Contents

Anthem for Trimaris

By Mistress Warjna, O.L.

There's a fair land in the south land
Bounded by blue waters three
'Tis my own land 'tis my homeland
The place where I would be
Where the mist lies in the sunrise
On a stormy tropic sea
'Tis the land of Trimaris
That reaches out to me

See her banners fly unfettered
As the gull flies from the shore
See the shaft's flight in the sunlight
As archers make their score
Hear the swords clash see the lights flash
Like a bolt from heaven's door
Hear the drums roar like thunder
When Trimaris goes to war

See our folk stand on their own land
They are strong and they are free
See the sun rise into blue skies
Like a jewel from the sea
On the warm sands of my home land
Feel the salt wind blowing free

For the land of Trimaris
I pledge myself to thee
For the folk of Trimaris
I pledge myself to thee

At the Battle of Maldon

Rosalind Jehanne

Here must we hold So hearken to my counsel
Felled is our lord Slain by foemen on the field
Now we must honor The oaths we made in mead-hall
Now we must shoulder The burden of his shield
Great were his gifts Of gold and noble gemstones
High were the halls Where the heroes boasted so
He was our lord and Loathe am I to leave him
Vow to avenge him By vanquishing the foe

CHORUS

For our hands shall be the harder, and our will shall be the wiser
And our hearts shall be bolder as our strength must end
Come and follow me to glory, so that when they tell the story
We shall not be forgotten in the halls of men
I will not flee, but farther will I follow

Boldly to battle With broadsword in my hand
More than my life Was the love I bore for Bryhtnoth
Fierce will I fight now And so defend this land
Come I from kindred Of honor and of courage
Ne'er shall they say That I nothing was at war
Stand with me steadfast Staunch against the Vikings
Wield ye your weapons Like warriors of yore

CHORUS

We stand undaunted The last of the defenders
Stout-hearted men Who can strike a mighty blow
We will encourage Each other in the war-play
Let them advance now For we shall lay them low
Death is our doom But let us die with honor
All that lives after Is what the bards do say
Fight to be worthy Of fame in the future
Let them remember The deeds we do today

CHORUS

We shall not be forgotten in the halls of men

Band of Brothers

words adapted from William Shakespeare's Henry V, Act IV, scene iii, by Lisa Theriot
music by Ken and Lisa Theriot © 2007, Raven Boy Music, ASCAP)

If we are marked this day to die
We are enough to lose
But if we live, the fewer men,
The greater fame accrues!
I pray you, wish not one man more
Who thinks to claim a share
For we have honours fairly won
And there is none to spare!

Chorus:
We band of brothers
For if you shed your blood with me
You are my brother
And men in England now a-bed
Shall feel accursed they were not here
To fight with us
Upon St. Crispin's Day.

Proclaim it now throughout my host
To bear no false pretense
If you've no stomach for this fight
Depart and get you hence
The price of passage you shall have
And rations generous;
We will not bear his company
Who fears to die with us!

Chorus

He that shall live to see old age
And come safe home at last
Shall on this vigil feast his friends
And tell of glories past
He will with pride display his wounds
And scars however deep
And any man who was not here
Shall hold his manhood cheap!

Chorus

Old men forget, and each man here
May crumble and decay
But he'll remember while he lives
What feats he did this day
So shall the good man teach his son,
Until the world is new
And to our memories will drink,
We few, we happy few!

Chorus

Belt and Chain

Master Moric Haast (William Ritchie)

The times are too fast and the legends long past, yet some would dream of a place
A place of good will, where beauty lies still, a bastion of honor and grace
A bastion of honor and grace

Chorus:
Will you wear the belt and chain that his dream may yet live again?
Swear your heart to chivalry's art; swear your sword to our gain?
Swear your sword that we gain.

