The Completely Unofficial,

Absolutely Unauthorized,

Totally Unsanctioned,

And

Never-Ever-Before Disclosed To The Powers That Be,

Siegfried von Kulmbach’s



Mighty Fist



Filk Song Book

-- “Fist” Printing, 03/04/XXXIX --

The year was A.S. Something-Or-Other, known to those outside of our Society as 2003 or 2004, depending on the portion of that year into which these events fell. I was not party to them myself.

Syr Siegfried von Kulmbach and his good friend Lady and Baroness Bridei nic Gillechattan had entered and emerged victorious in the great contest to secure the Crowns of the Northshield – the Northshield, which would shortly be a kingdom and have such things for the first time. Cold perhaps is this land oft-times, but warmth from hearts such as Theirs radiates ever for the Northshield’s people, who are kin each to one another and to all those folk who wish to be counted part of our family & clan.

As those who must later and first wear the mantles of Northshield’s King and Queen, it fell to Them and Their advisors to devise a system of reward and recognition for Their folk; for such is the weight of law and tradition within our Society that each newly raised kingdom shall have its own acknowledgements, as well as those Peerages which all kingdoms share in common.

Many systems were proposed and not few were the themes considered, around which the Northshield’s recognition and awards might be built. In the fullness of time, Siegfried and Bridei decided. The Legends and the Myths of Their people provide figures and imagery which, living already in our hearts, lend their significance and emotional impact to awards for the Northshield’.



In the fullness of time, Siegfried and Bridei ascended the Stellar thrones, and They attended the 12th Night celebrations in the Barony of Nordskogen in the Year of Our Society XXXIX. For both of these things, I was present to bear witness.

During Their evening court at 12th Night, a person was summoned from outside the hall. During the wait, His Majesty graciously endeavored to entertain the populace, and educate us. “While We created the Northshield’s award structure, We discussed centering all of Our awards around a single image, one dear to Me, and I think to all of you as well … Siegfried’s Mighty Fist!” And the King made the gesture which a young man uses to impress a lady with his arm’s muscles, but with the fist facing forward, and He grinned

broadly. So did we. “For instance, Siegfried’s Mighty Fist of the Arts & Sciences!” And He pumped His arm forward and back sharply, once, and displayed fine Royal teeth. “And Siegfried’s Mighty Fist of … Youth Combat!” Pump, grin, out and out joy. “And, say, for service, Siegfried’s Mighty Fist of …” and His people joined in perfect unison with Him, “… Service!” Muscles & Fist, GRIN! “Yeeesss … My people are smart! I knew you’d catch on.”

We all of us there in that court appreciated this lesson in our kingdom’s early history and some behind-the-scenes conversations. And of course we appreciated laughter and shared merriment. Periodically, Siegfried Rex Himself, in any lull, displayed His Mighty Fist and His Equally Mighty Grin. Throughout the rest of court, calling out “Siegfried’s Mighty Fist of …”, making the Mighty Fist gesture, and grinning broadly (just a bit madly in some cases?), enjoyed the status of Popular Pastime. These things became a running joke throughout court and beyond (joke, only because the Mighty Fist was not chosen as awards’ symbolism). And soon, the running joke was running roughshod all over His Majesty. I did not notice what prompted this, but at one point, Siegfried suddenly burst out with, “Okay, enough, it was a JOKE, people!” At another, “And nobody tell Brannos [His Majesty Middle] about this!” Brave King, I shall certainly not tell him!

Even so, the zeal for Siegfried’s Mighty Fist continued unabated. A number of people, and the number was at least three, called out over the hall’s din, “Dahrien, I think we need some pewter Fist badges!” and similar. And this merriment continued … even unto the evening revel at Master Owen and Lady Flori’s stead.

There, a good and holy Pilgrim came to the door, and shared with the earliest arrivals a song of her making. A song … of Siegfried’s Mighty Fist. The fire blazed warmer under a smoky sky. Later, when stories and song had passed twice round the revel’s hall, the Pilgrim announced completion of Her song and shared it with all.

Thus the Pilgrim became our inspiration, and it was determined that we each should … well, you hold this book in your hands now!

