP US ON OUR WAY,
WE WHO KNOW YOU LEND YOUR SPEED.
RIVER FROM THE PINES.

STAR ABOVE THE WORLD,
SEEING DOWN THE WAYS THAT WE MUST GO.
THROW DOWN LIGHT TO GUIDE A FRIEND, OR HOW ELSE CAN WE KNOW
IF THERE'S HOPE WHERE PATHWAYS END?
STAR ABOVE THE WORLD.

WHAT IS COURAGE NOW?
IN THE HOPE WE KNOW THAT HOLDS US FAST,
BEAR US TO THE FINAL DOOR AND WIN US FREE AT LAST
OR WE TOUCH THIS WORLD NO MORE.
WHAT IS COURAGE NOW?



THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

LYRICS: RUDYARD KIPLING

MUSIC: LESLIE FISH

WHEN THE HIMALAYAN PEASANT MEETS THE HE-BEAR IN HIS STRIDE,
HE SHOUTS TO SCARE THE MONSTER, WHO WILL OFTEN TURN ASIDE,
BUT THE SHE-BEAR THUS ACCOSTED RENDS THE PEASANT TOOTH AND NAIL,
FOR THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE.

WHEN NAG, THE BASKING COBRA, HEARS THE CARELESS FOOT OF MAN
HE WILL SOMETIMES WRIGGLE SIDWAYS AND AVOID IT IF HE CAN,
BUT HIS MATE MAKES NO SUCH MOTION WHERE SHE CAMPS BESIDE THE TRAIL,
FOR THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE.

WHEN THE EARLY JESUIT FATHERS PREACHED TO HURONS AND CHOCTAWS,
THEY PRAYED TO BE DELIVERED FROM THE VENGEANCE OF THE SQUAWS,
'T WAS THE WOMEN, NOT THE WARRIORS, TURNED THOSE STARK ENTHUSIASTS PALE,
FOR THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE.

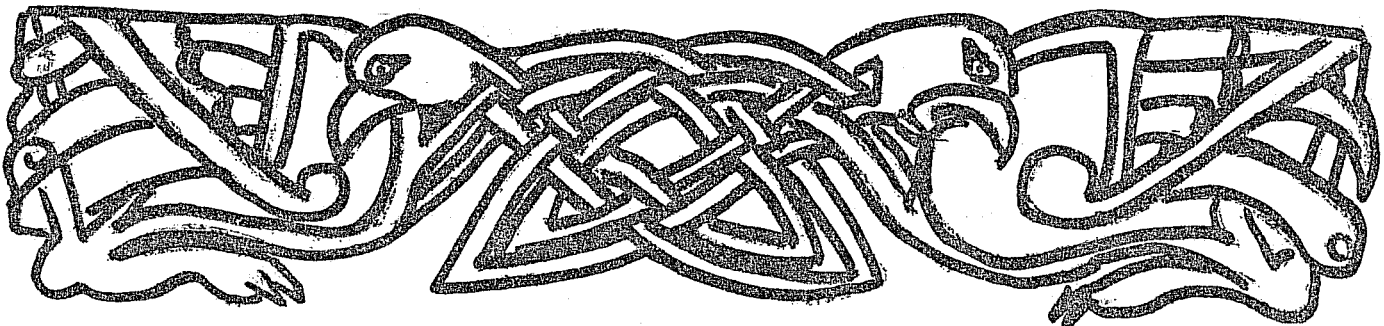
MAN'S TIMID HEART IS BURSTING WITH THE THINGS HE MUST NOT SAY,
FOR THE WOMAN THAT GOD GAVE HIM ISN'T HIS TO GIVE AWAY;
BUT WHEN HUNTER MEETS WITH HUSBAND EACH CONFIRMS THE OTHER'S TALE,
FOR THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE.

SHE WHO FACES DEATH BY TORTURE FOR EACH LIFE WITHIN HER BREAST
MAY NOT DEAL IN DOUBT OR PITY, MUST NOT SWERVE FOR FACT OR JEST.
THESE ARE PURELY MALE DIVERSIONS; NOT IN THESE HER HONOR DWELLS.
SHE, THE OTHER LAW WE LIVE BY, IS THAT LAW AND NOTHING ELSE.

UNPROVOKED AND AWFUL CHARGES - EVEN SO THE SHE-BEAR FIGHTS.
SPEECH THAT DRIPS, CORRODES AND POISONS - EVEN SO THE COBRA BITES.
SCIENTIFIC VIVISECTION OF ONE NERVE UNTIL IT'S RAW
AND THE VICTIM WRITHES IN ANGUISH - LIKE THE JESUIT WITH THE SQUAW.

SO IT COMES THAT MAN, THE COWARD, WHEN HE GATHERS TO CONFER
WITH HIS FELLOW BRAVES IN COUNCIL, DARE NOT LEAVE A PLACE FOR HER
WHERE, AT WAR WITH LIFE AND CONSCIENCE, HE UPLIFTS HIS ERRING HANDS
TO SOME GOD OF ABSTRACT JUSTICE - WHICH NO WOMAN UNDERSTANDS.

AND MAN KNOWS IT, KNOWS MOREOVER THAT THE WOMAN THAT GOD GAVE HIM
MUST COMMAND BUT MAY NOT GOVERN, SHALL ENTHRALL BUT NOT ENSLAVE HIM.
AND SHE KNOWS, BECAUSE SHE WARNS HIM, AND HER INSTINCTS NEVER FAIL,
THAT THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE.



GOLDEN EYES



LYRICS: MERCEDES LACKEY

MUSIC: LESLIE FISH

ARRANGMENT: JOEY SHOJI

A SHADOW IN THE BRIGHT BAZAAR; A GLIMPSE OF EYES WHERE NONE SHOULD SHINE,
 A GLIMPSE OF EYES TRANSLUCENT GOLD, AND SLITTED AGAINST THE SUN.
 THIS THE CLUE AND THIS THE SIGN THAT SETS HIM ON HIS QUARRY'S LINE,
 BUT SHE HAS SEEN HIM IN A DREAM, AND NOW SHE'S ON THE RUN.

FASTER THAN A THOUGHT SHE FLEES, AND SEEKS THE JUNGLE'S SHELTERING TREES,
 BUT HE IS STEADY ON THE TRACK, AND HALF A BREATH BEHIND.
 SHE TASTES HIS SCENT UPON THE BREEZE, AND, LOOKING PAST HER SHOULDER, SEES -
 HE TREADS UPON HER SHADOW. SHE FEARS THE HUNTER'S MIND.

SO NOW SHE SUMMONS ALL HER WIT, AND EVERY TRICK SHE KNOWS TO HIDE,
 TO MAKE HIM LOSE THE TWISTING TRACK, TO THROW HIM OFF HER TRAIL.
 IN WOMAN FORM, IN LEOPARD HIDE, FORDING, LEAPING SIDE TO SIDE,
 SHE DOUBLES BACK ALONG HER TRACK - AND SEES HER EFFORTS FAIL.

HE STANDS BEFORE HER, DARK AND GRIM. HER TERROR NOW SHE CAN'T SUPPRESS.
 HE BLOCKS THE ONLY PATHWAY OUT, AND WILL NOT LET HER BY.
 HER GOLD FLANKS HEAVING IN DISTRESS; HALF WOMAN AND HALF LEOPARDESS -
 TO EITHER SIDE, NOWHERE TO HIDE; IT'S TIME TO FIGHT OR DIE.

BUT WHAT IS THIS? TO HER AMAZE, THE MAN HAS THROWN HIS GUN AWAY,
 AND QUIETLY, HE DRAWS NEAR HER NOW, A SMILE UPON HIS FACE.
 BEFORE SHE THINKS TO RUN OR STAY, HIS BODY BLURS LIKE SOFTENED CLAY....
 BEFORE HER EYES, TO HER SURPRISE - A LEOPARD IN HIS PLACE.

THE HUNTER THEY HAVE SOUGHT IN VAIN, AND NOW THE TALK OF THE BAZAAR
 IS OF THE CANNY LEOPARD PAIR, A SIGHT NONE WILL FORGET
 WHO ONCE HAS SEEN THEM NEAR OR FAR, IN SUNLIGHT OR WHERE SHADOWS ARE,
 AS SIDE BY SIDE THEY HUNT AND HIDE. NO ONE HAS CAUGHT THEM YET!

FREEHILLS BATTLESONG

THE REBELS

(TUNE - THE ALAMO)

A HANDFULL OF WARRIORS WERE CHALLENGED WITH HONOR TO DIE.
 BY A WARLORD THAT GAVE THEM THE WORD THAT A BATTLE WAS NIGH;
 THEIR SWORDS ARE TOO MANY, THEIR ARMS ARE TOO STRONG -
 DO WE BOW IN SUBMISSION OR FLY? TO HELL WITH THE ODDS,
 WE'LL SHOW THEM WE KNOW HOW TO DIE!

CHORUS: HEY - YAH!
 YOUR HIGHNESS - WE'RE KILLIN' YOUR MEN AS WE GO!
 SO THE GODS OF DARKNESS WILL KNOW -
 THAT THEIR SONS ARE BELOW!

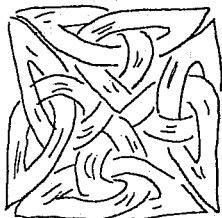
THE HORSEMAN HE LAUGHED AND SALUTED HIS FOE AS HE FELL.
 AND WOLF BIT THE DUST WITH A GRIN THAT WE KNEW ALL TOO WELL.
 AND RHYS HIMSELF WENT OUT LAUGHIN' AND SINGIN';
 A SMILE HE DID NOT TRY TO HIDE - FOR DYIN'S NO SHAME,
 WITH BROTHERS LIKE THESE AT YOUR SIDE!

CHORUS:

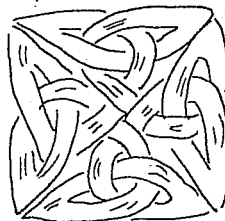
IN THE STILLNESS THAT FOLLOWED THE BATTLE A MURMUR WAS HEARD.
 AS THEY ROSE AND REGROUPED, AS CHANCE GAVE THE KINGDOMS THE WORD -
 THE ENCHANTMENT OF THESE HILLS WORKS BOTH WAYS;
 ON KINSMAN AND FOEMAN IT'S TRUE - SO PICK UP YOUR SWORDS,
 WE'LL NEVER SURRENDER TO YOU!

CHORUS:

(YOU REMEMBER THE FREEHILLS, DON'T YOU?)



IMPERIUM



BY ROBERT ASPRIN

OH BEAUTIFUL, FOR SHIELD DESIGN -
 FOR BROADSWORD, MACE AND SPEAR!
 FOR FORM-LINED, METAL HELMET TOPS
 UPON THEIR HAIRY EARS!

IMPERIUM! IMPERIUM!
 GOD'S PITY UPON THEE!
 CROWN THOSE SURVIVED - WITH IODINE.
 - FROM KNEE TO MANGLED

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E!