Take yon lad and make him page, teach the boy to come of age
Teach him fealty, service and truth; give him these gifts in his youth
Give him these gifts in full suit

(Chorus)

Take the young man and make him squire, teach him arms to best his sire
Teach him chivalry, strength without stain, for one day he'll take belt and chain
For one day he too will be chained

(Chorus)

Wear the belt as a badge of your word; bear well the chain, for your oath is interred
Hold fast to honor as hard as it seems, for you guard the halls of our dream
For you guard the halls of this dream

(Chorus)

By the Weight of the Chain

Aneleda Falconbridge

**By the weight of the chain
of gold I wear upon me
By the white of the cloth
about my body bound
By the spurs on my heels
I do swear upon my honor
to uphold the Knightly virtues
till I lay beneath the ground.**

When I was young
I watched the Knights go riding,
their armor so bright
and their glory brighter still.
My hands were small
but my dreams lay large around me
and once the goal had found me
I set out to gain my skill.

By the weight of the chain…

When I had fledged,
I served as I was able,
I found worthy knights
and asked to learn their ways.
My form grew strong,
sturdy plates I wore upon it –
when I finally could don it
and the heavy sword could raise.

By the weight of the chain…

When I had grown
I followed into battles
warriors of legend
with my war-kin at my side.
My mind grew calm,
all their lessons moving through me,
my foes could not undo me
with these masters as my guide.

By the weight of the chain…

When I was raised
I stood before my sovereigns
and my new kinsmen
and unto them pledged my troth.
My heart is bold,
To my best I shall endeavor
to defend the dream forever
which first took me toward my oath.

By the weight of the chain…

When I was young
I watched the Knights go riding,
their armor so bright
and their glory brighter still.
My hands were small
but my dreams they did bind me
now that the goal did find me
I will ever heed its will.

Come and Be Welcome

Emer nic Aiden

Come and be welcome, O wandering minstrel
Spreading your music from city to town
Be you harper or piper, your duty is noble
You carry the tunes that will never die down.

CHORUS
Come from the forest and sit 'round the fire
Come from the fields and enter our hall
Come drink from the guest-cup
Come join in our circle
Come and be welcome ye bards one and all.

Come and be welcome, O noble court poet
The treasure of knowledge is kept in your words
So unlock the riches of rhyme and of rhythm
And let all the wealth of your wisdom be heard.

CHORUS

Come and be welcome, O fair-voiced singer
Weaving the magic of music along
You can thunder the heavens to raise up an army
Or simply bring laughter and peace with a song.

CHORUS

Come and be welcome, O rare tale-teller
With stories of wonder you wisely recall
Now tell of the heroes who dwell in our history
For tales that are true are the best of them all.

CHORUS

Come and be welcome O fireside drummer
With rhythms that echo the beat of the heart
Now waken the music and call to the dancers
The drum's beating pulse is a signal to start

CHORUS

Come and be welcome, wherever you hail from
Share all the secrets and joys of your art
For every new voice that joins in the chorus
Will uplift the spirit and cheer the heart.

Come from the forest and sit 'round the fire
Come from the fields and enter our hall
Come drink from the guest-cup
Come join in our circle
Come and be welcome ye bards one and all.

CHORUS
Come and be welcome ye bards one and all. (x2)

Come Follow Round

Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me
Whether shall I follow, follow, follow, whether shall I follow, follow thee
To the greenwood, to the greenwood, to the greenwood, greenwood tree

Crúiscín Lán

1. Let the farmer praise his grounds,
   Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
   Let the shepherd praise his dewy scented lawn;
   Oh, but I, more wise than they,
   Spend each happy night and day
   With my darling little crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
   My darling little crúiscín lán!

Chorus:	*Pronunciation*
O grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín,—	*(Gra-ma-kree ma krush-kin)*
Sláinte geal mo mhúirnín.	*(Slant-cha gal ma vor-nin)*
Grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín lán, lán, lán,	*(Gra-ma-kree ma krush-kin lan lan lan)*
O grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín lán.	*(Gra-ma-kree ma krush-kin lan)*

2. Immortal and divine,
   Great Bacchus, god of wine,
   Create me by adoption your own son;
   In hope that you'll comply,
   That me glass may ne'er run dry.
   Nor my darling little crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
   Oh, my darling little crúiscín lán!

