

All songs by Master Hector of Black Height (Arthus Mclean)
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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 ever more 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 ever more shall be so.

AS XLI 4th Post-Revisionist War Version

Edited by TH Uncle J with permission

Ten for Victory in the South

Nine for the hundred archers

Eight for the bastard Viking

Seven for the loyal Households

Six for the Northern Baronies

Five for Old Duke Finnvarr

Four for their Royal Highnesses

Three, three for Their Majesties

Two, two, myself and you, we wear the scarlet proudly

And one for the land of Ealdormere, and ever more shall be so.

Notes:

This song has undergone numerous revisions. As our kingdom has evolved so have the words. Ten for Victory in the South should only be used from the Coronation of the War Royalty to the end of Pennsic. In other times Ten for a Crown of Northern Gold or Ten Ten Lets Sing it Again are more appropriate. Among Auld Pharts Nine for Kaffa in the Ditch is appropriate

Blazing Scarlet Banner

Back when I was just a stripling

Was when I first saw rippling

Across the fields of Pennsic the points of Eastern spears

But then I saw beside me

To lead me and to guide me

The blazing scarlet banner of the Prince of Ealdormere

CHORUS

And if you could have seen us there

Boys, if you had just been there

The sky was full of singing and the foe was full of fear

In cold winds of September

The foe will all remember

The blazing scarlet banner of the Prince of Ealdormere

They sing the songs of glory

You'll hear the scarlet story

From camp to camp across the South, as far as Calontir

Of Grimwulf and of Aedan

Whose names set foemen hiding

When they formed up the shieldwall for the Prince of Ealdormere

We've got Roak and Evander

And if the foe's got dander

To stand against Sir Edward too, then give the foe a cheer

There's Baldric up in Skraeling

Who conquers without failing

Whenever he's commanded by the King of Ealdormere

And now I am confessing

It's our foe I'm addressing

The one who stands across the field with sword and shield
and spear

I hope your steel you've mastered

Or pity the poor bastard

Who dares to face Great Tristan, the King of Ealdormere

And if you could have seen us there

Boys, if you had just been there

The sky was full of singing and the foe was full of fear
(Slower)

In cold winds of September

The foe will all remember (A tempo)

The blazing scarlet banner of the King of Ealdormere

The Pennsic Blues

Well we have slimy boots, and we have slimy socks.

We got a slimy cup inside our slimy jocks,

And in our heads we must have slimy rocks. (Bu bu bu bu
bum)

This ain't vacation this is war.

Well we got armour plating on our heads.

The merchant called it steal but I'm sure that it's leas

And in half an hour we're gonna be dead. (Bu bu bu bu
bum)

This ain't vacation, this is war.

But we got songs for singing and helms for ringing,

Tales for telling and tents for dwelling,

Swords for killing and partners for thrilling,

And ain't that what it's for (Ba da da)

Well we have slimy boots, and we have slimy socks.
We got a slimy cup inside our slimy jocks,
And in our heads we must have slimy rocks. (Bu bu bu bu bum)
This ain't vacation, this is war.

The River Song

Some lands stand strong as mountains and earthquakes
do them in,
Some lands stand tall as forests 'til the felling axe begins.
We are more strong than mountains, more graceful than
the maple,
Our power is within; we are a river.

We are the people, we are a river,
We are the people, flowing free and strong.
We are the people, we are a river
and if you seek the people, flow along.

We sparkle in the sunlight if the passers-by would see,
We thunder in the rapids as we face adversity.
Come flow, my chosen kinsmen, the sea of fate is calling.
Our power all can see; we are a river.
We are the people...

We have our raging whitecaps, we have our pools of peace,
We all are of one river, we all starve or we all feast.
We sometimes lead the current, we sometimes float when
tired,
Our power cannot cease; we are a river.
We are the people...

Ours is the brook's mad laughter, ours is the tidal roll,
The glacial melt our mother, the ancient sea our soul.
Come clasp hands, chosen kinsmen, such is the life we
make.
Our power we extol; we are a river.

We are the people, we are a river,
We are the people, flowing free and strong.
We are the people, we are a river
and if you seek the people, flow along.

Rise

The northern forests gave us birth, the north wind said, "be
free",
The lone wolf's lope across the hills foreshadowed victory;
And where once a Prince commanded us, his sons our
Kings shall be
When above their brows a golden crown shall rise.

Rise, rise, rise!
With the northern sun to warm us and the North Star as
our guide,

With the wind-song in my bow-string and a stout blade by
my side,
With our children as our future and our legends as our
pride
We shall stand; we shall conquer; we shall rise!

The Inland Seas sustained the people, as did glade and
glen;
The crystal rivers slaked the thirst of those first here, and
then
Came a hunger for our destiny. The feast begins again
When above our King the scarlet banners rise.
Rise, rise, rise!...

For many years we stood as vassals 'gainst the common
foe;
We did as we were bid and many lands our valour know,
But today we stand in freedom. In proud freedom strike
your blow
When above your head the shining sword does rise.
Rise, rise, rise!...

There was a time that Southron folk our noble name did
fear.
The dismal days of silence passed; our destiny is here.
Let us shake the hills in glory: for the Crown and
Ealdormere!
Form the shieldwall, draw the bow-string, we arise.
Rise, rise, rise!...

Hear now the word of northern folk, in hall and keep and
field;
We are the Northland's treasure, we the sword, the bow,
the shield.
We the life-blood, we the sinew, we the heart that shall not
yield:
For as long as one still stands the North shall rise!

Rise, rise, rise!
With the northern sun to warm us and the North Star as
our guide,
With the wind-song in my bow-string and a stout blade by
my side,
With our children as our future and our legends as our
pride
We shall stand; we shall conquer; we shall rise