THE QUEST

WORDS: RUDYARD KIPLING

MUSIC: LESLIE FISH

THE KNIGHT CAME HOME FROM THE QUEST; MUDDIED AND SORE HE CAME;
BATTERED OF SHIELD AND CREST, BANNERLESS, BRUISED AND LAME.
IN FIGHTING WE TAKE NO SHAME. BETTER IS MAN FOR A FALL.
MERRILY BORNE, THE BUGLE-HORN ANSWERED THE WARDER'S CALL

CHORUS: HERE IS MY LANCE TO MEND -- (HARO!)
 HERE IS MY HORSE TO BE SHOT.
 AYE, THEY WERE STRONG; THE FIGHT WAS LONG,
 BUT I PAID AS GOOD AS I GOT. I PAID AS GOOD AS I GOT!

OH, DARK AND DEEP WAS THEIR VAN, THAT MOCKED MY BATTLE-CRY
I COULD NOT MISS MY MAN, BUT I COULD NOT CARRY BY.
UTTERLY WHELMED WAS I; FLUNG UNDER HORSE AND ALL.
MERRILY BORNE, THE BUGLE-HORN ANSWERED THE WARDER'S CALL.

CHORUS:

MY WOUNDS ARE NOISED ABROAD; BUT THEIRS MY FOEMAN CLOAKED.
YOU SEE MY BROKEN SWORD -- BUT NEVER THE BLADE SHE BROKE
TRADING THEM STROKE FOR STROKE. GOOD HANDSEL OVER ALL;
MERRILY BORNE, THE BUGLE-HORN ANSWERED THE WARDER'S CALL.

CHORUS:

MY SHAME YE COUNT AND KNOW, YE SAY MY QUEST WAS VAIN.
BUT YE HAVE NOT SEEN MY FOE; YE HAVE NOT COUNTED HIS SLAIN.
SURELY HE FIGHTS AGAIN, AGAIN; BUT WHEN YOU PROVE HIS LINE
THERE WILL COME TO YOUR AID MY BROKEN BLADE
IN THIS LAST, LOST FIGHT OF MINE.

CHORUS:

SONG OF THE SHIELD-WALL

WORDS: MALKIN GREY (DEBRA DOYLE)

MUSIC: PEREGRYN WYNDRYDER (MELISSA WILLIAMSON)

HASTEN, O SEA-STEED, OVER THE SWAN-ROAD
FOAMY-NECKED SHIP O'ER THE FROTH OF THE SEA!
HENGEST HAS CALLED US FROM GOTLAND AND FRISIA
TO VORTIGERN'S COUNTRY, HIS ARMY TO BE
WE'LL TAKE OUR PAY THERE IN SWEETER THAN SILVER,
WE'LL TAKE OUR PLUNDER IN RICHER THAN GOLD,
FOR HENGEST HAS PROMISED US LAND FOR OUR FIGHTING,
LAND FOR THE SONS OF THE SAXONS TO HOLD!

HASTEN, O FRYDS-MEN, DOWN TO THE RIVER;
THE DRAGON SHIPS COME ON THE INFLOWING TIDE.
THE LINDEN-WOOD SHIELD AND THE OLD SPEAR OF ASH-WOOD
ARE NEEDED AGAIN BY THE COLD WATERSIDE.
DRAW UP THE SHIELD-WALL, O SHOULDER-COMPANIONS;
LATER, WHENEVER OUR STORY IS TOLD,
THEY'LL SAY THAT WE DIED GUARDING WHAT WE CALL DEAREST,
LAND THAT THE SONS OF THE SAXONS WILL HOLD!

HASTEN, O HOUSE-CARLS, NORTH TO THE DANELAW;
HARALD HARDRADA'S COME OVER THE SEA!
HIS LONGSHIPS HE'S LADEN WITH BARESARKS FROM NORWAY
TO CLAIM CANUTE'S CROWN AND OUR MASTER TO BE.
BITTER HE'LL FIND HERE THE BITE OF OUR SPEAR-POINTS,
HARD RULING NORTHMEN TOO STRONG TO DIE OLD.
WE'LL GRANT HIM SIX FEET -- PLUS AS MUCH AS HE'S TALLER --
OF LAND THAT THE SONS OF THE SAXONS WILL HOLD!

MAKE HASTE, SON OF GODWIN, SOUTHWARD FROM STAMFORD,
VICTORY'S SWEET AND YOUR MEN HAVE FOUGHT HARD,
BUT WILLIAM THE BASTARD HAS LANDED AT PEVENSEY,
BURNING THE LAND YOU HAVE PROMISED TO GUARD.
DRAW UP THE SPEARS ON THE HILL-TOP AT HASTINGS,
FIGHT TILL THE SUN DROPS AND EVENING GROWS COLD,
AND DIE WITH THE LAST OF YOUR SAXONS AROUND YOU,
HOLDING THE LAND YOU WERE GIVEN TO HOLD!

SIGNY MALLORY

LYRICS: MERCEDES LACKEY

MUSIC: LESLIE FISH

SHE'S CAPTAIN OF THE NORWAY, A THORN IN UNION'S SIDE,
PROTECTOR OF PELL STATION AND A SOURCE OF GRUDGING PRIDE.
LEFT THE MAZIANNI WITH THEIR PRICE UPON HER HEAD,
AND STAYED TO GUARD THE STATIONS THAT THE COMPANY LEFT FOR DEAD.

CHORUS: CAPTAIN SIGNY MALLORY HAS NO SOUL, THEY SAY:
THE CAPTAIN OF THE NORWAY HAS A HEART OF FROZEN CLAY.
THAT ON THE BRIDGE OF THE NORWAY, SHE THROWS MEN'S LIVES LIKE DICE.
CAPTAIN SIGNY MALLORY, HER EYES ARE FIRE AND ICE.

THEY SAY SHE DOESN'T THINK ABOUT THE LIVES THAT SHE HAS LOST.
THEY SAY WHEN NORWAY GOES TO FIGHT, SHE DOESN'T COUNT THE COST;
THAT ONCE SHE'S PLANNED A COURSE SHE NEVER RECKONS WRONG OR RIGHT -
SO WHY DOES SHE STARE SLEEPLESSLY INTO THE DARK ALL NIGHT?

THEY SAY FOR NORWAY'S CAPTAIN, DISCIPLINE'S AN IRON WHIP;
IT'S WORTH YOUR LIFE TO BREAK HER RULES, IN DOCK OR ON THE SHIP;
THAT NO ONE SANE SERVES UNDER HER COMMAND, BUT IF THAT'S SO,
THEN WHY DO HER TROOPS CHEER HER WHEN SHE PASSES THEM BELOW?

CHORUS:

THEY SAY THE CAPTAIN HAS NO CRUDE EMOTIONS TO CONTROL,
JUST IRON FIST, AND IRON WILL, AND IRON BANDED SOUL.
THEY SAY SHE SHOWS NO MERCY, AND THEY SAY SHE NEVER CAN -
SO WHY IS NORWAY REFUGE FOR A BURNED-OUT UNION MAN?

SHE'S CAPTAIN OF THE NORWAY, A THORN IN UNION'S SIDE.
THE MAZIANNI FEAR HER. SHE'S THE HEART OF NORWAY'S PRIDE
AND STATIONER, AND MERCHANTER, FROM FARGONE BACK TO PELL,
KNOW FOR MALLORY ALL NORWAY WOULD FIGHT DEMONS OUT OF HELL.

CHORUS:

THE TEMPER OF REVENGE

LYRICS AND MUSIC: JULIA ECKLAR

WE WERE SWORN TO PROTECT A TIMELESS LAND,
OUR STEEL PLEDGED TO GREATER GOALS.
MEANT TO SERVE WHAT OUR LORDS DEEMED AS GOOD;
PART OF A GREATER WHOLE.

WE SWORE LORDS A PLEDGE WITH BREATH AND TONGUE,
A PLEDGE I NOW BREAK WITH MY HEART.
THOSE BELIEFS IMPEDE WHAT I'M CALLED NOW TO DO.
MY ALLEGIANCE IS SUNDERED APART.

MY SOUL WAS TORN FROM ME THIS DAY.
HALF OF ME LIES INTERRED IN HIS GRAVE.
THAT SHATTERED LIFE I CAN NEVER RETRIEVE;
NO WELL MEANING WIZARD CAN SAVE.

CHORUS: SO FIND ME A HORSE AS RED AS THE SUN.
FIND ME A BLADE THAT WILL MAKE THEIR BLOOD RUN.
I WILL RIDE OUT AT DAWN, WHILE THE SUN'S IN THE SKY
SO THE BUZZARDS CAN SEE WHERE THE BODIES WILL LIE.

BRING ME MY LANCE. BRING MY SHIELD.
STRONG AS MY SWORD IS THE VENGEANCE I WIELD.
BUT VENGEANCE IS WRONG, SAY MY MASTERFUL LORDS,
VENGEANCE HAS TEMPERED MY SWORD.

MY COMPANION WAS MADE TO BE HALF OF ME;
WE WERE SEALED IN BOTH BODY AND SOUL.
WHAT IS LIFE TO ONE HUMAN ALONE?
HOW CAN ONE UNPARTNERED BE WHOLE?

HE WAS SLAUGHTERED AT NIGHT, NOT A WARRIOR'S DEATH.
ALL GOODNESS SEEMED USELESS AND VILE,
FOR GOOD LET MY FRAGILE WORLD BE DESTROYED.
MY OATHS BY SUCH LIES WERE DEFILED.

FORGIVE ME, MY LORDS, FOR WHAT I DO.
KNOW THAT THIS SINNER IS SUFFERING TOO -
BUT YOUR VIRTUES PURE DON'T ALLOW WHAT I PLAN,
AND BY GOD I'LL PAY KILLERS THEIR DUE!

CHORUS:

THREES

LYRICS: MERCEDES LACKEY

MUSIC: LESLIE FISH

DEEP INTO THE STONY HILLS, MILES FROM KEEP OR HOLD,
A TROOP OF GUARDS COMES RIDING WITH A LADY AND HER GOLD,
RIDING IN THE CENTER, SHROUDED IN HER CLOAK OF FUR,
COMPANIONED BY A MAIDEN AND A TOOTHLESS, AGED CUR.
THREE THINGS SEE NO END: A FLOWER BLIGHTED ERE IT BLOOMED,
A MESSAGE THAT WAS WASTED, AND A JOURNEY THAT WAS DOOMED.

ONE AMONG THE GUARDSMEN HAS A SHIFTING, RESTLESS EYE,
AND AS THEY RIDE, HE SCANS THE HILLS THAT RISE AGAINST THE SKY.
HE WEARS A SWORD AND BRACELET WORTH MORE THAN HE CAN AFFORD,
AND HIDDEN IN HIS BAGGAGE IS A HEAVY, SECRET HOARD.
OF THREE THINGS BE WARY: OF THE HUNGRY HUNTING CAT,
THE SHEPHERD EATING MUTTON, AND THE GUARDSMAN THAT IS FAT.

