

The Sternfeld Underground Songbook, the Third

.....



Sabra's Revenge

From the Editors and Writers, such as they are, Unto all the Kindly Gentle
Lords and Ladies of the Known World, do we send Greetings.

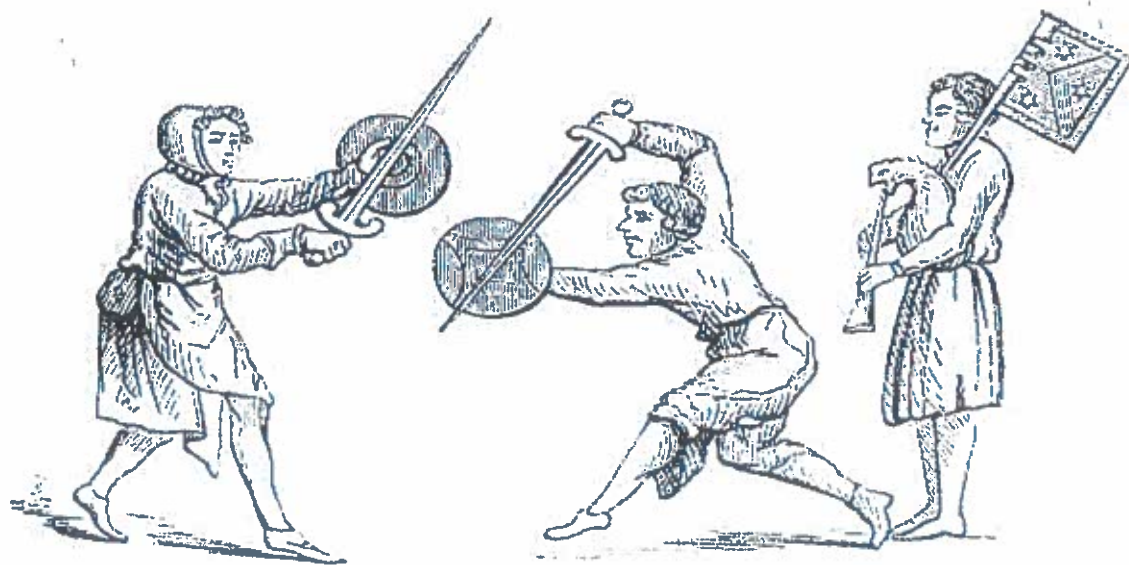
This is a very special Third Edition of the Underground Sternfeld Songbook. It includes what could be located of the First Two Editions in addition to completely new material. Some of which has not before seen the light of day! Now don't you just feel all warm and fuzzy inside?

I do most sincerely hope that you enjoy singing these little ditties, just as much as I enjoyed writing some of them and compiling the rest of them.

And I have had SO MUCH fun!

Remember, it's all fun and games until someone loses an eye....And then it's just fun!

----Kantor Erzsebet, the Hungarian Bath House Babe



Greetings from the Unofficial Editor of the ^{Savior's Revenge} Flight of the Pelicans the third edition of the Sternfeld Underground Song Book.

Unofficially Dedicated to Baroness Moria and Barn Torquil Baron and Baroness of Sternfeld.

Unofficially inspired by Duke Master ect. Ect. Baron Moonwulf.

This newest edition of the Underground Sternfeld Song book came to a be made at the suggestion (Ok you can put the blade down lassie) of a Hungarian Bathhouse Babe. I do not know the story behind some of these songs. I will say that the tradition of writing in Laundry Mats has continued. I hope Palimar has a sense of Humor in all of this. If not the head of House Hosenpfeffer had nothing to do with this. Also for a change Cordellia de Barfluer had absolutely nothing to do with this one. The Hungarian Bath House Babe did the typing and provided the clip art. Tobias conned a young artist to do the cover.

The song about the last fighter is in response to the old days when it did not cost you your first born child to get into fighting. My armour was elbow and knee cops, a mattress pad gambason and carpet. My biggest expense (which was actually my future wives) was the helm. Those days have disappeared as we have moved from the dark ages to the reformation in the SCA.

I do not know any Tuchuxs nor members of the Hoard named Uthy, It just sounded good, I made it up! Every group has their DARK TIMES. On top of old Sternfeld was originally made by myself and Ahmed in his Suzuki Samurai on the way to a household meeting at Cordelia's parents lake house. The Barony was made at each other and things were getting shall we say heated! The song has been changed from time to time and lyrics were lost. The Hungarian Bath House Babe forced me to actually write it down and proceeded to add to the song the other officers. On that note I will leave the next song book to some one else. For as I have long said, I have no musical talent, I do not expect to ever win an Art's and Science award in the SCA.

I remain a humble servant of the Barony of Sternfeld and the Middle Kingdom

The Unofficial Editor
Head of House Hosenpfeffer
Anonymous Bunny Fluff.opi

Game of SCA Tune of Game of Love

The purpose of a squire is to love his knight.
The purpose of an apprentice is to serve her peer.
So come on, baby, lets play
The game of the SCA.

It started log ago, way out west
When a knight said to a squire, you're for me.
So come on baby, lets start today
So come on baby, lets play
The game of the SCA
La la la SCA

Come on squire 'case the time is right,
Love your knight with all your might.
Put my belt 'round your waist, pull it tight.
Play the game of the SCA.

The purpose of a squire is to love his knight.
The purpose of an apprentice is to serve her peer.
So come on, baby, lets play
The game of the SCA.

Come on apprentice, the time is right,
Love your peer with all your might.
Put my belt 'round your waist, pull it tight.
Play the game of the SCA.

(Tobias McKensie)



Son of a Tuchux Man (Tobais McKensie)
--to "Son of a Preacher Man"

Uthy Ray was a Tuchux son
And when the eastern army would march
He'd come along.
When they gathered and started swinging,
That's when Uthy would start me running.
Although thê back wood we'd go running
Then he'd look into my eyes
Lord knows to my suprise,

Chorus:
The only one who could ever reach me,
Was the son of a Tuchux man.
The only one who could ever hit me,
Was the son of a Tuchux man.
Yes he was, he was, mm, he was.

Being good isn't always easy.
No matter how hard I tried.
When he started swinging at me
He had come with the astern army that night
He had partied like a Tuchux through the night
how he still swung at every thing in sight.

Chorus

How well I remember that look in his eyes
Swinging at me all dang day
Taking time to hit min right
Screaming at me all right
Swing at each other knowing
Looking to see how much we've thrown.

Chorus



The Reluctant Queen (Kantor Erzsebet & Lady Floriana)
--to "Yesterday"

Yesterday,
All my troubles seemed so far away
Then he won the crown that fateful day,
Oh how I long for yesterday.

Why he had to win,
I don't know, he wouldn't say.
He hit someone hard.....
Now I long for yesterday.

Suddenly, Peers are grabbing onto me,
They're all yelling for Her Majesty.
Oh, Crown Tourney,
Why was it me?

Yesterday,
All my troubles seemed so far away,
Now I'm Queen and they are here to stay
Oh, how I wish for yesterday.....



"On Top of Old Sternfeld" (Kantor Erzsebet & Tobias McKensie)
--to "On Top of Spaghetti"

On top of old Sternfeld,
All covered with blood,
They all died mysteriously
In dark Pennsic mud.

The Baron is missing,
The Senechal dead,
The Mistress of Science
Got shot in the head.

The Mistress of Arts
Has gone missing, too.
Somone has implied she
Was cooked in the stew.

The Herald and Marshalls
Were found by the Queen
Within the old bath house
All hidden in steam.

I heard the Chirurgeon
Has caught Pennsic Flue
And now he is turning
A very bright blue.

Oh look, there's the Baroness
Right in the front yard,
Someone's gone and nailed her
On cross avant garde.

From under a pile
Of Star's new and old,
The kindly old Chronicler
Eventually was pulled.

And then there's the Exchequer
Who held all the money.
Found under a black bear
Licking off all the honey.

Tobias McKenzie,
He has been quite safe,
His good Lady Wife has
A honking big mace!



"The Last Fighter" (Tobias McKensie)

There goes the last fighter.
Who plays what he wants to play.
Who fights when he wants to fight.
There goes your freedom of choice.
There goes the last hockey glove.
There goes the last fighter.

Well you can't turn him into a chivalry man.
You can't turn him into a squire.
And the Knight's just don't understand, anymore.

The brass hats don't like him fighting in Crown,
And he wont play how they say.
And he don't want to change,
What don't need changed

Some folks say they're gonna hit him so hard,
'Cause you can't do what he did .
There's some thing you just can't
Wear in the list fields.

As we celebrate authenticity,
All the knight laurels want to see
How much you can pay for
Armour that was all carpet once.

Well he got him a barony in Meridies.
Sometimes I'll go down there
And I'll bust a move and remember
How it was, back then.



Glaives (Tobias McKensie)
--to "Cars"

Here with my glaive
I feel safest of all
I can stand behind shields
It's the only way to fight
With glaives

Here with my glaive
I can hit every one
I can reach out to you
I can stand with shields for days
With glaives

Here with my glaive
When the shield wall breaks down
I think I will run away
With glaive

Alone with my glaive
I know I'm starting to think
About running away
As I stand alone
With glaives



Leader of the Horde (Tobias McKensie)
--to "Leader of the Pack"

Is she really going out with him?
Well there she is, let's ask her.
Helga, is that Uthy's shield you're carrying?
Mm-hmm.
Gee it must be great fighting with him.
Is he picking you up for the battle today?
Uh-uh.
By the way, where'd you meet him?

I met him at the swimming hole,
He turned around and smiled at me.
You get the picture?
(Yes, we see)
That's when I fell for The Leader of the Horde.

My Peers were always putting him down
(Down, down)
They said he came from the wrong side of camp.
(Whatcha mean when ya say that he came from the wrong side of camp?)
They told me he was bad,
But I know he was sad,
That's why I fell for The Leader of the Horde.

One day my knight said, "Find someone new."
I had to tell my Uthy we're through.
(Whatcha mean when ya say that ya better go find someone new?)
He stood there and asked me why?
But all I could do was cry,
I'm sorry I hurt you The Leader of the Horde.

