

Scarborough Faire

Are you going to Scarborough Faire?
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
 Remember me to one who lived there.
 She once was a true love of mine.

Have her make me a cambric shirt
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
 Without no seams, nor fine needle work.
 Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to weave it in a sycamore wood lane.
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Gather it up in a basket of flowers
 Then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her wash it in yonder dry well
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Where water ne'er sprung, nor drop of rain fell.
 Then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to find me an acre of land.
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Between the sea foam and over the sand.
 Then she'll be a true love of mine

Plow the land with the horn of a lamb.
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Then sow some seeds from north of the dam.
 Then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her reap it with a sickle of leather.
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Gather it up in a bunch of heather.
 Then she'll be a true love of mine

If she tells me she can't, then I'll reply.
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Let me know, that at least she will try.
 Then she'll be a true love of mine

Love imposes impossible tasks
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Though not more than any heart asks.
 And I must know she's true love of mine

When thou has finished thy task.
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Come to me my hand for to ask.
 For then you'll be a true love of mine

Additional verses:

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
 Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,

And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Ask her to do me this courtesy,
 Parsely, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
 And ask for a like favor from me,
 And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Have you been to Scarborough Fair?
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
 Remember me from one who lives there,
 For he once was a true love of mine.

When he has done and finished his work,
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
 Ask him to come for his cambric shirt,
 For then he'll be a true love of mine.

Source:

http://www.thebards.net/music/lyrics/Scarborough_Faire.shtml

Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
 Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
 On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Oh! Ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road,
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
 But me and my true love will never meet again,
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas then that we parted, In yon shady glen,
 On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
 Where, in purple hue, The highland hills we view,
 And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing, And the wild flowers spring,
 And in sunshine the waters sleeping.
 But the broken heart it kens, Nae second spring again,
 Though the waeful may cease frae their greeting.

Source:

http://www.thebards.net/music/lyrics/Loch_Lomond.shtml

Greensleeves

Alas, my love you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously
And I have loved you so long
Delighting in your company

Chorus: Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight
Greensleeves was my heart of gold
And who but my Lady Greensleeves.

I have been ready at your hand
to grant whatever you would crave;
I have both wagered life and land
Your love and good will for to have

I bought the kerchers to thy head
That were wrought fine and gallantly
I kept thee both at board and bed
Which cost my purse well favouredly.

Greensleeves, now farewell! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee;
For I am still thy lover true
Come once again and love me.

Source:
http://www.thebards.net/music/lyrics/Greensleeves_Medley.shtml

Mordred's Lullaby

Hush, child, darkness will rise from the deep,
And carry you down into sleep, child.
Darkness will rise from the deep,
And carry you down into sleep.

My only son,
I'll shape your belief,
And you'll always know
That your father's a thief.
And you won't understand
The cause of your grief,
But you'll always follow
The voices beneath.

Loyalty loyalty loyalty

Guileless son,
Your spirit will
Hate her.
The flower who married
My brother the traitor.
And you will expose
His puppeteer behavior,

For you are the proof
Of how he betrayed
Her loyalty.

Loyalty loyalty loyalty only to me

Hush, child, the darkness will rise from the deep,
And carry it out into sleep, child.
Darkness will rise from the deep,
And carry it out into sleep.

Guileless son,
Each day you grow older,
Each moment I'm watching
My vengeance unfold.
The child of my body,
The flesh of my soul,
Will die in returning
The birthright he stole.

Loyalty loyalty loyalty only to me

Hush, child, darkness will rise from the deep,
And carry you down into sleep, child.
Darkness will rise from the deep,
And carry you down into sleep.

Source:
http://www.lyricsfreak.com/h/heather+dale/mordreds+lullaby_20984283.html

Silent Knight

Silent knight, unconscious knight,
On the ground, lost the fight,
Mighty backhand from a big broadsword,
Wielded by a white-belted lord,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent knight, unconscious knight,
Marshalls cry, "Hold the fight!",
Chiurgeons bring the stretcher out,
Wonder if he's fought his last bout,
Look at that dent in his helm,
Look at that dent in his helm.

Silent knight, unconscious knight,
Next time he won't call "light",
Better to die than it is to lie,
He'll just hit harder on his next try,
Rhino-hiding doesn't pay,
Rhino-hiding doesn't pay,

Words by : Andrew MacRobb
Tune of : Silent Night

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 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!

Words and Music: James Treebull the Stubborn (Jim Pipkin)
Source: Modar

Rose Red

Rose, Rose, Rose red,
Shall I ever see thee wed?
I will marry my true love, Sire,
My true love.

Hey ho, anybody home?
Meat nor drink nor money have I none.
Still I will be very merry,
Hey hey ho.

Ah poor bird,
Why art thou
Flying through the shadows
Of this dark hour?

Rose, Rose, Rose white,
Will you marry me tonight?
I will leave with you my love,
My one true love.

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

Source: <http://sca.claypool.me/songs.html>

Whiskey in the Jar

As I was a going over Gillgarry Mountain,
I spied Colonel Farrell and his money he was countin'.
First I drew me pistol and then I drew me rapier,
Sayin' stand and deliver for I am your bold receiver.

Chorus: Well shirigim duraham da
Wack fall the daddy oh, wack fall the daddy oh
There's whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in me pocket to take home to darling' Jenny.
She sighed and swore she loved me and never would
deceive me
But the devil take the women for they always lie so easy.

I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber
To dream of gold and girls and of course it was no wonder.
Me Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with
water,
Called on colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter.

Next morning early before I rose to travel,
There came a band of footmen and likewise Colonel
Farrell.
I goes to draw me pistol for she'd stole away me rapier,
but a prisoner I was taken I couldn't shoot the water.

They put me into jail with a judge all a writin'
For robbing Colonel Farrell on Gilgarry Mountain.
But they didn't take me fists so I knocked the jailer down,
And bid a farewell to this tight fistied town.

I'd like to find me brother the one that's in the army,
I don't know where he's stationed in Cork or in Killarney.
Together we'd go roving o'r the mountains of Killkenney,
And I swear he'd treat me better than me darling' sporting
Jenny.

There's some takes delight in the carriages and rolling,
Some takes delight in the hurley or the bowlin'.
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
Courtin' pretty maids in the mourning oh so early.

Source: <http://sca.claypool.me/songs.html>

Gypsy Rover

A gypsy rover came over the hill
into the valley so shady.
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
and he won the heart of a lady.

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee

He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gate.
She left her own true lover.
She left her servants and her estate
to follow her gypsy rover.

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
She left her servants and her estate
to follow her gypsy rover.

Her father mounted his fastest stead
and searched the valley all over.
He sought his daughter at great speed
and the whistlin' gypsy rover.

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
He sought his daughter at great speed
and the whistlin' gypsy rover.

At last he came to a mansion fine
down by the river glady.
And there was music and there was wine
for the gypsy and his lady.

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
And there was music and there was wine
for the gypsy and his lady.

"He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried
"but Lord of these lands all over.
And I shall stay 'til my dying day
with my whistlin' gypsy rover."

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
And I shall stay 'til my dying day
with my whistlin' gypsy rover."

Source: <http://sca.claypool.me/songs.html>

Mary Mac

There's a nice wee lass and her name's Mary Mac
 Make no mistake, she's the miss I'm going to take
 There's a lot of other chaps that would get up on her track
 But I'm thinking that they'd have to get up early.

Chorus:

Mary Mac's father's making Mary Mac marry me
 My father's making me marry Mary Mac
 And I'm going to marry Mary
 To get married and take care of me
 We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mac

Now this wee lass she has a lot of brass
 She has a lot of gas and her father thinks I'm class
 So I'd be a silly ass to let the matter pass
 Her father thinks she suits me fairly

Now Mary and her Mither gain an awful lot together
 In fact you never see the one or the one without the other
 And the fellows often wonder if it's Mary or her mither Or
 the both of them together that I'm courtin'

Now the wedding day's on Wednesday and everything's
 arranged
 Her name will soon be changed to mine unless her mind be
 changed
 And we're making the arrangements and I'm just a bit
 deranged
 For marriage is an awful undertakin'

It's sure to be a grand affair and grander than a fair
 There's going to be a coach and pair for every couple there
 We'll dine upon the finest fare I'm sure to get my share
 If I don't we'll all be very much mistaken

Source: <http://sca.claypool.me/songs.html>

Skye Boat Song

Chorus

Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing,
 "Onward!" the sailors cry.
 Carry the lad that's born to be king
 Over the sea to Skye!

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
 Thunderclaps ram the air!
 Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
 Follow they will not dare!

Chorus

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,

Oceans a royal bay,
 And while you sleep, Flora will keep
 Watch o'er your weary head.

Burned are our houses, exile and death
 Scatter our loyal men;
 Before the sword is cool in the sheath
 Prince Charlie will come again.

Source: Standing Song Stone Book

Bow to the Crown

Chorus:

Bow to the crown, bow to the throne
 And bow to the one whose favour you own
 Remember their eyes are watching the fray
 And bow to each other and fight as you may

Verses:

Honour the crown, and think on their duty
 The champions of right and of all we should be
 The greatest of burdens, the highest renown
 The first ones to rise and the last to lie down

Honour the one whose favour you bear
 And stride in their honour to ever be fair
 Think on their faith when the battle's begun
 And let them be proud of whatever you've won

Honour your foe, and keep your aim true
 Remember they fight with the same heart as you
 Trust in their judgement of all that you throw
 For they are a part of the valour you show

Source: Mistress Marian of Heatherdale

Savage Daughter

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.