FROM AMBUSH, BANDITS SCREAMING CHARGE THE PACK TRAIN AND ITS PRIZE.
ALL BUT FOUR WITHIN THE TRAIN ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE,
AND ALL BUT FOUR ARE CUT DOWN AS A WOODSMAN FELLS A LOG:
THE GUARDSMAN AND THE LADY AND THE MAIDEN AND THE DOG.
THREE THINGS KNOW A SECRET: FIRST, THE LADY IN A DREAM,
THE DOG WHO BARKS NO WARNING, AND THE MAID WHO DOES NOT SCREAM.

THEN OFF THE LADY PULLS HER CLOAK. IN ARMOR SHE IS CLAD.
HER SWORD IS OUT AND READY, AND HER EYES ARE FIERCE AND GLAD.
THE MAIDEN GESTURES BRIEFLY, AND THE DOG'S A CUR NO MORE.
A WOLF, SWORD MAID AND SORCERESS NOW FACE THE BANDIT CORPS.
THREE THINGS NEVER ANGER, OR YOU WILL NOT LIVE FOR LONG:
A WOLF WITH CUBS, A MAN WITH POWER, AND A WOMAN'S SENSE OF WRONG.

THE BANDITS GROWL A CHALLENGE; BUT THE LADY ONLY GRINS.
THE SORCERESS BOWS MOCKINGLY, AND THEN THE FIGHT BEGINS.
WHEN IT ENDS THERE ARE BUT FOUR LEFT STANDING FROM THAT HORDE:
THE WITCH, THE WOLF, THE TRAITOR, AND THE WOMAN WITH THE SWORD.
THREE THINGS NEVER TRUST IN: THE MAIDEN SWORN AS PURE,
THE VOWS A KING HAS GIVEN, AND THE AMBUSH THAT IS 'SURE'.

THEY'VE STRIPPED THE TRAITOR NAKED, AND THE'VE WHIPPED HIM ON HIS WAY
INTO THE BARREN HILLSIDES, LIKE THE FOLK HE USED TO SLAY.
THEY TAKE A THOROUGH VENGEANCE FOR THE WOMEN HE'S CUT DOWN,
AND THEN THEY MOUNT THEIR HORSES AND THEY JOURNEY BACK TO TOWN.
THREE THINGS TRUST AND CHERISH WELL: THE HORSE ON WHICH YOU RIDE,
THE BEAST THAT GUARDS AND WATCHES, AND THE SISTER AT YOUR SIDE.

THE GOLD AND THE GRIM

BY LORD RHYS AP GORDON

SHE STOOD AT THE HEAD OF HER ONE HUNDRED MEN
THE LADY WITH HAIR LIKE SOFT FLAX IN THE WIND
THESE MEN SHE CALLED HERS WERE SO HARD AND SO BOLD
ON WAR'S WHITE HOT ANVIL SHE FORGED THEM SO COLD

FOR IF YOU WOULD PLAY WITH THIS LADY-CHILD NOW
TIS STEEL YOU MUST PAY WITH, AND PAY CERTAIN SHALL
THEY CALL THEM THE GRIM BECAUSE OF THEIR LOOKS
YOU'LL NEVER FIND ONE IN BRIGHT PICTURE BOOKS

BUT THEY KNOW THEIR WEAPONS, AND THEY KNOW THEIR STEEL
AND THEY USE THEM SO WELL, THAT YOU GET THE FEEL
THAT LONG YEARS OF PRACTICE IN THIS FIERY TRADE
HAVE GONE INTO MAKING THEM JUST HOW THEY'RE MADE

FROM FAR, FAR AWAY, THEY CAME TO THE CALL
THE GOLD CHEST WE OFFERED, WAS RATHER QUITE SMALL
BUT THEY TOOK IT UP WITH GRIM SMILES AROUND
AND HERE THEY NOW STAND IN RANKS QUITE PROFOUND

OUR PEOPLE WOULD WATCH THEM, FIGHT FOR OUR PAY
BUT I HAVE INSISTED, AND NOW WE ALL PRAY
THAT WHAT MEAGER STRENGTH THAT WE ADD NOW TO THEM
WILL TURN BACK THE TIDE OF THE HIGH KING'S MEN

TO DEATH WE SHALL FIGHT AND NOT LEAVE THIS FIELD
WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO FALL AND TO YIELD
TIS OUR LAST ONE LONG CHANCE TO WIN FOR A DAY
THE HONOR DEPRIVED US IN THIS EARTHLY CLAY

THREE TIMES DID THEY CHARGE, AND THREE TIMES FELL BACK
T WAS NOT FROM THE COURAGE, THIS THEY DID NOT LACK
T WAS ONLY FROM ONE HUNDRED STOUT HEARTED MEN
AND ONE LADY CAPTAIN, THE GOLD AND THE GRIM

THE NEXT DAY AND FOLLOWING TOLD THE SAME TALE
ALTHOUGH LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED NOW STOOD IN OUR VALE
FIVE TIMES OUR NUMBER OF FALLEN WE'VE SLAIN
MAYBE, JUST MAYBE OUR HOPES AREN'T IN VAIN

ONCE TESTED AND BLOODED, THEY CAME NEXT MORE WARY
AND RETREATED AGAIN, THEIR DEAD NOW TO BURY
WE WON THE GREAT FIGHT THERE IN RIVERSIDE GLEN
WITH ONE LADY WARLORD, HER TROOPS, AND OUR MEN

THE KING COULD COME BACK, BUT I DOUBT THAT HE'LL TRY
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY CHILD? OH, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY
WELL YOU SEE SON, YOUR MOTHER THERE CLOSE BY THE HEARTH
HOW SHE WEAVES THERE NOW SLOWLY, SO CLOSE TO THE WARMTH

ONCE, NOT LONG AGO, A CHEIFTESS QUITE BOLD
FOR SIX YEARS AGO SHE WAS KNOWN AS THE GOLD,
AND SETTLE SHE DID, IN THIS VALE OF HAY
FOR NOT JUST IN GOLD DID OUR FARM PEOPLE PAY

ALONG ABOUT THEN, BLACKSMITH WAS MY TRADE
BUT I FOUND ANOTHER, FOR WHICH I WAS MADE
FOR SIX YEARS AGO, WHEN I STOOD BY HER MEN

SILKIE

TRADITIONAL

AN EARTHLY NURSE SITS AND SINGS,
AND AYE, SHE SINGS BY LILY WEAN,
AND LITTLE KEN I MY BAIRN'S FATHER,
FAR LESS THE LAND WHERE HE DWELLS IN.

FOR HE CAME ONE NIGHT TO HER BED FEET,
AND A GRUMBLY GUEST, I'M SURE WAS HE,
SAYING "HERE AM I, THY BAIRN'S FATHER,
ALTHOUGH I BE NOT COMELY."

I AM A MAN UPON THE LAND,
I AM A SILKIE ON THE SEA,
AND WHEN I'M FAR AND FAR FRAE LAND,
MY HOME IT IS IN SULE SKERRIE.

AND HE HAD TA'EN A PURSE OF GOLD
AND HE HAD PLACED IT UPON HER KNEE,
SAYING "GIVE TO ME MY LITTLE YOUNG SON,
AND TAKE THEE UP THY NURSE'S FEE."

"AND IT SHALL COME TO PASS ON A SUMMER'S DAY,
WHEN THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT ON EVERY STONE,
I'LL COME AND FETCH MY LITTLE YOUNG SON,
AND TEACH HIM HOW TO SWIM THE FAEM."

"AND YE SHALL MARRY A GUNNER GOOD,
AND A RIGHT FINE GUNNER I'M SURE HE'LL BE,
AND THE VERY FIRST SHOT THAT E'ER HE SHOOTS
WILL KILL BOTH MY YOUNG SON AND ME."



LOVE DEEP AS RIVERS

BY CYNTHIA MCQUILLIN

ONCE A LOVELY ELVEN WOMAN
FROM THE GRACE OF ELF-LAND FELL.
AND A TROLL-MAN FOUND HER DYING,
AND TOOK HER TO HIS STONY SHELL.

CHORUS: AND THEIR LOVE GREW DEEP AS RIVERS
 THAT RUN SILENT BENEATH THE GROUND.
 THEY TOOK THEIR COMFORT IN EACH OTHER
 WHERE NO OTHER LOVE THEY FOUND.

BUT ELVES ARE NOT MADE FOR DARKNESS,
NOR ARE TROLLS MADE TO FACE THE LIGHT.
BUT SHE FOUND CONTENTMENT IN HIS CAVERN
WITH IT'S STRANGE AND ENDLESS NIGHT.

CHORUS: AND WHEN SHE DIED HE DID NOT FOLLOW,
 FOR HIS HEART WAS STRONG AS STONE.
 BUT HE REMEMBERED THE THING SHE'D LEFT HIM,
 AND SO CONTENTED HE DWELLED ALONE.

CHORUS:

THE CHERI

BY CYNTHIA MCQUILLIN

IN THE FOREST SILVER MOONLIGHT LIT THE BRANCHES LIKE A FLAME
AND DRUNK WITH SPRING'S ENCHANTMENT, LIGHTLY DOWN THE PATH SHE CAME.
HER VOICE TRILLED LIKE A NIGHTING BIRD AS SHE DANCED BENEATH THE MOON.
I LONGED TO JOIN HER MADNESS, AND I FEARED I WOULD TOO SOON.

OH! ON AND ON, THROUGH THE STARLIGHT AND SHADOW TILL DAWN.
AND THOUGH I'LL NOT REGRET HER, I SWEAR I'LL NOT FORGET HER TOO SOON.

HER FACE WAS PALE IN MOONLIGHT, AS I LOOKED INTO HER EYES.
THEY WERE GREY AND SOFT AS MIST IS UPON THE NIGHTING SKIES.
HER FINGERS, PALE AND COOL THEY WERE, AND UPON MY BODY PLAYED.
IN THE ECSTASY OF DREAMING, I LOVED HER AS WE LAY.

OH! ON AND ON, UNTIL THE NIGHT WAS GONE.
AND THOUGH I'LL NOT REGRET HER, I SWEAR I'LL NOT FORGET HER TOO SOON.

IN THE FOREST SILVER MOONLIGHT LIGHTS THE BRANCHES LIKE A FLAME.
AND I'LL STAND BENEATH THEIR ENCHANTED FIRE UNTIL SHE COMES AGAIN.
I'LL PINE AWAY FOR THE BEAUTY OF HER VOICE, HER GLOWING EASE,
AND HER SILVER SILKEN HAIR THAT FLOWED ACROSS ME LIKE A BREEZE.

OH! ON AND ON, I'LL WAIT UNTIL SHE COMES.
AND THOUGH I'LL NOT REGRET HER, I SWEAR I'LL NOT FORGET HER TOO SOON.

SWEET ALICE

BY CYNTHIA MCQUILLIN

LATE AT NIGHT, CROSSING THE MARSHLAND,
I SEE ALICE ALONE.
NEVER SEE MUCH OF HER IN THE DAYTIME,
I WONDER WHERE SHE GOES.

CHORUS: HER CLOTHES ARE TORN,
AND BLOOD DRIPS FROM HER FINGER TIPS.
NOW I WONDER, WHO'S BEEN WITH ALICE TONIGHT?

SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT SHE DIED,
A DOZEN YEARS AGO OR SO.
SOME PEOPLE SAY SHE'S ALIVE,
ME, I DON'T KNOW.

BUT EARLY MORNING WE'LL FIND SOMEBODY,
ALL BLOODY AND SMEARED.
WELL, YOU CRY AND YOU SCREAM, BUT THERE'S ONE THING FOR CERTAIN,
SWEET ALICE BEEN HERE.

CHORUS:

THEY SAY ONE DAY WE'LL TRACK HER DOWN,
PUT A SILVER BULLET THROUGH HER HEART.
BUT THERE'S ONE THING FOR CERTAIN, THAT'LL NEVER HAPPEN,
'CAUSE ALICE IS SMART.

CHORUS:

YES I WONDER, WHO'S BEEN WITH ALICE TONIGHT?



SLAY THE DEAD

BY CYNTHIA MCQUILLIN

FROM THIS HOUSE I FLED,
HEAR MY THANKLESS CRY,
TO SEEK AN END TO SORCERY
BUT BENEATH YOUR HAND I DIED.
YOU HAVE WROUGHT YOUR SPELLS,
BROUGHT ME BACK AGAIN
TO SHARE THE WORLD YOU'RE WEAVING
OUTSIDE OF MORTAL KEN.

WITH RELENTLESS LOVE YOU BIND ME TO YOUR BED.
IS THERE NO MERCY NOW? WILL NO ONE SLAY THE DEAD?

UPON THESE TOWER STAIRS
I WAIT YOUR BECK AND CALL.
YOU TAKE YOUR WRETCHED PLEASURES
CAST IN A FUNERAL PALL.
I WEEP MY TORMENT NIGHTLY
IN TEARS OF MEMORY,
AS I DRAW THE LIFE YOU GIVE ME
NOW SO WILLINGLY.

WITH RELENTLESS LOVE YOU BIND ME TO YOUR BED.
IS THERE NO MERCY NOW? WILL NO ONE SLAY THE DEAD?

SOMEDAY I'LL BREAK YOUR SORCERY
BOUND TO THE TIDE OF TIME,
YOU WEAKEN AS YOU LOVE ME,
SOON FREEDOM SHALL BE MINE.
I DAILY GROW IN POWER
AND YOUR BLOOD WILL EASE MY PAIN.
YOU'LL LIE UPON THIS COLD, STONE FLOOR,
BY A SPIRIT LOVER SLAIN.

WITH RELENTLESS LOVE YOU BIND ME TO YOUR BED.
THERE IS NO MERCY NOW, YOU CANNOT SLAY THE DEAD.



BLACK VELVET BAND

TRADITIONAL

IN A NEAT LITTLE TOWN THEY CALL BELFAST
APPRENTICED TO TRADE I WAS BOUND.
AND MANY AN HOUR OF SWEET HAPPINESS
I SPENT IN THAT NEAT LITTLE TOWN.
'TIL BAD MISFORTUNE CAME O'ER ME
AND CAUSED ME TO STRAY FROM THE LINE.
FAR AWAY FROM ME FRIENDS AND RELATIONS
WHO FOLLOWED THE BLACK VELVET BAND

CHORUS: HER EYES, THEY SHOWN LIKE THE DIAMONDS
 YOU'D THINK SHE WAS QUEEN OF THE LAND.
 AND HER HAIR HUNG OVER HER SHOULDERS,
 TIED UP WITH A BLACK VELVET BAND.

AS I WAS OUT STROLLING ONE EVENING,
NOT MEANING TO GO VERY FAR.
I MET WITH A FROLICSOME DAMSEL,
A' SELLING HER TRADE IN THE BAR.
A RING SHE TOOK FROM A CUSTOMER,
AND SLIPPED IT RIGHT INTO ME HAND.
THEN THE LAW CAME AND PUT ME IN PRISON
BAD LUCK TO HER BLACK VELVET BAND.

CHORUS: NEXT MORNING, BEFORE JUDGE AND JURY,
 FOR TRIAL I HAD TO APPEAR.
 AND THE JUDGE, HE SAYS ME YOUNG FELLOW
 THE CASE AGAINST YOU IS QUITE CLEAR.
 AND SEVEN LONG YEARS IS YOUR SENTENCE
 YOU'RE GOING TO BANDYMAN'S LAND.
 FAR AWAY FROM YOUR FRIENDS AND RELATIONS
 YOU FOLLOWED THE BLACK VELVET BAND.

CHORUS: SO COME ALL YOU JOLLY YOUNG FELLOWS,
 I'LL HAVE YOU TAKE WARNING BY ME
 WHENEVER YOU'RE INTO THE LIQUOR, ME LADS
 BEWARE OF THE PRETTY COLLEENS.
 FOR THEY'LL FILL YOU WITH WHISKEY AND PORTER,
 'TIL YOU ARE NOT ABLE TO STAND.
 AND THE VERY NEXT THING THAT YOU KNOW, ME LADS
 YOU'VE LANDED IN BANDYMAN'S LAND

CHORUS:

DANCING VISION

BY LORD ZARED LOCHWOOD

DANCING VISION, IN THE FIRELIGHT
DANCE THROUGH MY DREAMS OF YOU
BE YOU VISION, BE YOU MEAD SONG
HELPING THIS NIGHT TO DO

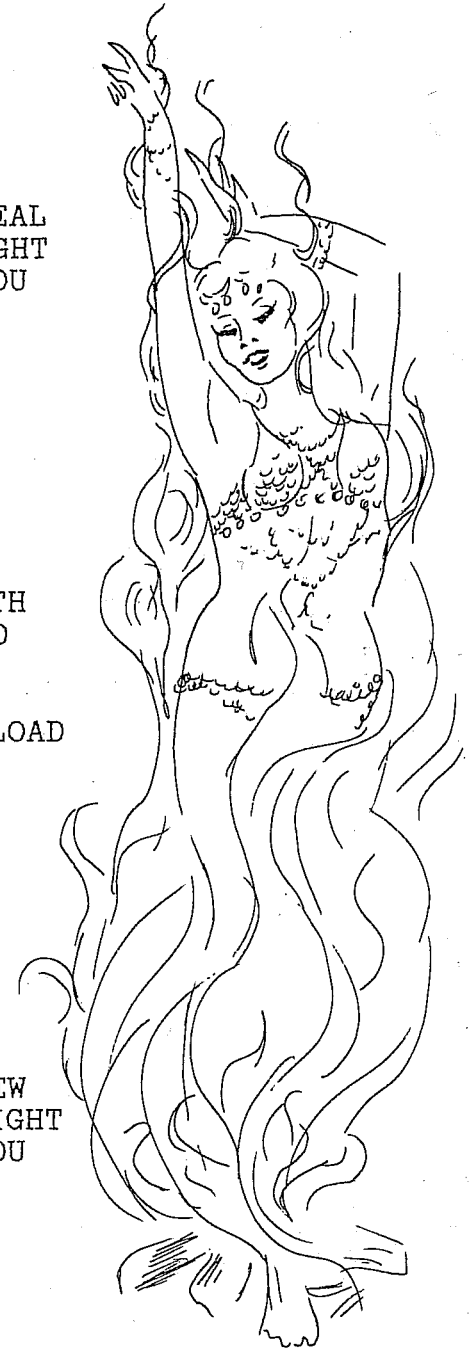
FOR MY BODY GROWS OLD
AND MY SPIRIT GROWS COLD
AND WOUNDS NOW ARE SLOW TO HEAL
DANCING VISION IN THE FIRELIGHT
DANCE THROUGH MY DREAMS OF YOU

MORNING BATTLE, AT THE DAWNING
SEEMS LIKE SO FAR AWAY
DANCING VISION, IN THE FIRELIGHT
TARRY A WHILE, PLEASE STAY

IN THE HASTE OF MY YOUTH
SEARCHED FOR JUSTICE AND TRUTH
I WALKED DOWN A SOLDIERS ROAD
DREAMS GROW TATTERED
NIGHTS GROW LONELY
ON THIS SWORD GROWS A HEAVY LOAD

DANCING VISION, BRING ME SPRINGTIME
LAUGHTER AND LOVE OF LIFE
MAKE THE NIGHT NOW ENDLESS PLEASURE
BRIGHTEN MY WORLD OF STRIFE

IN THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT
I GO OUT TO THE FIGHT
WITH COURAGE AND STRENGTH ANEW
DANCING VISION, IN THE FIRELIGHT
DANCE THROUGH MY DREAMS OF YOU



THE BISHOP'S CURSE

by MARY VANHOOSER

based on LADYHAWKE

QUIETLY HE SAT THERE ON HIS TRUSTY STEED OF BLACK,
HIS COAL AND CRIMSON CLOAK WAVED IN THE BREEZE.
HE LOOKED DOWN AT THE HAWK, PERCHED UPON HIS LEATHERED ARM,
AND SADLY WATCHED THE SUN SET IN THE TREES.
"OH, ISABEAU," HE PROMISED, "SOMEDAY WE'LL BE AS ONE,
"AND ON THAT DAY OUR JOY WILL BE COMPLETE.
"I'LL TOUCH YOUR FACE AND RUN MY FINGERS THROUGH YOUR SCENTED HAIR,
"WHEN THE BISHOP'S EVIL PLAN ENDS IN DEFEAT."

"GOOD EVENING, GOLIATH," SHE SAID IN GENTLE VOICE,
"GOD'S BLESSED US WITH A VERY LOVELY NIGHT."
BUT SHE STOPPED HER WORDS MID-SENTENCE AT THE WOLF'S FORLORNED HOWL.
HER BLUE EYES GLISTENED IN THE SOFT MOONLIGHT.
"OH NAVARRE," SHE WHISPERED SADLY, LOOKING DEEP INTO THE WOODS,
"I WISH THAT DEATH WOULD COME AND END IT ALL."
BUT SHE LONGED FOR THAT LAST KISS AND FOR THE GENTLE CAPTAIN'S TOUCH.
SOMEDAY THE BISHOP'S CURSE WILL BE RECALLED.

THEN SUDDENLY HE HEARD IT, A SIGN FROM GOD ABOVE.
CHIMING OF CATHEDRAL BELLS RANG OUT.
A WIREY, LITTLE WILEY THIEF, HIGH PRICE UPON HIS HEAD,
HIS GUIDING ANGEL POSING AS A MOUSE.
"THANKS, BUT NO THANKS, CAPTAIN," PHILLIPE SAID WITH FOOLISH GRIN,
"I'M OFF TO SEEK MY PROSPECTS AND MY FAME.
"I HAVE NO TIME TO TEND YOUR HORSE OR HAWK, NO, NOT TODAY.
"BUT THANK YOU, CAPTAIN, THANK YOU JUST THE SAME."

FOR ONE FLEETING MOMENT THEIR EYES MET AT SUNRISE,
HANDS OUTSTRETCHED TO FEEL THIER FINGERS BRUSH.
THE SUNLIGHT REACHED THEM THROUGH THE TREES, AGAINST THE FALLEN SNOW.
WITH TEAR-FILLED EYES THEY REACH, BUT NEVER TOUCH.
NAVARRE CRIED OUT IN ANGUISH, SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.
HE'D NEVER HOLD THAT TENDER HAND AGAIN.
ENDLESSLY TOGETHER - ETERNALLY APART,
HE DROPPED HIS HEAD IN ISOLATED PAIN.