He sort of smiled and walked to field.
The shields were beginning to go.
As he walked to that muddy field,
I begged him to carry his shield.
But whether he heard, I'll never know.

Look out! Look out! Look out! Look out!

I felt so helpless, What could I do?
Remembering all the things we'd been through.
On the field I stop and stare
When lightning strikes, well I won't care,
I'll never forget him, The Leader of the Horde.

The Leader of the Horde, well now he's gone.

Palimar (Tune of Running Bear)

On one bank of the river,
Stood Palimar, old Midrealm Duke.
On the other side of the river,
Stood an Eastern fighter with a glaive.
Poor Eastern fighter with a glaive,
Such an onry sight to see,
On the bridge they faced each other
With glaives that reached the sky.

Chorus:

Palimar, poor Eastern fighter,
With a glaive that touched the sky.
Palimar, poor Eastern fighter,
With a glaive that touched the sky.

He couldn't swim that raging river
'Cause the river was too wide
He couldn't reach the the poor Eastern fighter
Across the bridge he could see her
throwing javelins across the waves
Her little heart was beating faster
Waiting there behind a shield

Chorus

Palimar charged into battle
Poor Eastern fighter did the same
And they charged out to each other
Through the fighting mass they came
As they met through the sheildwall
The raging mass of fighters
Now they swing at each other
On the bridge at Pennsic War

Chorus

(Tobias McKensie)



Swing Low, Sweet Bastard Sword (Kantor Erzsebet)
--to "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

Chorus:

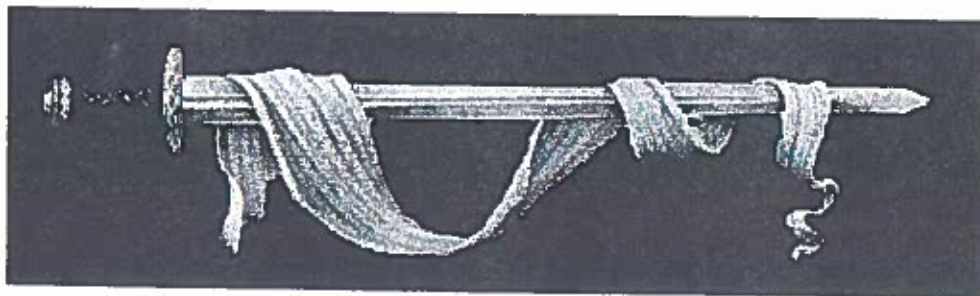
Swing low, sweet bastard sword,
Comin' for to win me the War.
Swing low, sweet bastard sword,
Comin' for to win me the War.

Well, I looked over Pennsic and what did I see?
Comin' for to win me the War.
A band of Easterners a-comin' after me.
Comin' for to win me the War.

Chorus

If you get to that shield wall first
Comin' for to win me the War.
Just save some foes for my old sword's thirst
Comin' for to win me the War.

Chorus





Alimar (Tobias McKensie)

--to "Dream Police"

Palimar, he lives inside of the list.
Palimar, he's coming to hit me in my head.
Palimar, he's coming to hit me, oh no!

You know that talk is cheap
When you're facing him.
And when I hit the list I don't think
I'll survive the night, the night.

'Cause he's waiting for me,
He's looking for me.
Every single fight, he's driving me insane
That right, upside my brain.

Palimar, he's inside of my list.
(He's inside of my list.)
Pamimar, he's come to hit my head.
(He's come to hit my head.)
Palimar, he's coming to swing at me, oh no!

Well, I cant swing high,
'Cause he's waiting for me.
Every single swing, he's driving me insane.
That right, up side my brain.

I try to swing,
It's swatted away.
He won't let me alone.
He hits on me, I try to hide.
He won't let me alone.
He flourentines, hits my shield and all alone

Palimar, he lives inside of the list.
Palimar, he's coming to hit me in my head.
Palimar, he's coming to hit me, oh no!



The Von Mettens (Kantor Erzsebet)
--to "The Flinstones"

Von Mettens, meet the Von Mettens,
They're a modern Midrealm family.
From the, Barony of Sternfeld,
They're a page right out of history.
Let's shop, with our Opa at the war,
Let's drink at the wedding days galore.
When you're, with the Von Mettens,
Have a friendly, happy family time,
A Husband finding time,
You'll have a gay olde time!



"The Squire" (Kantor Erzsebet)
--to "Greenland"

Oh, the day was hot,
And the lists were long,
And the King was passing on his crown.
Oh, the knight he swung,
And my darling squire died.
No more, no more battles for him that day,
No more, no more battles for him.

'Twas in nineteen hundred and ninety-one, in A.S. twenty six.
Oh, a gallant king was crowned that day,
And the men had come to play, my lords,
The men had come to play.

The Herald called my squire forth
To fight upon the field.
My squire knelt and kissed my hand,
"For you I will not yield," he said,
"For you I will not yield."

My squire strode with sword and shield
To bravely join the fight.
The knight he faced was tall and strong,
And armoured in great might, my lords,
And armoured in great might.

The Marshall strode upon the field
With a pole-arm in his hand.
"Salute your ladies, the gentles, and the King,
Now, gentlemen, lay on," he cried,
"Gentlemen, lay on!"

The Knight, he stood and watched my squire,
And then swung a mighty blow.
It landed square upon my squire's helm
And it laid my squire low, my lords,
It laid my squire low.

The blow, it rang across the field,
It was a fearsome sound.
I watched my squire stagger to his knees,
Then sink upon the ground, my lords,
Then sink upon the ground.

Oh, the helm, it had a dreadful dent,
I was quite shocked to see.
But my squire jumped upon his feet and laughed,
And, "Good, my lord," said he, my lords,
"Good, my lord," said he.

Oh, the day was hot,
And the lists were long,
And the King was passing on his crown.
Oh, the knight he swung,
And my darling squire died.
No more, no more battles for him that day,
No more, no more battles for him.



The
Polica
Inoerbo
Scepnle
Sohnoo



Unofficially not dedicated to Baron Caveron O'dell and Baroness Susan O'dell

Unofficially uninspired by Duke Baron Master Ect ECT ECT MoonWulf

Some of these songs (I use the term loosely) were written late at night and usually in a laundry mat as we watched the dryers go round and round. Needless to say our brains were on spin cycle! Others were written after meetings in fast food restaurants (those that wouldn't chase us out that is). It is amazing what happens when what they call food meets your tired brain. It is not a pleasant sight. Some of these songs are quasi based on real events. (Meridians with javelins and Wild Wild archers, All the songs about Corwyn, and Mister happy mace). Others are combinations of the spin cycle and greasy hamburgers.

We are looking for a few good (again I use the term loosely) songs for our next, try tentatively titled Night of the Unofficial Underground Sternfeld Songbook. Get them to the Chronicler in Sternfeld. By the way we would like the words to if I only had a glaive and to Santa Viking. I know members of the Barony of Sternfeld have them but they are not talking to us. (some run and hide and a few, like House Dorment, we are afraid to talk to)

None of the staff is ever going to win an award for their musical ability so no chords are provided but the tunes to the music are if you wish to add them.

The Unofficial Editor



If I had a Great Sword

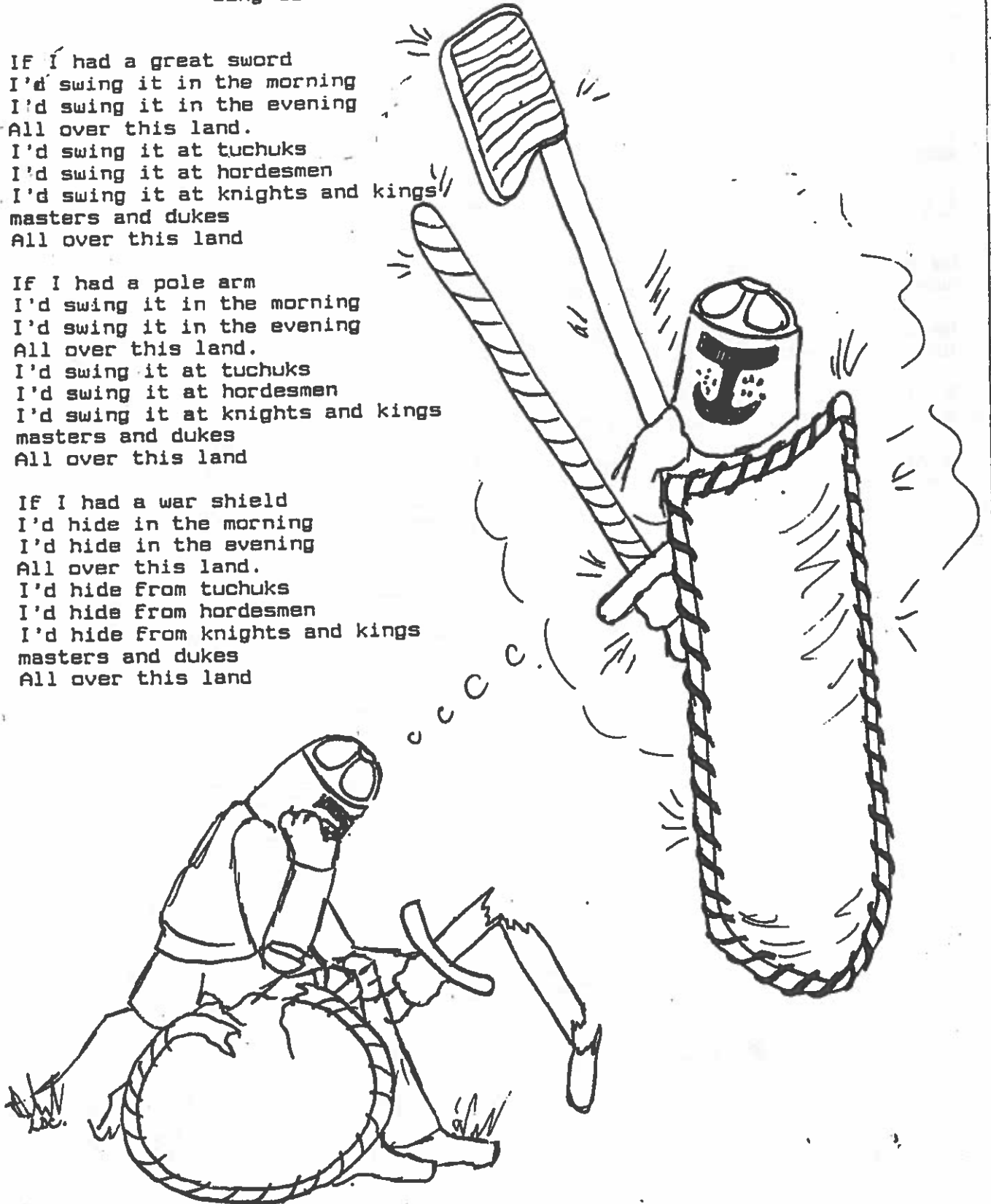
by Lord Tobius McKensie, Lord Ahmead, and Corinne Laurent