Verses:

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.

My mother's child dances in darkness,
And she 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.

Now 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.

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 waking,
So sing them with voices of thunder and rain!

Chorus (change 'I' to 'We') x 3

Source: Mistress Windreth Berginsdottir

Born on the List Field

Once came a warrior, fresh from the field
Kneeling before his king he came.
When he had risen, he was a knight
And unto his king his oath he gave.

I was born on the list fields
I was raised in the wars
And this day you do make me your knight
Though some day my sword may grow rusty and old
I must live by my oath 'till I die

Great grew the knight, and his fame he did win
And ne'er before a foe would yield
Great were the numbers, he ne'er called defeat
And he sang his song behind his shield

I was born on the list fields
I was raised in the wars
And one day they did make me your knight
Though some day my sword may grow rusty and old
I must live by my oath 'till I die

Old grew the knight and returned to his farm
Said his king: "You ne'er be called again."
This knight, he knew honour and duty knew well
And unto his king his oath he gave.

I was born on the list fields
I was raised in the wars
And one day you did make me your knight
Though some day my sword may grow rusty and old
I must live by my oath 'till I die

War tore the country, the king was in plight,
And his knights, they could not win the day
Onto the field rode the old brave knight
And some swear that they heard him say:

You were born on the list fields
You were raised in the wars
And one day they did make you all knights
Though some day your swords may grow rusty and old
you must live by your oaths 'till you die

The king's men, they rallied and slew all their foes
They began to count their hurt and dead
They found the old knight ringed 'round by slain foes
And unto his king his oath he said:

I was born on the list fields
I was raised in the wars
And one day you did make me your knight
Though it seems my sword has grown rusty and old
I have lived by my oath, now I die.

Stands now the heir of that brave sir knight
To all the legacy he bore
With this sword of my own, I know my duty well
And I have my own oath I sword

I was born on the list field,
I was raised in the war
and it matters not if I'm a knight;
Though you see my swords not yet rusty or old,
I must live by my oath till I die.

I was born on the list field,
I was raised in the war
and it matters not if I'm a knight;
Though you see my swords not yet rusty or old,
I must live by my oath till I die.

Barrett's Privateers

Oh, the year was 1778,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 A letter of marque come from the king,
 To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,

Chorus: God damn them all!
 I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
 We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
 Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
 The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 For twenty brave men all fishermen who
 Would make for him the Antelope's crew

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
 And the cook in scuppers with the staggers and the jags

On the King's birthday we put to sea,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 We were 91 days to Montego Bay
 Pumping like madmen all the way

On the 96th day we sailed again,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
 With our cracked four pounders we made to fight

The Yankee lay low down with gold,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
 But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

Then at length we stood two cables away,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
 But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
 And the Main trunk carried off both me legs

So here I lay in my 23rd year,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 It's been 6 years since we sailed away
 And I just made Halifax yesterday

Source: Stan Rogers

What Do You Do With a Drunken Sailor

What do you do with a drunken sailor,
 What do you do with a drunken sailor,
 What do you do with a drunken sailor,
 Earl-eye in the morning!

Chorus:
 Way hay and up she rises
 Way hay and up she rises
 Way hay and up she rises
 Earl-eye in the morning

Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
 Earl-eye in the morning!

Put him in the hold with the Captain's daughter,
 Put him in the hold with the Captain's daughter,
 Put him in the hold with the Captain's daughter,
 Earl-eye in the morning!

Put him the back of the paddy wagon,
 Put him the back of the paddy wagon,
 Put him the back of the paddy wagon,
 Earl-eye in the morning!

Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober,
 Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober,
 Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober,
 Earl-eye in the morning!

What do you do with a drunken sailor,
 What do you do with a drunken sailor,
 What do you do with a drunken sailor,
 Earl-eye in the morning!

Worms of the Earth

My father worked on the land,
as did his father before him
Plowing and sowing by hand,
and harvesting what the land bore him. He was killed by
the robbers before I was ten,
One stroke of the sword and then they were gone,
while our lord strutted bravely on top his tall walls
and did nothing to hinder the slaughter.

CHORUS

For we are the worms of the earth
Against the lions of might.
All of our days we are tied to the land,
While they hunt and they feast and they fight.
We give our crops and our homes and our lives
And the clerics tell us this is right.
And they've beat us before and they'll beat us again
But we'll drink from their helmets tonight.

Our lord rode away to the wars
mounted on top a tall stallion,
To fight for some noble cause,
With his knights there and henchmen to guard him.
Then we heard that they captured both he and his men,
And for that, they raised our taxes again,
For to pay the great ransom in gold and in gems
to get our lord back to rule us.

Chorus

This year there was a great drought,
Our crops were burnt in the ground.
Not that our lord did without,
for his men took all that they found.
Then our lord came among us with some of his men,
to announce that the taxes were raised yet again,
so a few of us acted on our desperate plan,
now his body is meat for the crows.

