

Vox Borrealis

Supplemental Newsletter for the Kingdom of Caldormere

presents:

'Tis the Season for Singing



January 2026

Anno Societatis LV



Regnum Eldormerensis



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&
Queen Anneke the Furious**

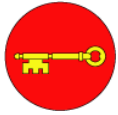
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QUARTERLY BOARD MEETINGS <https://www.sca.org/board-meetings/>

•Mid Quarter Conference calls: November 18, 2025 & December 16, 2025

•Quarterly Meeting Schedule: Jan 25, 2026; April 25, 2026 (hybrid) location TBA; 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.

SCA
Homepage



Board
Meetings





From the Kingdom Chronicle

Season's Greetings!

Merrily we greet the New Year! To keep the darkness at bay, this is the time to sing together in fellowship. Here is a collection of 12 songs for the season. May your voices light up the night with festive joy!

Ealdormere loves to sing and we have been blessed with many excellent performers and songwriters who have generously shared their work with the Kingdom for many years. Remember that all the songs contained in this songbook are copyright of the authors.

Many thanks to the Bardic College of Ealdormere for sharing their songs with us, especially Master Hector, composer of some of Ealdormere's most iconic songs.

Stay warm!,
Duchess Kaylah

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Rise!

Rise

by Master Hector of the Black Height © A. McLean 2025

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)

The E Song

The Ealdormere Song, or Hey, Hey the Wolves Will Bay

by Master Hector of the Black Height © A. McLean 2025

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.

And then....

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 the Old Duke Finnvarr
Four for the Great Line Of the North
Three, three, for Their Majesties
Two, two myself and you, we wear the scarlet proudly
And one for the land of Ealdormere,
and evermore shall be so.

For those of you who like History...
here's how the song has been updated over the years.

Pre-Enthronement (Original Version)

Ten, ten, let's do it again
Nine for Kaffa in the ditch
Seven for the Northern
Households
Five for the Lord Lieutenant
Four for His Royal Highness
Three, three, for His Majesty

Coronation

Version from October 24, AS XXXIII

Ten for a Crown of Northern gold
Nine for the hundred archers
Five for the Old Duke Finnvarr
Four for the Line of Princes

Post Crown II

Ten for Victory in the South
Seven for the Loyal Households
Four for Their Royal Highnesses

The River Song

The River Song

Words by Master Hector of Black Height © A. McLean 2025

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...

Poacher's Song

The Poacher's song by Mistress Emer nic Aidan

CHORUS

**One for the partridge, two for the hare
And three for the buck and doe
The hunting of the good King's game
Shall feed us through the snow**

In Harold's time the hunting was fine
And the birds did sweetly sing
Then the Bastard came and all the game
Became the right of the King
But true English lads saw sport to be had
And swift to poaching turned
And so in that way have we e'en today
Our pleasant supper earned

CHORUS

Hunting deer or hare in the greenwoods fair
The Kings own men do ride
But we Saxons few are a-hunting too, `Though cleverly we hide
Time and again come the sheriff's men
Hunting poachers `round the shire
But our prey we've shot and we'll not get caught
As we feast around our fire

CHORUS

Many say that Port is the finest sport
That poaching's far too cold
And so pass the year drinking fine dark Beer
Or else some Whiskey bold
But they'll find that Wine is the thief of time
And Ale a bitter foe, So the English man has no better friends
Than his arrows and longbow

CHORUS

Do not reproach the men who poach, Within the High King's land
To hunt the game is a noble aim , Amid our merry band
For Love rare and true is a poacher too
Catching hearts within her snare
So give me one kiss and I shall not miss,
As I hunt the greenwoods fair

CHORUS

Glenwhorple

Glenwhorple

Source: Songs from Front and Rear: a collection of Canadian Serviceman's Songs of World War Two,
Additional verses in italics by Master Hector of the Black Height i & iii © A. McLean 2025 and Viscount Cordigan D'Arnot ii

There's a braw fine clan o' lads as ilka man should ken.
They's de'ils at th' fichtin. They've clured a sicht o' men.
They've suppit muckle whiskey when tae celaidgh they gang ben.
The heilin men o' braw Glenwhorple.