Sung to the tune of IF I had A Hammer

IF I had a great sword
I'd swing it in the morning
I'd swing it in the evening
All over this land.
I'd swing it at tuchuks
I'd swing it at hordesmen
I'd swing it at knights and kings
masters and dukes
All over this land

If I had a pole arm
I'd swing it in the morning
I'd swing it in the evening
All over this land.
I'd swing it at tuchuks
I'd swing it at hordesmen
I'd swing it at knights and kings
masters and dukes
All over this land

If I had a war shield
I'd hide in the morning
I'd hide in the evening
All over this land.
I'd hide from tuchuks
I'd hide from hordesmen
I'd hide from knights and kings
masters and dukes
All over this land



Mister Happy Mace

by Lord Tobius McKensie and Corinne Laurent

I'm bringing home mister happy mace
Won't Lord Robert be so proud of me

I'm bringing home mister happy mace
Oh! a Tuchuk

I'm killing him with mister happy mace
Won't Lord Robert be so proud of me

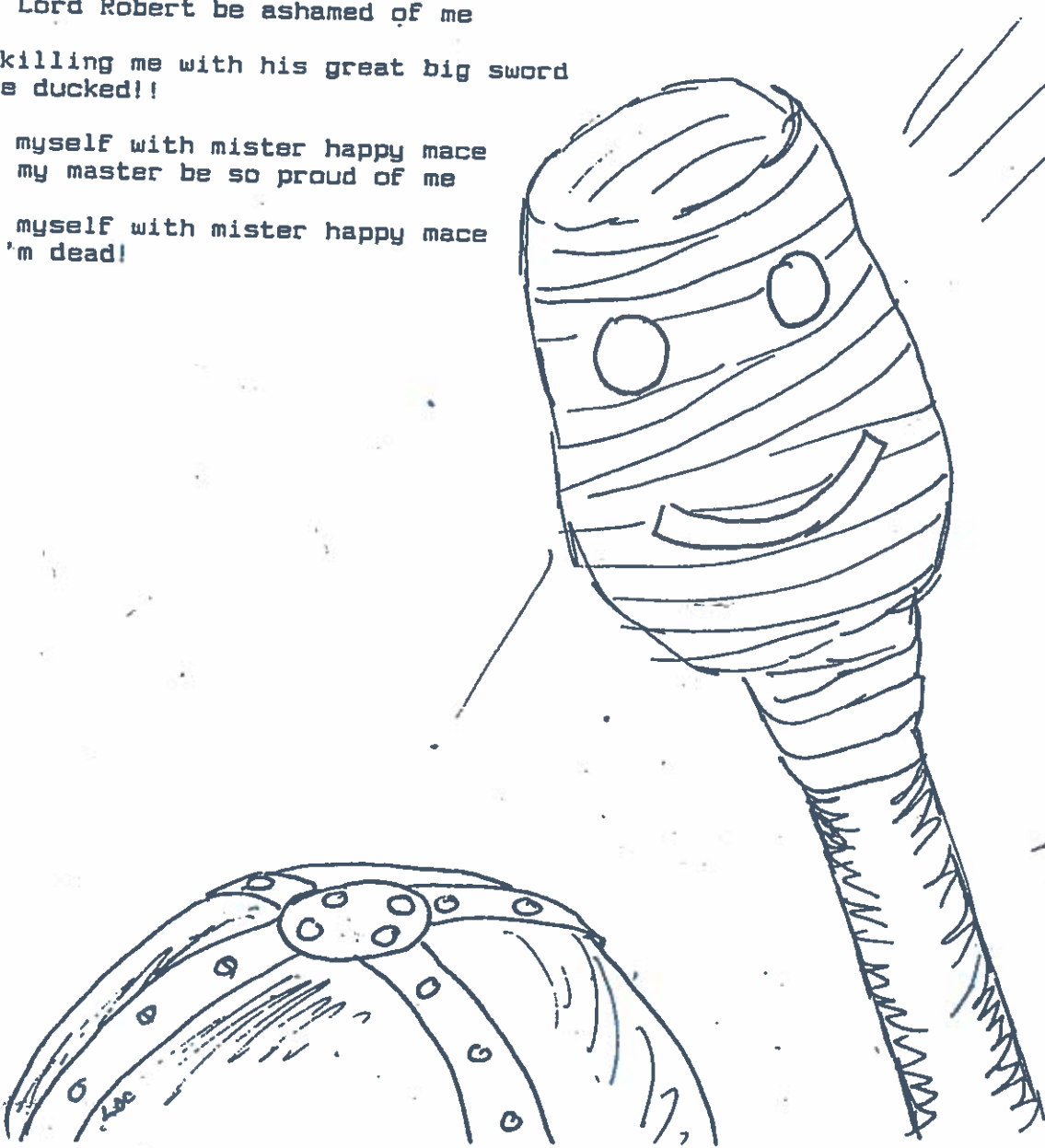
I'm killing him with mister happy mace
Oh! an Eastern knight!

He's killing me with his great big sword
Won't Lord Robert be ashamed of me

He's killing me with his great big sword
Oh! He ducked!!

I hit myself with mister happy mace
Won't my master be so proud of me

I hit myself with mister happy mace
Oh! I'm dead!



Put Me in Wulf

Jamie Black Rose, Audeline

To the tune of Center Field

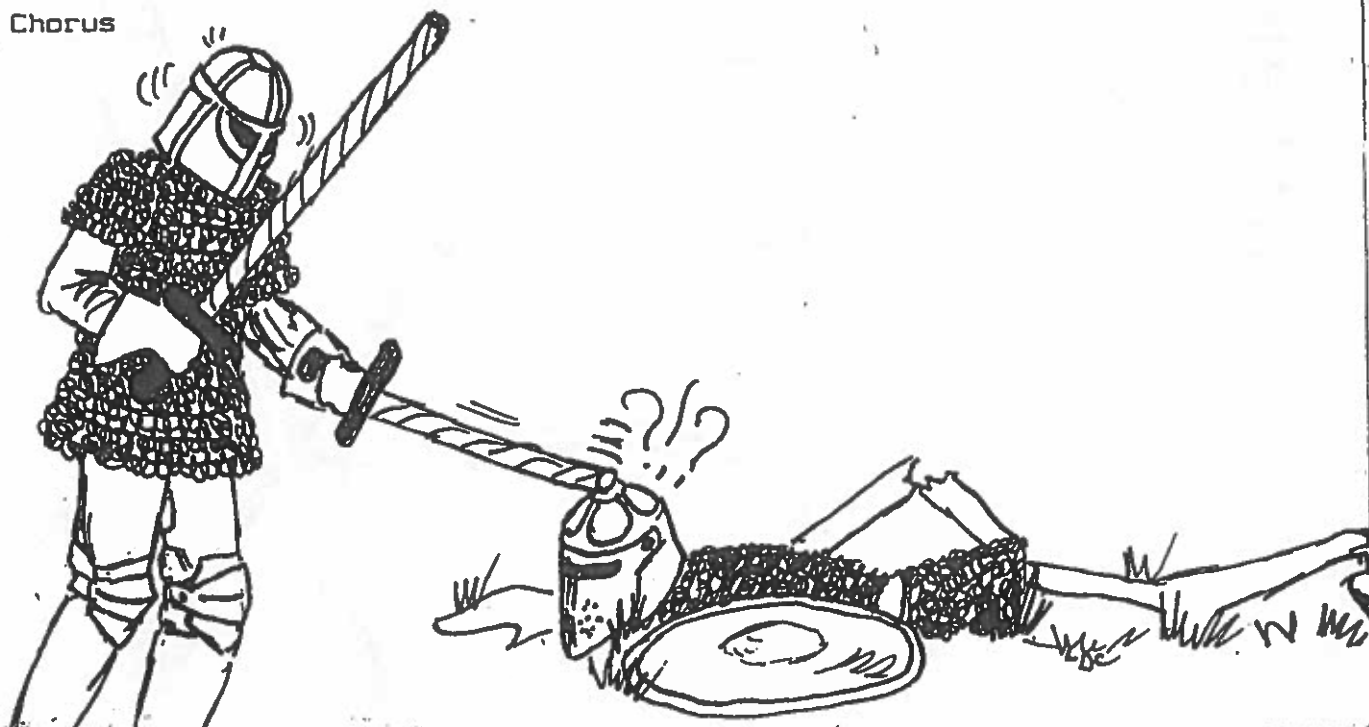
I got my shin guards on
a gambeson
and a brand new shirt of mail
I can put the whole thing on in half a day
I can hold a glaive
and lift a shield
and even take a blow
Now C'mon, Wulf, what more is there to know?

Chorus

Put me in Wulf
I'm ready to play today
Put me in Wulf
I know I can be sword and shield

My first melee
begins today
I'm in a nervous sweat
White belts and brass hats
For as far as I can see
We lift our shield
The charge begins
The world turns upside down
Now say who put the ground
In front of me?

Chorus



Meridines With Javelins and Wild, Wild Archers
To the tune of Cigarettes and Whisky and Wild, Wild Women.
by Lord Tobius McKenssie and Lord Robert de Tyre (OW, Esq.)