(No chorus here.)

Into the fire we stare,
behind our poor barricade,
Too tired to feel the despair,
Knowing no one will come to our aid.
For when that sun rises the knights all around,
They will gather in force and they'll hunt us all down,
and they'll mount our heads proudly on pikes in the town,
and our final tax will be paid.

FINAL CHORUS:

For we are the worms of the earth,
Against the lions of might.
All of our days we are tied to the land,

While they hunt and they feast and they fight.
We give our crops and our homes and our lives,
And the clerics tell us this is right.
And they've beat us before,
And they'll kill us tomorrow,
But we'll drink from their helmets tonight.

Green Grow the Rushes, Oh

I'll sing you one, oh, green grow the rushes, oh
What is your one, oh?
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be so.
I'll sing you two, oh, green grow the rushes, oh
What is your two, oh?
Two for the lily-white boys, clothèd all in green, oh.
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be so.
I'll sing you three, oh, green grow the rushes, oh
What is your three, oh?
Three, three, the rivals.
Two for the lily-white boys, clothèd all in green, oh.
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be so.
I'll sing you four, oh, green grow the rushes, oh
What is your four, oh?
Four for the gospel makers.
Three, three, the rivals.
Two for the lily-white boys, clothèd all in green, oh.
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be so.
I'll sing you five, oh, green grow the rushes, oh
What is your five, oh?
Five for the symbols at your door.
Four for the gospel makers.
Three, three, the rivals.
Two for the lily-white boys, clothèd all in green, oh.
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be so.
and so on, for:

Six for the six proud walkers...
Seven for the seven stars in the sky...
Eight for the April rainers...
Nine for the nine bright shiners...
Ten for the ten commandments...
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven...
Twelve for the twelve apostles...

Source: <http://flurf.net/files/2009/04/tkw2011.pdf>

Where Have All The Vikings Gone?

To the tune of Where Have All The Flowers Gone?

Where have all the flowers gone?
 Long time passing.
 Where have all the flowers gone?
 Long time ago.
 Where have all the flowers gone?
STOMPED BY VIKINGS, EVERY ONE!!!
 When will they ever learn?
 When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?
 Long time passing.
 Where have all the young men gone?
 Long time ago.
 Where have all the young men gone?
KILLED BY VIKINGS, EVERY ONE!!!
 When will they ever learn?
 When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?
 Long time passing.
 Where have all the young girls gone?
 Long time ago.
 Where have all the young girls gone?
RAPED BY VIKINGS, EVERY ONE!!!
 When will they ever learn?
 When will they ever learn?

Where have all the houses gone?
 Long time passing.
 Where have all the houses gone?
 Long time ago.
 Where have all the houses gone?
BURNED BY VIKINGS, EVERY ONE!!!
 When will they ever learn?
 When will they ever learn?

Where has all the treasure gone?
 Long time passing.
 Where has all the treasure gone?
 Long time ago.
 Where has all the treasure gone?
BURNED IN HOUSES, EVERY ONE!!!
 When will they ever learn?
 Pillage before you burn!

Source: <http://flurf.net/files/2009/04/tkw2011.pdf>

The Rattlin' Bog

Oh-oh, the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley, oh!
 Oh-oh, the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley, oh!

In the bog there was a tree,
 A rare tree, a rattlin' tree.
 Tree in the bog,
 And the bog down in the valley, oh!

On the tree there was a trunk,
 A rare trunk, a rattlin' trunk.
 Trunk on the tree,
 And the tree in the bog,
 And the bog down in the valley, oh!

On the trunk there was a limb,
 A rare limb, a rattlin' limb.
 Limb on the trunk,
 And the trunk on the tree,
 And the tree in the bog,
 And the bog down in the valley, oh!

And on the limb there was a branch,
 A rare branch, a rattlin' branch.
 Branch on the limb,
 And the limb on the trunk,
 And the trunk on the tree,
 And the tree in the bog,
 And the bog down in the valley, oh!

On the branch there was a twig...
 On the twig there was a leaf...
 On the leaf there was a nest...
 In the nest there was an egg...
 From the egg there came a bird...
 From the bird there came a feather...
 From the feather there came a bed...
 On the bed there was a woman...
 On the woman there was a man...
 From the man there came a seed...
 From the seed there grew a tree...

Source: <http://flurf.net/files/2009/04/tkw2011.pdf>

Come and be Welcome

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

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

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
image: <http://static.urx.io/units/web/urx-unit-loader.gif>

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

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

Source: www.songlyrics.com/heather-dale/come-and-be-welcome-lyrics/#hYzxI9QuDhqkPME5.99

The Brave and Bonny Host

Oh, see how the mist lies over the field;
The morning of battle has come.
Soft in the glen there's the muffled sound of men,
And the murmur of a battle drum.