WITH THE COURAGE OF A LION HE SLEW CAPTAIN MARQUET,
HIS SWORD NOW POISED ABOVE THE BISHOP'S HEAD.
HIS VENGEANCE TO BE TAKEN WITH HIS BROADSWORD'S DEADLY BLADE.
HIS GRIEF FILLED HEART CRIED: "ISABEAU IS DEAD!"
"NAVARRE," SHE CALLED OUT TO HIM FROM THE ENTRANCE OF THE CHURCH.
"ISABEAU!" HE GASPED WITH DISBELIEF.
HE TOUCHED HER FACE AND RAN HIS FINGERS THROUGH HER SCENTED HAIR,
THE BISHOP'S EVIL PLAN ENDS IN DEFEAT.

LORD OF THE DANCE

TRADITIONAL

WHEN SHE DANCED ON THE WATER AND THE WIND WAS HER HORN,
 THE LADY LAUGHED AND EVERYTHING WAS BORN.
 AND WHEN SHE LIT THE SUN AND THE LIGHT GAVE HIM BIRTH
 THE LORD OF THE DANCE FIRST APPEARED ON THE EARTH.

CHORUS: DANCE, DANCE, WHEREVER YOU MAY BE,
 I AM THE LORD OF THE DANCE, SAID HE
 I LIVE IN YOU IF YOU LIVE IN ME,
 AND I LEAD YOU ALL IN THE DANCE, SAID HE.

I DANCE IN THE CIRCLE WHEN THE FLAMES LEAP UP HIGH;
 I DANCE IN THE FIRE AND I NEVER, EVER DIE.
 I DANCE IN THE WAVES OF THE BRIGHT SUMMER SEA,
 FOR I AM THE LORD OF THE WAVE'S MYSTERY.

CHORUS:
 I SLEEP IN THE KERNEL AND I DANCE IN THE RAIN.
 I DANCE IN THE WIND AND THROUGH THE WAIVING GRAIN,
 AND WHEN YOU CUT ME DOWN I CARE NOTHING FOR THE PAIN,
 IN THE SPRING I'M THE LORD OF THE DANCE ONCE AGAIN.

CHORUS:
 I DANCE AT THE SABBAT WHEN YOU DANCE OUT THE SPELL,
 I DANCE AND SING THAT EVERYONE BE WELL,
 AND WHEN THE DANCING'S OVER DO NOT THINK THAT I AM GONE -
 TO LIVE IS TO DANCE, SO I DANCE ON AND ON.

CHORUS:
 THE HORN OF THE LADY CAST IT'S SOUND 'CROSS THE PLAIN,
 THE BIRDS TOOK THE NOTES AND GAVE THEM BACK AGAIN,
 TILL THE SOUND OF HER MUSIC WAS A SONG IN THE SKY,
 AND TO THAT SONG THERE IS ONE REPLY.

CHORUS:
 THE MOON IN HER PHASES AND THE TIDES OF THE SEA,
 THE MOVEMENT OF THE EARTH AND THE SEASONS THAT WILL BE
 ARE THE RHYTHM FOR THE DANCING AND A PROMISE THROUGH THE YEARS
 THAT THE DANCE GOES ON THROUGH OUR JOYS AND TEARS.

CHORUS:
 THEY DANCED IN THE DARKNESS AND THEY DANCED IN THE NIGHT,
 THEY DANCED ON THE EARTH AND EVERYTHING WAS LIGHT.
 THEY DANCED OUT THE DARKNESS AND THEY DANCED IN THE DAWN
 AND THE DAY OF THAT DANCING STILL GOES ON.

CHORUS:
 I GAZE ON THE HEAVENS AND I GAZE ON THE EARTH,
 AND I FEEL THE PAIN OF DYING AND REBIRTH,
 AND I LIFT MY HEAD IN GLADNESS AND IN PRAISE FOR THE DAY
 OF THE DANCE OF THE LORD AND THE LADY GAY.

THE SINGING SWORD

BY CYNTHIA MCQUILLIN

FROM THE TREASURE ROOM OF A RIVAL LORD,
CAME TO THE YOUNG KING A MAGNIFICENT SWORD.
BUT, EMBROIDERED THERE ON THE SCABBARD FINE,
WAS WRITTEN ONE DREADFUL, BLOOD DAMNED LINE:
"OH, DRAW ME NOT LEST I MAY SING!"
AND THE SWORD SANG "BLOOD AND DEATH AND PAIN!"

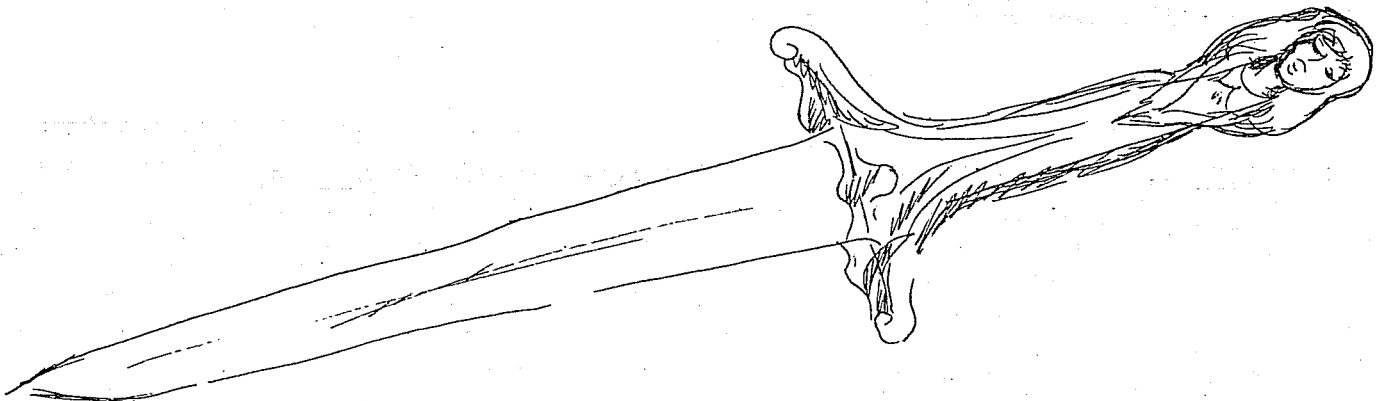
BUT HE DREW IT FORTH IN HIS COUNCIL HALL
SO THAT HIS FINE GIFT COULD BE SEEN BY ALL.
THE BLADE SHONE BRIGHT AS IT CLOVE THE ROOM
AND BROUGHT ONE COUNCILLOR TO HIS DOOM.
"OH, DRAW ME NOT LEST I MAY SING!"
AND THE SWORD SANG "BLOOD AND DEATH AND PAIN!"

THE KING GREW PALE WHEN HE SAW THAT HE'D SLAIN
AND HE SWORE THAT HE'D NOT DRAW THAT WEAPON AGAIN.
BUT THE SHADE OF THE SWORD SPOKE IN WORDS SO FINE,
AND HER VOICE IN HIS EARS WAS A DARK SWEET WINE.
"OH, DRAW ME NOT LEST I MAY SING!"
AND THE SWORD SANG "BLOOD AND DEATH AND PAIN!"

"I STRUCK HIM DOWN BUT TO SAVE YOUR LIFE,
HE WAS THE BLADE OF YOUR BROTHER'S KNIFE."
"THEN MY BROTHER MUST DIE!" THE YOUNG KING CRIED.
WHEN SHE NEXT CAME FORTH THAT PRINCEING DIED.
"OH, DRAW ME NOT LEST I MAY SING!"
AND THE SWORD SANG "BLOOD AND DEATH AND PAIN!"

HIS FORTUNE WAS FINE TILL IN CONQUERER'S PRIDE
HE TOOK TO HIMSELF A YOUNG, FAIR-HAIRED BRIDE.
BUT, ERE HE COULD TAKE HER IN THE MARRAIGE BED,
THE SWORD WAS BEFORE HIM, AND THE MAIDEN LAY DEAD.
"OH, DRAW ME NOT LEST I MAY SING!"
AND THE SWORD SANG "BLOOD AND DEATH AND PAIN!"

"SO LONG HAVE I LOVED YOU AND GUARDED YOUR LIFE,
AND NOW YOU WOULD TAKE THIS CREATURE TO WIFE.
YOU'LL HAVE NO OTHER BRIDE BUT ME!
AND YOUR BLOOD IS THE PRICE OF YOUR TREACHERY!
"OH, DRAW ME NOT LEST I MAY SING!"



SWEET LADY

BY LORD ZARED LOCHWOOD

THE BATTLE TODAY IS OVER,
MY BROTHERS FIND PEACE FOR THE NIGHT.
BUT I, BATTLE WEARY, COLD AND IN PAIN,
CAN FIND NO PEACE FROM THE FIGHT.

CHORUS: SWEET LADY TAKE ME RIDING ON THE WIND,
NOW THAT WE NEVER SHALL PART.
SWEET LADY TAKE ME, LOVE ME AND THEN,
GIVE ME A PLACE IN YOUR HEART.

FROM THE BATTLEMENTS FIRST I SAW HER,
THE LADY WITH LONG HAIR OF GOLD.
THE MOON SHONE SO SOFTLY IN HER EYES -
IT INSTANTLY CAPTURED MY SOUL.

CHORUS:

THE VISION OF HER WAS SO LOVELY;
A PROMISE OF LOVE AND DESIRE.
THE PROMISE OF PEACE, REST, AND SWEET LOVE
MADE REASON MELT IN THE FIRE.

CHORUS:

SHE WHISPERED TO ME "COME HITHER,
I'LL GIVE YOU LOVE, EASE YOUR PAIN."
THE LONGING I FELT, YES, HUNGER AND NEED -
REFUSAL WAS NAUGHT BUT IN VAIN.

CHORUS:

LOVINGLY HELD TO HER BOSOM,
EMBRACED BY A CHILL IN HER HOLD.
LOOKING BACK TO MY BROTHERS, THAT'S WHEN I SAW
MY BODY RUN THROUGH, LYING COLD.

CHORUS:



"RIMINI"

WORDS: RUDYARD KIPLING

MUSIC: LESLIE FISH

CHORUS: WHEN I LEFT HOME FOR LALAGE'S SAKE
 BY THE LEGION'S ROAD TO RIMINI,
 SHE VOWED HER HEART WAS MINE TO TAKE
 WITH MYSELF AND MY SHIELD TO RIMINI -
 ('TIL THE EAGLES FLEW FROM RIMINI -)
 AND I'VE TRAMPED BRITAIN, AND I'VE TRAMPED GAUL,
 AND THE PONTIC SHORES WHERE THE SNOWFLAKES FALL
 AS WHITE AS THE THROAT OF LALAGE -
 (AS COLD AS THE HEART OF LALAGE!)
 AND I'VE LOST BRITAIN, AND I'VE LOST GAUL,
 AND I'VE LOST ROME, AND WORST OF ALL
 I'VE LOST LALAGE!

