

All for One

Master Mateo Montero de Madrid

Chorus:

All for one, one for all
March we now upon the foe
Let no king or lowborn armsman
Stand alone in fields below
Let us charge as one together
And together stand or fall
All for one, griffon soldiers
One for all

Let them line up all their archers
We fight better in the shade
Let them line up all their shieldmen
They shall quickly meet the blade
Let their spearmen shake and tremble
Let their infantry know fear
If they stand then they shall fall
Before Northshield

Verses:

Today marks my first battle
Griffon blazoned on my chest
Up the line all of my kinsmen
Beat their gauntlets on their breast
In the air now breaking stillness
Bard song sweeps across the plain
And as one we proudly sing out
Northshield's name

We stand leaning on each other
When the battle hell is done
Not one bright and golden feather
From the griffon fell alone
Any soul who died in battle
Fell with kinsmen at their side
That's an honor we can one day
Share with pride

Now we line up in the shieldwall
Let the foeman charge at will
Let him break on us like seafoam
As our spearmen thrust and kill
Let no warrior of northshield
Fall in battle all alone
For what blood that flows from kinsmen
Is your own

Through the din of bloody battle
Through the raven's husky cry
We can see a kinsman distant
And to he our foes now fly
Do not let those bastards reach him
With the sword or bloodied spear
Fly to his side, blades of Northshield
Show no fear

Be it castle, field or causeway
Be it rain or driving hail
May our steel be our king's talons
May our bodies be his mail
Let our king not be surrounded
Killed or ransomed from the foe
When our king charges, then with him
We must go

Reign for All Time

Master Dolan Madoc

Chorus:

Not of greatest renown,
Nor the first to wear the crowns,
Nor are they the last of our line.
From the day they took the thrones
They made Calontir their own
And in my mind they reign for all time.

Verses:

Long ago the year
When I first saw Calontir,
And from that day did learn to love this land.
Often I'd been told
Of a pair with crowns of gold
And that they our love and fealty did command.

Young as I was then
Seldom court I would attend.
'Twas chance alone that brought me to their hall.
The King stood proud and strong,
The Queen's voice a sweet soft song,
And by their grace was I there enthralled.

Since then Kings both wise and fell
And gracious Queens have ruled us well,
Each adding fame and glory in their time.
As they wear those crowns of gold
I hearken back to days of old
And an image comes unbidden to my mind.

Now as reign follows reign
And new King and Queen we gain,
They heed the good advice of our Peers.
As you rule be aware
Our whole Kingdom sees you there
And for some you may become Calontir!

And in my mind they're King and Queen for all time.

Undefeated

THL Lucia Elena Braganza

Yes we may die but we die with our teeth in their throats
Yes we may die but we die with their blood on our swords
Yes we may die but we die with our name on their lips
Yes we may die and the reaper is near
 and he cuts a great swath and he claims a great tithe but he's ours
 so we stand by his side with no fear and
Yes we may die but we know it and we can die well

Yes we may die but we die with the wind in our eyes
Yes we may die but we die with the drums in our veins
Yes we may die but the war horns still howl and we rise
Yes we may die but we die in our prime
 and old age can not wither our arms or our blades or our pride
 and our legends last long past old men, so
Yes we may die but we know it and we can die well

Yes we may die but mere death is not always defeat
Yes we may die but mere life is not all we can win
Yes we may die but the blood of our line never pales
Yes we may die and leave sweethearts behind,
 but leave sons and leave daughters to take up the sword and revenge,
 and our memories will push them like fire, so
Yes we may die but we know it and we can die well

Yes we may die but we die on our feet, not our knees
Yes we may die but we die in our lines, not our beds
Yes we may die and the doors of Valhalla swing wide
Yes we may die but the short road to glory
 is paved with our blood and the foes' broken swords and it's ours
 and the stars will blaze bright with our deeds, so
Yes we may die but we know it and we can die well
Yes we may die but we know it and we can die well.

Hotspur

Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood

Squire bring my armor. my sword and my destrier.
I've raised an army to break Henry's power.
South from the Humber, we've march to the Severn,
With Douglas of Scotland, to join with Glendower.

