

Well Versed VII



Northwatch A.S. LIIII - 2024 CE

Well-Versed Northwatch VII

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Songs for Northshield

Child of the Northshield/Northshield Lullaby – Eva of Greenfield (Linda S. Skillings)

Child of the Northshield, sleep without fear
The North Star is shining, the Griffon stands near.
Safe beneath his wings you slumber, softly, sweetly dreaming.
As your mother sings a Northshield lullaby. Ducere, Ministrare, Illuminare.

Child of the Northshield, grown now you are.
The North Star is shining, the Griffon goes to war.
Strong beneath his wings, your shield wall, holding firmly against the foe.
As infant song becomes a Northshield battle cry.
Ducere, Ministrare, Illuminare. Ducere, Ministrare, Illuminare.

Child of the Northshield, the battle is won.
The North Star is shining, the Griffon leads you home.
Swift beneath his wings you travel, homeward
Where your true heart belongs
Live the dream and sing the words we all live by.
Ducere, Ministrare, Illuminare.
Ducere, Ministrare, Illuminare.
Ducere, Ministrare, Illuminare.



Dignity – Margaret Malise de Kyrkyntolaghe, called "Mysie" (Melissa Vigil) © 2017

Rulers, they say, must have the right stuff
Should only reign if they're proper enough.
War leaders must be unerringly tough.
Sov'reigns must always have dignity.
Dignity is not just clothing so fine,
Nor is it merely a steel stiffened spine.
Look to where virtue and bearing align
If you wish to see true dignity.
Monarchs are often the first to arise,
Proving the Crown can be more than a prize,
Building the Dream 'til the stars fill the skies.
Serving the people with dignity.
Ruling with justice and honor will show
As much as a crown that their station they know
Helping the kingdom to thrive and to grow
Guiding the way shows true dignity.
Monarchs need not be unflinchingly grim.
Neither their bearing be dour or prim.
Laughter when shared can spread joy like a hymn.
Illuminating hearts shows true dignity.
Service, the bedrock, the stuff of the earth.
Guidance to grow from the time of our birth.
Virtue illumines the Griffon's true worth.
In Northshield we understand dignity

[NOTE: I debated with myself on a non-NS-specific variation.
"Virtue illumines a sovereign's/gentle's true worth.
Go forth and (reign well)/(live life) with dignity.]

Stella Borealis – Cobflaith ingen Sitriucca meic Ímair (Robin Lea Fritche) © 2016

[The following piece is words written with 12th century
meter and rhyme scheme to the period polyphony
Orienti Oriens. August 2013 (http://m.youtube.com/watch?v=CWdLEpTRNt0&desktop_uri=%2Fwatch%3Fv%3DCWdLEpTRNt0). Thanks to Deanne
for taking me to Amelie's class and to the Northshield
Bardic Collective for their input.]

Shining in the north a star
Guiding us with brilliant light
See her glory from afar
In the darkness of the night
Shines in winter and in war
Making all the dark paths bright
Griffon in the northern sky
Lifting us on golden wings
Strength our foes cannot deny
Warmth against the winter stings
Hope that keeps the dream alive
Serves his people and their kings
Common folk and nobles all
In the night and in the day
Summer, winter, spring, and fall
In our work and in our play
Rise and heed the Griffon's call
To serve, to guide, to light the way



Inspiration – Cobflaith ingen Sitriucca meic Ímair (Robin Lea Fritche) © 2016

[Inspired by King Rhys and Queen Gwenhwyvar, Sovereigns of Northshield, and first presented at Northshield Pennsic court, August 11, 2016, AS LI.]

At War, the kings gather to discuss strategy
Some think queens on the battlefield inspire only
There are kingdoms with sovereigns who in all aspects rule
In collaboration, as my queen and I do

My queen is a warrior – we fight side by side
Our generals respect her fierceness and pride
But none more than I – she is more than my heart
And these words I spoke to her from our reign's very start

**Our next reign, my love, we will win by your arm
I'll be your inspiration, as you've been mine thus far
As the seasons turn, love, we'll see our kingdom grow
Let the Known World discover what we already know**

We are both more than martial – we create and we serve
There's no one definition that reflects all our work
We find similarities in subjects and kin
And when we achieve unity, as a kingdom, we win
Before we were sovereign, we were partners in all
These crowns alter not the shape of our call
When my queen wins Crown Tournament, nothing will change
We'll rule with the same fire that unites us today

**Our next reign, my love, we will win by your arm
I'll be your inspiration, as you've been mine thus far
As the seasons turn, love, we'll see our kingdom grow
Let the Known World discover what we already know**

Inspiration can be more than an ideal held high
And apart from the people – inspiration unites
What we accomplish together strengthens every bond
And we'll lead by example – let the Known World respond