--Signed this 3rd day of March, A.S. XXXIX, by the hand of

The (Wrong And) Honorable Lord Dahrien Cordell

From the Barony of Caer Anterth Mawr, Northshield

Author: SCA: Margaret Malise de Kyrkyntolaghe /   
Mundane: Melissa Vigil

c. 03/01/2005

Tune: Lydia Pinkham's Medicinal Compound

**Siegfried’s Mighty Fist**

Author: SCA: Valencia de Clariana / Modern: Adventuregirl\*\*

c. 01/31/2005 {\*\* best I could find at midnight on the Net}

Tune: “Ghost Riders In The Sky”, by Stan Jones

Our King Siegfried went riding out one snowy winter day

Thoughts of award structures went through his head in a fray.

When all at once a grand idea popped into his mind

His fist would make the best award ... Northshield would ever find!

Yippie aye ay! Yippie aye oh!

Siegfried’s Mighty Fist!

His face was proud, his eyes sparkled, and kingly he strode on

And to his Queen Bridei he went with fist to show his brawn

A bolt of sadness went through him, as Bridei spoke thusly:

"Your fist may serve you well in war ... but leave awards to me."

Yippie aye ay! Yippie aye oh!

Siegfried’s Mighty Fist!

King Siegfried set aside his pride and new awards were made

But still the thoughts and visions of Mighty Fists wouldn't fade

And so it was in Nordskogen he made his dread mistake.

For during court he showed them all ... awards he didn't make

Yippie aye ay! Yippie aye oh!

Siegfried’s Mighty Fist!

The bards stand before Siegfried now, and strongly sing his name

They tell all people who weren't there how he had won his fame

For there are tales and legends that through Northshield will ring

Listen on the winter wind ... and you will hear us sing:

Yippie aye ay! Yippie aye oh!

Siegfried’s Mighty Fist!

Quoth Valencia, “This was so much fun to write. Thanks for letting me be a part of this!” Heh … Like I was picky about who took part in this project! ☺ But this was the most on-topic piece received, perfect first page material. Catchy title, too, eh? Great job! [Oh, and while I’m talking about editor’s stuff, the King’s name was probably the most common correction I made. But for the record, I’m not spell-checking anyone’s “Yippie”!]

Author: SCA: Kudrun the Pilgrim / Modern: Karyn Schmidt

c. 01/31/2005

Tune: “Beep Beep”, by The Playmates

**Cantata and Fugue in A minor  
for bassoon and tenor slide-whistle**

If you think that Ducere is a small Italian sweet,

Or think that Ministrare is a soup that's made of meat,

Or that Illuminare is a candle with a twist,

You might receive the honor

Of Siegfried's Mighty Fist.

The Fist. The Fist.

Siegfried's Mighty Fist.

If you are feeling lazy and you sleep through an event;

Your garb is patched, your arrows lost, your schlager slightly bent;

You hold a shire office - your report's lost in the mist.

You might deserve the honor

Of Siegfried's Mighty Fist.

The Fist. The Fist.

Siegfried's Mighty Fist.

If you can bake a strudel or make cappuccino hot,

Or serve a feast for hundreds from a little tiny pot,

Or kill a thousand foemen with one blow ‘pon the list,

You might escape the honor

Of Siegfried's Mighty Fist.

The Fist. The Fist.

Siegfried's Mighty Fist.

Yes, here’s the one that started it all. Let’s all give a big “Thank You!” to the CEO of Bardic Buddies Breakfast Cereal And Trading Card Enterprises, Kudrun the Pilgrim!

Author: SCA: Lady Brilliana Barrington /   
Modern: unsubmitted

c. 02/15/2005

Tune: She didn’t say; find her, and ask her. It’s a good chance to make a new friend of a nice and talented Lady.

**Siegfried's Mighty Fist**

In the mighty kingdom of Northshield

An awesome force exists

For we have the strength

That can only be found

In Siegfried’s Mighty Fist.

His is a powerful presence,

Masterful leader is he.

In raising his hand

He can ask for our silence

Or make us howl with glee.