CHORUS

**Hieught! Glenwhorple heilan men,
Great stron', whiskey-suckin' heilan men.
They were hard-workin', hairy-leggit heilan men.
Slainte mhor, Glenwhorple!**

They were founded by MacAdam who of all the men was first.
He resided in Glen Eden an' he pipit fit tae burst,
Wi' a fig-leaf for a sporran and a perfect heilan thirst
Till he stole away the apple from Glenwhorple.

When the waters of the deluge drookit all the whole world o'er
The chieftain of the clan, ye know, his name was Sean MacNoah.
So a muckle boat he biggit, and he sneckit up the door
And he sailed away from drooned Glenwhorple.

Old MacNoah sent a piper out to see if there was land.
He came back wi' an empty whiskey bottle in each hand,
But they couldna understand him; he was fu', ye understand,
For he found a public house upon the water.

Oh, there was a jock named Joshua, a sapper he by trade,
He went away to Jericho upon a muckle raid.
Th' walls they went a tumbling and wi' loot the lads were apid
From the sappin' and the minin' in Glenwhorple.

When wise King Solomon was ruler o' the clan
He had a hundred pipers and a thousand fighting men
And ten thousand wives and concubines, for as I'm sure ye ken
He kept a powerful household in Glenwhorple.

- i *Oh, there was a birkie bangster, was the ruler of the clan.
His name it was T'Wallace, and he was a fighting man,
And he went about the border, and the Southron turned and ran
From the dinging of the claymore in Glenwhorple.*
- ii *Many of the clansmen went and left their heilen homes.
They loaded up on ships, about the world to roam.
They were looking for a special place to call their very own.
That's how Ealdormere became Glenwhorple.*
- iii *Oh what a sight this morning, with the clan all on parade,
With the piper and the claymore, and the braw Glenwhorple plaid,
And the piper almost sober, and the chieftain not afraid
Of seeing tartan spiders in Glenwhorple.*

Song of the Northern Wanderer

The Song of the Northern Wanderer Words by Master Hector of the Black Heights

© A. McLean 2025

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.

CHORUS

I've sailed through deep fogs on the broad Eastern ocean, I've seen the far west coast where white
wvetops fall
But I'd lose the world to return to the Northlands,
To stand once again in my Prince's great hall.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

And as my eyes search distant skies for direction
I gaze through the clouds to the North Star above
And in its gold light I see circling a falcon:
I think of far lands and true friends that we love.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

Swift home speed the Northmen from lands strange and distant,
Riding the waves like the gulls ride the spray;
My heart cannot wait for first sight of the Northlands
So bend your backs harder and haul it away!

CHORUS

We Are the Kingdom that Sings

The Kingdom That Sings

by Lady Osc of the Harbours, to the tune of "Spanish Ladies"

Our bards are the fame and the glory of Eald'mere
Golden-voiced ladies and silver-tongued kings
But we who can't carry a tune in a bucket
We too are a part of the Kingdom That Sings!

CHORUS

**We'll hoist up our tankards, we'll pound on the tables
We'll cry out "Wassail!" till the feasting hall rings
We'll howl like the wolves
And we'll wake up the neighbours
We'll lift up our voices for the Kingdom That Sings!**

Our warriors sing as we march into battle
In scarlet and steel shining polished and proud
We may not be strictly on key or in rhythm
But none can deny we are fearsomely loud!

CHORUS

We may mumble the verses and fumble the chorus
And possibly hurt the occasional ear
And yell out the rude bits and burst out in laughter
For there's none like the North when it comes to good cheer!

CHORUS

We'll sing of the way that our hearts make their home here
Of the wolf and the sword, and the Trillium Throne
For everyone's worthy and everyone's welcome
And we're better in chorus than singing alone!

CHORUS

God Rest Ye, Frantic Autocrat

God Rest Ye Frantic Autocrat by Tivar Moondragon

Tune of "God rest ye merry gentlemen"

God rest ye frantic autocrat, let nothing you dismay
Remember that your great event
is still a month away
Don't panic yet, there's lots of time
and don't get swept away

Chorus:

And sing ye in chorus:

"Never again, never again"

And sing ye in chorus:

"Never again, never again"

God rest ye frantic autocrat, let nothing you dismay
Remember that your great event
is still two weeks away
The site is grand, though if it rains
it just might wash away
(chorus)

God rest ye frantic autocrat, let nothing you dismay
Remember that your great event
is still a week away
The music's fine, if only
they remember how to play
(chorus)

God rest ye frantic autocrat, let nothing you dismay
Remember that your great event
is still three days away
The feast is planned, the food's been bought,
though God knows how you'll pay
(chorus)

God rest ye frantic autocrat, let nothing you dismay
Despite the fact your great event
is scheduled for today!
The tourney's grand, the rain won't last
for very long, they say
(chorus)

God rest ye frantic autocrat, let nothing you dismay
Despite the fact that everything
is going wrong today
The King and Queen came, unannounced,
and God knows who else may
(chorus)

God rest ye frantic autocrat, let nothing you dismay
The herald's lost his voice
and he can't even cry "Oyez"
The list field's under water, a tornado's on the way
(chorus)

God rest ye frantic autocrat, let nothing you dismay
The ants have eaten half the food
and dragged your tent away
Some mundane called the cops,
and they took all the knights away
(chorus)

God rest ye frantic autocrat, let nothing you dismay
It's getting cold, it just might snow,
you'd better start to pray
The fire won't start, the food will spoil,
so serve it anyway
(chorus)

God rest ye frantic autocrat, let nothing you dismay
The feast was grand, though half the court
is dying of the plague
The revel would have been great,
but the tavern blew away
(chorus)

God rest ye frantic autocrat, you'd better run away
The Queen is mad, her tent and King
have both been washed away
It might be wise to change your name
and quit the SCA
(chorus)

God rest you frantic autocrat,
now hide ye while you may
The gentry loved that damned event
that ended yesterday
They're asking for another one,
the King hopes you'll obey

Final Chorus:

And they're singing in chorus

"Do it again, do it again"

They're singing in chorus: "Do it again!"

The Wolves' Song : Wolves of the Breed

The Wolves' Song

Words by Master Hector of Black Height © A. McLean 2025

(Chorus)

**Come, come ye wolves of the breed,
Come from the Northlands, come down to feed.
Come, come ye wolves of the breed,
Come from the Northlands, come down to feed.**

We come from the land of the glen and high hill,
Where wild wolves still howl and the singing birds trill;
We take up our arms if our Queen and King will,
For we are the folk of the Northlands,
A people our foemen well heed.
So come, come ye wolves of the breed...

We sail 'cross the sea, past the rapids and isles,
We land on far beaches and tread many miles,
We face many foes and o'ercome many trials
For we are the folk of the Northlands,
We're known by each valorous deed.
So come, come ye wolves of the breed...

Our shield wall advances like thundering gale,
The lindenwood stretched like a billowing sail,
Our allies will cheer and our enemies rail
When they see the swords of the Northlands
Which strike where our King has decreed.
So come, come ye wolves of the breed...

The seasons slip past and the summers soon fly,
Some day in our homeland these old bones will lie
But new hearts will race at the warriors' cry
And they shall be swords of the Northlands
And young hearts to battle will speed.

So come, come ye wolves of the breed,
Come from the Northlands, come down to feed.
Come, come ye wolves of the breed, (slower to end)
Come from the Northlands, come down to feed.

Bruise Marks

Bruise Marks by Master Sigurd Leothsanga

To the tune of Greensleeves

Alas my Lord you do me wrong
To beat my skill to mercilessly
For I have fought one tenth as long
And you have a better helm than me.

Chorus:

**Bruise marks were all my joy
Bruise marks were my delight
Bruise marks received and given
All for my lady's company**

I can not see your rattan sword
It flies too fast for me to see
I made my shield of bristle board
'Twas light but broke so faithlessly.

Chorus

You duck and turn, avoid my blows
My sword you dodge so easily
Perhaps because it's garden hose
I cannot score a mark on thee.

Chorus

Though I tread the tourney soil
The marshal throws me from the fight
He finds my armour's all tin foil
My entry form's aren't filled out right.

Chorus.