Ready your weapons, and don Warlike harness
The King rides to greet us at Shrewsbury town.
He'll pay what he owes me, or fight on the morrow.
The Blue Lion of Percy will bloody the ground.

Hal Prince of Wales has brought forth an army.
To halt us he's planning, he bars not to me.
You ride his father. a king made by Percy.
His host in the thousands. a hard fight will be.

So let loose your clothyards my stout Cheshire yeomen.
The hiss of your bowstring, 'tis soft as a sigh.
Now kings knights you've halted, so up roar the horsemen.
We charge for the center, brave Douglas and I.

Lay low a sergeant. and then slay his master.
Reed through the armor, and hue clear a way.
There by the banner, a king rides before me.
I swear by my honor, 'tis his final day.

But Prince Hal has broken my right wing of battle.
And he's for his father, a whirlin' around.
Now one of his yeomen has sent me an arrow,
The Blue Lion of Percy is pulled to the ground.

(softly)

Squire bring my armor, my sword and my destrier.
I'll live forever to spite Bolingbroke.
Know then of Hotspur who died by the Severn.
And list what was heard when Lord Percy spoke:

Ready your weapons, and don Warlike harness
The king rides to greet us at Shrewsbury town.
He'll pay what he owes me. or fight on the morrow,
The Blue Lion of Percy will bloody the ground.

Roland

Mistress Rosalind Jehanne

The fairest flower of chivalry to bloom in all the land,
The noblest of all the knights of Charlemagne.

Was Roland, Roland, King Charles sister's son,
Renowned through all the Frankish lands for battles you have won.
In Council hear you Ganelon make plea to go to war,
To aid the rebel Saracens, against their rightful lords

Roland, Roland, you call this plan ill made,
But nonetheless does Charlemagne agree to send them aid.
The Ganelon requests for you the post most perilous,
And willingly do you accept, as honor deems you must.

Roland, Roland, the rear guard you command,
With Oliver your loyal friend to stand at your right hand.
But at the Vale of Roncevaux your doom is now anigh,
The Saracens do hold the pass, and will not let you by.

Roland, Roland, you know now you're betrayed,
But in your heart is courage, and your voice is not dismayed.
Face ye now grim battle, take your shields and raise them high,
With honor we have lived our lives with honor we shall die.

Roland, Roland, sound your mighty horn.
Try to call the men back that rode out just yestermorn.
The king has heard you call afar, but Ganelon says nay,
Tis only our young Roland, out hunting on this day.

Roland, Roland, sound your horn again.
Meanwhile the battle rages in the valley and the glen.
Again the King has heard your call. Again the traitor lies,
And none shall come to aid you, since your peril he denies.

Roland, Roland, Sound your final blast,
As one by one your men at arms die fighting in the pass.
And last of all is Oliver by swordsmen overthrown,
And you of all the Frankish knights now stand alone.

Roland, Roland, oh black the day you died.
Your comrades slain around you and your sword there by your side.
They found you on a hilltop with your face turned to the foe,
And never has there been a day of such great woe.

Roland, Roland, your name will live in song,
Whenever brave men take up arms to right a grievous wrong.
The fairest flower of chivalry to bloom in all the land,
And the noblest of all the knights of Charlemagne.

Welcome to the Current Middle Ages

Master Baldwin of Erebor

Chorus:

Oh, welcome to the Current Middle Ages
We're glad you came and hope that you can stay
Come share with us the joys of gentle dalliance
Within a dream that has not passed away.

Verses:

Passing through the mountains on a summer's day
I saw a sight and stopped along the way
A group of people standing in a field
And in among them I could swear I saw a shield.
I stopped and talked to someone
 in the strangest clothes
He wore a cloak and tights that he called hose
And in a jumble his words came to me
About a group that he called the Society.

I met a person dressed in armor that went "clink"
I was amazed -- he made it link by link
He showed me that he wore a chain and belt
He was a knight, he said -- I asked him how it felt.
I met another person in a satin dress
She said her name -- I missed it I confess
I swear that every word that woman said
Sounded like history -- it echoed in my head.