When calling forth some good gentle

Who from elsewhere

Must be retrieved

Siegfried makes sport

Of himself and thus

Our boredom is relieved.

With Bridei, our most gracious queen,

Siegfried rules our land,

For on and off of the battlefield

He always has

The "upper hand".

Author: SCA: T(Wa)HL Dahrien Cordell / Modern: Carlos Vigil

c. 01/30/2005 (next morning, on the road, on a napkin, 1 of 2)

Tune: “Celia”, by Simon & Garfunkel

**The Fist Makes It What It Is**

Subtitled:

**I Couldn’t Just Call It “Siegfried’s Mighty Fist”,  
Like Everybody Else, Now Could I?**

Siegfried, You’re making my Arts,

You’re making my Sciences, Majesty!

Whoah, King Siegfried, I’ll stand in Your hall,

I’ll sound Your proud call, “Come to kiss’t …

Siegfried, You’re making my Arts,

You’re making my Sciences, Majesty!

Whoah, King Siegfried, I’ll stand in Your hall,

I’ll sound Your proud call, “Come to kiss’t … Mighty Fist!”

Making gloves out in Jarravellir with Siegfried,

A comfort for his hands (*falsetto:* “Such Nice Hands!”)

Missed a stitch and lost my place,

When I found it again, had his Fist in my face!

(“You rock, good Sir!”)

Siegfried, You’re making my Arts,

You’re making my Sciences, Majesty!

Whoah, King Siegfried, I’ll stand in Your hall,

I’ll sound Your proud call, “Come to kiss’t … Mighty Fist!”

Symbol of what we all strive for, Good King Siegfried

Has offered us His hand (*falsetto:* “It’s So Grand!”)

I look up in the northern sky,

And then down at the ground with a tear in my eye!

Exultation, He got me, I’m floored!

I got the award and I’m reeling!

Exultation, He got me, I’m floored!

I got the award and I’m reeling!

Coffee spilled in the FyrdVan, someone mopped up with The Napkin, I found out and rescued it from the trash … (cont’d later)

Author: SCA: Lord Ingus Moen / Modern: Joel Stockwell

c. 02/15/2005

Tune: “Quinn The Eskimo” (The Mighty Quinn), by Bob Dylan

**Ingus Moen**

Of all the men in Northshield

Siegfried is the King

Ruler of the List field,

The Arts and every single thing

And then at night he’ll walk in – and sit down on his throne

And when Sieg, the Snowpanther, calls your name,

well it’ll chill you down to the bone

(chorus):

(chorus):

Come on, get up, You’re on the List

You’ve not seen Nothing like the Mighty Fist

Come on, get up, You’re on the List

You’ve not seen Nothing like the Mighty Fist

Sitting there beside him

Queen Bridei is there

Riding through her kingdom

Wind is blowing through her hair

But when in recognition, The herald calls a name

And when Sieg, the Snowpanther, holds the scroll

Your life is never gonna feel the same

(chorus):

At first, you see him stoic

His gaze is quite severe

But then you get to notice

There’s really no cause to be in fear

Majesty in motion, a dream that lives as fact

And when Sieg, the Snowpanther, hears this song

I hope his sense of humor stays intact.

(chorus):

Kinda bold to name the song after himself, don’t you think? But that’s what was at the top of the lyrics, and at least he wasn’t the 13th person to name his song “Siegfried’s Mighty Fist, right? How about “Seig, the SnowPanther”? “Come On, Get Up”? ‘Course he left out the tune, too, so it’s a good thing he’d mentioned at the revel what he was going to do!

**Siegfried's Mighty Fist**

Author: SCA: THL Mateo Montero de Madrid, Don / Modern: Andrew Heinrich

A light shined forth

Author: SCA: THL Mateo Montero de Madrid, Don / Modern: Andrew Heinrich

O’er snowy hill

c. 01/31/2005

Tune: “Matty Groves”, traditional (really old)

That woke the Griffon fast

That Groggy old feathered Golden Beast

woke angry from his nap

Above the hillside

Silvery White

There was a beacon rare

A single fist raised shoulder high

WARNING: This piece is not a filk of the silly variety; it was an inspired piece that came to light without the malevolent influence of a certain revel and its … denizens, and it is nice. It appeared the morning after 12th Night, in the Great Hall of the Northshield College of Bards.

