

Brianne is a light now and really quite fleet
Just keep her from beer and the young squires' feet
When she gets tanked up, all the others vamoose
To give her a clear path at Albrecht the moose

Heinrich's a heavy, with shield cherry and bright
It's clumsy and heavy, but great in a fight
Yet with one mighty spear thrust he was on his caboose
So we left him to heaven, alone with the moose

Now Gunther is Scottish, and wearing a kilt
And if you strike him upon it, something will wilt
With a smile of relief he found all was still loose
So he bellowed his head off for that horny old moose.

Melanie is an archer, quite fine with a bow
And just what she sees in Jay we'll never know
She's bright and she's pretty, and been to Tolboose
And could have her pick of any young moose

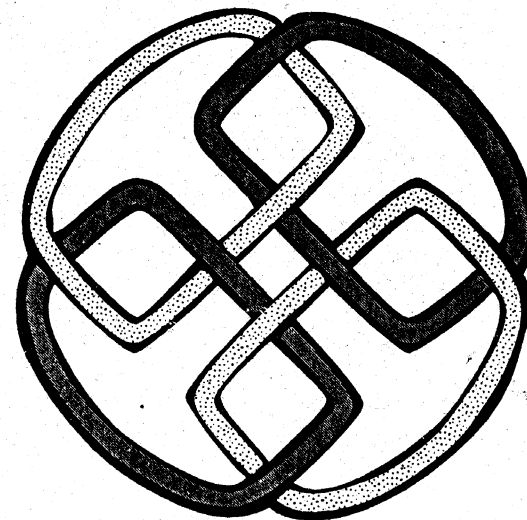
Von Soest is a traveler from far and wide
When he opened his beer can, it sprayed side to side
His buddies all laughed, then went to cut loose
And left him alone there, except for the moose

While Garth is a gambler, this is no crime
And he'll up the anti, most all of the time
And if you ask nicely, he'll slip you a deuce
And we won't even say what he slips to the moose

As of this printing your three free recipes are not ready. They are expected to be ready by the time you receive this. Simply drop by our shire with this coupon and we will provide them to you.

Please drop by anytime. And we do hope you will stay!

The Myrnan Wood Songbook



The MyrganWood Songbook

Portions of this work have appeared before in
the MyrganWood Cooks Guild Songbook with three
free recipes

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A Short Welcome to the Reader from the MyrganWood Cook's Guild

God rest ye gentle feastocrat let nothing you dismay.
The food laid out before you was meant to look this way.
With mottled hues of green and blue and red and black and gray!
And colours in which nature had no say.

Had no say.

And colours in which nature had no say.

God rest ye merry feastocrats let nothing you dismay
The fish you see before you I'm told was fresh today
It's guts are gone and skin and bones, yet still it crawls away!
I'll just cover it with parsley and fresh Bay.

And fresh Bay.

I'll just cover it with parsley and fresh Bay. (And place it here beside this
other-one only lower so as to have a two level effect with a path...)



The MyrganWood Moose (Shire of MyrganWood)

Chorus:

Moose, Moose, I like a moose
I've never had anything quite like a moose
I've had many lovers, my life has been loose
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

Lord Taras of Kiev is fine on the field
You can shoot him, or hit him, but He'll never yield
Is his behavior unseemly? Is he being a goose?
Or is he just a big stupid jerk ugly moose?

Vaughn is a 'Snechnal' and he cut his thigh
And five stitches later, he fought and did die
The chirurgeon did fix him, and then set him loose
For a nocturnal assignation with our old friend, the moose

Vik is our Warlord, and he drives a truck
And his favourite word? We all know is Fuck
He's been chastised quite strongly, his language is loose
But he don't give a fuck about no fucking moose

Albrecht is a squire, who's lusty and bold
He sized up old three deaks and knocked him out cold
He went through their army like shit through a goose
And still had the prowess to fuck with the moose.