WHEN YOU GO BY THE VIA AURELIA,
 AS THOUSANDS HAVE TRAVELLED BEFORE,
 REMEMBER THE LUCK OF THE SOLDIER
 WHO NEVER SAW ROME ANYMORE!
 OH DEAR WAS THE SWEETHEART THAT KISSED HIM,
 AND DEAR WAS THE MOTHER THAT BORE;
 BUT HIS SHIELD WAS PICKED UP IN THE HEATHER
 AND HE NEVER SAW ROME ANYMORE!

CHORUS: AND HE LEFT ROME FOR LELAGE'S SAKE...

WHEN YOU GO BY THE VIA AURELIA
 THAT RUNS FROM THE CITY TO GAUL,
 REMEMBER THE LUCK OF THE SOLDIER
 WHO ROSE TO BE MASTER OF ALL!
 HE CARRIED THE SWORD AND THE BUCKLER,
 HE MOUNTED HIS GUARD ON THE WALL,
 'TIL THE LEGIONS ELECTED HIM CEASAR
 AND HE ROSE TO BE MASTER OF ALL!

CHORUS: AND HE LEFT HOME FOR LALAGE'S SAKE...

IT'S TWENTY-FIVE MARCHES TO NARBO,
 IT'S FORTY-FIVE MORE UP THE RHONE,
 AND THE END MAY BE DEATH IN THE HEATHER
 OR LIFE ON THE EMPEROR'S THRONE.
 BUT WHETHER THE EAGLES OBEY US,
 OR WE GO TO THE RAVENS - ALONE,
 I'D SOONER BE LALAGE'S LOVER
 THAN SIT ON THE EMPEROR'S THRONE!

CHORUS: WE'VE ALL LEFT ROME FOR LELAGE'S SAKE...

FREEHILLS FOLLIES

BY LANDOLF ROENTGEN

WE'RE THE REBELS FROM THE FREEHILLS, CHECK US OUT AND SEE -
WHY STEPPES FOLK JUST IGNORE US AND WE'RE HATED BY ELFSEA!

CHORUS: WE'RE REBELS FROM THE FREEHILLS, WHEREVER WE MAY BE -
WE'LL SNEAK AROUND...
WE'LL BRING YOU TO YOUR KNEES!

OUR HALDAR HE IS SILLY, THIS MUCH WE CAN'T DISPUTE -
HE WANTS TO PUT THE DANCERS IN A HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE!

CHORUS:

OUR HOSPIT'LER IS GIRLISH, HE PLAYS WITH ALL THOSE CLOTHES -
HE WENT TO FIGHTER PRACTICE WEARING A WIG AND HOSE!

CHORUS:

OUR EXCHEQUER IS STINGY, HIS OFFICE IS A MUST -
HE LOOKS ON ALL OUR MONEY WITH EYES OF GREED AND LUST!

CHORUS:

OUR KNIGHT'S MARSHAL IS LAZY, HIS LIFE HE WANTS TO KEEP -
WE TAKE HIM TO THE TOURNEYS, BUT ALL HE DOES IS SLEEP!

CHORUS:

OUR MINISTER OF CHILDREN IS REALLY NOT SO KEEN -
SHE GETS AROUND THOSE KIDDIES, AND ACTS JUST LIKE A QUEEN!

CHORUS:

OUR MINISTER OF SCIENCE IS THE ARTSY-FARTSY TYPE -
WE ASK HIM FOR A PROJECT, BUT ALL HE DOES IS GRIPE!

CHORUS:

OUR CHIRURGEON IS A BUTCHER, HE THINKS WE FEEL NO PAIN -
IF YOU SEEK OUT TREATMENT, YOU REALLY ARE INSANE!

CHORUS:

OUR FIGHTERS ARE ALL WIMPY - THEY DRINK AND WENCH FOR FUN -
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO COMBAT, THEY'D REALLY RATHER RUN!

CHORUS:

OUR MINSTREL IS A DRUNKEN FOOL - SHE REALLY IS A LUSH -
WHENEVER SHE STARTS WAILING, WE WISH THAT SHE'D JUST HUSH!

CHORUS:

THE WILD SCOTS ALL ARE CRAZY, THIS MUCH WE KNOW IS TRUE -
SOME SAY THEIR BACKS ARE YELLOW - BUT WE KNOW WODE IS BLUE!

CHORUS:

CARLOUGH

TRADITIONAL

BRUCE MCTAGGART HOLD YOUR FACE
 BROODING OVER THE OLD DISGRACE
 THAT BLACK FITZWILLIAM'S STORMED YER PLACE,
 DROVE YOU TO THE FENS!
 GREY SAID "VICAR, LEAVE ASSURED.
 SOON THE FIRE-BYRNE WE'LL SECURE."
 UNTIL HE MET AT GLEN MALURE
 WITH FEACH MACHUGH O'BURNE!

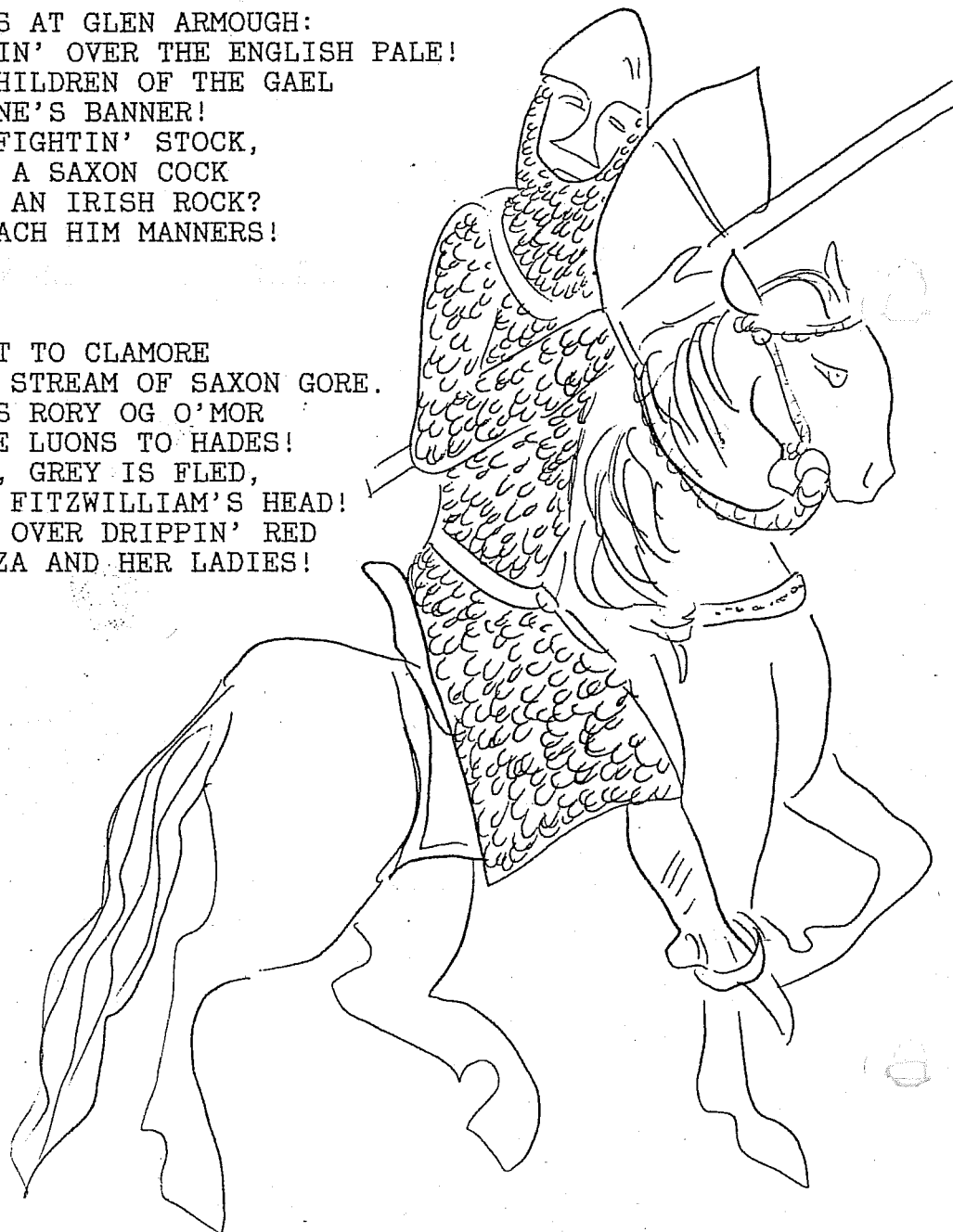
CHORUS: CURSE AND SWEAR, LORD KILDARE!
 FEACH WILL DO AS FEACH WILL DARE!
 NOW, FITZWILLIAM, HAVE A CARE!
 FALLEN IS YOUR STAR, LOW!
 UP WITH HALBERD! OUT WITH SWORD!
 ON WE GO, FOR BY THE LORD
 FEACH MACHUGH HAS GIVEN THE WORD:
 "FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOUGH!"

SEE THE SWORDS AT GLEN ARMOUGH:
 THEY'RE FLASHIN' OVER THE ENGLISH PALE!
 SEE ALL THE CHILDREN OF THE GAEL
 BENEATH O'BURNE'S BANNER!
 ROOSTER OF A FIGHTIN' STOCK,
 WOULD YOU LET A SAXON COCK
 CROW OUT UPON AN IRISH ROCK?
 FLY UP AND TEACH HIM MANNERS!

CHORUS:

FROM TASSAGART TO CLAMORE
 THERE FLOWS A STREAM OF SAXON GORE.
 WE'RE GREAT AS RORY OG O'MOR
 AT SENDIN' THE LUONS TO HADES!
 WHITE IS SICK, GREY IS FLED,
 NOW FOR BLACK FITZWILLIAM'S HEAD!
 WE'LL SEND IT OVER DRIPPIN' RED
 TO QUEEN 'LIZA AND HER LADIES!

CHORUS:



SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

TRADITIONAL

HARK WHEN THE NIGHT WAS FALLING!
HEAR, HEAR THE PIPES ARE CALLING
LOUDLY AND LOUDLY CALLING
DOWN THROUGH THE GLENS

THERE WHERE THE HILLS ARE SLEEPING
NOW FEEL THE BLOOD A LEAPING
HIGH AS THE SPIRIT OF
THE OLD HIGHLAND MEN

TOWERING IN GALLANT FAME
SCOTLAND THE MOUNTAIN CAME
HIGHLY APPROACHED STANDARDS
GLORIOUSLY WAIVED

LAND OF THE HIGH ENDEAVOR.
LAND OF THE SHINING RIVER.
LAND OF MY HEART FOREVER,
SCOTLAND THE BRAVE!