Now the light of the sun spreads over the hill;
It scatters the mist from the green,
And there in the clear come the warriors of An Tir --
Their black and gold banner can be seen,

Chorus:

Fill our cups with ale or wine or beer,
We will stand together never fear;
And we'll drink down a toast
To the brave and bonny host
That fights for the banner of An Tir.

Oh, see them advance as a wall of steel,
Each man with his sword and his shield;
Now they charge with a cheer, for the honour of An Tir,
To win or to die upon the field.

By many a fire there's a lady fair,
Who waits for her love to return;
Her needle's in her threads, or she's baking of the breads,
And dreaming of the touch for which she yearns.

To the crest of the hill fight the brave and the bold,
Where the slain thickly lie on the field;
Now alone in the clear stand the warriors of An Tir,
And the foeman at last is forced to yield.

Oh, strike up your lute, all ye minstrels,
Whose skill is renowned far and wide;
Come tell us again of the mighty band of men,
Who carried the battle for our side.

By: Roger the Goliard

Source: <http://www.antir.sca.org/Pubs/brave.php>

Black Widows in the Privy

Everyone knows someone we'd be better off without,
But best not mention names, for we know not who's
about.
But why commit a murder, and risk the fires of hell,
When black widows in the privy can do it just as well.

Now, poison's good, and daggers, and arrows in the back,
And if you're really desperate, you can try a front attack.
But are they really worthy of the risk of being caught
When black widows in the privy need not be bribed or
bought?

So, if there's one of whom you wish most simply to be rid,
Just wait 'til dark, then point the way to where the widows
hid,
And say to them, "I think you'll find that this one is the
best,"
And black widows in the privy will gladly do the rest.

By: Heather Jones

Johnny Be Fair

Oh, Johnny be fair and Johnny be fine he wants me for to wed
 And I would marry Johnny, but me father up and said
 "I'm sorry to tell you daughter, what your mother never knew
 But Johnny is a son of mine and so he's kin to you"

Oh, Willie be fair and Willie be fine he wants me for to wed
 And I would marry Willie, but me father up and said
 "I'm sorry to tell you daughter, what your mother never knew
 But Willie too is a son of mine and so he's kin to you"

Oh, Thomas be fair and Thomas be fine he wants me for to wed
 And I would marry Thomas, but me father up and said
 "I'm sorry to tell you daughter, what your mother never knew
 But Thomas is a son of mine and so he's kin to you"

Oh, you never saw a maid so sad and sorry as I was
 The lads in town were all me kin and me father was the cause
 If life should thus continue, I will die a single miss
 I think I'll go to mother and complain to her of this

"Oh, daughter, haven't I told you to forgive and to forget?
 Your father sowed his wild oats, but still you need not fret
 Your father may be father to all the lads in town, but still
 He's not the one who sired you, so marry whom you will"

Source:
http://lyrics.tandj.net/index.cgi?&song=Traditional_Irish_Songs_-_Johnny_Be_Fair

The Maid on the Shore

There is a young maiden, she lives all a-lone
 She lived all a-lone on the shore-o
 There's nothing she can find to comfort her mind
 But to roam all a-lone on the shore, shore, shore
 But to roam all a-lone on the shore
 'Twas the young Captain who sailed the salt sea
 Let the wind blow high, blow low
 I will die, I will die, the young Captain did cry
 If I don't have that maid on the shore, shore, shore...
 I have lots of silver, I have lots of gold
 I have lots of costly ware-o
 I'll divide, I'll divide, with my jolly ship's crew
 If they row me that maid on the shore, shore, shore...
 After much persuasion, they got her aboard
 Let the wind blow high, blow low
 They replaced her away in his cabin below
 Here's adieu to all the sorrow and care, care...

They replaced her away in his cabin below
 Let the wind blow high, blow low
 She's so pretty and neat, she's so sweet and complete
 She's sung Captain and sailors to sleep, sleep, sleep...
 Then she robbed him of silver, she robbed him of gold
 She robbed him of costly ware-o
 Then took his broadsword instead of an oar
 And paddled her way to the shore, shore, shore...
 Me men must be crazy, me men must be mad
 Me men must be deep in despair-o
 For to let you away from my cabin so gay
 And to paddle your way to the shore, shore, shore...
 Your men was not crazy, your men was not mad
 Your men was not deep in despair-o
 I deluded your sailors as well as yourself
 I'm a maiden again on the shore, shore, shore

By: Stan Rogers

Ah Poor Bird

Ah poor bird,
 take thy flight
 far above the sorrows
 of this sad night

Thou poor bird
 mounts the tree
 where sweetly thou dost
 warble, in thy wandering free

Soul Cake

Soul Cake, a soul cake,
 please good mistress a soul cake
 an apple, a pear, a plum, a cherry
 any good thing to make us all merry

Fish Heads

Fish heads, fish heads
 Rolly bowling fish heads
 Fish heads, fish heads
 Eat them up, yum

The Witch of the West-mer-land

Pale was the wounded knight
That bore the rowan shield
Loud and cruel were the raven's cries
That feasted on the field, saying:

Beck water, cold and clear,
Will never clean you wound.
There's none but the Maid of the Winding mere
Can make thee hale and soond.