Once I was happy and had a big shield
Came from Sternfeld to fight on the field
Across from me but what did I see
A cute little archer was pointing at me

Chorus:

Meridians with javelins and wild, wild archers
they'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane (2x)

Across the field I went with my mace
'Til an arrow hit me square in the face
Across from me but who did I see?
That cute little archer was laughing at me.

Chorus

I fought on the bridge with my great sword
'Til a seven and a half foot glave carved me up like a gourd
Across from me but who did I see?
That same little archer was giggling at me.

Chorus

At the Eagles camp in the fire's light
I saw in front of me such a pretty sight
Across from me but who did I see?
That cute little archer was staring at me.

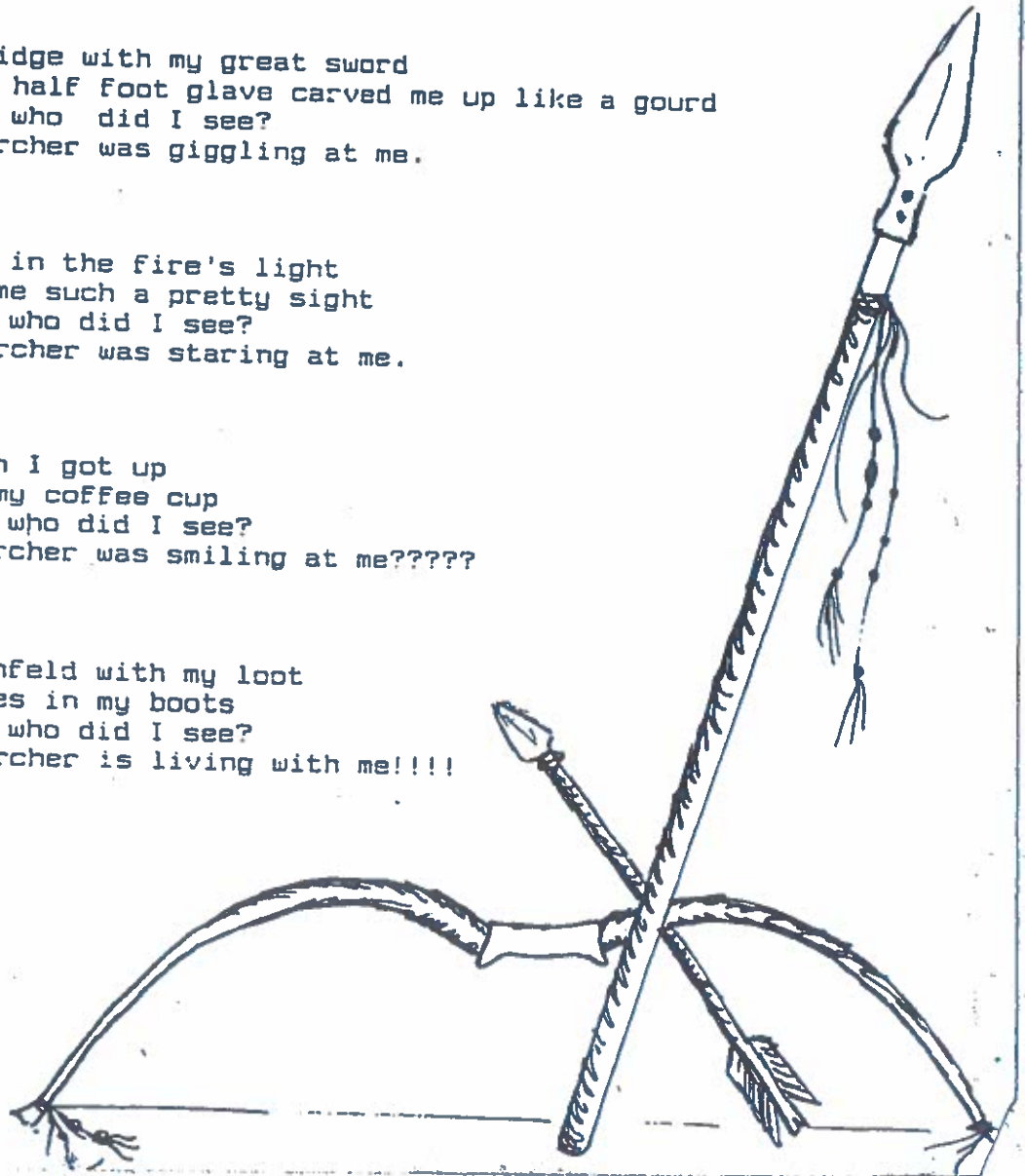
Chorus

In the morning when I got up
Someone handed me my coffee cup
Across from me but who did I see?
That cute little archer was smiling at me?????

Chorus

I returned to Sternfeld with my loot
Wore great big holes in my boots
Across from me but who did I see?
That cute little archer is living with me!!!!

Chorus



Corwyn's Song

Audelinde and Moira

Sung to the tune of Camelot

Just because I got a cloven lemon
Just because I had to carry on
And, just because there followed six or seven
And none were Dawn

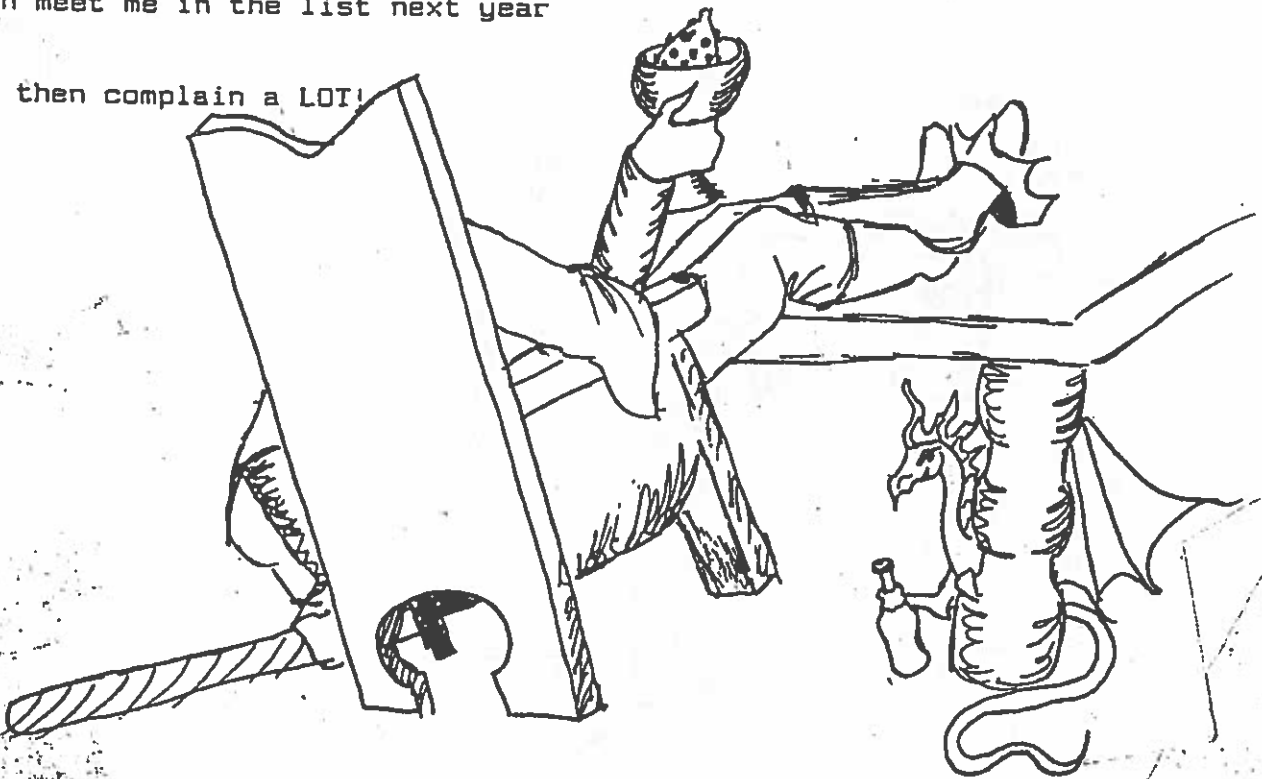
Just because I judged the science contest
Just because I drank raw green mead
The concord wine, the nut brown ale, n'... all the rest.
Ah yes indeed.

Complain a lot
Complain a lot

That's all some people do
But I work a lot
I train a lot
That's why I'm tellin you.

A Viking king has certain obligations
To drink, carouse and party with the best
In short, if you can't take the kind of king I make
Then meet me in the list next year

And then complain a LOT!



Corwyn the Mighty

By Gerard Auf Dunkelmond

To the tune of "George of the Jungle"

Corwyn, corwyn, Corwyn the mighty,
Strongest in the place!

CHARGE!

Watch out for that mace!

WHOOSH!!!

Corwyn, Corwyn, Corwyn the victor,
Put them in their graves.

CHAAARGE!

Watch out for that glaive!

SWOOSH!!!

When it stops being fun,
And he gets in a spot,
He calls Ulrich and Ahmed,
And the eight foot Scot!

and,
When he makes the ladies scream and shout,
The Queen rears back and takes him out.

CRUNCH!!!