I watched two people fight a battle armed with swords
I met a bard -- he sang and played some chords
Then someone shouted in a voice quite loud
To "make way for the King", and everybody bowed.
After that my memories became a blur
I'd read it all --of that fact I was sure
And when I left that place I cannot say
But I'll return, and when I do I know I'll stay.

Fruit of the Yew

Grim warriors appeared, decked in iron and gold,
Their bright banners snapped in the breeze
Harvest was over, the weather was cold
Turning hot breath to cloud in the freeze.

They moved over river, and meadow and field
The peasantry scattered before
They gathered the wealth of the land on their shields
And carried it off to the shore.

*"How can this happen, and where is our King?
And where are the warriors we pay?"
"Aye, the King may be King where he sits on his throne,
But his throne is four days ride away!"*

Swift word was sent to the men of the woods
There'll be no trade for Winter this year.
No sacks of grain for the skin of the fox,
No ale for the flesh of the deer.

*But deep in the woodlands of Wales grows a tree,
And the name of that tree is the yew.
And the fruit of the yew is a stout longbow stave
Throwing straight clothyard shafts strong and true!*

They gathered in numbers from forest and fen
Walking soft as the hunting-men do,
And hung at their belts were the straight clothyard shafts
In each hand was the fruit of the yew.

*And, slipping by night thru the still-burning steads,
They looked for the camp by the shore
And each made a vow, as he passed by the dead,
That the morning would even the score.*

Well, morning broke clear, and the raiders awoke,
With a leisurely thought for the day
Till one showed himself, and a soft bowstring

James Treebull the Stubborn

spoke,
From three hundred paces away!

*And as he fell dead, a loud, taunting voice spoke
"It's a pleasure to pay you your due!"
"You came seeking all of the fruits of our land,
Have a taste of the fruit of the yew!"*

What use are shields that don't cover the legs?
Or helms that don't cover the eyes?
Or shirts of bright mail 'gainst the stout clothyard shaft
That can pierce thru a stag on the fly?

*The King arrived early, mud-spattered and tired,
Just to look on a field of the dead.
Cut down from the front as they stood in their line,
Cut down from the rear as they fled!*

"And where are the men that have done me this deed?"
Asked the King, from his horse ridden lame,
"'Twas outlaws and brigands from back in the woods,
They've since fled back whence they all came."

*"And would they take Pardon, and live in my Peace?"
Asked the King of his Councilor true,
Said the Councilor, "Nay, they're a quarrelsome lot;
They'll not become lawful for you."*

Raiders, take heed to the gist of my tale
(It may lengthen your lives, if you will!)
When you go a-reavin' be sure of your mark!
Take care that it matches your skill!

*For England pays silver, and Spain will give gold,
And France will grant land, that is true,
But seek not for wealth in the woodlands of Wales,
For they pay in the fruit of the yew!*

Agincourt

Sir Kenneth MacQuarrie of Tobermoy

Chorus:

For God, Saint George, and King Henry
I've brought my men across the sea
Honor and right we're fighting for
I'll win my spurs at Agincourt

Verses:

I left my home to take the coin
King Henry's army for to join
A knightly fee I seek to hold
A belt to wear, and spurs of gold
Two accolades had King Henry
Just one would be enough for me
So off we march from keep and town
To win my King a second crown

I brought in train nine armored men
and bowmen steady, ten by ten
We've taken ship and come to land;
on Normandy's green earth we stand
A hundred years of war we've known,
our King denied his second throne
We'll beard the lion in his den
and show the worth of English men!

To Harfleur Town we laid the siege
and little could I serve my liege
My men are sick, the rivers swell;
how long must we bide here in Hell?
Then Holland's men essay the gate,
defended bravely, but too late
Our guns are brought to breach the walls
and by surrender Harfleur falls

King Henry stands in armor clad
and though we fear, our hearts are glad
He calls us brothers, happy few,
I may die my liege, but I'll not shame you!
At last the French are camped in sight
with battle planned for morning's light
The minstrels sing with all their breath;
the priests prepare our souls for death
But defeat I cannot reckon by,
a prisoner I, my men to die?

I've asked forgiveness from the Lord,
so take my soul and bring my sword!