**Our next reign, my love, we will win by your arm
I'll be your inspiration, as you've been mine thus far
As the seasons turn, love, we'll see our kingdom grow
Let the Known World discover what we already know**

Chorus:

The heart of the griffin is ten thousand strong
an army of kinsmen, one voice raised in song
we cry "long live Northshield!" wherever we roam
the heart of the griffin, forever our home

The blood of the northland burns bright in our veins
its fire keeps us warm on the coldest of plains
we raise high the banners of sable and gold
to welcome all into our kingdom's great hold

Chorus

Each deed laid with care in the floor of this hall
to build a foundation of service to all
from humble beginnings we spring and return
a heritage fit for our children to learn

Chorus

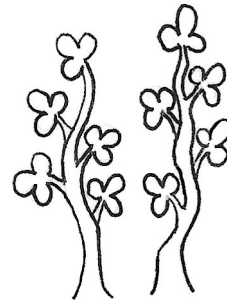
These four walls were raised with the traits we embrace
the first stands for honor, the second for grace
the third is for courage, where we take our stand
the last, to keep laughter and joy close at hand

Chorus

When thunder and lightning consume the night sky
the wind howls above and the waters rise high
a blanket of shields blossoms up from the clay
our crown of all colors keeps darkness at bay

Chorus

Our borders are not what define who we are
at home in our hearts though we travel afar
so raise high the banners of sable and gold
and be one of Northshield, the griffin, the bold!



Good Pilgrim

A living remembrance of Mistress Kudrun Pilgrim, beloved bard of Northshield deceased, who declared the fruits of her faith by her most humorous and charitable works. ~Arwa al-Jinniyya

Good pilgrim have you wandered
through the wide pearly gates
with your generous spirit aflame
where your thirst will be quenched
and no hunger awaits
and your piety none may disclaim

Where have you gone, gone
your skein is unraveled,
your story in tapestry, ballad, and tome
You have gone, gone
let the path you have traveled
by land or by rolling sea carry you home

Good pilgrim have you wandered
to the garden of light
with your smile like a beacon in hand
shedding knowledge sublime
and subverting the night
in good humor as only you can

Where have you gone, gone
your skein is unraveled
your story in tapestry, ballad, and tome
You have gone, gone
let the path you have traveled
by land or by rolling sea carry you home

Good pilgrim have you wandered
to the castle Valhöll
with your quill and a sharp axe in tow
will you teach them the song
of the sea and the maul
crying "mateys, together we row!"

Where have you gone, gone
your skein is unraveled
your story in tapestry, ballad, and tome
You have gone, gone
let the path you have traveled
by land or by rolling sea carry you home

Where have you gone, gone
your skein is unraveled
your story in tapestry, ballad, and tome
You have gone, gone
let the path you have traveled
by land or by rolling sea carry you home



In Praise of Khagan and Bek – Grainne Dhonn (Anna Doyle) © 2017

[Inspired by Yehudah Khagan and Hrodir Bek, Sovereigns of Northshield, a poem modelled after the Irish praise styles. Presented at Their final court, Spring Coronation, AS 51]

Listen to the worth of Northshield's khagan
Listen to the value of Northshield's bek.

Oh, listen: their riches are outside of them, shining in the
host of Northshield.

The sword-bright gryphons, seventy-five spears – bold fianna
in the south,
and our khagan and bek, swords in hand, our sons of the
north to lead them.

The war-teachers, swift in beauty as horses before the wind,
and the bek leads them.

The star-shining speakers, their words woven into cloth of
silver across the sky,
and the khagan leads them.

The wealth-making crafters, as herds of red and white cattle
uncounted in number,
and the bek leads them

The helpers, honey-working, more riches than torcs of gold,
without number in the north,
and the khagan leads them.

Listen to the value of Northshield's khagan
Listen to the richness of Northshield's bek.

No spears to touch them, no satire to mar their names,
no thorn to prick them, no hand raised against them.

Oh, listen: Northshield's bek and khagan, no sickness fall
upon them.

Oh, listen: their worth is inside them.

The word-fair north stars, truth speaking and lawmaking are
our sons of the north,
are our bek and khagan.

Oh, listen: their worth is their generosity. They feed those
who come before their table,
They open their halls to their vassals, they give gifts to poets.

Oh, listen: their value is their name. Kings and queens do
them honor.

Lords and ladies arrayed in blue – the children of kings – bow
before two thrones.

Oh, listen: the value of Northshield is in its land and the
heart of the land is in its people.

Oh, listen: the joy of Northshield's heart is in its khagan and
bek,

First of our land and fairest.

Listen to the richness of Northshield's bek

Listen to the worth of Northshield's khagan.