Oohh!! Corwyn, Corwyn, Corwyn the king,

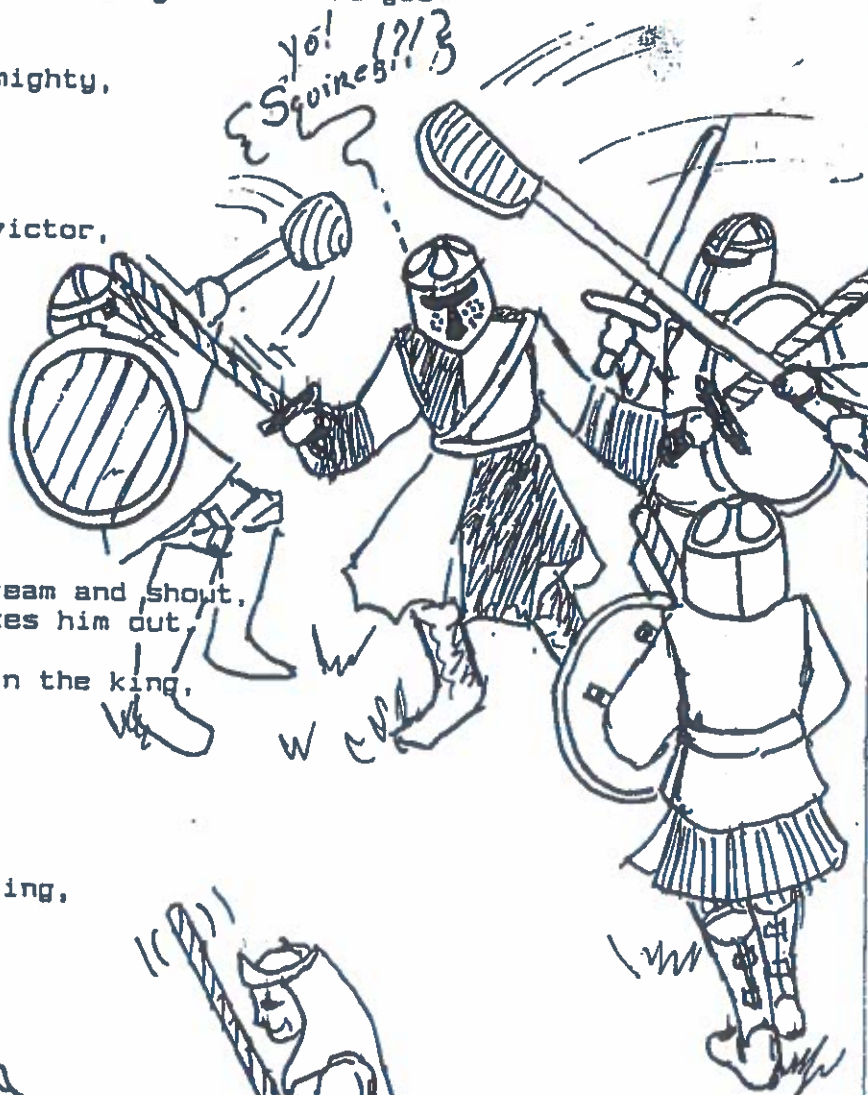
Didn't take any crap!

CHAAAARRRGE!!!!

Watch out that...

CRACK...WRAP!

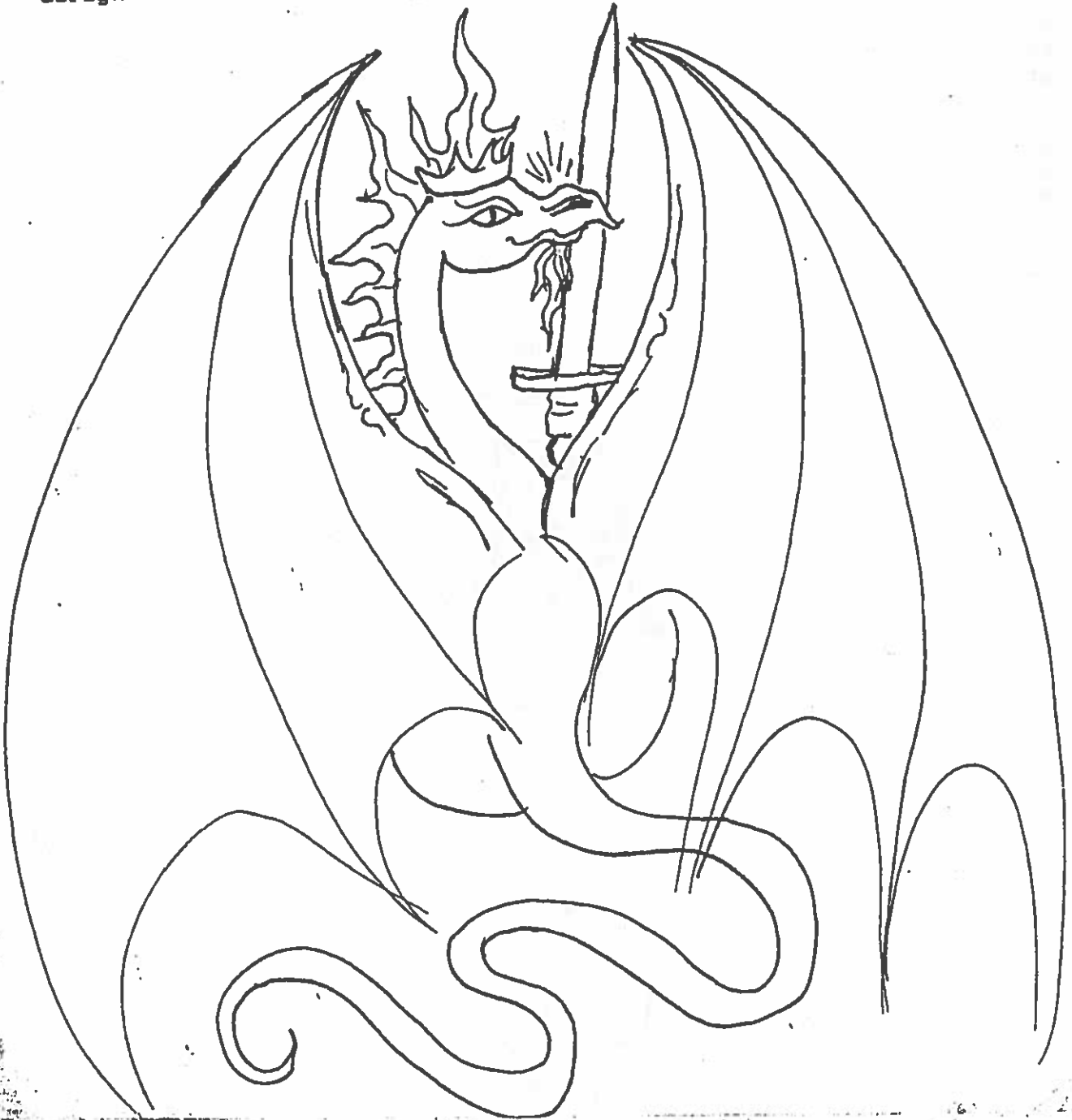
Corwyn, Corwyn, Corwyn our King,
Friend to you and me!!!



Corwyn the Red Nosed Viking

by Jafar, Ariadne, and Ahmead

Corwyn the red nose viking, had a very mighty arm
And if you ever meet him, he will do you lots of harm
All of the other vikings used to laugh and call him names
They never let poor Corwyn play in any kingdom games.
Then one foggy tourney day, Corwyn came to play,
Then with his sword so fast Corwyn kicked some serious ass.
Now all the kingdom loves him as they shouted out with glee.
Corwyn the red nosed viking the happy king for you and me!



The Ka Nig II (knight) Man

Ahmed

Sung to the tune of Candy Man

Who can take a squire
Sprinkle it with sweat
Cover it with armour and stuff that's hot all over.

Chorus

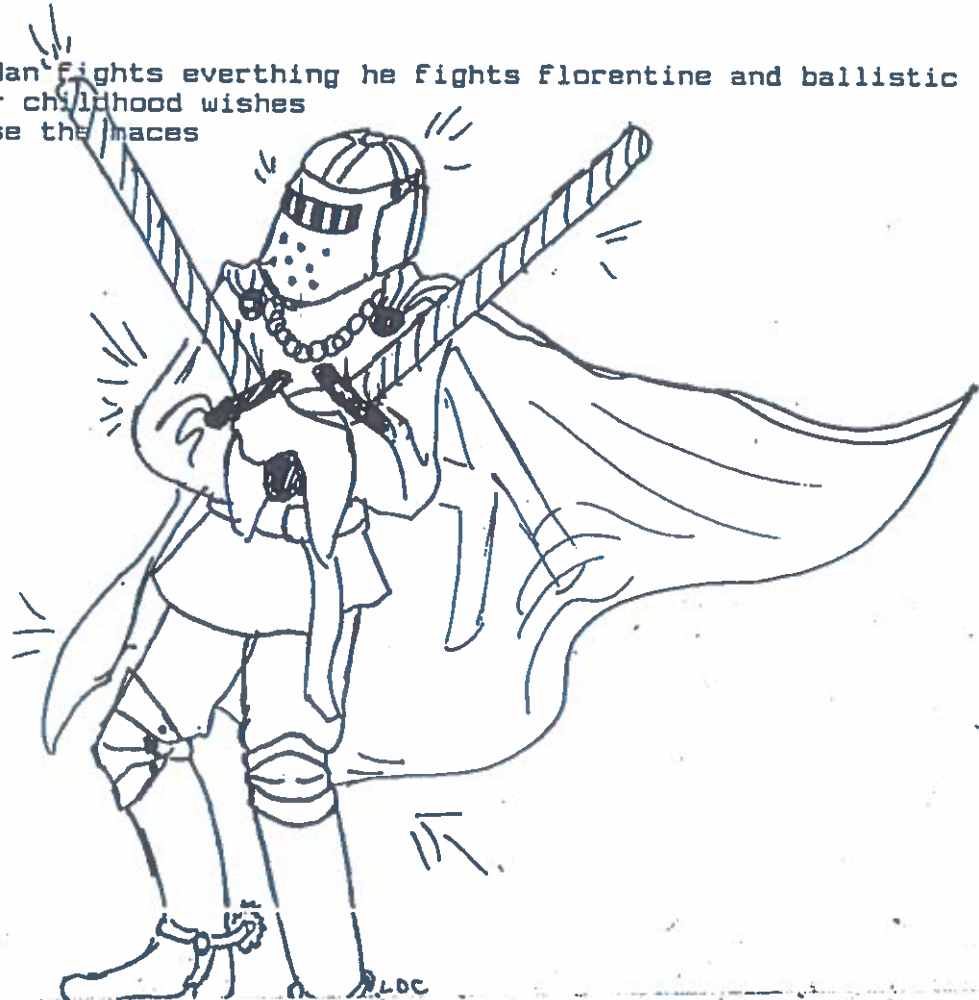
The Ka Nig It Man can ...
Ka Nig it Man can cause he wears a white belt and makes the list look good.