Cosimo is quiet and never says aught
But when pumped full of fine scotch, he says quite a lot
Soon arming himself in gross chainmail of puce
He goes out to hunt down that bloody old moose

Arwyn's a chirurgeon, quite quick with a knife
And she will attend you with no care for your life
She'll give you a transplant, and forget not the juice
And the organ she's using? It came from the moose

Oh, Shaver's a newbie, referred to as 'meat'
And in any fight, he's sure to be beat
But he's a fine cherry, he takes much abuse
We wrap him in duct tape and pretend he's the moose.



And the feasting will be done at Ardy's
 'Til the manager's countenance sours
 And I'll hold drunken court in the Gucci encampment
 And make sure it goes on for hours!
 To our fighters give rubber-band crossbows,
 To our poets give Cracker-Jack rings,
 But I'll give Bob McFlandry a Pelican,
 'Cause I like the way the man sings!

I'll write letters to various kingdoms,
 Call the kings perverts and all the queens whores;
 There's a ten-dollar site fee this year boys;
 Guess just who owns the site for the wars?
 Ere the battle starts I'll twist my ankle,
 So I'll sit on the side and swill beer
 And make book on the odds for that novice,
 The dumbfuck who borrowed my gear!

And when my reign is finally over
 And the time comes for me to step down,
 Well, your next sucker won't look so regal,
 Since I went and pawned off your crown!
 I step down six thousand bucks richer
 Though it cost me a couple of friends,
 But they say if I'm good, in another six months
 I can come back and do it again.



You're Always Welcome in Our Shire

To the tune of *You're Always Welcome in Our House* (HL Arwyn
 Adair, HL Heinrich albis von Speyer, Lady Aurelia d'Avingnon)

Chorus

But you're always welcome in our shire
 Any time of the day
 Yes you're always welcome in our shire
 And we hope you will stay!

A baron came to our shire, our shire, our shire,
 A baron came to our shire, each the folk to flirt.
 So we asked him to come in, and we hacked apart his body,
 And buried all the pieces neath the castle skirt

A lady came to our shire, our shire, our shire,
 A lady came to our shire, and asked us all to dance.
 So we asked her to come in, and we all panted on her face,
 And hung her body off the shire's lance.

A fighter came to our shire, our shire, our shire,
 A fighter came to our shire, to sell us a pell.
 So we asked him to come in, and we cut him all to pieces,
 And tossed them all deep in the shire's well.

A baker came to our shire, our shire, our shire,
 A baker came to our shire, to bake us some bread.
 So we asked her to come in, and we shoved her in her oven,
 And cooked up her body 'till she was good and dead.

A scribe came to our shire, our shire, our shire,
 A scribe came to our shire, to write us a scroll.
 So we asked him to come in, and we stabbed him with his penknife,
 And threw him in the moat where he was eaten by the troll.

A blacksmith came to our shire, our shire, our shire,
 A blacksmith came to our shire, to shoe all our mares.
 So we asked him to come in, and we hit him with his hammer,
 Then hid his body underneath the castle stairs.



A wench came to our shire, our shire, our shire,
A wench came to our shire, to serve in our inn.
So we asked her to come in, and we cooked her in the firepit,
And now she sits a cooling on a plate of tin.

A minstrel came to our shire, our shire, our shire,
A minstrel came to our shire, to play us a tune.
So we asked him to come in, and we hung him by his lute strings,
Then danced around his body 'neath the summer's moon.

An abbess came to our shire, our shire, our shire,
An abbess came to our shire, to save all our souls.
So we asked her to come in, and we hung her by her rosary,
And put her in the tower where the bells all toll.

The King came to our shire, our shire, our shire,
The King came to our shire, suspecting us again.
So we asked him to come in, but we had hidden all the bodies,
And when he leaves the mayhem can start all again.

Final Chorus:
But you're always welcome in our shire
Any time of the day
Yes you're always welcome in our shire
And we'll make sure you stay!