Listen, Northshield, oh listen.



We: A Northshield Marching Song – Margaret Malise de Kyrkintolaghe, called "Mysie" (Melissa Vigil) ©2020

Our king calls, and we go
Through the heat or rain or snow
With the Griffon we will fly
We will raise the Banner high
Hear the call, let us go,
You and I

In the dawn and the dew
Though our war band may be few
With the Griffon we will soar
When our King calls us to war
Heed the call and be true
As before.

In the heat of the day
We will march unto the fray
Like the Griffon's talons, we,
Sharp and keen and strong and free
Stand with us, come what may
Come with me.

Kinsmen giving our all
So our shield friends will not fall

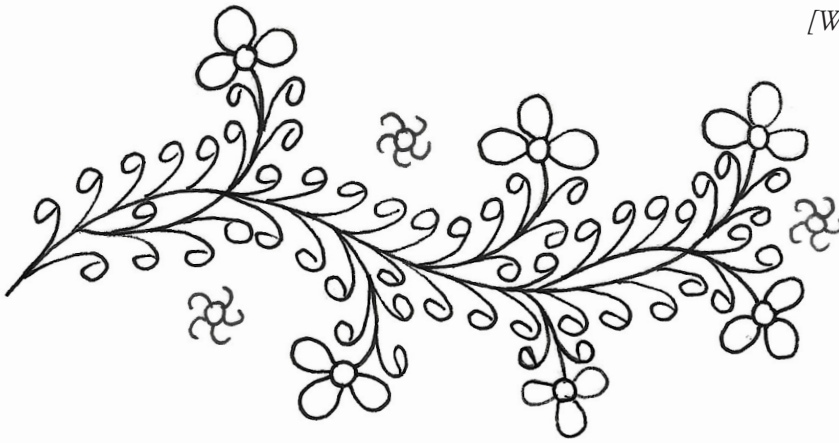
With our blood and with our bone
We shall stand as strong as Stone
Honor bright, heed the call,
Not alone.

When the hard work is done
In the light of setting sun
Loud the Griffon's call will ring
Marching homeward we shall sing
Victory we have won
For our King

In the deep of the night
Under Borealis bright.
Raise a glass and raise a song
Lift your voice and sing along
For the Star, we unite.
We are strong

When again comes the dawn
As one people carry on.
With our King and Queen we say
Guide and Serve and Light the Way
In our oaths, in our hearts
Every day.

[Written for the elevation of Farolfus filius Richardi at
Castle Fever, AS 58.]



Come Home – Eva of Greenfield (Linda S. Skillings)

You can always come home to Northshield, no matter how
far you roam.

Let the star guide you there to the heart of the Bear,
Where the Griffin stands waiting with arms open wide.^o
You can always come home to Northshield, for Northshield
is more than a place.

No matter how far if your heart holds the star,
Then Northshield's wherever you are.

When your path takes you farther than you thought to go,
And you're feeling quite lost and alone.

Your kinsmen remember, and long for your face,
And pray the Gods grant you courage and grace,

And You can always come home to Northshield, no matter
how far you roam.

Let the star guide you there , to the heart of the Bear,
Where the Griffin stands waiting with arms open wide.
You can always come home to Northshield, for Northshield
is more than a place.

No matter how far, if your heart holds the star,
Then Northshield's wherever you are.

And when you've accomplished the task you were set,
And your choices are once more your own,
Remember the words that have guided your way
Ducere, Ministrare, Illuminare

And You can always come home to Northshield, no matter
how far you roam.

Let the star guide you there , to the heart of the Bear,
Where the Griffin stands waiting with arms open wide.
You can always come home to Northshield, for Northshield
is more than a place.

No matter how far, if your heart holds the star,
Then Northshield's wherever you are.



Pots can shatter, rope can fray,
Bright dyes fade by sunlit day.
Wood may splinter, leather wear,
Careful stitches someday tear.
From destruction, errors, loss
Lessons pull like gold from dross.

Teaching, you can spin a cord
Curious minds to draw them toward
Detours that unknot a path
Through frustration, tears and wrath.
You – instructor, crafter, friend –
With your skills a garden tend.

Science in the learning how
Fertile knowledge fields to plow.
Art to clothe and light the stead,
Craft to serve and keep us fed.
This, for which thou'rt Laurel-crowned,
This, thou swear'st thy duty bound.



Take Up Your Shield – Peter the Wanderer (Gary Jensen)

[To the tune of "Simple Gifts."]