HIGH IN THE MISTY HIGHLANDS
OUT BY THE THOUGHTFUL ISLANDS
BRAVE ARE THE HEARTS THAT BEAT
BENEATH SCOTTISH SKIES

WILD ARE THE WINDS THAT MEET YOU
STAUNCH ARE THE FRIENDS THAT GREET YOU
KIND AS THE LOVE THAT SHINES
FROM FAIR MAIDEN'S EYES

TOWERING IN GALLANT FAME
SCOTLAND THE MOUNTAIN CAME
HIGHLY APPROACHED STANDARDS
GLORIOUSLY WAIVED

LAND OF THE HIGH ENDEAVOR.
LAND OF THE SHINING RIVER.
LAND OF MY HEART FOREVER,
SCOTLAND THE BRAVE!

TOWERING IN GALLANT FAME
SCOTLAND THE MOUNTAIN CAME
HIGHLY APPROACHED STANDARDS
GLORIOUSLY WAIVED

LAND OF THE HIGH ENDEAVOR.
LAND OF THE SHINING RIVER.
LAND OF MY HEART FOREVER,
SCOTLAND THE BRAVE!

LAND OF MY HEART FOREVER,
SCOTLAND THE BRAVE!

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

TRADITIONAL

OH, THE YEAR WAS 1578
HOW I WISH I WAS IN CHARBROOK NOW
WHEN A LETTER OF MARK CAME FROM THE KING
TO THE SCUMMIEST VESSEL I'D EVER SEEN

CHORUS: GOD DAMN THEM ALL! I WAS TOLD
WE'D CRUISE THE SEAS FOR AMERICAN GOLD
WE'D FIRE NO GUNS, SHED NO TEARS
BUT I'M A BROKEN MAN ON A HALIFAX PIER
THE LAST OF BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

OH WELL, SAID BARRETT, CRIED THE TOWN
HOW I WISH I WAS IN CHARBROOK NOW
FOR TWENTY BRAVE MEN ALL FISHERMEN WHO
WOULD MAKE FOR HIM THE ANTELOPE'S CREW

CHORUS:

OH THE ANTELOPE SLOOP WAS A SICKENING SIGHT
HOW I WISH I WAS IN CHARBROOK NOW
SHE'D A LIST TO PORT AND HER SAILS IN RAGS
AND THE COOK IN THE SCUPPERS WITH THE STAGGERS AND JAGS

CHORUS:

ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY WE PUT TO SEA
HOW I WISH I WAS IN CHARBROOK NOW
WE WERE 91 DAYS TO MONTEGO BAY
PUMPING LIKE MADMEN ALL THE WAY

CHORUS:

ON THE 96TH DAY WE SAILED AGAIN
HOW I WISH I WAS IN CHARBROOK NOW
WHEN A BLOODY GREAT YANKEE HOVE IN SIGHT
WITH OUR CRACKED FOUR-POUNDERS WE MADE TO FIGHT

CHORUS:

OH THE YANKEE LAY LOW DOWN WITH GOLD
HOW I WISH I WAS IN CHARBROOK NOW
SHE WAS BROAD AND FAT AND LOOSE IN STAYS
BUT TO CATCH HER TOOK THE ANTELOPE TWO WHOLE DAYS

CHORUS:

AT LENGTH WE CAME TWO CABLES AWAY
HOW I WISH I WAS IN CHARBROOK NOW
OUR CRACKED FOUR-POUNDERS MADE AN AWFUL DIN
BUT WITH ONE FAT BALL THE YANK STOVE US IN

CHORUS:

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS (Cont.)

OH THE ANTELOPE SHOOK AND PITCHED ON HER SIDE
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN CHARBROOK NOW
 BARRETT WAS SMASHED LIKE A BOWL OF EGGS
 AND THE MAIN TRUNK CARRIED OFF BOTH ME LEGS

CHORUS: GOD DAMN THEM ALL! I WAS TOLD
 WE'D CRUISE THE SEAS FOR AMERICAN GOLD
 WE'D FIRE NO GUNS, SHED NO TEARS
 BUT I'M A BROKEN MAN ON A HALIFAX PIER
 THE LAST OF BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

NOW HERE I LIE IN MY 23RD YEAR
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN CHARBROOK NOW
 IT'S BEEN 6 YEARS SINCE WE SAILED AWAY
 AND I JUST MADE HALIFAX YESTERDAY

CHORUS:

TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME

ALA THE FREEHILLS

THE FREE EMERALD HILLS LIE GREEN IN THE SUN;
 FREE FIGHTERS AND CRAFTSMEN LIVE FREE.
 ANSTEORRA'S TYRANNY CAN'T MAR OUR FUN -
 TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME!

RIDE SOUTHWARD MY CHILDREN, TO FREEDOM SUBLIME.
 AROUND OUR FIRESIDE, YOU'LL AGREE,
 WE'RE DONE WITH OUR BONDAGE SO SING IT OUT PROUD -
 TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME!

THE BRASS HATS HAVE GROWN SO ARROGANT AND FAT
 THEY'RE TOO GOOD FOR US, WE CAN SEE:
 SO RISE UP FREEHILLS MOVE ON, MOVE ON!
 TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME!

ANSTEORRA'S TOO BIG FOR IT'S BRITCHES, IT SEEMS
 THE CROWN HONORS MEN - FOR A FEE.
 THEY'RE RIPE FOR THE PICKIN'S - WE'RE ARMORED FOR WAR!
 TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME!

WE'LL CLOSE OUR RANKS AND STAND SIDE BY SIDE.
 UNITED WE'LL ALWAYS LIVE FREE -
 AGAINST ALL ODDS, YEA - EVEN THE GODS:
 TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME!

SO THIS IS OUR MOTTO AND THIS IS OUR CREED:
 "FREEDOM, JUSTICE AND TRUE CHIVALRY!
 WE'LL NEVER SURRENDER, WE'VE ONLY BEGUN!
 TOMORROW BELONGS, TOMORROW BELONGS,
 TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME!

HEARTS TURNED TO STEEL

BY CHANCE D'ARIEL

A DARK WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE LAND THIS DAY.
THERE'S STEEL IN MY HEART AND A MAN I WOULD SLAY,
FOR THE WRONGS THAT ARE DONE THERE'S A PRICE YOU MUST PAY...
SOME THINGS EVEN DEATH WON'T SET RIGHT

AN ELVEN LADY MY FATHER DID WED,
AND FOR THIS CRIME THEY BOTH NOW LAY DEAD.
MY GRANDFATHER'S HAND STRUCK THEM DOWN, THEN HE FLED
IN SHAME FROM THE MURDER COMMITTED BY NIGHT.

NOW I RIDE OUT THIS EVENING WITH BLADE IN MY HAND
BY THE DARK OF THE MOON WITH A GRIM BLOODY BAND,
TO CLAIM THE WEIRGILD THAT MY SORROWS DEMAND.
MY HEART CRY FOR VENGEANCE THIS NIGHT!

CHORUS: SO BRING ME MY SWORD IN IT'S SCABBARD FINE,
 AND FETCH ME MY KNIVES OF COLD, BALANCED STEEL -
 THERE'S A SONG IN MY BLOOD LIKE A DARK SECRET WINE:
 THE SONG OF THE VENGEANCE I WIELD.

DEEP INTO HIGH ELVISHEN'S HEART NOW WE RIDE,
WITH HEARTS GRIM AS THE SHADOWS THAT DARKEN OUR STRIDE.
NOTHING THIS SIDE OF HELL SHALL TURN US ASIDE;
ONLY DEATH CAN GRANT US RELEASE.

AT LAST THE KILLERS ARE TURNED FAST AT BAY.
MY COMPANIONS LIKE WOLVES AS THEY LEAP TO THE FRAY.
THE CLASHING OF STEEL AS WE MEET IN SWORDPLAY,
WHEN HEARTS TURN TO STEEL, ONLY BLOOD CAN APPEASE!

THERE'S NO MERCY WITHIN AS WE CUT, THRUST AND FEINT.
WHEN KIN DUELS WITH KIN, THERE IS SELDOM RESTRAINT!
THEN THE STEEL SLIPS WITHIN TO FEEL BLOOD'S BITTER TAIN,
AND YET EVEN VENGEANCE MY GRIEF WILL NOT EASE.

CHORUS:

SO HEARKEN MY WORDS BEFORE VENGEANCE YOU CRY.
NO JUSTICE YOU'LL SEE WITH AN EYE FOR AN EYE...
AND HEARTS TURNED TO STEEL AREN'T UNFORGED WHEN YOU TRY
JUST SHATTERED WITH TERRIBLE EASE!

CHORUS: SO BRING ME MY SWORD IN IT'S SCABBARD FINE,
 AND FETCH ME MY KNIVES OF COLD, BALANCED STEEL -
 THERE'S A SONG IN MY BLOOD LIKE A DARK SECRET WINE:
 THE SONG OF THE VENGEANCE I WIELD.

SO THE GODS ROLL THE DICE FOR MY FATE TONIGHT -
I'LL PLAY OUT THE HAND WITH THE WEAPONS I WIELD.
THE DAY IS FOR JOY AND THE DEEDS THAT ARE BRIGHT,
BUT THE NIGHT IS FOR HEARTS TURNED TO STEEL.

AN OLD CLICHE REVISITED

BY R. FARRAN

(TUNE - THE IRISH WASHERWOMAN)

A DRAGON HAS COME TO OUR VILLAGE TODAY.
 WE'D LIKE HIM TO LEAVE BUT HE WON'T GO AWAY.
 HE TALKED TO OUR KING AND THEY WORKED OUT A DEAL.
 NO HOMES WILL HE BURN AND NO STOCK WILL HE STEAL.

NOW THERE IS BUT ONE CATCH (WE DISLIKES IT A BUNCH).
 TWICE A YEAR HE INVITES HIM A VIRGIN FOR LUNCH.
 WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE SO THE DEAL WE'LL RESPECT.
 BUT WE CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER AND PAUSE TO REFLECT:

CHORUS: DO VIRGINS TASTE BETTER THAN GIRLS WHO ARE NOT?
 ARE THEY SALTIER, SWEETER, MORE JUICY OR WHAT?
 DO YOU SAVOR 'EM SLOWLY, GULP 'EM DOWN ON THE SPOT?
 DO VIRGINS TASTE BETTER THAN GIRLS WHO ARE NOT?

NOW WE'D LIKE TO BE SHED OF YA AND MANY HAVE TRIED.
 BUT NO ONE CAN GET THROUGH YOUR THICK, SCALY HIDE.
 WE HOPE THAT SOMEDAY A BRAVE SOUL WILL COME BY.
 WE CAN'T WAIT AROUND 'TIL YOU'RE TOO FAT TO FLY.

NOW YOU HAVE SUCH GOOD TASTE IN YOUR WOMEN, FOR SURE.
 THEY ALWAYS ARE PRETTY, THEY ALWAYS ARE PURE.
 BUT YOUR NOTION OF DINING IT MAKES US ALL FLINCH.
 FOR YOUR FAVORITE ENTREE IS BARBEQUED WENCH!

