

# Vox Borealis

Supplemental Newsletter for the Kingdom of Ealdormere

Presents:

## Tournament Tunes

April 2026  
Anno Societatis LV



# Regnum Eldormerensis



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SCA  
Homepage



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QUARTERLY BOARD MEETINGS <https://www.sca.org/board-meetings/>

•Mid Quarter Conference calls: March 2, 2026

•Quarterly Meeting Schedule: April 25, 2026 (hybrid) Orlando, FL; July 19, 2026; October 17, 2026 (hybrid)  
location TBA

[Click here to register to attend the meeting virtually via Zoom.](#)

All meetings start at 10:00 am unless otherwise noted. Attendees are asked wear modern clothing to Board meetings. Agenda submissions by the first of the month of meeting.

Board  
Meetings





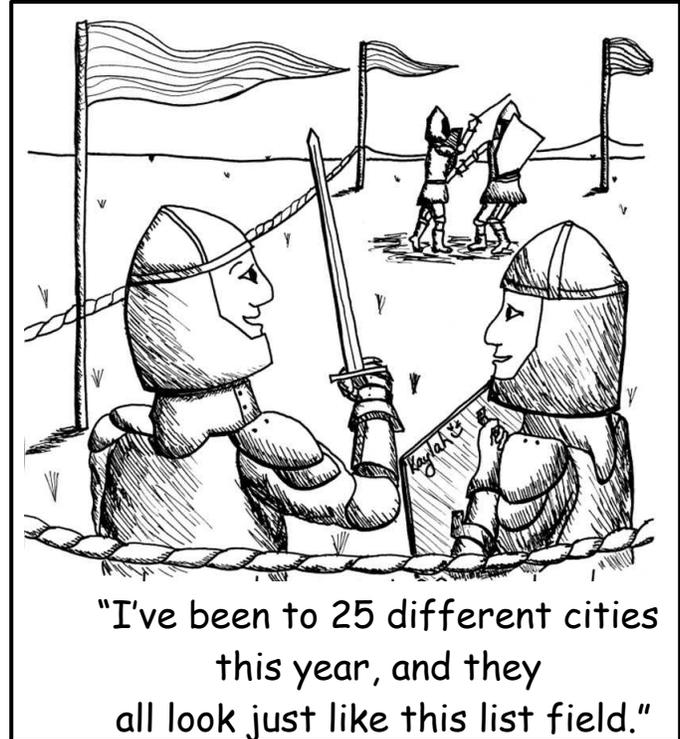
# From the Kingdom Chronicle

Greetings Gentle Readers and aspiring musicians;

It's time to tune up! Shake off those winter blues and get out there on the list field for the honour of the one who inspires you.

Enjoy!  
Kaylah

Parallax by Duchess Kaylah the Cheerful



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# Rise!

## RISE

by Master Hector of the 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

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

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

Here 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!

### CHORUS (twice)

# Bow to the Crown

## BOW TO THE CROWN

©Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)  
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(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 the Crown and think on their duty**

**The champions of right and of all we should be**

**The greatest of burdens, the highest renown**

**The first ones to rise and the last to lie down**

(CHORUS)

**Honour the one whose f**

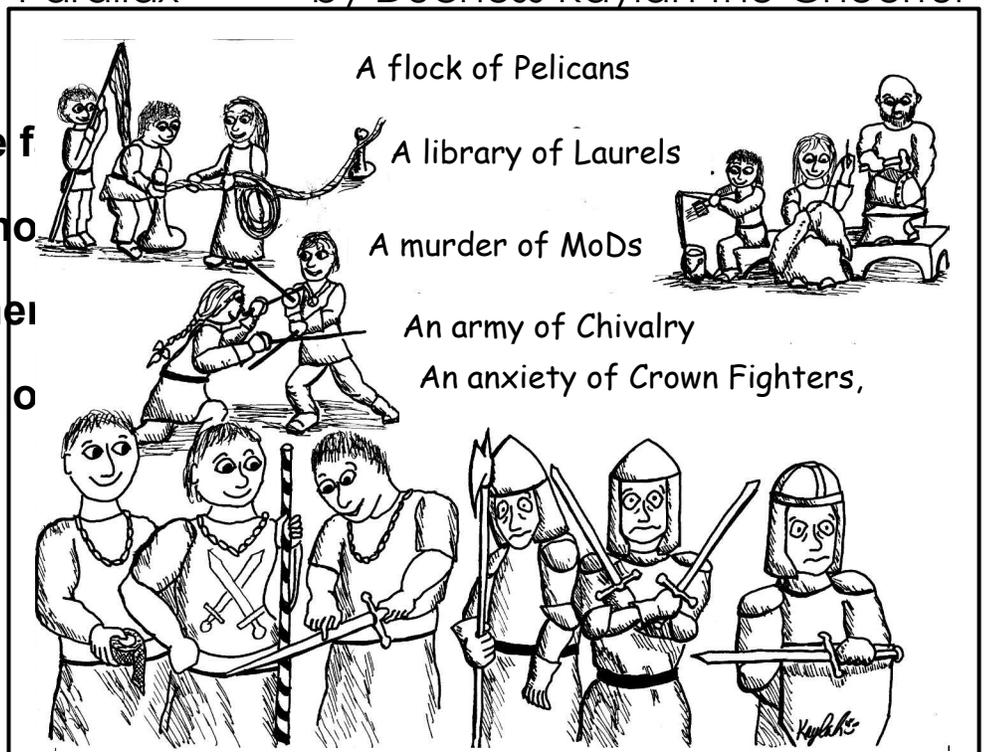
**And strive, in their hono**

**Think on their faith wher**

**And let them be proud o**

(CHORUS)

Parallax by Duchess Kaylah the Cheerful



# True and Destined King

## TRUE & DESTINED KING

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

### **CHORUS:**

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

When you sit upon the Trillium throne  
The banner I will fly  
The low'r upon the scarlet  
And our voices raised up high

### **(CHORUS)**

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

### **(CHORUS)**

We will keep the shield-wall fast, my kin  
That day our foes will die  
And as King you'll reign victorious  
You will hear the battle cry

### **(CHORUS)**

May you sing the deeds of glory  
Of your kinsmen gone away  
May they see your glowing pride  
If I should fall upon that day

### **(CHORUS)**

For you are true and destined King,  
And my sword is by your side  
I will fight for you in glory 'til I die.

# Call the Names

## CALL THE NAMES

Written for Ealdormere Crown Tourney I, April 4th, 1998

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### **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 King.**

Gather the sheaves  
Of harvest-time lightly  
Many a day they will strengthen our kin  
Gather the sheaves  
Of arrowshafts 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

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 King

# Light of the North

## LIGHT OF THE NORTH

by Heather M. Dale (Lady Marian of Heatherdale)  
(copyright © Amphisbaena Music, 1994)  
sound clip at [www.HeatherDale.com](http://www.HeatherDale.com)

The ones who rule over our fair land of Ealdormere  
They reign just and wisely we vouch with good cheer  
And no truer Lady trod on this good earth  
So let the hall ring for the Light of the North

### **CHORUS:**

**Let the hall ring For the Princess of Ealdormere  
Let the hall ring For the Light of the North**

She matches in honour the Prince of our Ealdormere  
To all of her subjects she lends a fair ear  
Lady by grace and Princess by worth  
So let the hall ring for the Light of the North

### **(CHORUS)**

She carries a sword for the honour of Ealdormere  
Before her in battle our foes flee in fear  
With her inspiration our heroes charge forth  
So let the hall ring for the Light of the North

### **(CHORUS, TWICE)**

# Born on the Listfield

## **BORN ON THE LIST FIELD by Master Ivar Battleskald**

**Disclaimer:** Originally written by the late Ivar Battleskald and banned from being written as he wished it to be passed on through oral tradition. Ivar lifted the ban before he passed and it has been written down in many variations. The genders of the knight can be changed from “aged knight” to “lady knight” as required, and the gender of the Sovereign can be adjusted from “King” to “Queen”, as required.