Let us take up are shields, let us draw our blades
Let us don our armor the fiercest blows to ward
With honor, loyalty, and courage for to show
as one band of brothers to war let us go

Chorus:
For Northshield, to battle we are gaed
to fight and to die we shan't be afraid
to war, to war swiftly answer the call
guarding the land we will stand or fall

Chorus

Let us fight to be worthy of our well forged blades
Let us honor our liege and the oaths that we have made
Let our hearts be bold and our arms be strong
for Northshield's honor we sing this song

Chorus

Let us march forth together, let us fight as one
Let us face our foes and never let us run
And when the battles joined let us fight with all our might
because we serve the Stellar Light

When Northshield Sings of the Griffin

Words and Music by Thomas Bordeaux (JP Andrews)

Key of D Capo 2

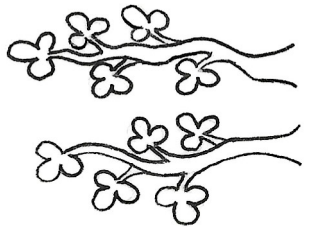
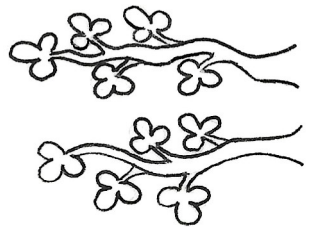
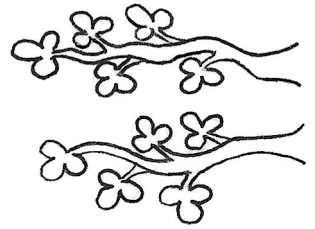
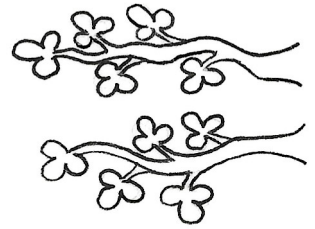
C There are songs from the West that will thrill you **Am**
There are **F** songs from Caid that take flight **G**
There are **C** songs from the East that will kindle your blood **Am**
For **F** battle and honor to fight **G**
F Atlantia's muse longs for beauty **G**
Calontir's will sing only of war **Em** **Am**
But when Northshield sings of the **G** Griffin
It's a hymn to the one they adore **F** **G** **C**

They will **F** sing you the song of the Griffin in War **G**
And the **C** song of the Griffin in love **Em** **Am**
As they raise up their voice to the **G** Great Northern Star
That hangs in the heavens above **F** **G** **C**

They could **C** paint you a picture in Black and in Gold **Am**
Filled with **F** snowflakes and fishes and light **G**
Or spin you a tale of the great Inner Sea **Am**
Or Rockhaven that sparkles so bright **G**
They can tell you the sound that a cow makes (moo boom!) **G**
And they'll laugh with delight and surprise **Em** **Am**
But it's the song of the Griffin that stirs them **F** **G**
With a love you can see in their eyes **F** **G** **G**

They will **F** sing you the song of the Griffin in War **G**
And the **C** song of the Griffin in love **Em** **Am**
As they raise up their voice to the **G** Great Northern Star
That hangs in the heavens above **F** **G** **C**

There are **C** days when I wonder where this road will lead **Am**
Will I stay here or journey again **F** **G**
There are times I remember my **C** distant homeland **Am**
Like the call of a long absent friend **F** **G**



Take Flight – Margaret Malise de Kyrkyntolaghe, called "Mysic" (Melissa Vigil) © 2010

Chorus:

**I will saddle my horse
I will sharpen my blade
I will polish my armor bright
For the Stellar Ones call with the voice of the North
"It is time that the Griffon takes flight!"**

Send forth the Heralds, set all the bells ringing!
Let trumpets sound loudly and clear!
The choirs of Northshield this message are singing.
Proclaim it! Let all the folk hear.

Raise high the standard, set all the flags flying.
Let pennons unfurl on the breeze!
The banners of Northshield this message are crying.
Display them! Let all the folk see.

Chorus

Gather your arrows and ready your bowstrings.
Sharpen your axe and your spear!
All of the Northshiled, its pinions preparing,
make ready! Assemble your gear.

Wear your best raiment, don black and gold clothing.
Let each put on stellar attire!
Tabards of Northshield its warriors are wearing,
Stand proud now! The known world inspire.

Chorus

Hearts of the Northshield in joy now are winging,
As onward to battle we go.*
The Voice of the Northshield this message is bringing
Declare it! Let all the folk know.

From the Seas to the Stone, our home we are naming.
From the Pole to to the Falcon's own Field.
Lands of the Griffon its people are claiming.
Affirm it! We are Northshield!

**I will saddle my horse
I will sharpen my blade
I will polish my armor bright
For the Stellar Ones call with the voice of the North
"It is time that the Griffon takes flight!"
It is time! Let the Griffon take flight!**

*[*NOTE: When this was first written, in the summer before Northshield's first Coronation, this line read*

"As from Dragon's nest we now go."]