The Duke of York my men will guard,
my bowmen in the archers' yard
No man may make it back alive--
for each we have, the French have five

The battle's joined, the arrows fly,
the French on horse attack hard by
A mighty press, the Duke is down,
what price to pay for Henry's crown?
What miracle my eyes have spied!
Our valiant archers turn the tide
Before them each a sharpened stave
from charging horse their life to save
The charge falls back on their own ranks
with arrows in their horses' flanks
The wounded mounts run mad with pain,
the French line breaks, their plan's in vain
By English might the French are pressed,
King Henry fights like one possessed
The Duke will never rise again;
it falls to me to lead our men
Will rallied cry our van attacks,
the archers join with sword and axe
With banners high we meet the fray;
against all odds we win the day!

To London Town and songs of praise,
in victory we proudly raise
The banner of Saint George's cross
to cries of, "Deo Gratias"
But now I ride for my own lands
to serve the King as he commands
To keep the faith he placed in me
with grace and might of chivalry

Final Chorus:

For God, Saint George, and King Henry
we gained a mighty victory
And I return, a squire no more--
I won my spurs at Agincourt!

Crusader's Song

Duke Conn MacNeill

Chorus:

I'm for the Holy Land sailing,
To win back Jerusalem's walls,
I'm for the Holy Land sailing,
And I'll win a fortune, or a martyr I'll fall.

Final Chorus:

I'm in the Holy Land staying,
To guard my own castle walls,
I'm in the Holy Land staying,
And I've won my fortune, so farewell to all.

Verses:

As my ship sails out, I watch the far coastline,
For leaving of kinsmen, my heart is full pained,
And I've traded all for the Cross on my shoulder,
No land for a third son, so I'm away.

As I look around me at the men on the benches,
Their eyes are like mine, so I know their hearts' pain,
I sing them a song of bravery and battle,
And now their eyes shine like their keen polished blades.

I followed King Richard to Sicily Island,
For Johanna's dowry 'gainst Tancred prevailed,
Now a fortune in silver and a new wife hath Richard,
And I've a swift horse, and a fine coat of mail.

At landfall in Cypress they refused Barengaria,
And Richard in anger has answered in steel,
Now the crown of Cypress he's added to England's,
And I've added knighthood's gold spurs to my heels.

I followed the banner to battle at Acre,
And held it aloft when it's bearer was slain,
Now we've given Richard a tower of the city,
He's given me rank, and a full captain's pay.

At Arsouf on the coastline we met with the Paynim,
We won the battle, though many men fell,
And one was a Baron with lands that need tending,
Now they are mine, and I'll tend them well.

Now I sit in court over Christian and Moslem,
And I've a strong keep and soldiers ten score,
And King Richard's army he's sailed back to England,
And I've said farewell, for I'll see them ne'er more.

AS 5 Re-enactment Group

Emil Allzuwissender

There's some folks I know at Pennsic who dream of days gone by
There's a practice and a party up in block north very high
The Staff, works hard to hide them – 'cause they think it's kind of odd,
It's the AS 5 living re-enactment squad.

Bike tires rimming round shields, fight for King Franz's realm
Bring your hockey gloves, rug armor, and dented freon helmets.
The moves may not be blinding, but the fun is guaranteed
In the AS 5 living re-enactment league.

Before there was a duke, before a dozen more,
Before the town of Pittsburgh became a spoil of war.

Break a sweat and try the old ways, reminicing on the tricks
Showing off your fresh contusions to lots of willing chicks.
Cariadoc's not likely, but you can bet on lots of beer -
There be AS 5 living re-enactment here.

Remember all the people and fellowship of yore -
Grad students with low numbers a waiting out the war.
Back when half of all our research was from Lord of The Rings
All the AS 5 living re-enactment things.

Before the Pelican, before strict heraldry,
Before 'middle ages' was a phrase my doctor used with me.

And after fighting comes the feasting, as when I was a cub,
On a college student bidget: that Velveta tater grub.
Those days have gotten faded, but these memories are new
In the AS 5 living re-enactment crew.
Join the AS 5 living re-enactment crew.