So course well, my brindled hounds,
And fetch me the mountain hare
Whose coat is a grey as the Wastwater
Or as white as the lily fair, who said

Green moss and heather bands
Will never staunch the flood.
There's none but the Witch of the West-mer-lands
Can save thy dear life's blood.

So turn, turn you stallion's head
Till his red mane flies in the wind
And the rider of the moon goes by
And the bright star falls behind.

And clear was the pale moon
When his shadow passed him by;
Below the hill was the brightest star
When he heard the houlet cry, saying

Why do you ride this way,
And wharfore cam' ye here?
I seek the Witch of the West-mer-lands
That dwells by the winding mere.

Then fly free your good grey hawk
To gather the golden rod,
And face your horse into the clouds
Above yon gay green wood.

And it's weary by Ullswater
And the misty brake fern way
Till through the cleft o' the Kirkstane Pass
The winding water lay.

He said, Lie down, my brindled hound,
And rest my good grey hawk,
And thee, my steed, may graze thy fill,
For I must dismount and walk.

But come when you hear my horn
And answer swift the call,
For I fear e'er the sun shall rise this morn
You will serve me best of all.

And down to the water's brim
He's borne the rowan shield,
And the golden rod he has cast in
To see what the lake might yield.

And wet rose she from the lake,
And fast and fleet gaed she,
One half the form of a maiden fair
With a jet black mare's body.

And loud, long, and shrill he blew
And his steed was by his side;
High overhead his grey hawk flew
And swiftly he did ride, saying:

Course well, my brindled hounds,
And fetch me the jet black mare.
Stoop and strike, my good grey hawk,
And bring me the maiden fair. She said:

Pray sheath thy silvery sword,
Lay down thy rowan shield,
For I see by the briny blood that flows
You've been wounded in the field.

And she stood in a gown of the velvet blue,
Bound 'round with a silver chain.
She's kissed his pale lips aince and twice
And three time 'round again.

And she's bound his wound with the golden rod;
Full fast in her arms he lay,
And he has risen hale and soond
Wi' the sun high in the day. She said:

Ride with you brindled hounds at heel
And your good grey hawk in hand.
There's nane can harm a knight wha's lain
With the Witch of the West-mer-land.

By: Archie Fisher

Lay Low, Nobody Home

Lay low, nobody home
Meat nor drink nor money have I none
Still we will be very merry
Lay lay low

Oh My Love

Oh my Love
Lov'st thou me,
then quickly come and save
him, who dies for thee

The Veil

At the age of 16 I crossed the wild ocean,
To take arms and stand 'neath the flag of my King
And there, on my belt, hung the veil of a lady,
Still salted with tears and the promise they bring.

Chorus:

She'd said, "Come back to me,
Though the whole world you travel.
Win through each day and do honour for me
And let every victory you claim be a token.
Return to my arms, your true love I shall be."

For six months or longer I journeyed to find them,
An army assembled like nothing I'd seen,
Ten thousand men stood on the banks of a river
With armour of sunlight and swords battle keen.

I joined in the ranks of a stalwart battalion,
My captain stood shoulder to shoulder with me.
Though he fell, I fought with her veil as my armour
And for her in battle I gained victory.

Chorus

Promotion was mine through both luck and attrition,
My King made me captain, a knight soon to be,
If I could but win him the city we'd cordoned.
I won it for him but 'twas her victory

A decade passed by in the blink of an instant,
A full knight-commander bestowed upon me,
My company rode 'neath the High King's own banner,
Above it the favour of my own lady.

Chorus

And then the wars ended and we journeyed homewards.
Estates were now mine in five countries or more.
That rag on my belt was a thousand times mended.
I came home to her to forget about war.

She stood in the doorway as if she were waiting,
Her sons, nine and seven, a daughter of three,
She smiled as she stared at me trying to remember
The boy and the veil and her promise to me.

Chorus

I left her bewildered with gifts for her children,
Her eyes had changed colour in ten years, it seemed,
For hers were the grey of that mother and housewife
And not the blue ocean I held in my dreams.

I joined, then, my King, as we rode forth to battle,
To fight a new war in some land o'er the sea,

He asked of my lady, and of the worn favour
And smiled as I told him of her words to me.

Chorus

And now I return to the battle and bloodshed,
My men call her name as we join in the fray.
I'll see her forever, through veils of my dreaming
And still it's for her I will win through this day.

Chorus

That girl in my dreams is still waiting for me.

By: Master Garraed Galbraithe

She Moved Through the Fair

My young love said to me
My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you
For your lack of kind

She stepped away from me
And this she did say
It will not be long love
Till our wedding day

She stepped away from me
And she moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her move here
And move there

And she went her way homeward
With one star awake
As the swan in the evening
Moved over the lake

Last night she came to me
My young love came in
So softly she entered
That her feet made no din

And she came close beside me
And this she did say
It will not be long love
Till our wedding day

The Scotsman

Oh a Scotsman tried and true left the bar one evening fair
And one could tell by how he walked he'd had more than
his share

He stumbled round 'til he could no longer keep his feet
Then he stumbled off unto the grass to sleep beside a
stream.

Ring-ding diddle diddle aye-dee-oh

Ring di-diddle-aye-oh

Oh he stumbled off unto the grass to sleep beside a
stream.

Well about that time two young and lovely ladies
happened by

And one said to the other, with a twinkle in her eye

"Oh see yon sleepy Scotsman, so strong and handsome
built?"

"Well I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath
their kilts."

Ring-ding diddle diddle aye-dee-oh

Ring di-diddle-aye-oh

"Oh I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath
their kilts."

Well they snuck up to that sleeping Scotsman, quiet as
could be

And they lifted up his kilt a little bit so they might see
And there for them to behold, beneath that Scottish skirt,
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his
birth.

Ring-ding diddle diddle aye-dee-oh

Ring di-diddle-aye-oh

Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his
birth.

Well they marveled for a moment, then one said, "We
must be gone."

"Well let's leave a present for our friend before we move
along."

As a gift, they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow
Around the bonnie sword the Scotsman's kilt beneath did
show.

Ring-ding diddle diddle aye-dee-oh

Ring di-diddle-aye-oh

Around the bonnie sword the Scotsman's kilt beneath did
show.

Well the Scotsman a little later, he awoke to nature's call
And as he lifted up his kilt, what he got and what he saw,
And in a strangled voice, he said, "I can't believe me eyes!"
"I don't know where ye been, me lad, but I see ye took first
prize!"

Ring-ding diddle diddle aye-dee-oh

Ring di-diddle-aye-oh

"I don't know where ye been, me lad, but I see ye took first
prize!"

Three Ravens

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Down a down, hey down, hey down
They were a black as black might be,
With a down.

The one of them said to his mate.

"Where shall we our breakfast take?"

With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

Down in yonder green field,

Down a down, hey down, hey down

There lies a knight slain under his shield,
With a down.

His hounds they lie down at his feet

So well they do their master keep.

With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

His hawks they fly so eagerly

Down a down, hey down, hey down

No other fowl dare him come nigh,

With a down.

Down there comes a fallow doe

As heavy with young as she might go.

With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

She lifted up his bloody head,

Down a down, hey down, hey down

And kissed his wounds that were so red,

With a down.

She got him up upon her back

And carried him to earthen lake.

With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

She buried him before the prime,

Down a down, hey down, hey down

She was dead herself ere even-song time,

With a down.

God send every gentleman

Such hawks, such hounds, and such leman,

With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

We Are the Dance

We are the dance of the moon and the sun.

We are the power in everyone.

We are the hope that will never die.

We are the turning of the tides

As one group, 3x 'round

Break into groups, 3x 'round

The Valkyrie Song

Alone by the fire, a warrior I knew
Told me this tale, and I pray it is true.

From far Ansteorra our dragon-ship came
To fight for good Halidar on Lilled plain
My sword I had lent seeking honor and fame
Or Odin's great hall in the fray

We charged into battle, the sun beating high
Our battle-horns sounding a victory nigh
Our spears crossed their arrows like hawks in the sky
Leaving many men dead on the way

Sing me no songs of angels I pray
For a Valkyrie found me in battle that day

The battle was long and the sun was like fire
The heat drove us down like a funeral pyre
Though many I'd slain, now my bloodlust did tire
Struck down by the heat of the day

The battle moved onward from where I was laid
I drew of my helmet to rest in the shade
When a soft even tread, like the wind in a glade
Brought a daughter of Asgard my way

Sing me no songs of angels I pray
For a Valkyrie found me in battle that day

She gave me cool drink 'till my wits came again
Be fore I could speak she was gone like the wind
Had I but died, I could follow her then
But I lay with the living that day

Long I did search, a full year I have mourned
And told all my brothers this love I have bourne
But she is of Asgard, and I of this shore
So here with my brothers I stay

Sing me no songs of angels I pray
For a Valkyrie found me in battle that day

True to this dream like the tale I have told
Close to my heart, a small pouch I still hold
And in it a lock of her hair pure as gold
This I carry to battle this day

Alone by the fire
A warrior I knew
Told me this tale
And I pray it is true....

Blow Away the Morning Dew

There was a farmer's son,
Kept sheep all on the hill;
And he walk'd out one May morning
To see what he could kill.

Chorus
And sing blow away the morning dew
The dew, and the dew.
Blow away the morning dew,
How sweet the winds do blow.

He looked high, he looked low,
He cast an under look;
And there he saw a fair pretty maid
Beside the wat'ry brook.

Cast over me my mantle fair
And pin it o'er my gown;
And, if you will, take hold my hand,
And I will be your own.

If you come down to my father's house
Which is walled all around,
And, you shall have a kiss from me
And twenty thousand pound.

He mounted on a milk white steed
And she upon another;
And then they rode along the lane
Like sister and like brother.

As they were riding on alone,
They saw some pooks of hay.
O is not this a very pretty place
For girls and boys to play?

But when they came to her father's gate,
So nimble she popped in:
And said: There is a fool without
And here's a maid within.

We have a flower in our garden,
We call it Marigold:
And if you will not when you may,
You shall not when you wolde.

By: Francis James Child

A Woman's Work is Never Done

To a Delicate Northern Tune, "A Woman's Work is never done", or, "The Beds making"

As I was wandering on the way,
I heard a married woman say
That she had lived a solid life [grave, serious]
Ever since the time that she was made a wife.
"For why," quoth she, "my labor is hard,
And all my pleasures are debarr'd:
Both morning, evening, night and noon,
I'm sure a woman's work is never done.

"And now," quoth she, "I will relate
The manner of my woeful fate;
And how myself I do bestow,
As all my neighbours well do know:
And therein all, that will hear,
Unto my song I pray a while give ear;
Ile make it plainly to appear, right soon,
How that a woman's work is never done.

"For when that I will rise early in the morn,
Before that I my head with dressings adorn,
I sweep and cleanse the house, as need doth require,
Or, if that it be cold, I make a fire:
Then my husband's breakfast I must dress,
To fill his belly with some wholesome mess;
Perhaps thereof I eat a little, or none,
But I'm sure a woman's work is never done.

"Next thing that I in order do,
My children must be lookt unto;
Then I take them from their naked beds,
To put on their clothes and comb their heads:
And then, what hap soever betide,
Their breakfast straight I must provide.
'Bread!' cries my daughter; and 'Drink!' my son,
And thus a woman's work is never done.

"And when that I have fill'd their bellies full,
Some of them I pack away to school,
All save one sucking childe, that at my breast
Doth gnaw and bite, and sorely me molest:
But when I have laid him down to sleep,
I am constrain'd the house to keep,
For then the pottage-pot I must hang on,
And thus a woman's work is never done.

And when my pottage-pot is ready to hoil, [boil over]
I must be careful all the while;
And for to cum the pot is my desire,
Or else all the fat will run i' th' fire.
But when th'leven a clock bell it doth chime,
Then I know't is near upon dinner time:
To lay the table-cloth I then do run,

And thus a woman's work is never done.

"When dinner time is gone and over-past,
My husband he runs out o' th' doors in haste;
He scarce gives me a kiss for all that I
Have dealt and done to him so lovingly;
Which sometimes grieves me to the heart,
To see him so clownishly depart:
But to my first discourse let me go on,
To shew a woman's work is never done.

"There's never a day, from morn to night,
But I with work am tired quite;
For when the game with me is at the best,
I hardly in a day take one hour's rest;
Sometimes I knit, and sometimes I spin,
Sometimes I wash, and sometimes I do wring.
Sometimes I sit, and sowe by myself alone,
And thus a woman's work is never done.

"In making of the beds such pains I take,
Until my back, and sides, and arms, do ache;
And yet my husband deals so cruelly,
That he but seldom comes to comfort me.
And then at night, when the clock strike nine,
My husband he will say, 'tis supper time;
Then presently he must be waited upon,
And thus a woman's work is never done.

"When supper's ended to bed we must go--
You all do know't is fitting it should be so--
Then do I think to settle all things right,
In hope that I shall take some rest by night.
The biggest of my children together I lay,
And place them by degrees so well as I may:
But yet there is a thing to be thought upon,
For why, a woman's work is never done.

"Then if my husband turns me to the wall,
Then my sucking childe will cry and brawl;
Six of seven times for the brest 't wil cry,
And then, I pray you judge, what rest take I.
And if at any time asleep I be,
Perchance my husband wakes, and then wakes me;
Then he does that to me which cannot shun,
Yet I could wish that work were oftener done.

"All you merry girls that hear this ditty,
Both in country, and in the city;
Take good notice of my lines I pray,
And make the use of the time you may:
You see that maids live more merrier lives,
Then do the best of married wives:
And thus to end my song as I begun,
You know a woman's work is never done.

Source: Bards of Avacal