

# Vox Borzealis

Supplemental Newsletter for the Kingdom of Ealdormere

August 2026

Anno Societatis LVI



## Summer Singing



# Regnum Eldormerensis



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

•Mid Quarter Conference calls: TBD

•Quarterly Meeting Schedule: 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 Chronicler

Before Princess Kaylah became a princess (again) she had prepared several Vox Borealis editions, and this is the second one that was pre-prepared, saving the current chronicler a little work and heartache.

Please enjoy the songs of Ealdormere, and perhaps sing them in the shower, in the car, or in halls with great acoustics so they are well-practiced for events or on the field!

## From the Guest Editor

One last issue from The Guest Editor, Princess Kaylah:

Gather round the fire and fill the night with song! We raise our voices together in fellowship in the warm summer evenings. With many thanks to the talents of Master Hector of the Black Heights. You have given Ealdormere the gift of song, and inspired others to contribute to the culture of the Kingdom that Sings.

If you have a Vox idea, contact Kingdom Chronicler Augusta. Being a Guest Editor is fun!

Princess Kaylah

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How About A Little Jaunt to...

## Bryniau Tywynnog's Annual Middle Ages on the Green!

This year brings us again to Queen's Park Center in Tavistock, with good sheltered space to make and play!

Happily, we look forward to combat both armoured and rapier, as well as a Thrown weapons range!

Located just behind the Tavistock & District Recreation Center, 1 Adam Street Tavistock\*

**Saturday  
August 22,  
2026  
10am-730pm**

\*Tavistock is an easy and short drive from Kitchener... once in town the best parking space can be found by turning from Hope Street (Line 24) onto to Wellington, then turning onto DeCew Street East!



This Demo-event is free to attend, and so is a great place to bring family and friends! Bring your own lunch, optional pot-luck dinner (include ingredient list with dishes)

# Rise!

## Rise

by Master Hector of the Black Height © A. McLean 2026

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)

# Blazing Scarlet Banner

## The Blazing Scarlet Banner

by Master Hector of the Black Height © A. McLean 2026

Best sung to the Tune of "The Queen of All Argyle" by Andy Stewart ©

When I was just a stripling, was when I first saw rippling  
Across the Pennsic battlefield the points of Eastern spears.  
But then I saw beside me, to lead me and to guide me,  
The blazing scarlet banner of the King of Ealdormere.

### *Chorus*

And if you could have seen us then.

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 long remember  
The blazing scarlet banner of the King of Ealdormere.

They tell the tales of glory. They sing the scarlet story  
Across the camps across the south as far as Calontir  
Of Grimwulf and of Aeden, whose names sent foes to hidin'  
When they formed up the shieldwall  
for the King of Ealdormere.

We've got Roak, we've Evander, and if the foe's got dander  
To stand against Sir Edward, 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.

### *Chorus*

And if you could have seen us then.

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 long remember  
The blazing scarlet banner of the King of Ealdormere.

And now I am confessing, it's the foemen I'm addressing,  
The ones who stand across the field  
with sword and shield and spear.  
I hope your steel you've mastered,  
or pity the poor bastard  
Who stands against Great Crispin,  
the King of Ealdormere.

The names of the Ealdormerian warriors are frequently changed by the bards to keep the song current. The name of the current monarch is always added at the end. When Kaylah was Queen by Right of Arms, Queen was substituted for King.

Some of the names in previous versions were: Grimwulf, Aedan, Finnvarr, Kelly, Edouarc, Mordain, Trumbrand, Kaylah

# Stand in the Shieldwall

## Stand in the Shieldwall

by Master Hector of the Black Height © A. McLean 2026

To the Lords of the Trillium King Crispin did speak,  
Saying, "Life is for living, it's not for the meek,  
And my Lords, should the King and you both agree,  
Then to Arms and come stand with King Crispin and me."  
Come bring me my sword, come bring me my bow,  
Come give us a cheer, for to battle we go.  
The dragon may beckon but soon he will flee.  
Come and stand in the shield wall with Crispin and me.