Held high up in the air

The fist it pulsed with power

It’s fingers clenched up tight

It called to it the masses brave

All through the snowy night

The griffon took to wing and flew

Above the gathered throng

They stood with small fists in the air

And sang a mighty song

Quoth Mateo:  
”Unto the gentles who [read] this [Wonderful book], I offer a song borne of the inspiration of His Dread Stellar Majesty, Sir Siegfried Von Kulmbach, set to the tune of Matty Groves.

“Awaiting My Execution,

-- Don Mateo”

“The Mighty Fist of Siegfried”

Was the chorus of the tune

The griffon marveled at the sound

And knew not what to do

Who owned this mighty mortal hand

That brought such unity?

Who was this bold Knight Siegfried

To command such loyalty?

‘Tis I, lord Griffon

I, Siegfried, and this be my Mighty Fist

It won me Crown of gilded gold

Upon the tourney list

The people raised their hands again

And Siegfried smiled quite broad

And The Griffon rare was seen on high

His taloned fist clenched and strong.

Author: SCA: T(Wa)HL Dahrien Cordell / Modern: Carlos Vigil

c. 01/30/2005 (next morning, on the road, on a napkin, 2 of 2)

Tune: “Mister Custer”, by Al De Lory, Fred Darian, and Joseph Van Winkle

**Please, Good King Siegfried**

A day at any given war, the men at the Griffon Legion’s fore might muse aloud, **/** And so a man might call his King

To ask if there were some small thing he might have missed.

“Please, Mighty Fist!”

Please, Good King Seigfried, You know we wanna go,

Aw, Geez, Good King Siegfried, it’s just we’re feeling slow!

Last night we partied hard, to show up House Darkyard,

And keep our reps intact.

But now this morning, the kegs are fighting back!

Please, Good King Siegfried, do we really gotta go?

(“For Glory And The Queen! Ho!!!” Ooooh!)

SPOKEN: Look at them barrels, there, Squire. There’s Friday Mist in every one, and they’s MOVIN’. ‘Course that’s normal. Hey, Your Maj, you think mebbe I should just go take inventory before engagement? HEY, Agnarr, duck yer head! [sound of Sword Thunking Helm.] Well, nice knowing ya’. Marshall, Can I get the car keys?

Well, Brannos was a stalwart friend, yet still his men had seen our end, and laughed aloud, **/** And one brave soul to hail the King,

So boldly risking everything, in morning’s mist,

“Please, Mighty Fist!”

Please, Good King Seigfried, You know we wanna go,

Aw, Geez, Good King Siegfried, it’s just we’re feeling slow!

I think I’ve seen the light about this upcoming fight.

The foe all look real pissed,

And we’re stuck between them and Siegfried’s Mighty Fist!

Please, Good King Siegfried, do we really gotta go?

(“For Glory And The Queen! Ho!!!” Ooooh!)

SPOKEN: Hmm, I wonder what their plan is. Think they’ll just cut off pizza supplies & wait for us to starve? [Many thunks] Nope that ain’t it. … Marshall, you sure I cain’t get them car keys?

Author: SCA: T(Wa)HL Dahrien Cordell / Modern: Carlos Vigil

c. 01/30/2005 (next morning, on the road, on a napkin, 1 of 2)

Tune: “Celia”, by Simon & Garfunkel

…(cont’d) unfolded The Napkin, and spread it to dry on the dash. Later, I recopied everything, reconstructing only very small holes.

Author: SCA: Margaret Malise de Kyrkyntolaghe /   
Mundane: Melissa Vigil

c. 03/31/2005

Tune: “Three Blind Mice”

**Siegfried’s Mighty Fist (The “Three Blind Mice” Edit)**

Siegfried’s Fist

Siegfried’s Fist

Siegfried’s Mighty Fist

Siegfried’s Mighty Fist

Raise your hands in the air and cheer

And soon the griffon host will appear

Our allies applaud and our foemen all fear

Siegfried’s Fist!