   Chorus

3. And when grim death appears,
   In a few but happy years,
   And says, “Oh, won't you come along with me?”
   I'll say, “Begone, ye knave,
   For King Bacchus gave me leave
   To take another crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
   To take another crúiscín lán!”

   Chorus

4. Then fill your glasses high,
   Let's not part with lips so dry,
   Though the lark now proclaims it is the dawn;
   And since we can't remain,
   May we shortly meet again,
   To fill another crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
   To fill another crúiscín lán!

   Chorus

Darien's Song

By Janos der Kleiner aka: Jonathan Hawes

And the boy walked up to the Knight, and asked him what it was
All the shiny, jangley, dangly things he wore
And the Knight looked down upon the boy and saw wonder there within
So he shared the words he heard so long before

Chorus:
That the Belt is for your Chastity, and Purity of Spirit
The spurs to speed your Gallantry and Strength
And the Chain, the Golden Chain, reveals your promise to your kingdom
And the oath you swore, upon the sword, before a might King

So the boy road out with the Knight and learned from him the way
Of Honor, Love, War and Chivalry
And he grew up strong, fought hard and long, and one day came to be
That in Royal Court, the Knight said "Come to me"

Chorus
And this Red Belts for your willingness to shed the Blood of Honor
And the Spurs to speed your Gallantry and Strength
And this chain, the Silver Chain, reveals the oath we make together
And the Fealty sworn on this Knight's sword, before this mighty King

So the Squire road out with his Knight, and fought for Love, for Honor
And a mighty warrior soon he did become
And he stood before the Chivalry in the first part of September
Welcome Brother, with us you are one

Chorus
So he donned the Belt of Chastity, and Purity of Spirit
And the Spurs to speed his Gallantry and Strength
And the chain, the Golden Chain, revealed his promise to his Kingdom
And the oath he swore upon the sword before that Mighty King

And the boy walked up to the Knight and asked him what it was
All the shiney, jangley, dangly things he wore
And the Knight knelt down beside the boy and remembering his own time
And he shared the words he'd heard so long before
First Chorus - twice

Death, Doom and Gloom

Master Cerian Cantwr

Chorus:
Death, doom, and gloom,
Misery, sorry, and fear,
Destruction, heartache, and tragic loss;
This song is from Calontir

Heroes, might and brave,
Hopeless odds they've defied.
All of their valor does come to naught.
In the end, everybody has died.

Beautiful maidens galore,
Some of them virtuous, some not.
Whether saintly or sinful, their end is the same –
They lie in a churchyard plot.

No matter the spears on the hill,
Or how hard the shieldwall strives,
The Saxons lose Hastings again and again –
And nobody ever survives.

Both betrayer and the betrayed,
Both the evil and the good,
Whether moral or 'Im", "ose" or more;
All of them now are kaput

Everyone slit their own wrist,
Or fall down upon their own blade.
Nobody lives, nobody loves,
And nobody every gets…

Grania's Song

Lord Triskele the Minstrel (Bernard Deschanes Jr)

Am
The young maids are singing as company they keep
G
The young mothers rock their babies to sleep
Am
And the old fishwives chatter as their council they keep
G Am
The spindles they click and turn

Chorus:
Am G
Click and turn, click and turn
Am
The spindles they click and turn

Oh, a soldier's for me, a man strong and tall
Come home from the wars; leave his boots in my hall
And he'll watch o'er my cradle and guard one and all
The spindles they click and turn

(Chorus)

No, a tailor's for me, that's what he'll be
Hands quick and keen with a needle have he
And he'll clothe one and all, in a cottage for three
The spindles they click and turn