Northshield Turns – Cobflaith ingen Sitriucca meic Ímair (Robin Lea Fritche) © 2018

What will you do to defend what is yours?
Will you fight first with words, follow through with the sword?

Show your foes the sharp teeth in your strong iron jaw?
That your power is terrible and your truth is the law?

The time is now

**Your sovereigns are calling you
Northshield warriors, hold this ground
Let this battle be a fearsome example
How Northshield turns the story around**

What will you give to keep your kin safe?
Will you offer your life to the twistings of fate?
Will you muster your soldiers to fight Kingdom's cause?
Will you join with your sovereigns to give your foes pause?

The time is now

**Your sovereigns are calling you
Northshield warriors, hold this ground**

**Let this battle be a fearsome example
How Northshield turns the story around**

What will you learn from impossible odds?
If you are a Northshielder, all is not lost
You will trust in the courage your countryfolk share
Fill your heart with the urgency as the Griffon takes air

The time is now

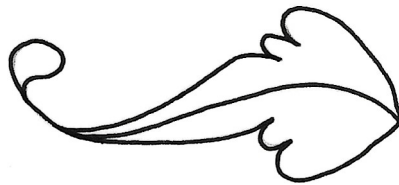
**Your sovereigns are calling you
Northshield warriors, hold this ground
Let this battle be a fearsome example
How Northshield turns the story around**

What will you find on the battlefield here?
These heroes, your siblings of bow, sword, and spear
Together, this army, this people, this land
Will show all the Known World the strength of our stand

The time is now

**Your sovereigns are calling you
Northshield warriors, hold this ground
Let this battle be a fearsome example
How Northshield turns the story around**

Oh, I live in the sunny south of Northshield,
Where it only snows for nine months of the year.
Yes, I live in the sunny south of Northshield,
We don't have to break the ice to drink our beer.
Oh, I love it in the sunny south of Northshield,
Tho' our northern cousins say that we are weak.
Yes, I love it in the sunny south of Northshield,
Where our words don't freeze the moment that we speak.
Oh, come live in the sunny south of Northshield, In our tower
on three hills of emerald green.
Yes, come live in the sunny south of Northshield, It's the only
place that color can be seen.



Shining in the north a star
Guiding us with brilliant light
See her glory from afar
In the darkness of the night
Shines in winter and in war
Making all the dark paths bright
Griffon in the northern sky
Lifting us on golden wings
Strength our foes cannot deny
Warmth against the winter stings
Hope that keeps the dream alive
Serves his people and their kings
Common folk and nobles all
In the night and in the day
Summer, winter, spring, and fall
In our work and in our play
Rise and heed the Griffon's call
To serve, to guide, to light the way

Historical People & Events

King's Daughter, King's Sister, King's Mother – Cobflaith ingen Sitriucca meic Imair (Robin Lea Fritche) ©2016

[This song is based upon the lives of St. Adela of Normandy (daughter of William the Conqueror and sister of Henry I) and her husband, Stephen II, Count of Blois. Their son, Stephen, succeeded Henry I as King, usurping the right of Henry's daughter, Matilda. Matilda's son, Henry II, succeeded Stephen. Just to give you a little context. Also, details about these two are fuzzy, so I did the best I could!]

The King's daughter, she married me
As was her duty
Fifteen and still blooming, in the flow'r of her youth
Twenty years senior, I
Was heir to my father's line
And in his name already ruling our lands
The Princess was Countess ere ten years had passed
The King's sister she was then
Her father had met his end
Our fam'ly grew richer with daughters and sons
The Holy Land called my name
For glory, faith, wealth, and fame
For four years, I led men to die in the sands
I feared the siege fruitless – I returned to France
The King's sister felt my disgrace
Desired that I save my face

My dear wife, so hon'able, pious, and wise
I could not bear to shame her so
To Palestine I did go
That Crusade was won ere my comp'ny arrived
I remained for the Battle of Ramla and died
The King's sister, my Lady
I prayed she forgave me
My last thoughts were for her and the child in her womb
In this strange land, far from home
A life at last worth a poem
My eyes lost the light and I called forth her voice
If only to scold me – lament not my choice
The King's mother was canonized
Some years after her demise
After many moons ruling all I left behind
My children and my lands
All prospered in her hands
She saw our son crowned ere she went to our Lord
A saint and an angel
King's daughter
King's sister
King's mother
No more

**Matilda, 1140 – Cobflaith ingen Sitriucca meic Ímair
(Robin Lea Fritche) ©2014**

[Written about Empress Matilda, daughter of Henry I and mother of Henry II.]