*Note to Bards:  
To keep this song  
fresh and  
relevant, replace  
the names of the  
Sovereign and  
Consort with the  
current sitting  
Monarchs.*

The dragon is haughty, the dragon is proud.  
His claws are fair sharp and his roar is fair loud.  
But we're of the Trillium and proud folk are we  
Who shall stand and shall fight with Queen Laura and me?  
Come bring me my sword, come bring me my bow,  
Come give us a cheer, for to battle we go.  
The dragon may beckon but soon he will flee.  
Come and stand in the shield wall with Laura and me.

Sweet ladies and fair, 'tis to battle we go.  
We shall smite with the sword and draw with the bow.  
With your names on our lips we'll grasp sweet victory.  
Save a kiss for your Lord, for King Crispin and me.  
Come bring me my sword, come bring me my bow,  
Come give us a cheer, for to battle we go.  
The dragon may beckon but soon he will flee.  
Come and stand in the shield wall with Crispin and me.

We stand 'neath the shade of the trillium unfurled.  
Our great banner is known to the ends of the world,  
And 'tis legend we make, and 'tis legends ye'll be,  
If you stand in the Shieldwall with Queen Laura and me.  
Come bring me my sword, come bring me my bow,  
Come give us a cheer, for to battle we go.  
The dragon may beckon but soon he will flee.  
Come and stand in the shield wall with Laura and me.

# Rollin' Down to Ealdormere

## Rollin' Down to Ealdormere

Words by Lord Sigurd Leothsanga

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife,  
that we vikings undergo,  
And we don't give a damn  
'bout your king or his land  
Or how hard the wind does blow  
'Cause we're homeward bound  
from a foreign ground  
'Neath a sky that's bright and clear,  
And we don't give a damn when we drink  
our ale  
With the maids of Ealdormere.

### CHORUS

**Rollin' down to Ealdormere, me boys,  
Rollin' down to Ealdormere,  
And we don't give a damn when we  
drink our ale  
With the maids of Ealdormere.**

Once more we sail like a northern gale  
'Neath a sky that calls for war.  
Our brave young lords  
with their spears and swords  
Come to raid upon your shore.  
Then it's homeward bound  
from your foreign ground;  
With your gold we'll disappear,  
And we don't give a damn  
when we drink our ale  
With the maids of Ealdormere

### CHORUS

The North Sea mist strikes  
a blow like a fist  
When you face the sea alone.  
Far away from your hearth  
and the land of your birth  
And the ones you call your own.

Through the dark and the storm their  
prayers reach out  
Hoping some fine day you'll hear  
Your ragged sails running 'fore the gales,  
Running home to Ealdormere.

### CHORUS

A warrior's wage is of gold or the grave  
where the ravens feast and caw.  
When the wolves draw near,  
then the valkyrie appear,  
Lead the way to Odin's halls.  
No longer homeward bound  
from a foreign ground,  
From your world we'll disappear,  
And we don't give a damn  
when we drink our ale  
With the maids of Ealdormere

### CHORUS

When our Queen does call  
many good men will fall  
'Neath the spears of Aethelmarc.  
While our wives stay home  
with children alone  
Blades carry the widow's mark.  
So it's homeward bound we pray to be  
found  
With our families safe and near,  
And we don't give a damn  
'bout your king or his land,  
just the folks of Ealdormere.

### FINAL CHORUS

# Eastrealm Battle Rant

## THE EASTREALM BATTLE RANT

by Master Hector of the Black Height © A. McLean 2026

CHORUS:

**One more battle, one more day  
One more sword-stroke, one more fray  
One more arrow flying free  
One more charge then victory**

Once again our banner flies  
Once more hear our battle cries  
Once again do legends meet  
One more foe shall face defeat

(CHORUS)

Once again the foemen come  
Once again their arrows hum  
Once again our arrows fly  
Once again our shieldwalls cry

(CHORUS)

Once again the lines advance  
Once more shieldmen take their chance  
Once more crashes sword on shield  
Once more none would think to yield

(CHORUS)