Fighting in an Overheated Hall

Fighting in an Overheated Hall by Duchess Kaylah the Cheerful

Tune of "Walking in a Winter Wonderland"

Marshals call, are you listening
On my brow, sweat is glistening
We just want to fight
But this hall is too tight
Fighting in an overheated hall.

Gone away are the green fields,
Here today is a small list field,
Outside we would freeze
Inside's 80 degrees
Fighting in an overheated hall.

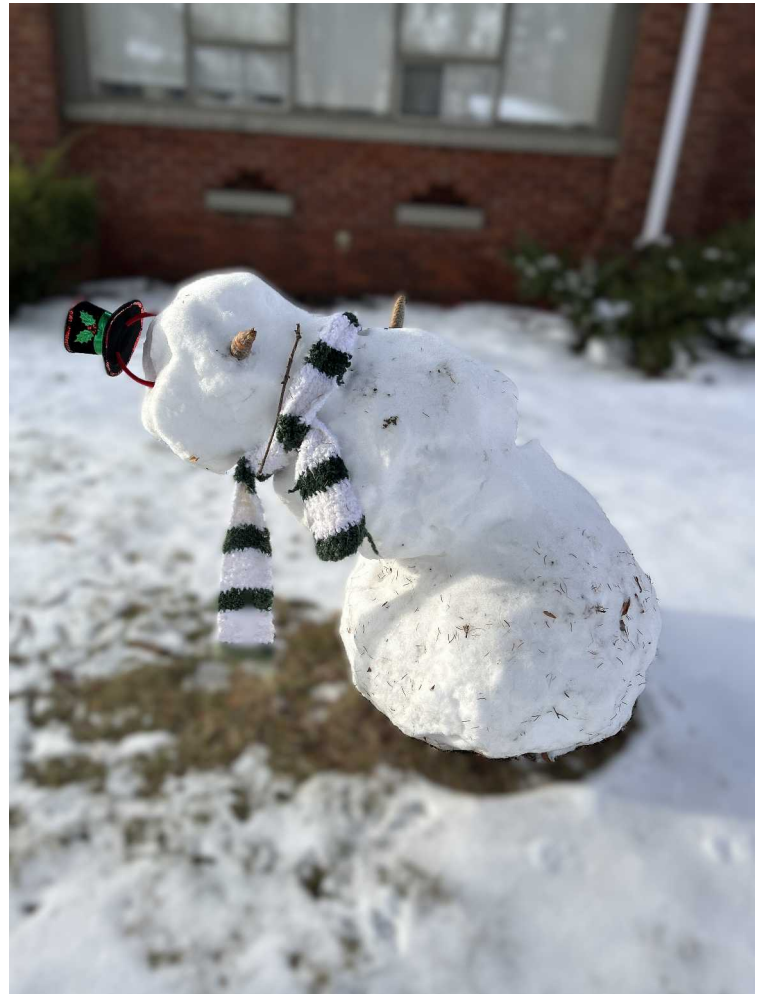
In a meadow we can have a melee
And there's room to run both up and down
At the marshal's "Lay On"
We'll join the fray.
And swing like we are going to town

For today, we'll perspire
As the furnace blows like fire
To face unafraid,
the friends that we've made
Fighting in a overheated hall.

In a meadow we could have a melee
But outside the gales do blow away
So we cram indoors,
To stew and swelter
Can't hear an oyez over the furnace roar.

When we fight, ain't it thrilling,
When we're done, beer's a chilling
We're happy today
We all got to play
Drinking in an overheated hall.

Fighting (& drinking) in an overheated hall.
Fighting (& drinking) in an overheated hall.



I'm Dreaming of a Wide List Field

Wide List Field by Duchess Kaylah the Cheerful

Tune of "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas"

I'm dreaming of a wide list field
Where there is room to throw a blow
Where the sweat does glisten
And fighters listen
To hear the marshal say "Let's go."

I'm dreaming of a wide list field
While I keep my defense tight,
My opponent's scary in height
And this field is too tiny to fight.

I'm dreaming of a wide list field,
Where all my flurries land just right
May your bouts be merry to fight
And may all your list fields be
big enough to fight



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Contributors

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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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