Chorus:

**The throne is mine
My living brothers are all bastards
The throne is mine
The nobles swore to it twice
If Stephen the Oath-breaker thinks he's safe, he's not
For the throne is mine, the throne is mine**

At eight years old a queen, I made Germany my home
With twenty thousand silver marks to help Heinrich subdue
Rome
The Pope made him Emperor with unwilling hands
In four years, we were wed; in fifteen, Heinrich was dead
My brother, William, five years earlier, King Henry's chosen
heir
Had drowned crossing the channel, too much wine the
culprit there
I went home a widow; Father's new wife bore no sons
And all the nobles fought to be the first to swear I was the one

Chorus

To strengthen our border to the south of Normandy
I must wed the heir to Anjou, my Royal Father had decreed
A fifteen-year-old peacock was never my choice
I'm a woman who has ruled, yet I seem to have to have no
voice

After years of estrangement and Father's maneuvering
The nobles swore again support for my right to succeed the
King

I rejoined my husband and bore two healthy sons
Yet Father still refused to give my husband castles he had won

Chorus

I was far away in Anjou when I heard the King was dead
My cousin Stephen seized the treasury, put the crown upon
his head
I took the castles denied us, but had to stop to bear a son
By the time I had recovered, Stephen's treachery was done
I got a foothold in my country; my brother Robert joined my
quest
After five years of battle, the pretender we did best
The Lady of England was the title given me
As Stephen rotted in his chains, I proclaimed my sovereignty

Chorus

***In two years' time, my mother, the great Matilda, was
betrayed
She fled to safety with her knights, and Stephen once more
King was made
But she never gave up and she fought anew for me
And she raised me up a warrior to defeat our enemy
We claimed Normandy as ours and closed in on Stephen's
men
Stephen feared our might, so a treaty we did pen
He remained King until death, as we allowed
Then, after nineteen years of bloodshed, King of England I
was crowned***

**The throne is mine
My mother fought for our birthright
The throne is mine
That is why I shall be known
As Henry FitzEmpress, son of the great Matilda
The throne is mine, the throne is mine
The throne is mine, the throne is mine**



Indigo – Eva of Greenfield (Linda S. Skillings)

The sounds of the battle had faded away.
The silence of death lay all 'round.
Blood covered the field like a heavy red dew,
As my skirts dragged behind on the ground.

**And indigo turned to black, to black
And indigo turned to black.**

I feared what I'd find between Caldbeck and Telham
The Normans had left few alive.

I fell to my knees at the sight of my son
I held him and closed his blue eyes.

**And indigo turned to black, to black
And indigo turned to black.**

I stood and I wailed in my anger and grief.
What crown could be worth such a cost?
The sun slowly sank below the grey hills,
And the light died like those we had lost.

**And indigo turned to black, to black
And indigo turned to black.**

**Camino de Santiago – Órlaith Ballach inghean Fhlainn
(Rita Nauman)**

Chorus:

don your shoes and shell
and your pilgrim cape
set forth from your door
along the St. James' Way
and walk the Camino to Santiago
Yes, walk the Camino to Santiago

Vs. 1

carry only what you need
for the road is long and weary
let your soul guide your feet
for your heart it sees more clearly

Chorus

Vs. 2

when the rain comes fast and hard
and your storms seem never ending

keep your mind upon the stars
and set your steps to mending

Chorus

Vs. 3

when the plains are dry as clay
and your feet are blistered sorely
set your eyes upon the way
and you'll see matters shortly

Chorus

Vs. 4

when you fall upon your knees
and your hand has touched his statue
you see you've found your peace
along the journey now behind you

Chorus x2



Songs of Love & Grief

**My Father is gone to the Sea – Órlaith Ballach inghean
Fhlainn (Rita Nauman)**

Chorus:

My father is gone to sea, to the sea,
My father is gone to the sea.

My mother she mourns him
I worry when she cries
She stands on the shore and she keens
The wind whips her wild hair
The waves grip her bare feet
And fill up the footprints she leaves

Chorus

I sit on the dry sand
Just up past the high tide
And stare at the waves and foam
She swears that she sees him
Sometimes in the dawning
When there's naught but a seal all alone

Chorus

I'm almost a man now
My mother she worries
The waves they will take me like him
She won't let me fish

She won't let me sail
No she won't even teach to me swim

Chorus

One day just past sunset
As I walked the sea strand
I saw something borne on the tide
A gift from the ocean, a fine seal skin jacket
And I slipping my hand down deep inside

And now I am gone to the sea, to the sea
Oh now I am gone to the sea

Now every fine evening
My father and I watch
So helpless to offer relief
She stands all alone
With bare feet and wild hair
And she keens and she cries in her grief

And now we are gone to the sea, to the sea
Oh now we are gone to the sea
Now we are gone to the sea, to the sea
The cruel, the heartless sea.