Once again comes peaceful night  
Heroes meet by firelight  
Legends new-born,  
Deeds well-told  
Until the dawn, serene and bold

(Chorus)

# Song of the Wain

## Song of the Wain

by Master Garraed Galbraith

Chorus:

**Heave ho, away we go, Rollin faster, rollin' faster**

**Heave ho, away we go, The wagons roll to war.**

The Southron called us to the dance  
From Northern ground we now advance  
Take up the sword, the spear, the lance  
It's off we ride to War

(Chorus)

With Scarlet Banner's now unfurled  
Our King takes up the challenge hurled  
And we prepare to leave this world  
Our King must have his War

(Chorus)

The armour's piled deep and wide  
The wagons' rock from side to side  
No army stands against the tide  
Of Ealdormere at War

(Chorus)

The armies clash beneath the sun  
A' fore night falls they will be done  
And we'll be dead or we'll have won  
That's how we fight a War

(Chorus)

Beneath the scarlet we stood fast  
So on we march, this battle past  
Yet still we know it's not the last  
We'll win our King this War

(Chorus)

To foemen, heed my warning cry  
North men are not afraid to die  
So give your wife her last goodbye  
We'll see you at the War. (alternately: We'll see her after War)

Chorus:

# My Cup Fell in the Ice chest

## **FOR SUTAN, KING OF ANSTEORRA**

by Master Hector of the Black Height © A. McLean 2026

My cup fell in the ice chest,  
It's been in there all night.  
We muster in three minutes  
And my helmet's too damn tight.  
My duct tape fell into the lake,  
My rivets all went pop;  
I stuck on plates with chewing gum,  
When will this morning stop?

CHORUS:

**Go tell the King I'll join him soon  
If armour I can borrow,  
And if I don't climb up the hill  
I guess we'll win tomorrow.**

There's been a little mix-up  
With my armour on the truck.  
Some bastard stole my war-board;  
With a buckler I am stuck.  
I'm standing in the shield wall  
And I'm feeling some alarm:  
There's seven dozen spears ahead  
And a pie-plate on my arm.

(CHORUS)

My sword and I are much alike;  
Our tips are soft and droop.  
My stick is mush - I cannot throw  
A snap, it's more a loop.  
I think next year I'll take the field  
With eight foot shin-guards, so  
They'll stick two feet above my head  
And shin shots get called low.

(CHORUS)

At least I have my master plan  
On which I can rely.  
Who needs a sword? My razor wit  
Will make the foeman fly.  
Eight rolls of tape, five blue-foam pads  
And I'll be wrapped complete,  
Then I'll just bodycheck 'em  
As a thrusting tip with feet!

(CHORUS)

# Pennsic War Again: I Went Down South Last August

**Pennsic War Again:** by Master Sigurd Leothsanga      Tune of Mary Ellen Carter by Stan Rogers

We went down south last August  
In a bucket made of rust.  
Put sixteen tones of gear  
Inside a car we couldn't trust  
Our garb and our pavilion,  
suits of armour, sharpened steel  
We wondered if we'd ever make the field.

We headed for the Queensway,  
So much was on our mind  
What would the custom guard say?  
What did we leave behind?  
When we groaned up tot he Peace Bridge,  
It caused us to proclaim  
That we'd never go to Pennsic, not again!

## Chorus

**Not again, not again  
'Till food falls from the sky  
And beer comes down like rain  
Though those who love it most,  
May bug us 'till the end  
No, we'll never go to Pennsic not again.**

There were fifteen-hundred cars and trucks  
In every border line  
They were pulling apart the King's car,  
What would they do to mine?  
My god, we're all in garb, on no,  
My passport's still at home  
They'll think we're viking raiders  
Out to roam.

Acting normal's difficult in tunics,  
Wraps and skins  
We looked like some satanic cult,  
They'd never let us in  
We'd spent hours in the line up,  
And we couldn't turn away  
But we'd never go to Pennsic not again.

## Chorus

With just two cars before us,  
We were nearly at the gate  
A sickening fear came over us,  
Too painful to relate  
The guard he saw us coming  
Through the corner of his eye  
He quickly waved the other drivers by.