Who can take a fighter
Wrap it in a belt
Soak it in red die and a miracle or two

Chorus

The Ka Nig II Man fights everthing he fights florentine and ballistic
Talk about your childhood wishes
You can even use the maces

Chorus



* ✦ ✦
Night

✦ of
the un-official
Steinfeld Songbook

✦ ✦ ✦

(we only dare do this in the dark)
(or to the chivalry)

Unofficially undedicated to Baron Caveron O'dell and Baroness Susan O'dell.

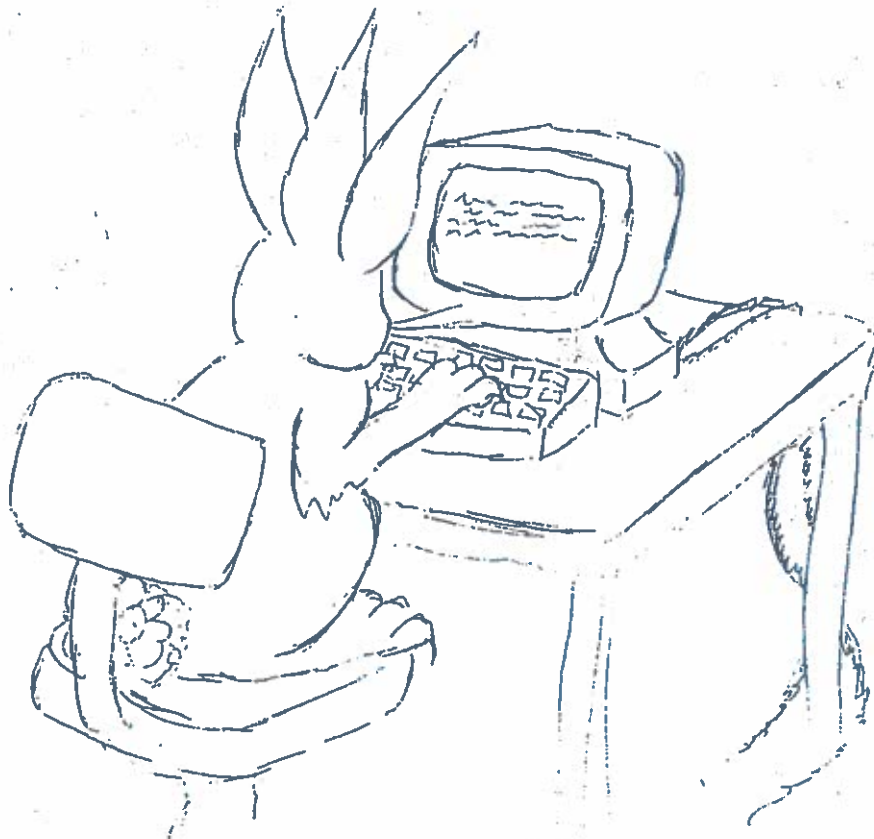
Unofficially uninspired by Duke Baron Masxter Ect., Ect., Ect. Moonwulf.

Some of these songs were written by people who (actually the smart ones) didn't give their names with the songs. The (I use the term loosely) artists wrote these songs in strange places. At least one was written in a smoky dwarven freehold in Sternfeld.

I would like to thank the following people: Cordelia De Barfluer for using her magical scribe to print this, mean Mama Jean Elmore for her Dragon named Cannon personal copier, Hierusalem Chrystoma for collecting songs, Kendra of Darkmoon for art and Duke Moonwulf for not killing us for the first one.

Also we need the words to "If I only had a Glaive (if House Dorment is still speaking to us) and Corwyn's Isle. Yes we need other songs too because we are working on Return of the Unofficial Underground Sternfeld song book!

The unofficial Editor
Head of House Hösenpfeffer
Anonymus Bunny Fluff



I Enjoy Being a Knight

When I have a brand new great sword
And the fighters all tremble in fright,
Then I never mind being forward,
I enjoy being a Knight!

When I'm in a great big melee,
And my team members not in sight,
I still feel I'm in my hayday,
I enjoy being a Knight!

I flip over being in Crown Tourney,
I love having a white belt 'round my waist,
I can't help but feel this awful yearning,
That if I reign again I'll get to be "Your Grace!"

With my squires all surrounding
And their futures so bright to see,
Then I know they must all be saying,
"I enjoy being a squire" having a Knight like me!



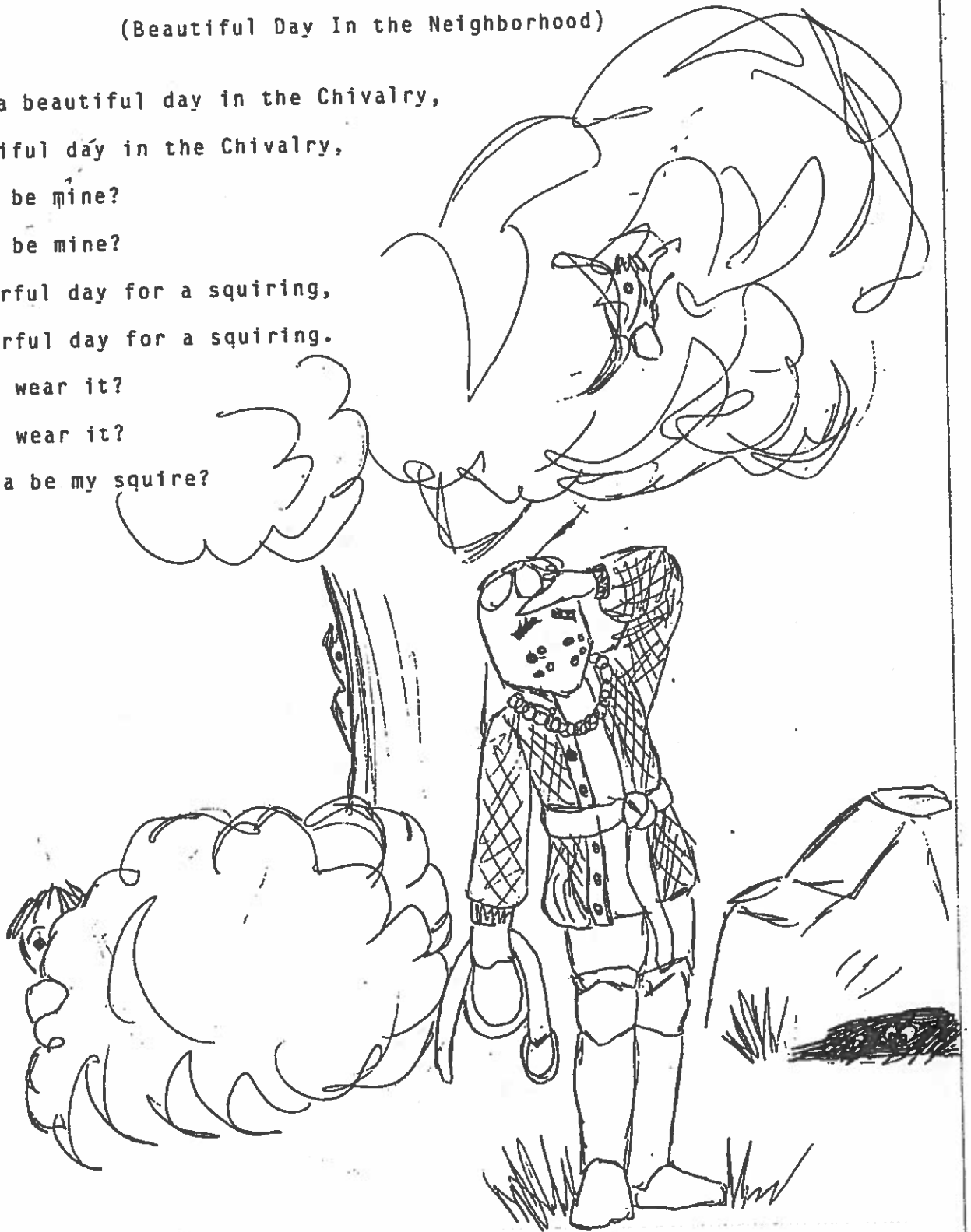
Squire Made for You
by Ahmed
(Bycicle Made for Two)

Master, Master, give me your answer do.
I'm half crazy, all for a belt from you.
It won't be a stylish statement.
I can't afford a white belt.
But I'll look sweet in a red baldric,
As a squire built for you.



Beautiful Day In the Chivalry
(Beautiful Day In the Neighborhood)

Oh its a beautiful day in the Chivalry,
A beautiful day in the Chivalry,
Wouldja be mine?
Couldja be mine?
A wonderful day for a squiring,
A wonderful day for a squiring.
Wouldja wear it?
Couldja wear it?
Won't ya be my squire?

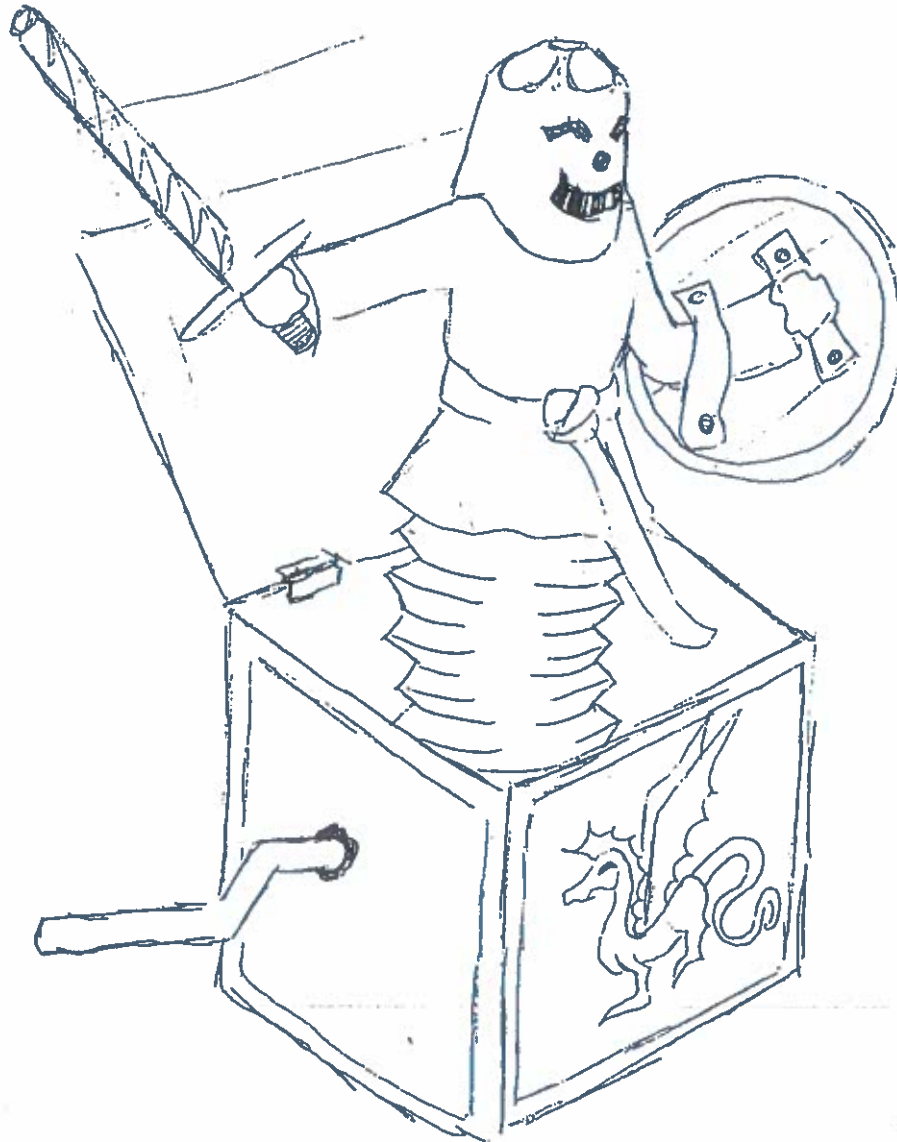


Pop! Goes a Squire
(Pop! Goes the Weasel)

I'm all alone out guarding the flank,
Way out where Corwyn put me.
Here comes the Eastern Kinghts,
Pop! Goes a Squire.

Here I am making the rounds,
Of all the Pennsic parties,
"Cause if my Master don't make it back,
Pop! Goes a Squire.

I've made it to the final round,
This has been my best tourney.
I brought my sword up to salute....
Pop! Goes a Squire...



Squires of Calontir

by Landy "odd" Lynn Von Metton
(Ghost Riders in the Sky)

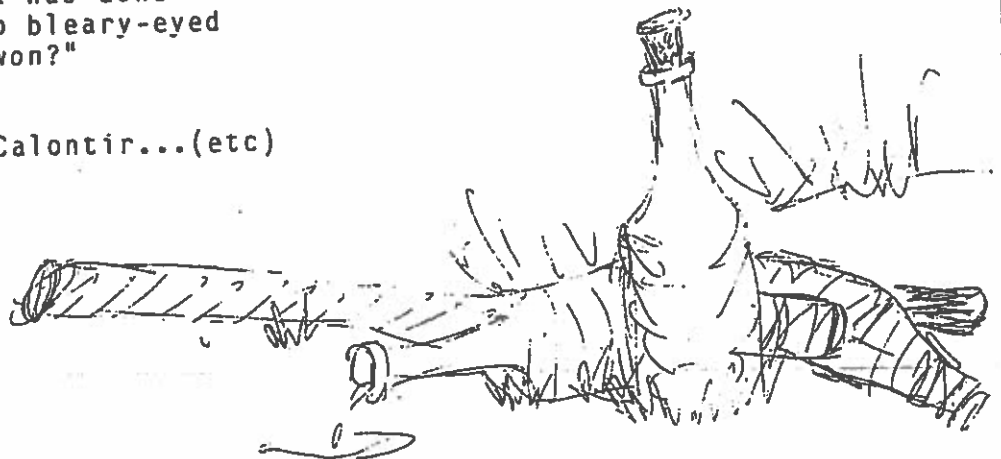
The Squires out of Calontir
Thought they had seen it all,
But Corwin was the king that year
And out to have a ball.
The War is like Valhalla,
Or so the Stories tell,
But for the squires of Calontir
It was very nearly Hell.

They opened every bottle
And they sampled every drop
Til one squire to his brother said
"This thing has gotta stop!
Don't be downhearted, brother,
And keep your courage up.
I'll Go and find some Valium
To slip into his cup."

The squires out of Calontir
Are such a valiant troop.
They drink and dance with gusto,
This noble, fearless group.
They fight like sixty demons
With Corwin in the lead
For if they fail, he'll make them drink
That nasty Raw Green Mead.

They waded into battle,
Though every head was sore.
They hewed the foe like cordwood
And then they cried for more.
As Corwin led them homeward
Once their good work was done
One squire looked up bleary-eyed
"Your Majesty, who won?"

(softly)
The squires out of Calontir...(etc)



This Sword Is My Sword
(This Land Is Your Land)

This sword is my sword.
It sure ain't your sword.
If you don't bug off,
I'll take your head off.
I'll chop your shield up,
And bite your legs off.
This sword was made for me alone.





Twelve Days of Pensic
by Corinne
(Twelve Days of Christmas)



On the first day of Pensic the chiurgen gave to me,
Sun block #15

On the second day of Pensic the chiurgen gave to me,
Two aspirin and sun block #15

On the third day of Pensic the chiurgen gave to me,
Three band aids, two aspirin and sun block #15



On the fourth day of Pensic the chiurgen gave to me,
Four water barriers, three band aids, two aspirin and sun block #15

CARRERS

On the fifth day of Pensic the chiurgen gave to me,
Five wooden splints, four water barriers, three band aids, two
aspirin and sun block #15

BEARERS



On the sixth day of Pensic the chiurgen gave to me,
Six cold rags, five wooden splints, four water barriers, three band
aids, two aspirin and sun block #15

CAKERS

On the seventh day of Pensic the chiurgen gave to me,
Seven ice packs, six cold rags, five wooden splints, four water
barriers, three band aids, two aspirin and sun block #15

CAKERS



On the eighth day of Pensic the chiurgen gave to me,
Eight Alka selza, seven ice packs, six cold rags, five wooden
splints, four water barriers, three band aids, two aspirin and sun
block #15

CAKERS



On the ninth day of Pensic the chiurgen gave to me,
Nine Pepto Bismal, eight Alka selza, seven ice packs, six cold
rags, five wooden splints, four water barriers, three band aids,
two aspirin and sun block #15

CAKERS



On the tenth day of Pensic the chiurgen gave to me,
Ten gauze pads, nine Pepto Bismal, eight Alka selza, seven ice
packs, six cold rags, five wooden splints, four water barriers,
three band aids, two aspirin and sun block #15

CAKERS

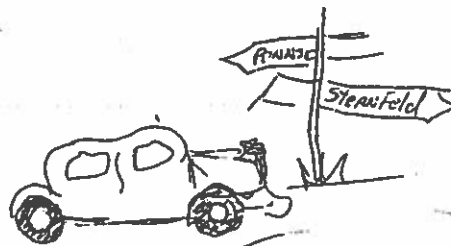


On the eleventh day of Pensic the chiurgen gave to me,
Eleven cans of Off, ten gauze pads, nine Pepto Bismal, eight Alka
selza, seven ice packs, six cold rags, five wooden splints, four
water barriers, three band aids, two aspirin and sun block #15

CAKERS



On the twelfth day of Pensic the chiurgen said to me,
Go Home.



Amazing Herald

by Corinne
(Amazing Grace)

Amazing Herald how sweet the sound,
That saved a device like mine.
It once was lost, but now it's found,
That twit is gone for good.

For many years and decades ,
I've waited to see my device.
But, now you've came and no longer must I wait,
For my device to pass.



Sixteen Men

by Rask and Tobius
(Sixteen Tons)

I was born one morn when the sun didn't shine.
Picked up my sword and I walked to the line.
Killed 16 of the Eastern Foe and the line Sergent Said,
Here comes 16 more.

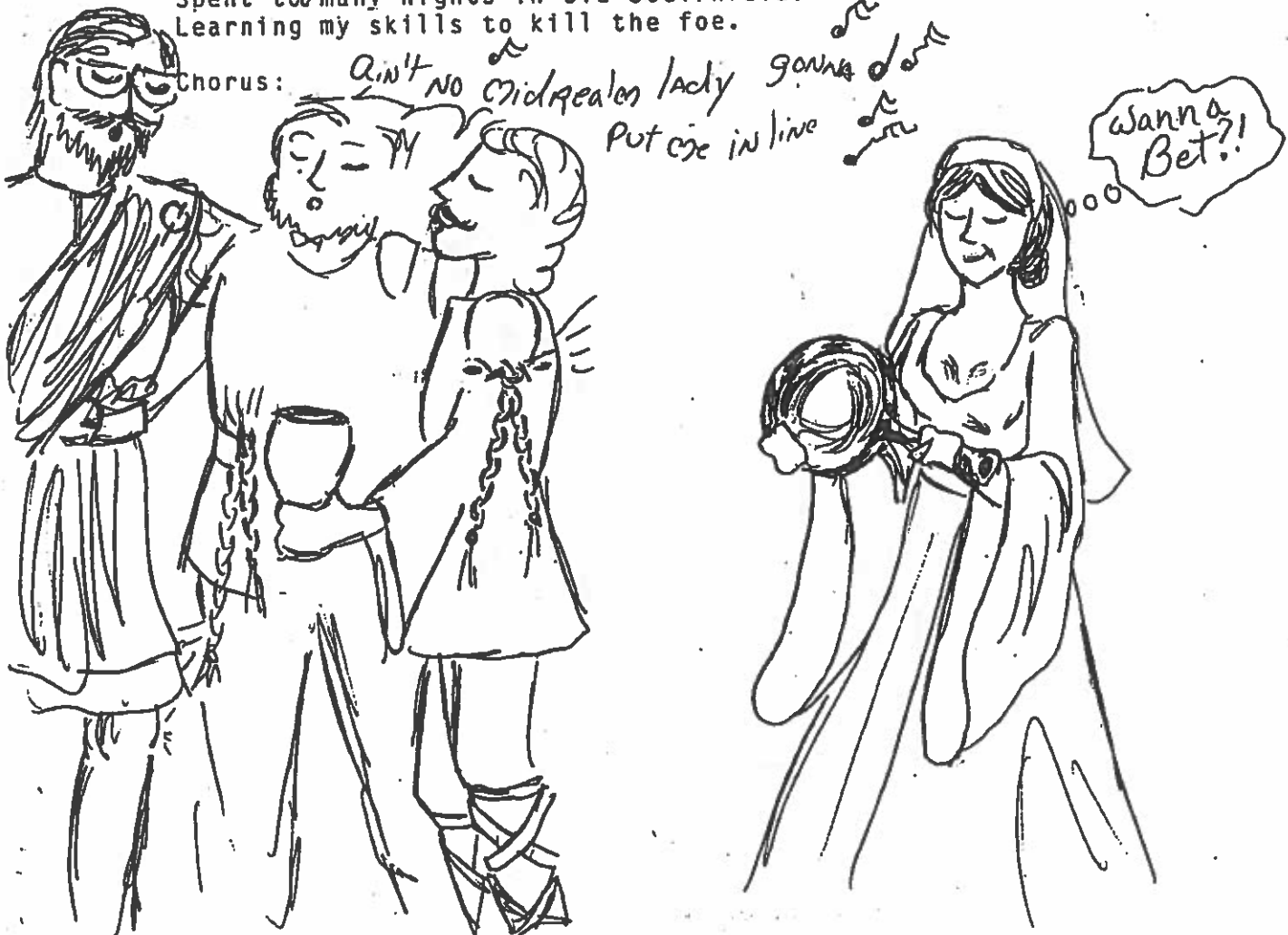
Chorus: You kill sixteen fighters and what do you get?
Another line deeper and they just won't quit!
Free militia don't ya call me cose I can't Go!
I owe my soul to the Ranger corps.

If you see rangers coming you'd better step aside.
A lot of Easterns didn't and a lot of them died.
One fist has a sword, the other an axe.
If the right ones light the left one kills.

Chorus:

I was raised as a Ranger by an old grungy Master.
A'nt no midreal lady gonna put me in a line.
Spent too many nights in old Steirnfeld.
Learning my skills to kill the foe.

Chorus: Ain't no Midreal lady gonna
put me in line



When Robert comes marching home

By Ahmead

(When Johnny comes marching home)

When Robert comes marching home again Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll give him a mace and shield and then Hurrah! Hurrah!

The East will quake, the horde will run and the tuchuk will have no fun,

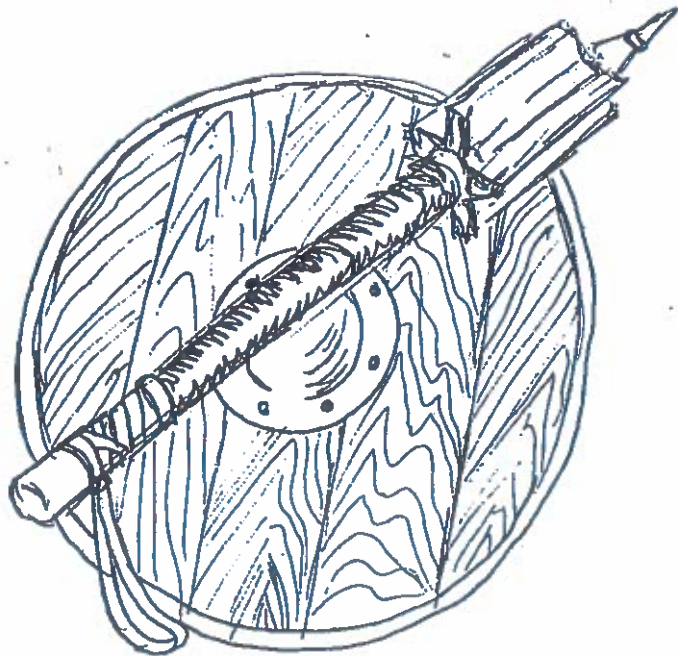
We all feel brave when Robert comes marching home!

The old gard will scream in fear Hurrah! Hurrah!

The populace is up in arms Hurrah! Hurrah!

The populace is up in arms 'cause Robert found fire arms.

We'll all feel brave when Robert comes marching home!



Old Man Ahmed

(Old Man River)

By Lordy Lordy Gerard Auf Dunklemond
and Lady "odd" Lynn Von Metton

Old man Ahmed
That old man Ahmed,
He don't fight Florentine,
He don't fight glaive,
He don't fight nothin',
He don't fight nothin' at all.

You and me,
We sweat and strain,
Bodies achin',
And wracked with pain.
Tote that spear,
Lift that shield.
Take that blow,
And you must yield.

But old man Ahmed,
He don't fight nothin',
He just keeps flirtin',
He just keeps skirtin',
He just keeps chasin',
He just keeps around!

Chasin'



The Ballad of Corwyn Dragonstar

(Clementine)

Up at Pennsic, up at Pennsic,
Up at Pennsic feeling fine,
Till I met with Master Corwyn
And we drank a ton of wine.

Chorus: Master Corwyn, Master Corwyn
Master Corwyn is the one,
Training squires is his hobby,
But his main job's having fun.

Normal fighter, normal fighter,
Normal fighter was my game,
But I took Corwyn's red belt,
And I've never been the same.

Chorus:

Couldn't see straight, couldn't swing straight,
couldn't fight straight, not at all.
But there was Corwyn in the wood's fight,
Laughing, fighting... he had a ball.

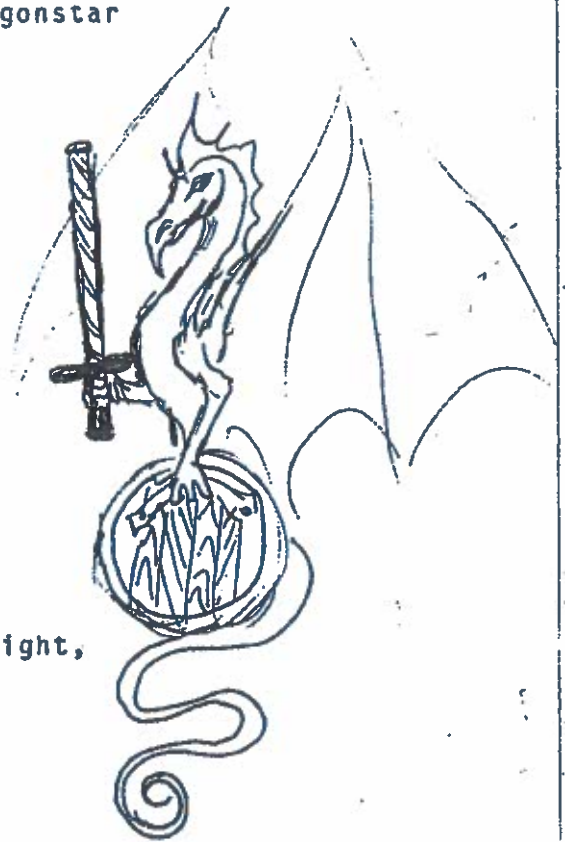
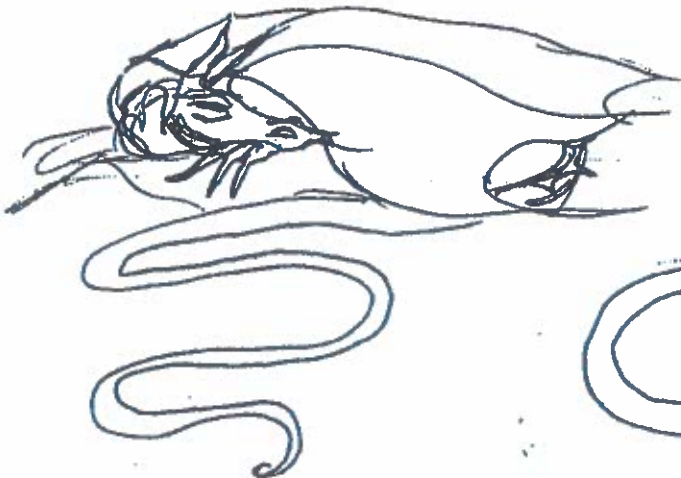
Chorus:

Social drinker, social drinker
Social drinker was my game.
But I went with Corwyn partying,
and I've never been the same.

Chorus:

Woke up groggy, woke up aching,
Woke up woozy, woke up sick.
But we couldn't wake up Corwyn,
Who was sleeping like a brick.

Chorus:



Corwyn's Isle

Just sit right back and we'll sing a song
about a mighty viking Prince,
who set sail from his northern fjord
aboard his dragonship.
The Prince was a mighty fighting man,
his Norsemen brave and bold,
new lands they would make theirs that day
and create a viking hold...
Create a viking hold.

The battle started getting rough,
Many fighting men were killed.
If not for the courage of the fearless Prince,
~~the vikings would be stilled:..~~
The vikings would be stilled:..

The battle won, the Norsemen settled
on the little Saxon isle
with Corwyn, and Shana too,
the Dwarvish squire, and the Scot.
The Saracen, the Crusader, and
the Baron all here on Corwyn's isle.

Now this is the tale of our viking crew,
they'll be here till they're old and gray.
They'll have to make the best of it,
if they want to stay...
The viking Prince and his faithful crew
will live a life that's free.
It'll be a weeklong party
when they return from sea.
More gold, more women, and plenty to drink,
it's a life of luxury.
Like their forefathers before them,
it's viking as it should be.
So join us here each night my friends,
you're sure to get a smile,
from this motley crew of vikings
here on Corwyn's isle...

(tune: Gilligan's Isle)

3-25-88

