

At Pennsic 50 A.S. 58

Lyrics: Dorothea de Beckham / Dee Becker (Sept 2023)

Tune: Battle of New Orlean (James C. Morris aka Jimmy Driftwood (1907-1998))

based on the fiddle tune "The 8th of January"

Pronunciations: Louis = Lou-ee, Sadb = Sive (rhymes with five)

At Pennsic 50, A.S. 58

King Louis' travels 'round the Known World paid off in high spades

He'd brought the biggest army so to even up the sides

Some Midrealm units were directed: "Cross the great divide!"

CHORUS:

Queen Sadb sang with us, as the Tiger tried advancing.

The populace joined in when drums began their fun.

Queen Sadb strode forth to battle every morning

We sang her off to sleep, her royal duties done.

When Peace Week came, we all poured into site

A trickle then a flood, to stall the Tiger's might.

We filled our purses and sallied to the merchants.

Bought a Pennsic Independent and ice from urchins.

CHORUS

Crafters crafted, and Archers strung their bows.

Dancers put their shoes on and Teachers checked their notes.

The Party hosts laid out their drink and food

And waited for evening revelry to rule the mood.

CHORUS

War Week came and Champions competed.

War Points were not counted, so no side was defeated.

King Louis battled with rapier and rattan

And crafted courtly gifts with his own hands.

CHORUS

We traveled around visiting our friends

The weather was beautiful until the bitter end.

We packed out wet and went our separate ways

With music in our hearts to last the town run days.

CHORUS:

Queen Sadb sang with us, as the Tiger tried advancing.

The populace joined in when drums began their fun.

Queen Sadb strode forth to battle every morning

We sang her off to sleep, her royal duties done.

-- We'll sing with her again, now her royal duty's done.