Once came a warrior,  
Fresh from the field;  
Kneeling, before his king he came;  
When he had risen, he was a knight  
And unto his king 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 dull,  
I will live by my oath till 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 king made made me a  
knight;  
Though some day my sword may grow rusty  
and dull,  
I will live by my oath till I die.*

Old grew the knight and returned to his farm  
Said the king you will ne'er be called again.  
This knight he knew honour and duty knew  
well  
And unto his king this oath he gave.

*I was born on the list field,  
I was raised in the war  
And one day you did make me a knight;  
Though some say my sword will grow rusty  
and dull,  
I will live by my oath till I die.*

War tore the country and the king was in plight  
And his knights they could not win the day;  
Onto the field rode that old aged knight  
And some swear that they heard him say.

*You were born on the list field,  
You were raised in the war  
And one day they did make you all knights;  
Though some day your swords may grow  
rusty and dull,  
You must live by your oaths till you die.*

The kings men they rallied and they slew all  
their foes  
They began to count their hurt and dead  
They found that aged knight ringed round by  
slain foes  
And unto the king this oath he gave.

*I was born on the list field  
I was raised in the war  
And one day you did make me a knight;  
Though it seems my sword has grown rusty  
and dull,  
I have lived by oath, now I die.*

Stands now the heir to that old aged knight,  
And to all the legacy he bore  
With this sword of my own I know my duty well  
And I have my own oath I swore

*I was born on the list field,  
I was raised in the war  
And it matters not if I'm a knight  
Though you see my sword's not yet rusty or  
old  
I must live by my oath till I die.*

# My Old Man

**MY OLD MAN** by The Honourable Baron Justinian Clarus, Bard of Ealdormere

My old man's a fighter.  
What do you think about that?  
He wears a fighter's tabard;  
he wears a fighter's hat; He wears a fighting tunic,  
and he wears fighter's shoes,  
And every day at Pennsic, he reads the daily news.  
And some day, if I can,  
I'm going to be a fighter, just like my old man.

My old man's a Baron.  
What do you think about that?  
He wears a Baron's tabard;  
He wears a nice gold hat; He wears a Baron's tunic,  
and he wears leather shoes,  
And every day at Pennsic,  
someone reads him the news.  
And some day, if I can,  
I'm going to be a Baron, just like my old man.

My old man's the King.  
What do you think about that?  
He wears a kingdom tabard; he wears a pointy hat;  
He wears embroidered tunics,  
and he wears pointy shoes,  
And every day at Pennsic,  
he makes the front page news,  
And some day, if I can,  
I'm going to be the King, just like my old man.

My old man's a herald.  
What do you think about that?  
He wears a herald's tabard;  
he wears a wide-brimmed hat;  
He wears a herald's tunic,  
and he wears sensible shoes,  
And every day at Pennsic, he cries the daily news,  
And some day, if I can,  
I'm going to be a herald, and shout at my old man.

My old man's a merchant.  
What do you think about that?  
He'll sell you any tabard; he'll sell you any hat;  
He'll sell you any tunic; he'll sell you any shoes,  
And every day at Pennsic, His children shout,  
"PENNSIC INDEPENDENT, DOLLAR TWENTY FI-IVE!"  
And some day, if I can,  
I'm going to be a merchant,  
and sell you my old man.

My old man's a Pelican.  
What do you think about that?  
He'll help you make a tabard;  
he'll help you make a hat;  
He'll help you sew a tunic;  
he'll help you cobble shoes,  
And every day at Pennsic,  
he helps put out the news.  
And some day, if I can,  
I'm going to be a Pelican,  
and help out my old man.

My old man's a Tuchuk.  
What do you think about that?  
He doesn't own a tabard; he has a fake fur hat;  
He has a road kill tunic; he hasn't any shoes,  
And every day at Pennsic, he wets the daily news.  
And some day, if I can,  
I don't want to be a Tuchuk, not like my old man.