But he waved us in, all a grin,  
Smiling ear to ear  
"Why are you leaving Canada?  
What are you doing here?"  
"We're camping in New Castle",  
I said, like I'd been trained  
But I'll never go to Pennsic not again.  
**Chorus.**

He called us out so he could see  
The papers that we had  
Asked a hundred million questions  
'Till I thought I would go mad  
But when he saw my pain,  
He said "My noble gentle Lord,  
Greetings from the Khan of the Dark Hord".

My friend, Customs adversity  
Has dealt it's final blow  
Journey freely into camp,  
I'll seek you when I go  
Set up, then seek out my tent,  
And leave behind your strain  
And we'll make sure you  
Enjoy Pennsic once again.

Once again, Once again.  
Where the food tasted so good, and  
The beer fell down like rain.  
After going once I must go to war again,  
And we'll all go to Pennsic once again.

# The Pennsic Blues

**The Pennsic Blues** by Master Hector of the Black Height © A. McLean 2026

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 bum)  
This ain't Vacation, This is War.

Well we got armour plating on our heads  
The merchant called it steel but I'm sure that it's lead  
And in half an hour, We're gonna be dead (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 ladies for thrilling  
A'int 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 bum)  
This ain't Vacation,  
This is War.

## Woods Battle Day

**Woods Battle Day** By Baroness Sibylla of Glenmere To the tune of The Teddy Bear's Picnic

If you go out in the woods today, you're in for a big surprise.

If you go out in the woods today protect yourself no lies.

For every man that ever there was

Will gather there for certain because

Today's the day the armoured men go ballistic!

**Chorus:**

**Woods battle day for armoured men**

**The armoured men are to capture bloodied flags today**

**Bashing, slashing, crippling**

**And see them scramble on their knees and pray**

**See them struggle with their foes**

**They strike their mighty blows**

**And clashing shields ring in the air**

**At cannon's blast the marshal of Pennsic**

**Will examine their helms and heads**

**Because their grins are stretched from ear to ear**

If you go out in the woods today you'd better not go alone.

It's bloody out in the woods today be safer to stay at home.

For every knight that ever there was

Will gather there for certain because

Today's the day the knighted go ballistic

**Chorus**

Every woman in arms is good they are sure of a treat today.

There's plenty of armoured men to beat, they'll kill you with no delays

Beneath the trees where nobody sees

They'll hide and seek, take you out at the knees

Today's the day the Ladies go ballistic!

**Chorus**

# Shieldman's Lament

## Shieldman's Lament

To the tune of Oh Lord its hard to be humble

Chorus:

Oooh, Lord it's hard to be a shieldman, when you fight at the Pennsic War.  
Them fellows with polearms all fighting behind me  
Us guys with the shields stand before!  
'Ere this battle is over, most of us Shieldmen will die  
Oh Lord, it's hard to be a shieldman, but dear lord you know I must try.

I thought that maybe next time, I'd get me one of them long spears  
And fight with them fellows with the polearms behind me  
And maybe I'd last our the year.  
But there was not way they would let me  
They said "Hell Son, you're doin' just fune  
So pick up that sword, and strap on that board  
And get your butt back in The Line.

Chorus

I thought that if I fought two stick, I could harry the enemy's flank  
When I asked our good king what he thought of this plan  
He said "Hell Son, you ain't go the rank"  
Only our very best fighters, get to have that good a time  
So pick up that sword and strap on that board  
And get your butt back in The Line.

Chorus

You say you're a spanking new fighter, remember that you've just begun  
Keep at it a couple of three years,  
Then maybe you'll get to have fun  
I don't know what else I can tell you.  
Hell son, It ain't yet your time  
So pick up that sword and strap on that board  
And get your butt back in The Line.

Final chorus:

Oooh, Lord it's hard to be a shieldman, when you fight at the Pennsic War.  
Them fellows with polearms all fighting behind me  
Us guys with the shields stand before!  
'Ere this battle is over, most of us Shieldmen will die  
Oh Lord, it's hard to be a shieldman, but dear lord why must I die?.