To be fair, you really shouldn’t read this until you see the last song in the book: Brendan O Corraidhe’s “Siegfried’s Friday Mist”

**Siegfried’s Friday Mist (V.2.0, Written after a swallow or three…)**

Friday Mist

Friday Mist

Siegfried’s Friday Mist

Siegfried’s Friday Mist

Raise your mugs in the air and cheer

A pitcher of refills will soon appear

Tonight we applaud, … it’s tomorrow we fear

With Friday Mist!

Author: SCA: Brendan O Corraidhe / Mundane: Corrie Brendan

c. 02/28/2005

Tune: Lydia Pinkham's Medicinal Compound

“A week or so ago, Dahrien called me. He wanted me to write something for an upcoming event. He was on a cell phone enroute to somewhere, and I had the kids whooping in the background, so I might have missed some details. Here's what I came up with. It could use a couple more verses, I think. A li’l help?”

**Siegfried’s Friday Mist**

It's anti-lethargic,

It could be cathartic,

Or perhaps a vi-olent pur-gative.

If you need a squeezin'

There's always a reason

To drink Siegfried’s Friday Mist!

(chorus):

(chorus):

Oh the Mist the Mist the Mist

It hits like a fist a fist a fist!

You'll need the weekend to re-co-over.

Before he invented

He should have repented

Here's to Siegfried’s Friday Mist!

The Crown and the Princess

Were goin' the distance

From SchattenTOR to Ma-re Am-e-THYSTi-num. *(trust me - it scans)*

They brewed up a potion

To keep 'em in motion:

It was Siegfried’s Friday Mist!

(chorus):

They started with coffee

With almonds and toffee

And then they added myst-ery ingrEED-ients.

It started to bubble,

They knew it was trouble:

It was Siegfried’s Friday Mist

Author: SCA: Margaret Malise de Kyrkyntolaghe /   
Mundane: Melissa Vigil

c. 03/01/2005

Tune: Lydia Pinkham's Medicinal Compound

“Friday Mist is amazing, mind-altering, and insidious. Here's what came to mind in the few minutes after I read your original three verses. You should have repented, before....”

**Siegfried’s Friday Mist (Mysie’s verses for Brendan’s Song)**

If some other king's armies

Have decided your farmies

Would be better in their ki-ing-dom

Go be generous hosts

Propose many toasts

Drink to Seigfried's Friday Mist

(chorus):

(chorus):

Oh the Mist the Mist the Mist

It hits like a fist a fist a fist!

You'll need the weekend to re-co-over.

Before he invented

He should have repented

Here's to Siegfried’s Friday Mist!

You don't need to

Be ut-ter-ly dead to

Spend the weekend in Valha-a-lla

Be sure that the Val-kries

Have taken your car keys

And drink Sigfrieds Friday Mist!

(chorus):

**Editor’s verse: 1:54am, 03/03/2005**

Oh, while I was writin’ (this)

The clock I was fightin’ (pissed)

Twas midnight, Damn!, it’s TWO am!

The procrastination

Was too much temptation,

I need Siegfried’s Friday Mist! {Oh, pass the BAR-rel ! ...}

(chorus):

**Siegfried’s Friday Mist  
(Your verses for Brendan’s Song – write small!)**

***The Completely Unofficial, Absolutely Unauthorized, Totally Unsanctioned, And Never-Ever-Before Disclosed To The Powers That Be, Siegfried von Kulmbach’s Mighty Fist Filk Song Book -- “Fist” Printing, 03/04/XXXIX –*** has been published in a joint venture between **This Ought To Be In Miemeograph Press** and **It Is Not Wrong To Be Honorable Publications.**, with support from **The Bardic Buddies** and **Siegfried’s Friday Mist**.

All song lyrics included herein are copyrighted to their respective owners; Information about them comes from the letters in which they submitted their work for publication in this booklet, and from late-night web searches performed with an earnest desire for fairness and accuracy. The same applies to the tunes referenced here but not published and to those tunes’ respective authors. No music was harmed in the making of this booklet.

Love your King and Queen; it’s safe policy.