My old man's a Laurel.  
What do you think about that?  
He wears a completely authenticated, fully  
documented tabard, and a  
completely authenticated, fully documented hat,  
And a completely authenticated, fully documented  
tunic, and completely authenticated, fully  
documented shoes,  
And every day at Pennsic,  
he refuses to read the Pennsic Independent  
because his persona would not have been able  
to understand English,  
And some day, if I can,  
I'm going to be a Snob and criticize my old man.

My old man's a stick jock.  
What do you think about that?  
He wears faded blue jeans;  
he wears a baseball hat; He wears a dirty T-shirt,  
and white Nike shoes,  
And every day at Pennsic  
He fights.  
And some day, if I can,  
I'm going to be a stick jock,  
and beat up my old man.

# Knight of the Realm

## KNIGHT OF THE REALM

by Sir Cordigan d'Arnot

Tune of King of the Road

Two swords hand from my hip  
Each one has a thrusting tip.  
Gold chain hands from my neck  
When I fight I'm really heck.  
I've got a belt as white as snow.  
I'm a knight boy, don't you know.  
I'm a man with two sticks real quick.  
Knight of the Realm!

Started out with sword and shield  
Found that I could clear the field  
Learned great sword, just for show  
I can kill you with just one blow  
Learned pole-arm just for fun  
Found that I was number one.  
I'm a man with two sticks real quick.  
Knight of the Realm!

Got the skill, I got the speed  
Got more power than I need.  
There's just one thing you should know  
I can kill you with just one blow

And so Two swords hand from my hip  
Each one has a thrusting tip.  
I'm a man with two sticks real quick  
Knight of the Realm!

# I am a Jock

I AM A JOCK by THL Rhys ap Bledri  
Tune of I am a Rock

An August day, in a Pennsic field battle  
I am surrounded  
Gazing at the shieldwall, advancing on my right  
And from the left, there comes a hostile knight.

I am a jock, I am a fighter!

Castle walls, A fortress great and mighty  
That we must penetrate  
We have no need for sappers, They just get in the way  
Hand me my sword and I'll carry the day.

I am a jock! I am a fighter!

Don't talk of dance, embroidery or research  
I want none of that  
I only live for steel, duct tape and rattan,  
The beer is cold and I'm a fighting man.

I am a jock! I am a fighter!

I have my spear, and a shield man to protect me  
I am sweating in my armour  
Fighting in the field, we will never yield  
I slay them all and no one touches me

I am a jock! I am a fighter!  
And a jock feels no pain  
Even when he dies...

# Trumbrand's Lament

## TRUMBRAND'S LAMENT

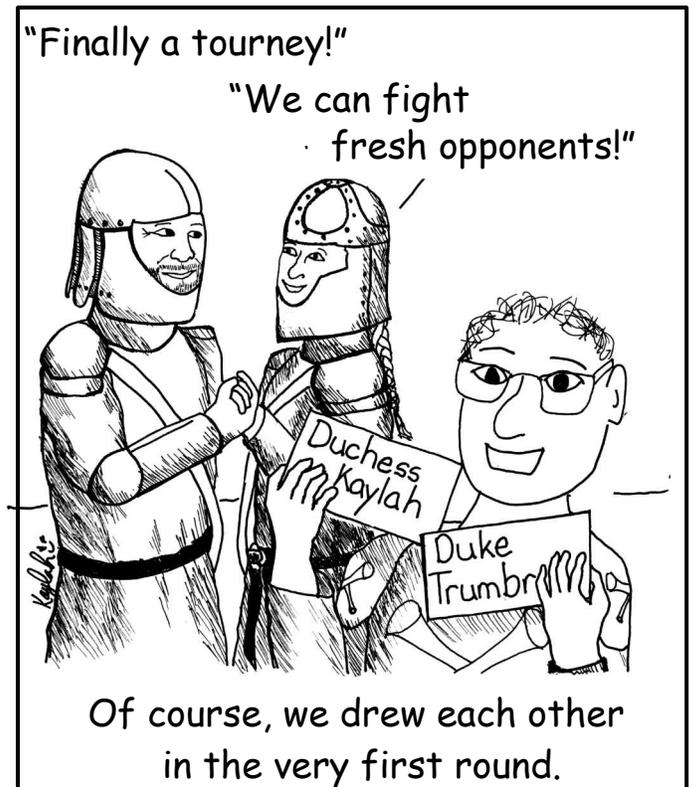
By Brent Connell and Sean Dalgetty  
(Kashida Onami Noh Kuma No Kimi & Sir Tarkatai Bahadur)  
to the tune; "ANNIE'S SONG" by John Denver