Wombat's Reign

To the tune of *The Lincoln Park Pirates* by Steve Goodman
Words closely based on *Brom's Reign* by Brom Blackhand

Chorus:

Do me way, hey, oh you'll rue the day
A barbaric bastard like me
Did show up to fight, here where might still makes right,
Oh just stick around and you'll see (you'll see)
Do me way, hey, I'll go all the way
In plundering poor old An Tir
You've pissed me off royal and made my blood boil,
And now you'll see what I hold dear.

Oh, the fast's done and evening is falling
And the air it is charging with fear
The B.O.D. it is sleeping, the curia weeping
"Oh, God, please save poor old An Tir."
And the populace is in a ruckus
And many of them have fled
And they're all crying, "He's gonna fuck us,
Once they put that damn crown on his head!"

First I'll get to you're treasuries money,
Yes, that money you've worked for so hard,
And I'll blow it away on my new defense budget
(In other words, swords for my guard!)
And I think rattan is for pussies,
So from now on we'll only use steel,
And to keep every fight from lasting an hour
I'm also outlawing the shield!



Battle Hymn of Ogyrgan Wood

Lyrics: Taras of Kiev & Timael of Andron
Tune: *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*

Chorus:

Hurrah, Hurrah, for mighty heroes
Hurrah, Hurrah, for mighty heroes
Hurrah, Hurrah, for mighty heroes
The men of Ogyrgan Wood

Our eyes have seen the glory of the men of Ogyrgan Wood
We are standing on the ramparts where once our foemen stood
When we go out to get them, we always get them good
For we are Ogyrgan Wood

An fire once came against us, all swollen in their pride
They planned a necktie party on the good ship Oookerhyde
But they say our shining swords they all fell down and died
For fear of Ogyrgan Wood

King Hugo once did come to us, but he went white with fear
When he beheld our gallant bands, he left his banner here
And hid him back to safer place, but we'll protect his rear
For we are Ogyrgan Wood

The Kingdom of Eastern Realm comes not to us at all
They know we'd thrash them soundly, and nail them to a wall
And display their fair queen's beauty as a trophy in our hall
For we are Ogyrgan Wood

The Kingdom of the Western Realm comes not to us for fear
They dread the consequences, and they would be most dear
We'd capture brave Duke Bellatrix and keep him for a year
For we are Ogyrgan Wood

The Kingdom of the Middle comes not to us for fright
They know they cannot match us in the arts or in the fight
Their King hides in the clefts and cowers in the night
For fear of Ogyrgan Wood



The horn of the lady cast its sound across the plain
The birds took the notes and gave them back again
Till the sound of her music was a song in the sky
To that song there is one reply.

They danced in the darkness, and they danced in the night
They danced on the earth and everything was light
They danced out the darkness, and they danced in the dawn
And the day of the dancing still goes on

I see the maidens laughing as they dance in the sun
And I count the fruits of harvest one by one
I know the storm is coming but the grain is all stored
So I dance the dance of the lady and her lord

We dance ever slower, as the leaves fall and spin
And the sound of the horn is the wailing of the wind
The earth is wrapp'd in stillness and we move in a trance
But we hold on fast to our faith in the dance.

The sun is in the southland and the days lengthen fast
And soon we will sing for the winter that is past
Now we light the candles and rejoice as they burn
And we dance the dance of the sun's return

I gaze on the heaven and I gaze on the earth
I feel the pain of dying and rebirth
I lift my head in gladness and praise for the day
Of the dance of the lord and the lady gay.

Lord of the Dance

tune: *Simple Gifts*

Chorus

Dance, Dance, Wherever you may be
I am the lord of the dance said he
I live in you, you live in me
I lead you all in the dance said he

When she danced on the water and the wind was her born
The lady laughed and everything was born
When she lit the sun and the light gave him birth
The lord of the dance first appeared on the earth

I danced in the morning when the world was begun
I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun
I was called from the darkness by the song of the earth
I joined in the singing and she gave me birth

I sleep in the kernel and I dance in the rain
I dance in the wind and through the waving grain
When you cut me down, I care nothing for the pain
In the spring I'm the lord of the dance once again.