(Chorus)

No, a minstrel's for me, said the last of the three
He'll sing me a song, and his lady I'll be
Then we'll roam on the land and we'll rove o'er the sea
The spindles they click and turn

(Chorus)

Hush now my child, hush now for me
Your da's gone away and his face you'll not see
For he's lost to the wars, never home more he'll be
The spindles they click and turn

(Chorus)

Hush bonny bairn, hush now to sleep

Your father's in London, his mistress he'll keep
But we'll live by my spindle and a fine life we'll reap
The spindles they click and turn

(Chorus)

Hush now my child, by this wool that I card
Your father's away, on the road cold and hard
But he brings us bright baubles, the boons of the bard
The spindles they click and turn

(Chorus)

Remember our youth, we were maids in the sun
The wool through our fingers like the rivers did run
Now we sit by the hearth while the young have their fun
The spindles they click and turn

(Chorus)

The young maids are singing as their company they keep
The young mothers rock their babies to sleep
And the old fishwives chatter as their council they keep
The spindles they click and turn

(Final chorus)

Click and turn, click and turn
The spindles shall always turn
The spindles they click and turn

Hart Round

The Hart he loves the high wood
The hare he loves the hill
The knight he loves his brightsword
The lady loves her will

Health to the Company

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme,
Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine,
Come lift up your voices, all grief to refrain,
For we may or might never all meet here again.

CHORUS
Here's a health to the company, and one to my lass,
Let us drink and be merry, all out of one glass,
Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain,
For we may or might never all meet here again.

Here's a health to the dear lass that I love so well,
For her style and her beauty, sure none can excel,
There's a smile on her countenance, as she sits on my knee,
There's no man in this wide world as happy as me.

CHORUS

Our ship lies at anchor, she's ready to dock,
I wish her safe landing, without any shock,
If ever I should meet you, by land or by sea,
I will always remember your kindness to me.

CHORUS

Joan

Heather Dale

I am as God made me, I have no desire,
For a mouth at my breast or a pot on the fire,
I heed the higher voices; I go where I'm sent,
To mow down the men who refuse to repent,
I'm a scythe, in a field full of briars.

CHORUS
And they won't call me mother, or sister, or wife,
They will know me or not by the strength of my life,
I will burn with a light of my own.
They'll know me as Joan.
They'll know me as Joan.

The courage of Catherine, the flames of the forge,
the sword of Saint Michael, the blood of Saint George,
I take what I'm given, I follow my truth,
I gladly abandon the bloom of my youth,
I'm the lashing, that falls from the scourge.

CHORUS

I fight where God tells me, I never ask why,
I've bloodied the Devil, with steel from on high,
I kill without consequence, heed no man's law.
I sift out the righteous like grain from the straw.
I am judgment, and Heaven is nigh.

CHORUS

They won't call me mother, or sister, or wife,
They will know me or not by the strength of my life,
I will burn with a light of my own.
They'll know me as Joan.

No they won't call me mother, or sister, or wife,
They will know me or not by the strength of my life,
I will burn with a light of my own.
They'll know me as Joan. ***x2***

They won't call me mother, or sister, or wife,
They will know me or not by the strength of my life,
I will burn with a light of my own.
They'll know me as Joan.
They'll know me as Joan.

Lifeblood-A Viking Drinking Song

Words and Music: Wyndreth Berginsdottir ©1993--Karen Unrein Kahan

Drink, for the wind blows cold and
Drink for The Wolf runs free.
Drink to the ships with 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!

March of Cambreadth

Heather Alexander

Axes flash, broadsword swing,
Shining armour's piercing ring
Horses run with polished shield,
Fight Those Bastards till They Yield
Midnight mare and blood red roan,
Fight to Keep this Land Your Own
Sound the horn and call the cry,
How Many of Them Can We Make Die!

Follow orders as you're told,
Make Their Yellow Blood Run Cold
Fight until you die or drop,
A Force Like Ours is Hard to Stop
Close your mind to stress and pain,
Fight till You're No Longer Sane
Let not one damn cur pass by,
How Many of Them Can We Make Die!

Guard your women and children well,
Send These Bastards Back to Hell
We'll teach them the ways of war,
They Won't Come Here Any More
Use your shield and use your head,
Fight till Every One is Dead
Raise the flag up to the sky,
How Many of Them Can We Make Die!

Dawn has broke, the time has come,
Move Your Feet to a Marching Drum
We'll win the war and pay the toll,
We'll Fight as One in Heart and Soul
Midnight mare and blood red roan,
Fight to Keep this Land Your Own
Sound the horn and call the cry,
How Many of Them Can We Make Die!

(repeat first verse)

Martin said to his Man

Martin said to his man
(fie, man fie!)
Martin said to his man
(who's the fool now?)
Martin said to his man
Fil thou the cup and I the can,
Thou hast well drunken man,
who's the fool now?
Thou hast well drunken man,
who's the fool now?

I see a sheep shearing corn,
(fie, man fie!)
I see a sheepe shearing corn,
(who's the fool now?)
I see a sheepe shearing corn,
And a couckold blow his horn,
(Thou hast well drunken man, who's the fool now?)

I see a man in the Moone,
Clowting of Saint *Peters* shoone, [This means “fixing St. Peter's shoe” – can say “shining”]

I see a hare chase a hound,
Twenty mile aboue the ground,

I see a goose ring a hog.
And a snayle that did bite a dog,

I see a mouse catch the cat,
And the cheese to eate the rat,

7. I saw a maid milk a bull,
Every stroke a bucket-full,

Rose Round

Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose,
Will I ever see thee wed?
I will marry at thy will sire,
At thy will.

Ding dong, ding dong
Wedding bells on an April morn
Carve my name on a moss covered stone,
On a moss covered stone.

Ding dong, ding dong
Funeral bells on a September morn,
Rose, our Rose is dead and gone sire,
Dead and gone

Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose
Will I ever see thee wed?
I have married at thy will sire,
At thy will

Other lyrics:
Rose, Rose, Rose, Red
Shall I ever see thee red?
Aye, marry, that thou wilt
An thoult but Stay

Al nist by the rose, rose
Al nist by the rose I lay
Darf ich noust the rose stele
Yet ich bar the flour away

Hey, Ho, Nobody Home
Meat nor drink nor money have I none
Yet will I be merry
Hey, ho, ho

(alternate melody that matches)
Ah, Poor bird,
Take thy flight
Up above the sorrows of
This sad night

One of Us

Heather Dale

Before I got to fighting, or when fighting got to me,
I looked to find examples on the field of chivalry.
I saw mighty arms, much stronger than my arms would ever be
And I thought perhaps the field was not for me.

But I stayed and watched the fighting 'til one figure stood apart
In armour newly fashioned, and a helm more pot than art,
But each blow was thrown with honour and a lightness of the heart
So I took that step which soon became a start.

CHORUS
'Cause she was not the biggest fighter, nor one to raise a fuss,
But I remember being proud that she was one of us.
And we might never stand together in the shieldwall side by side,
But because of her I lift my sword with pride.
She was ladylike and lively, not "the type you would expect"
With a braver heart than many and a slot-shot to respect.
I guess she'd once decided this was where she'd like to be
And I thought, if she could do it, why not me?

CHORUS

So now as I gather armour, bits and pieces here and there,
I think about examples: how you act, and what you dare.
'Cause you never know who's watching or how far the story goes
And where'er that Lady is I hope she knows.

CHORUS

We might never stand together in the shieldwall side by side,
But because of her I lift my sword with pride.

Parting Glass

Of all the money that ere I had,
I spent it in good company.
And all the harm that ere I done,
Alas! It was to none but me.
And all Ive done for want of wit,
To memory now I cant recall.
So fill to me the parting glass.
Goodnight and joy be with you all.

Oh, all the comrades that ere I had,
They're sorry for my going away,
And all the sweethearts that ere I had,
They'd wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls unto my lot
That I should rise and you should not,
I will gently rise and I'll softly call,
"Goodnight and joy be with you all!"

Oh, if I had enough money to spend
And leisure time to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town
That sorely has my heart beguiled
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
I own she has my heart in thrall.
So fill to me the parting glass.
"Goodnight and joy be with you all."

My Mother's Savage Daughter

Words and Music: Wyndreth Berginsdottir

Chorus
I am my mother's savage daughter,
the one who runs barefoot cursing sharp stones.
I am my mother's savage daughter,
I will not cut my hair, I will not lower my voice.

My mother's child is a savage,
She looks for her omens in the colors of stones,
In the faces of cats, in the fall of feathers,
In the dancing of fire and the curve of old bones.

(Chorus)

My mother's child dances in darkness,
And sings heathen songs by the light of the moon,
And watches the stars and renames the planets,
And dreams she can reach them with a song and a broom.

(Chorus)

My mother's child curses too loud and too often,
My mother's child laughs too hard and too long,
And howls at the moon and sleeps in ditches,
And clumsily raises her voice in this song.

(Chorus)

Now we all are brought forth out of darkness and water,
Brought into this world through blood and through pain,
And deep in our bones, the old songs are wakening,
So sing them with voices of thunder and rain.

(Chorus x3)
We are our mother's savage daughters,
The ones who run barefoot cursing sharp stones.
We are our mother's savage daughters,
We will not cut our hair, We will not lower our voice
.

Song of the Shield-Wall

Words: Lady Malkin Grey
Music: Lady Peregrynne Windrider

Hasten, oh 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 the fighting
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold!

Hasten, oh fyrdsmen, down to the river
The dragonships come on the in-flowing tide
The linden-wood shield and the old spear of ash-wood
Are needed again by the cold water-side
Draw up the shield-wall, oh 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, oh Huscarls, north to the Dane-Law
Harold Hardrada's come over the sea
His longships he's laden with berserks from Norway
To gain Cnut's crown and our master to be
Bitter he'll find there the bite of our spear points
Hard-running 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
Triumph is 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 hilltop at Hastings
Fight 'til the sun drops and evening grows cold
And die with the last of your Saxons around you
Holding the land we were given to hold!

Trimaris Skies

Lyrics: Bart Baker aka: Bahratomon Tune: "Wild Montana Skies" by John Denver

He came to me one morning, from a family still unknown
His clothes were torn and tattered, body shaking from the cold
The words he spoke were broken having journeyed many miles
He saw the Triskele banner and the boy began to smile

Chorus:
Oh…Trimaris, give this child a home
Give him a sword and a shield and a land to call his own
Give him a fire in his heart; give him a light in his eye,
Show him the wonder and beauty of the Wild…Trimaris Sky

I sat with him for hours as he told me of his tale
The countries and the kingdoms and the oceans that he sailed
Searching for a people that would teach him how to fight
A kingdom that was mighty and a ruler just and right

(Chorus)
For many years he labored and he learned to stoke a fire
He battled trees with fury till the day that he was squired
He learned to use a sword and a shield to guard his grace
Red belt worn with honor silver chain lit up his face

(Chorus)
He braved through many battles that boy turned to man
Golden chain around his neck, lady in his hand
He kneels before his king to present his newborn son
I heard him speak the same words that so long ago he sung

(Chorus) (Chorus)

Vivat! The Dream

Warjna Waleska Katzimir

The Known World remembers mid laughter and tears
The Dream we've been dreaming for so many years
And in celebration we gather as then
To be certain the Dream comes alive once again

Chorus:
So Sing Vivat! The Dream, may it live long
In hearts and in poetry, story and song
For all men need a dream as we all ken
And each time that we gather, we dream it again

