

The Drip Song aka The Ballad of Lilies

(or insert whatever war you want.)

words by Cínáed Ulric, Amhranai tan Brionglóid mka Jonathan-Jetski Thorn
can be sung to the tune of "The Pict Song"
words by Rudyard Kipling, music by Leslie Fish

Rain never looks where it treads,
Always its heavy drops fall,
On pavilions, our fires, and beds,
And rain never heeds when we bawl.

Serif clouds pass, that is all,
But they gather in thunderous storms,
And plot to come down like a wall,
In threatening cone like forms.

We are the SCA, we.
Too strong to give in or complain,
Blown down our tents and you'll see,
How we shall outlast the rain.

Wind is the tear in the seam.
Rain is the rot of the rope.
Lightning's the split of the beam.
The rain is the damp of our hope.

Duct tape patching a hole.
Bungee lashing guide ropes as one.
Duct tape's not holding the pole.
We shout to the rain, "We have won!"

No, indeed we are not dry,
But we know laundry mats that are,
And we drive past the rain very sly,
With all our wet garb in the car.

We shall be drenched just the same.
For when has it not rained before?
But we call out the old ones by name.
Laugh at Zues, Kimbuku, and Thor.

We are the SCA, we.
Our pavilions we shall remake.
Pull them all up and you'll see,
How fast we can re-pound the stakes.