

## Carol of the Pursuivants

words by Cináed Ulric, Amhranai tan Briongloid mka Jonathan-Jetski Thorn  
(can be sung to the tune of Carol of the Bells)

Hark, how heralds all seem to say  
With a loud voice, “oooo-yez!”  
“Come gather here; court is now near.  
All please arise, as crowns go by.  
Majesties call, in their presence:  
Knights, Pelicans, Laur’ls, Baronets.”

One seems to hear a voice lead a cheer.  
From everywhere ‘Fuzzahs’ fill the air.  
See how the read with furrowed brow;  
Won’dring what tongue will come up now?

Bright manuscripts, read from their lips,  
Give rewards from Kingdom’s hoard:  
AOA, grant, or a peerage,  
AOA, grant, or a peerage.

It seems like sing-song, as scrolls go along,  
Awards they’ll report in too long a court...

(repeat from beginning and then)

Oi...oi...oy-yeeeeeeeeez  
Hooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooold!