

Rise

Master Hector of the Black Height

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!

Verses:

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.

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.
Rise, rise, rise!...

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.

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 shieldwall, draw the bow-string, we arise.

Hear 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!

Song of the Shieldwall

Lyrics: Malkin Gray

Music: Peregrynne Windrider

Hasten, O sea-steed, over the swan-road,
Foamy-necked ship o'er the froth of the sea!
Hengest has called us from Gotland and Frisia
To Vortigern's country, his army to be.
We'll take our pay there in sweeter than silver,
We'll take our plunder in richer than gold,
For Hengest has promised us land for our fighting,
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold!

Hasten, O fyrds-men, down to the river;
The dragon ships come on the in-flowing tide.
The linden-wood shield and the old spear of ash-wood
Are needed again by the cold waterside.
Draw up the shield-wall, O shoulder-companions;
Later, whenever our story is told,
They'll say that we died guarding what we call dearest,
Land that the sons of the Saxons will hold!

Hasten, O house-carls, north to the Danelaw;
Harald Hardrada's come over the sea!
His longships he's laden with baresarks from Norway
To claim Canute's crown and our master to be.
Bitter he'll find here the bite of our spear-points,
Hard ruling Northmen too strong to die old.
We'll grant him six feet - - plus as much as he's taller - -
Of land that the sons of the Saxons will hold!

Make haste, son of Godwin, southward from Stamford,
Victory's sweet and your men have fought hard,
But William the Bastard has landed at Pevensey,
Burning the land you have promised to guard.
Draw up the spears on the hill-top at Hastings,
Fight till the sun drops and evening grows cold,
And die with the last of your Saxons around you,
Holding the land you were given to hold!

Song of the Seasonal Kings

Lyrics: Master John Inchingham

Music: The Song of the Circle

And anon and anon
Sing the kings of the Midrealm.
“Sovereigns must change
As the Seasons go by.
Each springtime is gladly crowned
Summer’s warlord of glory,
But Autumn crowns, in turn,
Winter’s lord of ale and ice.”

Tw’as long long ago
When the dragon first awakened
To find all his lands
Filled with mortals whom he feared.
The worm laughed his wicked wrath
As his grim curse was spoken,
“Let every Mid-Realm king
Reign but half a year.”

Our present king looks down
From the throne his sword arm won him.
He fought and planned for years -
Now he wonders at the cost.

What fool desires
Such a heavy crown of burdens,
Full-knowing that his reign
Lasts but tilk the Autumn frost?

The dragon thought his spell
Would enslave the Mid-Realm’s people.
How could they not despair
If their lords were doomed to fall?
But years passed, and kings reigned
In unbroken line undaunted.
And now the worm must serve
At the scepter’s beck and call.

Fair Lady Atlantia

Master Efenwealt Wystle

Chorus:

Fair Lady Atlantia, she rides upon the wind
The bravest of warriors, and the poet's friend
Though I've traveled for many days
She never seems so far away
Fair Lady Atlantia, my lady by the sea

Verses:

As I stand upon this mountain, looking out across the sea
Through the mist I see a land that strangely calls to me
I can hear familiar voices, saying "You've been gone too long"
But on the breeze, the sound grows louder, I think I hear a song

The gentle folk they still remember the simple days of years gone past
In Crannag Mor, at Tear Sea's Shore, at home in Elvegast
I long to roam Windmasters' hills, the mountaintops of Sacred Stone
And wander through her boundless woodlands, I long to be back home

Now I stand upon this mountain, looking at the land below
I turn once more and say "Farewell" to those that I have known
For now its time to journey onward, along an endless winding road
But someday I'll return to see the place I call my home

Through the years that I have traveled. So many places I have seen
I close my eyes and I can see the land within my dreams

Stand Brother Stand

Mistress Eleanor Fairchild

Chorus:

Stand brother stand and defend our mother land.
Through the blazing sun of summer, through the mud & rain & sand.
And line after line we'll await our king's command.
For the pride of Ansteorra we will stand.

Verses:

The Land of the lion is the land I call my home,
Where the star on our standard shines for honor truth and right.
And the sons of the south-land have no fear of any foe.
For the pride of Ansteorra we will stand.

The foe are not few and I know them to be strong
And alone, I am one, and I cannot stem the tide.
But I am not alone in the shield wall or the throng
For the pride of Ansteorra we will stand.

Woe be to they who the lion's land betray
And woe be to all who take arms against our king
And down with the foemen, who would slay my chosen kin
For the pride of Ansteorra we will stand.

Oh join with your kin - for the wars will come again
And every sword and spear adds a link into the chain
Add your arm to the army and the star shall rise again,
For the pride of Ansteorra we will stand.

Stand for the weak and the weary and the lame
And stand for the right of the ruler and the realm
And stand at my shoulder and make ready for the fray
And if I should fall, then steady you must stand... (Chorus x2)

Banners of Scarlet

THL Gwendolyn the Graceful

Chorus:

Scarlet, fight for the banners of
Scarlet, fight till the fields, they run
Scarlet with blood from the foe.
Heed to the Drum! To battle we go.

Final Chorus:

Scarlet, follow the banners of
Scarlet, follow the white and the
Scarlet, in peace or in war,
We'll stand with our Kingdom forevermore.
Take pride in your Kingdom forevermore.

Verses:

Our King calls: Fight with him proudly!
Our King calls! Rally your forces:
Our King calls. We'll stand by our Crown;
For Æthelmearc march, do not let him down.

Shieldwall: wide as a mile the
Shieldwall. Shoulder to shoulder the
Shieldwall. The moment is near.
Let loose your war cry; don't show them your fear.

Longbow: Agincourt's prowess, the
Longbow. Nock and draw strongly your
Longbow, then loose and let fly!
Take the first rank before they draw nigh.

Spearpoints! Dress the line. Hold up your
Spearpoints. Lift them up! Steady your
Spearpoints, a gleaming display
To pierce through the shieldwall and into the fray.

Honor comes before victory.
Honor: let no one question your
Honor. Remember, my friend:
'Tis Æthelmearc's honor you bear in the end.

Argent: white the escarbuncle
Argent: knight's belt of fealty and
Argent as blades of bright steel
That shall not be sheathed until the foe yields.

Nightfall. We've fought from dawn until
Nightfall. Sit by the fires of
Nightfall: in drink and in song,
Honor the fallen. Remember them long

Shield My Kinsmen

Mistress Wyndreth Berginsdottir

Shield my kinsmen from their foes
And from the teeth of the wind.
Shield my kinsmen from sorrow and from shame
Until fate brings us shoulder to shoulder
To stand as brothers again.

We are the children of the ice and snow
And of the golden plains and rolling hills.
We are the children of the water, cold and wide,
And cool dark forests--
We are the people
We are the people of our home Northshield.

The winter tries to break us on its anvil made of ice
But our blood beats hot and true as steel.
Not a drop of it is spilled on our pure white snow
But what was bought by rivers
Crimson rivers
Crimson rivers of our foemens' own!

We are the keepers of our future and our past
And the names of our heroes passed and gone
On whose courage, strength and wisdom the Northshield stands--
Teach their stories to your children
To our children
'Til their names are written in our blood and bone.

Now we run behind the Hawk who leads the way to war
For he flies in the fashion that we live--
Like a keen and blooded spear poised at the Dragon's side
We will face our foemen
To fight for the honor
To fight for the honor of our home Northshield.

Shield my kinsmen from their foes and
From the teeth of the wind.
Shield my kinsmen from sorrow and from shame
Until fate brings us shoulder to shoulder
To stand as brothers again.

Sons of the Dragon

Master Garraed Galbraith

In the days of legend and old,
Three Sons did the Dragon first claim.
The Falcon of Calontir bold.
The Wolf that gives Ealdormere fame.
The Gryphon of Northshield the strong.
Each proved well the strength of the Wyrn.
In battle, in deed or in song,
Each grew to full strength in its turn.

*For we are the Sons of the Dragon
What foe could stand fast 'gainst all three
The Falcon flies high. The Wolf prowls below,
And the Gryphon between them roams free.*

Of Calontir legends unveil
The fall of the bird from its nest.
Then the catch of the wind, like a sail,
'Neath the beat of its wing and its breast
To the glove it ne'er will return
Though the hills still echo its cry
For once given the freedom to sing
The Falcon must roam free or die!

*For we are the Sons of the Dragon
Together we ever shall roam
The Falcon that soars. The Wolf at the door.
And the Gryphon that guards fast the home*

Of Ealdormere history will tell
How the Wolf in its lair was chained
And the land into dread silence fell
Until finally it's freedom was gained
To the cage it ne'er would return

Though the hills still echo its cry
For once given the freedom to sing
The White Wolf must roam free or die!

*For we are the Sons of the Dragon
The Falcon flies free in the air
The Wolf wild runs in the woodland
And the Gryphon's grown fast in his lair*

Of Northshield the skalds have decried
The might of the Gryphon at war
As the youngest of brothers he came
But its strength has now come to the fore
To its brothers he has returned
And the hills still echo their cry
For once given the freedom to sing
The Gryphon must roam free or die!

*For we are the Sons of the Dragon
The Falcon flies free in the air
The Wolf wild runs in the woodland
And the Gryphon's grown fast in his lair*

*For we are the Sons of the Dragon
Together we ever shall roam
The Falcon that soar, the Wolf at the door.
And the Gryphon that guards fast the home*

*For We are the Sons of the Dragon
What foe could stand fast 'gainst all three
The Falcon flies high, the Wolf prowls below
And the Gryphon between them roams free.*

Three Words

Mistress Eliane Halevy

Chorus:

There are three words
That bring our hearts to joy in the Northshield.
Bear them well in mind,
Write them deep in your soul.
There are three words:
Ducere, ministrare,
Illuminare.

Verses:

First, the word that speaks of a noble tradition
"Ducere": we guide others on their way.
Duty to our comrades, friends, and family,
Leading Northshield to a greater day.

"Ministrare" tells of our great generosity,
Caring for our kinsmen great and small.
Service in the name of honor is glorious--
Bringing Northshield's glory on us all.

In the darkest night, in the cold of the winter,
Warm the light that shines from our Griffin Thrones.
Of the three great words that I sing in my humble song,
"Illuminare" best describes our home.

Flower of the Desert

Msster Bladwin of Erebor

Chorus:

Oh Flower of the Desert, full well may you boast,
Proud father of kingdoms, from mountain to coast,
The land of the phoenix, your works have been felt.
Oh Flower of the Desert, Atenveldt.

Verses:

One cold winter's evening I stopped at an inn.
I met a bold captain, a leader of men.
He asked me to join him, for he was alone,
And as we sat drinking he spoke of his home.

"When I was a young man, and still in my prime,
My life stretched before me; I'd plenty of time.
But now I'm an old man, and number my days,
And I think of my homeland that seems so far away."

"I've followed the wars now for many a year,
Rolled plenty of wenchies, drunk an ocean of beer,
Lived my life to the fullest as a soldier must do,
But I'd trade it all freely for the Atenveldt blue."

The fire died to embers; he drank steadily on.
When I woke in the morning, the captain was gone.
But I think on his story wherever I bide,
What a beautiful kingdom, to inspire such pride.

Life Blood

Mistress Wyndreth Berginsdottir

Drink, for the wind blows cold and
Drink for The Wolf runs free.
Drink to the ships with the sails like wings and
Drink to the storm-tossed seas.

Drink to the lasting nights
And those who warm our beds.
Drink to the mead that warms our hearts
And the cold that clears our head.

Drink to the Allfather's Eye
For Odin's sons are we.
Drink to the World-Tree where he hung
And the Runes of Mystery.

Drink to the truth of steel
And blood that falls like rain.
Drink to Valhalla's golden walls
And to our kinsmen, slain.

Drink to the Glory-field
Where a man embraces death, and
Thank the gods that we live at all
With our joyous dying breath!

Drink for the wind blows cold and
Drink for the Wolf runs free
Drink to the ships with the sails like wings
For Odin's sons are we!