You scuff up my armour  
Like a white belted fighter  
Like the squires in springtime  
Like a rhino in heat  
You dented my helmet  
And I call this my hobby  
You're trying my patience  
Come fight me again

You ignore my leg blows  
And you deal me hard cup shots  
You borrow my duct tape  
And you don't give it back  
You kick my ass daily  
And I call you my Lady  
You've broken my finger  
Come fight me again

You hand me an ice pack  
And some Rub A-5-3-5  
A splint for my finger  
And a frosty cold beer  
You un-zip the tent flap  
And you tell me you love me  
I tell you I'm tired  
And we're fighting again  
You un-zip the tent flap  
And you tell me you love me  
I tell you I'm tired  
And we're fighting again

Parallax by Duchess Kaylah the Cheerful



# A Grazing Mace

## A GRAZING MACE

The wordsmith of this song has been lost in the mists of SCA folklore. To the tune; "Amazing Grace"

A grazing mace, how sweet the sound,  
That felled my foe for me.  
I bashed his head, he struck the ground,  
And thus came victory.

My mace has taught my foes to fear, that mace my fear relieved  
How precious did my mace appear,  
When I my mace received.

Through many tourneys wars and fairs, I have already come.  
My mace has brought me safe thus far,  
My mace will bring me home.

The King has promised good to me, his word my hope secures  
I will his shield and weapon be,  
When he gives me my spurs.

And when my mace my foeman nails, that mortal strife shal cease  
And we'll possess within our pale,  
A life of joy and peace.

A grazing mace, how sweet the sound that flattened a wretch like thee!  
Whose head is flat, that once was round,  
Done in by my mace...and me!

A grazing mace, how sweet the sound that smites a foe like thee,  
You're left there lying on the ground,  
You've left the field to me!

# Colourful Bruise

## COLOURFUL BRUISE

By Sir Steven MacEanruig & Sir William the Lucky  
to the tune; "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

My legs have felt the pounding of a hundred thousand blows.  
The times my sword has broken only God in heaven knows.  
Each blow upon my helmet, jolts me clear down to my toes  
And I ain't gonna fight no more.

### **Chorus:**

Glory glory what a colourful bruise I've got.  
Glory glory what a colourful bruise I've got.  
Glory glory what a colourful bruise I've got.  
And I ain't gonna fight no more.

On the morning of the tourney I stepped bravely on the field,  
And then I saw my foeman and my senses they did reel.  
He was six foot eight, three hundred pound, and forged all out of steel  
And I ain't gonna fight no more.

### **Chorus**

He cracked my shield and broke my helm and beat me to the ground.  
My armour lay in tatters all the tourney field around.  
They gathered it together though one boot they never found  
And I ain't gonna fight no more.

### **Chorus**

And when the teams were picked my heart was filled with fear,  
They put me in the foremost line although I craved the rear  
The blows I took disabled me for almost half a year  
And I ain't gonna fight no more.

### **Chorus**

So now the tourneys come around I watch them from the side.  
The blood and gore upon the field my body can't abide.  
And with the lovely ladies on the sidelines I reside,  
And I ain't gonna fight no more.

# Landed Baronial Nobles of Ealdormere

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## Ben Dunfirth

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## Barony of Ramshaven

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## Canton of Bryniau Tywynnog

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(Kathleen Gormanshaw)  
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## The Vox Borealis Supplemental Newsletter For the Kingdom of Ealdormere



*Boilerplate: A few things we're required to say...*

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