

# Winter War

March 4, 2023

Warm-up song,  
when court is imminent:

## The River Song

by Master Hector of Black Height

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.

Chorus:

**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.

**Chorus: 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.

**Chorus: We are the people...**

Ours is the brook's mad laughter, ours is the tidal roll,

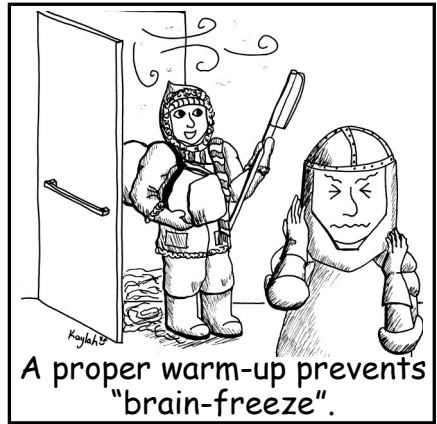
The glacial melt our mother, the ancient sea our soul.

Come clasp hands, chosen kinsmen,

such is the life we make.

Our power we extol; we are a river.

**Chorus: We are the people...**



Processional into afternoon 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

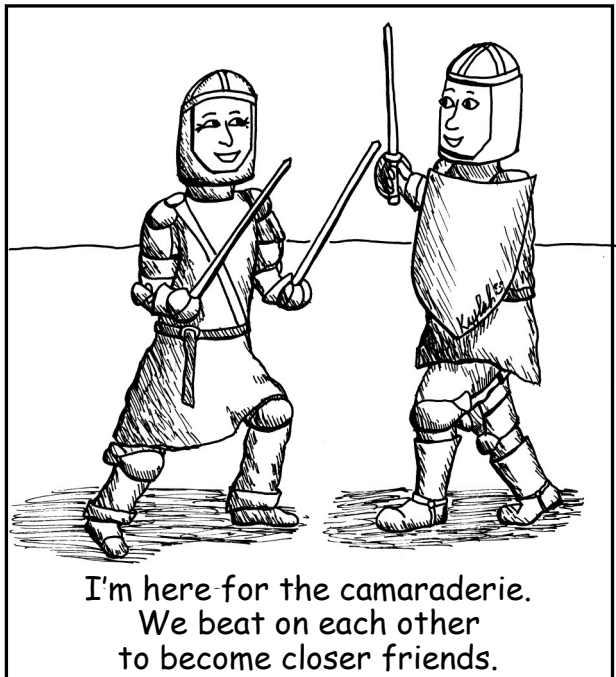
*CHORUS:*

**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:*

Parallax by Queen Kaylah



At the conclusion of Sir Thord's Elevation :  
**Born on the Listfield**

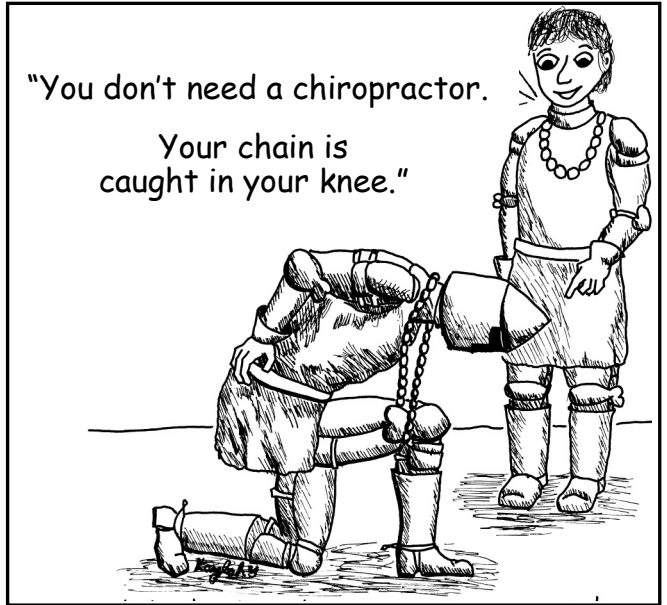
There once was a warrior  
Fresh from the field  
Kneeling before his Queen he came  
When he had risen, he was a knight  
and unto his Queen, this oath he gave.

I was born on the list field, I was raised in the war  
And this day you did make me your knight  
though some day my sword may grow rusty and old  
I must live by my oath until I die

Great grew the knight, and his fame he did win  
And never before a foe would yield  
great were the numbers, he ne'er called defeat  
and he sang this song behind his shield.

I was born on the list field, I was raised in the war  
And one day my Queen made me a knight  
Though some day my sword may grow rusty and old  
I must live by my  
oath until I die.

Parallax  
by Queen Kaylah



To close afternoon court:

**Rise**

by Words by Master Hector of Black Height

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.

CHORUS

**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.

CHORUS: 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.

CHORUS: 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 shield wall, draw the bow-string, we arise.

CHORUS: 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 year:  
For as long as one still stands the North shall rise!

CHORUS: Rise, rise...

CHORUS: Rise, rise...