Wayward Pine – Eva of Greenfield (Linda S. Skillings)



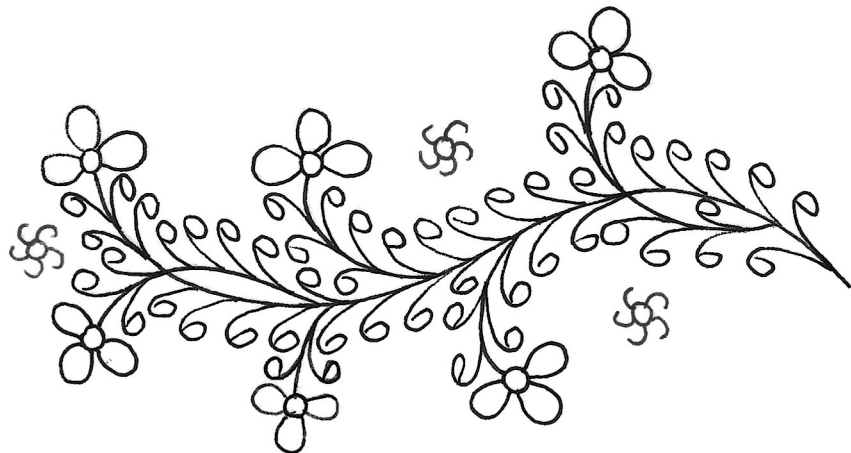
By the side of a path
stands a tall wayward pine.
Whose branches touch ground
all around, all around.
In its shadowed retreat,
two lovers did meet,
To kiss where they could not be found.

On pine needles thick,
their blanket they spread
Where the branches touched ground
all around, all around.
The sweet fragrant smell
their senses did fill, ‘
Til by morning the lover’s were found.

She pledged him her troth,
before God and man,
In a church hung with branches
all round, all around.
The babe in her womb
would be showing soon,
So by kiss and by oath they were bound.

The years they did pass,
in the fullness of time
And the grandchildren played
all around, all around.
As they lived, so they died,
hand in hand, side by side,
And together they were laid in the ground.

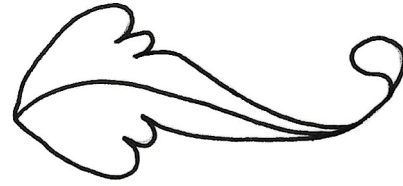
By the side of a path,
stands an old wayward pine,
Whose branches touch ground
all around, all around.
Though a hundred years pass,
still a lad and a lass,
Will come kiss where they cannot be found



This Spring – Margaret Malise de Kyrkyntolaghe, called "Mysie" (Melissa Vigil) © 2010

That spring you said, "I thee adore
But summer took you off to war
Your shield and sword your king commands
So off you marched in noble bands
To fight upon some distant shore
The winds of strife do wail and roar
The blood of soldiers does outpour
And crimson are their hearts and hands
This spring

I dread that you will come no more
That all my hopes will not restore
Yourself to me from foreign lands
And I, while fear my soul expands,
My prayers to heaven do implore
This spring.



Warriors & Soldiers

I am a Warrior Woman – Órlaith Ballach inghean Fhlainn (Rita Nauman)

Chorus:

I am a warrior woman
I will fight with sword and shield
I do not intend to grow old gracefully
I'm not afraid to bleed or sweat or die upon the field
I'll not give ground, no never will I yield

Don't think because I'm pretty that I'm frail or that I'm weak
This face conceals a soldier's soul within
The cause of right and justice is the battle that I seek
I will fight on until I die or win

Chorus

My sword her name is justice, when I'm gone let it be said
I bore her well and bravely in the fray
I shall live with honor or I'll die with instead
My soul unstained when they bear me away

Chorus

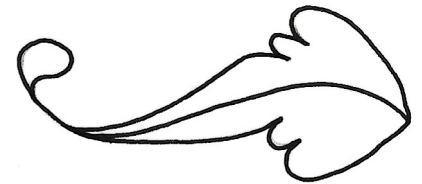
I call my shield compassion; she is for the weak and small
To shelter anyone who is in need
I speak for the unspoken, not just answering a call
And try to act with mercy in each deed

Chorus

Each sunrise I awake to greet the glory of the morn
With joyous heart I take my tools in hand
To strive and make a difference is the solemn oath I swore
For these people and this ground on which I stand

Chorus

Fear nothing in the world, not the present nor the past
And what is yet to come may never be
Keep you eyes on your true purpose and to that course hold fast
For on that path you find sure victory!



