

To close afternoon court:
The Song of the Northern Wanderer
Words by Master Hector of Black Height

CHORUS:
I'm going home, home, home to the Northlands
Home, home, home to Ealdormere. (Twice)

Farewell to the ladies of distant Ruan Tallan,
Farewell to the maids of Atlantia's shore,
We sail with the tide to return to the Northlands
And your pretty smiles I'll be seeing no more.
I'm going home...

I've heard of great treasures that Southron men covet,
Caid to Trimaris, they search high and low;
The richest of riches awaits in the Northlands,
To forest and glen and blue rivers I go.
I'm going home...

My heart has found friends
through the miles of the Midrealm,
From Northshield's expanse to the great Oaken plain,
But ever my wandering eyes find the North Star
And ever in Ealdormere I would remain.
I'm going home...

My sword has won battles, my bow has won honour,
My shield's scarlet field has blazed bold as the dawn
But now my heart longs to hear songs of the Northlands,
So steer by the North Star and let us be gone.
I'm going home...

Ealdormere Crown Tournament 47

October 22, 2022



Processional morning court:
True and Destined Queen

My kinsman and my sister
My shield-mate and my guide
May my arm always defend you,
And your honour lift you high

CHORUS:
You are true and destined Queen
And my sword is by your side
I will fight for you in glory 'til I die

When the time for
bloody war has come
Your right hand I will be.
Where you lead,
My Queen, I'll follow
As we sweep to victory.

CHORUS

Recessional morning court:
Bow to the Crown

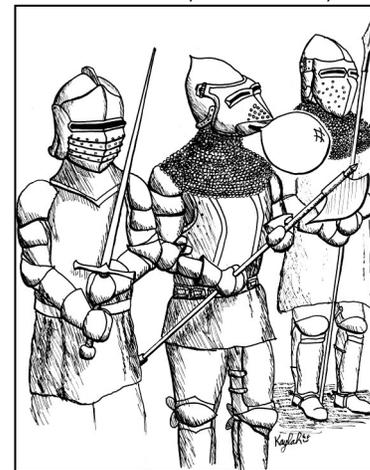
CHORUS:
Bow to the Crown, bow to the throne
And bow to the one whose favour you own
Remember their eyes are watching the fray
Then bow to each other and fight as you may

Honour your foe, keep your aim true
Remember they fight with the same heart as you
Trust in their judgement of all that you throw
For they are a part of the valour you show.

CHORUS

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sound clip at www.HeatherDale.com Kaylah Update by Uncle J

Parallax by Queen Kaylah



To conclude the crowning ceremony of the heirs

Call The Names © Heather M. Dale

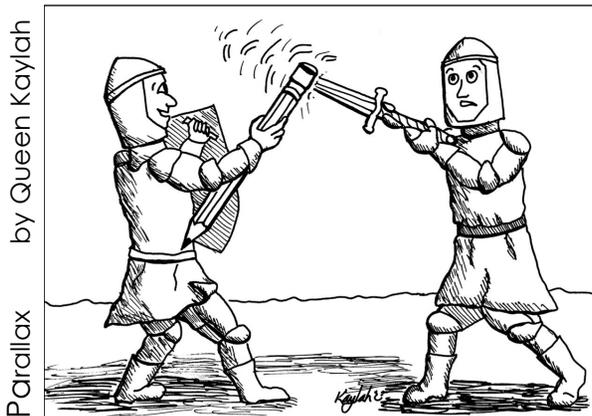
CHORUS:

**Call the names of the foemen who've fallen
Let them be carried like seeds on the wind
Call the names of the kinsmen who've followed
Let them be jewels in the crown of our Queen.**

Gather the sheaves of harvest-time lightly
Many a day they will strengthen our kin
Gather the sheaves of arrow shafts tightly
Many a battle their feathers will win
CHORUS

Sharpen the blades
Of the axe-workers cutting
Many a timber will strengthen our hall
Sharpen the blades that are ready for blooding
Many the fray when the foemen will fall
CHORUS

Fashion the spears
For the winter months' hunting
Many a beast will they bring to the spit
Fashion the spears for the battle-rush running
Many an army will fear where they hit
CHORUS



by Queen Kaylah

Parallax

Processional into afternoon court:

The Ealdormere Song, by Master Hector of the Black Height
or Hey, Hey the Wolves Will Bay (The "E" Song)

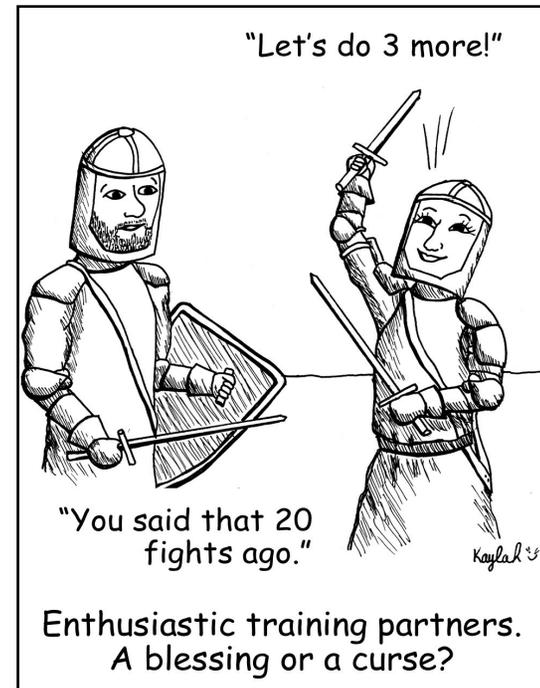
O I'll sing you one-o, Hey, hey, the wolves will bay
What is your one-o?
One for the land of Ealdormere, and evermore shall be so.

I'll sing you two-o, Hey, hey, the wolves will bay
What is your two-o?
Two, two, myself and you, we wear the scarlet proudly
And one for the land of Ealdormere, and evermore shall be so.

I'll sing you three-o, Hey, hey, the wolves will bay
What is your three-o?
Three for Their Royal Majesties!
HEEEEEEEYAH!
Two, two, myself and you, We wear the scarlet proudly
And one for the land of Ealdormere,
And evermore shall be so.

by Queen Kaylah the Cheerful

Parallax



Enthusiastic training partners.
A blessing or a curse?