Oh chivalry, courtesy, honor and love
Are ideals that we cherish all others above
Ideals are afire in the hearts of all men
And each time that we gather we live it again

CHORUS

Each Lord needs a Lady to strengthen his arm
Each Lady a Lord for to keep her from harm
'Tis love and the Dream bring together all men
And each time that we gather we live it again

CHORUS

The Known World remembers mid laughter and tears
The Dream we've been dreaming for so many years
And in celebration we gather as then
To be certain the Dream comes alive once again

CHORUS
CHORUS

"VIVAT TRIMARIS"

by Moric Haast 1986 Wm. Ritchie

Chorus:
So, Hail! To the swamplands, the forests, and coasts,
Hail to the three seas, which we alone boast;
Oh, fill up your flagons and raise us a toast,
This is Trimaris ……Vivat Trimaris!

Now out on her fields, no warrior's yield;
And there in her halls, the revelers call;
Bastions of Chivalry, we remain free
There's yet a welcome for thee…..
From sea to sea…..to sea.

(Chorus)

Our own Kingdom now, we take solemn vow;
To stand for the Dream and all that it means!
In quest of new
Avalons, we carry on;
There's yet a welcome for thee…
From sea to sea….. to sea.

(Chorus)

The land Swamplords tread, most fighters would dread,
In muck or in mire, we fight without tire;
We're hell in a fight, but we're heaven at night,
And there's yet a welcome for thee….
From sea to sea…. To sea.

(Chorus)

Warrior's Wyrd

Words: Ivar Battleskald
Tune: Sing Hallelujah (to the Lord) by Linda Stassen-Benjamin (1974)

Picked up a sword when I was young
And I will die before I'm old
Raised as a warrior, fame was my father,
Death was my mother, bathed in blood

Followed the banner to the fray
And there I fought throughout the day
Eagles did circle there, wolves' feast we did prepare
Wounded, though then I did not die

I've heard the death screams as men go
I've seen the blood in rivers flow
I've heard the surgeon's song, and I do know ere long,
One day too slow to dodge I'll be

One day I'll look up to the sky,
And see the lightning flash on high
Dark clouds come rolling in, then I will know my end
Singing I'll go to meet my bane

When I am gone, no tears for me
Let there instead be revelry!
Have skalds the sagas say, sing heroes' deeds that day,
Fill all the horns and drain them down

All of my life I've hoped one thing
All of my deeds the skalds to sing
For when a warrior's gone, if you do sing his song,
Truly, the warrior never dies

The Will of Beka Cooper

Aibhilin inghean Daibhidh

When I was just a child on the lower city streets
A henchman hurt my mother, so I followed to his crew
Though the guard would not believe me, to the Lord Provost I flew
I persisted in my tale, gained his trust, and I prevailed
And I brought the bold brass gang to their Defeat

Chorus:
Do not doubt me for my gender
Or think that I am small
My wits are sharp, my arm is strong, my eyes will see it all
Do not think that I will waver,
You'll not scare or frighten me,
I am small but I am mighty, I will forge my destiny

At the age 15 I started as a guard trainee,
I picked the lower city to help those like my family,
As we chased after a monster, on a children killing spree,
Through my notes and observation, narrowed in on their location
And I caught the shadow snake 'fore they could flee

Chorus

As I grew to a guardswoman things were not as they seem
With false coin flowing in the streets downriver from Port Caynn
I, despite the danger to me, infiltrated their domain
Found the proof of the rogues Plot, chased her down and then we fought
And won to save the Kingdom from their scheme

Chorus

When terror shook the Kingdom, the prince was taken in the night,
My friends and I were summoned to track down the plotters crude,
Through conspiracy and magic, vile kidnappers we pursued
We tracked them down to their lair, saved the Crown from their despair,
And ensured the Kingdom's future would be bright

Chorus