Storm and Reign – Órlaith Ballach inghean Fhlainn (Rita Nauman)

Exhausted by marching, exhausted by war
The taste of smoke and the smell of the gore
My shield arm is weary, my sword arm is weak
We are outnumbered, the outlook is bleak

Chorus:

**We must not give ground, we must never yield
Our homeland is lost if we lose on this field**

I find myself lost in the press of the fray
As the tide of the battle sweeps kinsmen away
The storm it is building the edge of the sky
What use is it fighting, I surely will die?

Chorus

Here with the corpses, I feel like wraith
The ravens are feasting, and I have lost faith
The heavens are opened, the torrent pours down
Then lightning illumines the enemy crown

Chorus

He faces the battle, his eyes turned away
With luck and with cunning we could win this day
Tired and wearing, ignoring my pain
I swing my sword boldly, and so ends the reign

We did not give ground, we never did yield
Our homeland is saved by our acts on this field

**Ride the Dragon Home – Órlaith Ballach inghean Fhlainn
(Rita Nauman)**

Chorus:

There'll be joy in the mead hall
When they finally see our sail
So fly for the homeland
Before the coming gale
There's mist on the horizon
Oh it's rising from the foam
Our wings we'll raise, and turn our gaze
And ride the dragon home

The time has come
To sail for home
Before the winter snows
We've gone so far
It's been so long

We've bested many foes
The summer's almost over
The winds are growing cold
I hear our kinsman calling
For our stories to be told

Chorus

We'll light the fires
And sing the songs
And raise our mead cups high
And tell the tales of valor
Of warriors who have died
And when the winter's over
And warm blows the wind
From raven's sign we'll know to fly
The dragon once again

Chorus



Making Merry

**Drink Once More to the Bards – Bridget ni Cathasaigh
(Jean Quinn-Davis) ©2014**

[Inspired by the 2014 Known World Cooks and Bards Symposium.]

Chorus:

Drink once more to the bards!
You may think your fate's in the cards.
But be of good cheer.
History's rewritten here.
So drink once more to the bards!

Vs. 1

Lionheart was a brave man.
He wanted to fight Saladan.
When Richard left home,
John wanted his throne.
But Robin Hood saved Eng-el-land!

Chorus

Vs. 2

Three witches before Macbeth stood.
A crown on his head sounded good.
But his wife caused a scene,
For her hands were unclean.
They should have chopped down Birnam Wood!

Chorus

Vs. 3

A girlfriend he tried to forget,
So Romeo wooed Juliet.

The teens suicide,
When she is his bride.
The ex-girlfriend lives still, I bet!

Chorus

Vs. 4

Famous love stories of old!
Feats that are daring and bold!
And we have the gall
To rewrite them all –
The way that they should have been told!

Chorus x2



**Hey, Ho! The Waves do Roll! – Órlaith Ballach
inghean Fhlainn (Rita Nauman)**

The sea is high and the clouds are grey
Hey ho, the waves do roll

We've been on this ship for too many a day
Hey ho, the waves do roll

There's a pretty girl at the port ahead
So pull on the oars 'til your arms feel dead
And we'll make anchor by the break of day
Oh the waves do roll, ho hey!

The waves are rough and the winds blow strong
Hey ho, the waves do roll

We've gone too far and it's been too long
Hey ho, the waves do roll

There's a cup of rum and a nice warm bed
So pull on the oars 'til your arms feel dead
And we'll make anchor by the break of day
Oh the waves do roll, ho hey!

The cold wet rain and salty spray
Hey ho, the waves do roll

There's not enough food and not enough pay
Hey ho, the waves do roll

I can picture her face inside my head
So pull on the oars 'til your arms feel dead
And we'll make anchor by the break of day
Oh the waves do roll, ho hey!



**Men in Aprons / Blacksmith's Waltz – Eva of Greenfield
(Linda S. Skillings)**

Oh, how I love a man in an apron,
It takes a strong man to wear apron strings.
My momma has warned me about men in aprons,
But I think a blacksmith's a wonderful thing.

Oh, how I love a man with a bellow,
A bellow requires a firm steady hand.
My momma has warned me about men who bellow,
But I think a blacksmith's a catch of a man.

And oh, how I love a man with a hammer,
When hammers strike true it's a wonder to see.
My momma has warned me about men with hammers,
But I think a blacksmith's the right man for me.

My momma is full of cautions and warnings.
She says I should not act in haste.
My momma says she's acting in my best interest
And a blacksmith is not in good taste, but...

Oh, how I love a man in an apron,
It takes a strong man to wear apron strings,
My momma has warned me about men in aprons,

With bellows and hammers,
And beards and mustaches,
and sideburns and chest hair and...
But Mama, the MUSCLES!!!! (sigh)
I think a blacksmith's the right man for me.