CHORUS:

NOW WE'VE FOUND A SOLUTION, IT WORKS OUT SO NEAT.
 IF YOU'LL SETTLE FOR NOTHING BUT VIRGINS TO EAT,
 NO MORE WILL OUR NUMBERS GROW EVER SO SMALL...
 WE'LL SIMPLY MAKE SURE WE'VE NO VIRGINS AT ALL!!!

CHORUS:



SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES

TRADITIONAL

FAREWELL TO ALL OUR SCOTTISH FAME
FAREWELL OUR ANCIENT GLORY
FAREWELL EVEN TO THE SCOTTISH NAME
SO FAMED IN MARTIAL STORY
NO SARK RUNS OVER THE SOLWAY SANDS
AND THE TWEED RUNS TO THE OCEAN
TO MARK WHERE ENGLAND'S PROVINCE STANDS
SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION

WHAT FORCE OR GUILF COULD NOT SUBDUE
THROUGH MANY WARLIKE AGES
IS WROUGHT NOW BY A COWARD FEW
FOR HIRELING TRAITORS WAGES
THE ENGLISH STEEL WE COULD DISDAIN
SECURE IN VALOR'S STATION
BUT ENGLISH GOLD HAS BEEN OUR BANE
SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION

OH WOULD OR I HAD SEEN THE DAY
THAT TREASON THUS COULD FELL US
MY OLD GREY HEAD HAD LAIN IN CLAY
WITH BRUCE AND LOYAL WALLACE
BUT PITH AND POWER TILL MY LAST HOUR
I'LL MAKE THIS DECLARATION
WE'RE BOUGHT AND SOLD FOR ENGLISH GOLD
SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION

THE REBELS FROM THE FREEHILLS

BY THE REBELS

[Faint, mostly illegible text, likely lyrics or a list of items. Some words are difficult to discern but appear to include:]
 THE REBELS FROM THE FREEHILLS
 BY THE REBELS
 [The text continues with several lines of faint, mostly illegible characters and words.]

ABOUT THE FREEHILLS...

ESTABLISHED IN 1986 IN ELLIS COUNTY, TEXAS, THE FREEHILLS WERE FORMED BY RICHARD AND RENEE SPAHR (LORD RHYS AP GORDON AND LADY REYNA ARAFEL). LOVERS OF HIGH FANTASY AND THE ROMANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES, THEY WERE LONG-TIME VETERANS OF SUCH GROUPS AS THE BLACK POWDER SOCIETY AND THE SOCIETY FOR CREATIVE ANACHRONISMS.

WITH THEIR LOVE OF THE LONG AGO FOUNDED IDEALS OF HONOR, CHIVALRY AND THE NOBILITY OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT, AND MANY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE ATTENDING SF AND FANTASY CONVENTIONS, RENAISSANCE FAIRES AND OTHER SIMILAR ACTIVITIES, THEY HAD ATTAINED THE VIEWPOINT OF SEASONED CAMPAIGNERS. BOTH ARTISANS OF NO LITTLE MERIT, THEY MADE COSTUMES, WORKED WITH VISUAL ARTS AND DESIGNED IN LEATHER AND STEEL, NOT TO MENTION THE OCCASIONAL KILT OR CHAIN MAIL HAUBERK.

AFTER PLAYING IN THE SCA FOR SEVERAL YEARS, THERE AROSE ONE OF THOSE ISSUES THAT INEVITABLY CROP UP WHEN GROUPS OF HUMANS GATHER, A BANISHMENT TO BE EXACT. A CLOSE FRIEND, ADLER BY NAME, WAS BOTH CANDID AND VOCAL WITH HIS OPINIONS AND THEY RAN CONTRARY TO THE VIEWS OF THOSE CURRENTLY "IN POWER" IN THE SCA. WELL, THE NEW RULERS BANISHED HIM FROM THE LOCAL KINGDOM AND A BITTER DISPUTE RESULTED. FEELINGS RAN DEEP ON BOTH SIDES, AND A GROUP OF ABOUT 45 SCA'ERS WERE VIRTUALLY SPLIT IN HALF.

ABOUT THIS TIME, FOR PURELY MUNDANE JOB-RELATED REASONS, LORD RHYS AND LADY REYNA MOVED OUT OF THE IMMEDIATE AREA. THE COMBINATION OF A DRIVE TOO LONG TO COMFORTABLY MAKE TO REACH THE OLD GROUP, ALONG WITH THEIR LATELY GAINED REPUTATIONS AS "REBELS" AND "WILD SCOTS" PROMPTED THEM TO BEGIN ANOTHER SCA GROUP, OR SHIRE, IN THEIR NEW AREA. THE OLD GROUP WAS NOT TOO THRILLED AT THIS ACTION, BUT THE SOCIETY ALLOWED THEM TO TRY DO SO.

FOR OVER TWO YEARS THE NEW GROUP STRUGGLED FOR FORMAL RECOGNITION IN THE SCA. NEW FACES APPEARED, WERE WELCOMED, AND BECAME FAST FRIENDS. SADLY, SOME OTHERS DROPPED OUT ALONG THE WAY, AND ARE STILL SORELY MISSED. THIS NEW BREED OF PLAYERS MAINTAINED, AND TO SOME EXTENT EVEN REVELLED IN THEIR NOW ESTABLISHED LABEL OF "REBELS". THIS PROVED TO BE BOTH A BOON AND A BANE...

ON THE ONE HAND, THEY ATTRACTED CREATIVE, STRONG, INDEPENDENT NEW MEMBERS WITH SPIRIT, LOYALTY AND A DEEP SENSE OF THE DIRECTION THEY WOULD TAKE. ON THE OTHER HAND, THE OLD GROUP DID NOT CARE FOR THE INDEPENDENT, ICONOCLASIC VIEWS AND ATTITUDES OF THE FREEHILLS, AND EVEN THE NAME "FREEHILLS" WAS FELT TO BE TOO LITTLE IN KEEPING WITH THE MEDIEVAL, FEUDAL CONCEPT. LINES WERE DRAWN AND ATTITUDES DIVERGED, AND IN MARCH OF 1988 THE FREEHILLS WERE NO LONGER ALLOWED TO BE RECOGNIZED AS AN OFFICIAL GROUP BY THE SCA.

AND NOW WE ARE "THE REBELS FROM THE FREEHILLS", AN INDEPENDENT FREEHOLD, AN ISLAND OF NONPARTISAN PLAYERS IN THE MIDST OF A SEA OF ESTABLISHED ORDER. (A ROMANTIC CONCEPT, EH?) WE STILL PLAY, SING, LAUGH AND ENJOY LIFE. OUR CREATIVE SPIRIT CAN NEVER BE STIFLED, AND WE SHALL EVER MAINTAIN OUR FIERCE LOVE OF INDEPENDENCE, HONOR, CHIVALRY AND ALL THINGS NOBLE.

THIS IS OUR FIRST FORMALLY PUBLISHED WORK AND WE HOPE YOU ENJOY THE SONGS HEREIN. SING THEM LOUDLY, IF NOT ALWAYS ON KEY. WE THINK YOU WILL FIND AS YOU DO SO, A ROUSING SPIRIT OF ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE. PERHAPS YOU WILL SMILE AT AN APT TURN OF PHRASE, LAUGH AT A RIBALD JEST OR FEEL A PANG OF LONGING FOR THINGS NOT TRULY LOST, BUT ALL TOO ELUSIVE IN THIS PRESENT, HECTIC WORLD.

IF YOU DO, PERHAPS YOU'RE ONE OF US, WHETHER YOU KNOW IT OR NOT. CONTACT AND JOIN US IF YOU WISH, COME AND SING WITH US IF YOU CAN - REVEL WITH US IN SPIRIT IF YOU CANNOT. LIVE WITH US THIS FINE, BOLD DREAM.

VIVAT THE REBELS!

VIVAT THE FREEHILLS!

SET DOWN BY MY HAND
THIS 27TH DAY OF MARCH, 1988

RICK ALDERDICE (ALRICK OF ALLARDYCE)

INDEX - ALPHA BY AUTHOR

ALLARDYCE, ALRICK

CHIVALRY.....	13
THE WOOSIE-GELF.....	13

ASPRIN, ROBERT

IMPERIUM.....	27
---------------	----

CLANCY BROTHERS, THE

THE RISING OF THE MOON.....	8
-----------------------------	---

CLOUDWALKER, LARRINDILL

RORY'S RAIDERS DRINKING SONG.....	18
-----------------------------------	----

COHEN, LEONARD

SUZANNE.....	15
--------------	----

D'ARIEL, CHANCE

HEARTS TURNED TO STEEL.....	49
SONG OF THE FOOTMEN.....	14

ECKLAR, JULIA

THE TEMPER OF REVENGE.....	31
----------------------------	----

FALLOWMOON, HOUSE

CARLINGFORD.....	5
NORSE DRINKING SONG.....	19

FARRAN, R.

AN OLD CLICHE REVISITED.....	50
------------------------------	----

FISH, LESLIE

FELLOWSHIP GOING SOUTH.....	24
-----------------------------	----

FITZOWEN, IOLO

KARELIA'S SONG.....	3
MYRDDIN'S GAY FLUTE.....	9

INDEX - ALPHA BY AUTHOR

FOSTER, DEREK

BURDEN OF THE CROWN.....21

GORDON, RHYS AP

THE GOLD AND THE GRIM.....33

HEARTS TURNED AT BAY.....16

REBELS.....17

GREY, MALKIN

SONG OF THE SHIELD-WALL.....29

HAP 'N CHANCE

THE LAST DEFENDER OF CAMELOT.....23

KIPLING, RUDYARD

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES.....25

MEN OF THE PICTS.....6

THE QUEST.....28

RIMINI.....43

LACKEY, MERCEDES

THE BAIT.....20

GOLDEN EYES.....26

SIGNY MALLORY.....30

THREES.....32

LOCHWOOD, ZARED

DANCING VISION.....38

FIRE IN THE HILLS.....3

SONG OF THE BORDERMEN.....11

SWEET LADY.....42

MCQUILLIN, CYNTHIA

BRING ME A STAR.....4

THE CHERI.....35

LOVE DEEP AS RIVERS.....34

THE SINGING SWORD.....41

SLAY THE DEAD.....36

SWEET ALICE.....35

MOORE, GWEN ZAK

CIRCLES.....22

INDEX - ALPHA BY AUTHOR

THE REBELS

FREEHILLS BATTLESONG.....	27
THE REBELS FROM THE FREEHILLS.....	52
TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME.....	48

ROENTGEN, LANDOLF

FREEHILLS FOLLIES.....	44
------------------------	----

TRADITIONAL

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS.....	47
BLACKBIRD.....	12
BLACK VELVET BAND.....	37
CARLOUGH.....	45
COME BY THE HILLS.....	7
FAREWELL TO ANSTEORRA.....	4
GYPSY ROVER.....	5
LOOK AT THE COFFIN.....	7
LORD OF THE DANCE.....	40
THE MINSTREL BOY.....	7
SCOTLAND THE BRAVE.....	46
SILKIE.....	34
SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES.....	51
VERGIO.....	10
WHEN I WAS SINGLE.....	9

VANHOOSER, MARY

THE BISHOP'S CURSE.....	39
-------------------------	----