Oh Lord, it's a sin to be a poleman  
When you're fighting at Murder Melee  
Them guys with the shields they all die off so quickly  
Us guys with the poles last all day.  
When this battle is over, most of us polemen will live.  
Oh lord, it's a sin to be a poleman,  
But thankfully god, you forgive.

Poleman's Pride: an extra chorus  
by Lord Philip mac Duncan Sinclair

# Under the Shield Wall

## **Under the Shieldwall** by Andrixos and Chidlock

To the tune of Under the Boardwalk

O when the sun is hot and your head's melting in your helm  
And though you fight and fight neither side can overwhelm  
Under the shieldwall, It's the place to be, yeah  
With my lady beside me, willingly.

Chorus:

Under the shieldwall – where it's quiet and dark  
Under the shieldwall – like our own private park  
Under the shieldwall – pole arms crashing above  
Under the shieldwall – we'll be making love  
Under the shieldwall – shield wall!

O it's the safest place that a fighter can ever be  
No weapon reaches there to break our sweet tranquility  
Under the shieldwall, out of the sun  
With my lady beside me, we're having fun

Chorus.

So when the battle's joined and you find yourself in the press  
Why don't you seek me there, take a break from the battle stress  
Under the sheildwall, it's the place to be, yeah  
With my lady beside me, happily.

# Come and be Welcome

**Come and be welcome** by Mistress Emer nic Aidan

Come and be welcome, O wandering minstrel  
Spreading your music from city to town  
Be you harper or piper, your duty is noble  
You carry the tunes that will never die down.

Come from the forest and sit 'round the fire  
Come from the fields and enter our hall  
Come drink from our guest-cup  
Come join in our circle  
Come and be welcome ye bards one and all.

Come and be welcome, O noble court poet  
The treasure of knowledge is kept in your words  
So unlock the riches of rhyme and of rhythm  
And let all the wealth of your wisdom be hear.

Com and be welcome, O fair-voiced singer  
Weaving the magic of music along  
You can thunder the heavens to raise up and army  
Or simply bring laughter and peace with a song.

Come and be welcome, O rare tale-teller  
With stories of wonder you wisely recall  
Now tell of the heroes who dwell in our history  
For tales that are true are the best of them all.

Come and be welcome of fireside drummer  
With rhythms that echo the beat of the heart  
Now waken the music and call to the dancers  
The drum's beating pulse is a signal to start

Come and be welcome where you hail from  
Share all the secrets and joys of your art  
For every new voice that joins int he chorus  
Will uplift the spirit and cheers the heart.

Come from the forest and sit 'round th fire  
Come from the fields and enter our hall  
Come drink from our guest-cup  
Come join in our circle  
Come and be welcome ye bards one and all.

# Runnin' With the Wolfpack

## **RUNNIN' WITH THE WOLF PACK**

by Mistress Emer nic Aidan Tune of "Riding on a Donkey" by Great Big Sea

### **Chorus:**

**Way-hey! And away we go!  
Off and running' , Off and runnin'  
Way-hey! And away we go!  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack**

Was you ever in Ramshaven  
Seen the proud and fighting men  
See them take the field again  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Was you ever at Murder Melee  
Feast by night and fight by day  
Around the fires the drummers play  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Was you ever at Pennsic War  
Where battle-honour lies in store  
Once you've been you'll be back for  
more  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Have you fought beside the Bear  
Where the folk are brave and fair  
The Kingdom's glories they will share  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Have you ever seen the Skraeil  
Armour shining, Plate and maile  
The Hare's honour shall never fail  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

Ever fought with Ben Dunfirth  
They're some o' the finest folks on  
Earth  
Full of fire and full of mirth  
Runnin' with the Wolfpack!

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In the immortal words of a scribe after completing their manuscript:

**hoc opus est scriptum magister da mihi potum;  
Dextera scriptoris careat grauitate doloris**

[This work is written master give me a drink;  
let the right hand of the scribe be free from the oppressiveness of pain].

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