I dance at the circle when the flames leap up high
I dance in the fire and I never never die
I dance in the waves of the bright summer sea
I am the lord of the waves' mystery

I dance at the sabbat when you dance out the spell
I dance and sing that everyone be well
When the dancing's over, do not think that I am gone
To live is to dance, so I dance on and on

The moon in her phases, and the tides of the sea
The movement of the earth and the seasons that will be
Are the rhythm of the dancing and a promise through the years
The dance goes on through our joy and our tears

Twice in the years of 21 our Baron was betrayed
By Baron Borealis and his scurvy band of Knaves
Over the border we would war, They thought to make us slaves
But we are MyrganWood

We marched on Borealis, we forty thousand strong
(We only sent the Ladies, it didn't take them long)
They raped and burned and pillaged, how else to right the wrong
For we are MyrganWood

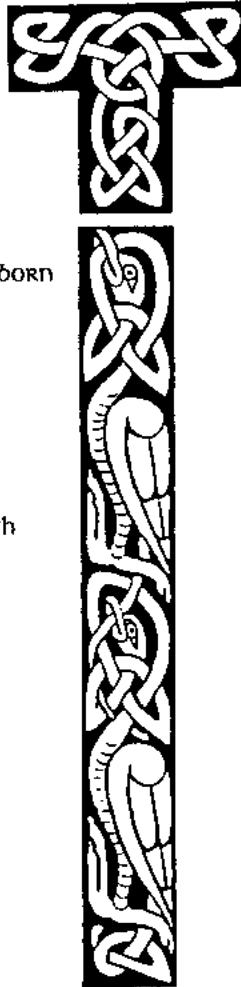
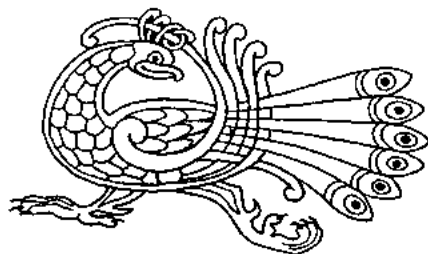
(The next verse is missing from the original Manuscript)
(Possibly destroyed by agents of one of Avacal's farthest
northern Baronies)

And now a pause for coinage, we announce a fire sale
Of captured swords and widows, and only once used mail
And wine and sheep and peasants, and a slightly battered grail
Here in MyrganWood

Yes, in the Known World's Kingdoms, we truly are the lords
By virtue of our noble deeds and our valiant swords
And if by chance we slip upon the field, we'll always win with words
For we are MyrganWood

The moral of this story is an easy one to tell
To rise in arms against us is a shortcut straight to hell
And if you don't believe us, "" _____
Of mighty MyrganWood!

""Then you probably know more about us than we hope you'll ever tell.



The Brave and Bonny Host

(For Prince Steingrim, upon his victory at Myrgan Wood, AS XV)

By Roger the Goliard)

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 how the mist lies over the field

The morning of battle is 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 golden banner can be seen

O, see them advance as a wall of steel

Each man with his sword and his shield

Now they charge with a cheer, for the honor 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

O, strike up your lute, 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.



The Black Brotherhood of Mercenaries Drinking Song

(Chorus and first verse courtesy of the MGM/UA Motion Picture

Taras Bulba. Additional verses by the first Grandmaster of the

Brotherhood, Crunch the Hungry

CHORUS:

If we drink, we will die

And if we don't drink we will die

So might as well say what the hell and raise our glasses high

Whatever your name you'll be dying just the same

So long as we are going to die it's better if we drink

Some men are lovers, they work under covers

And from ladies bed to ladies bed they leap

But I want to drink to, the man nobody drinks to

The fellow who gets into bed and goes to sleep...

Some men are fighters, dirty rotten blighters

And from bloody fray to bloody fray they leap

But I want to drink to, the man nobody drinks to

The fellow who runs up my sword without a peep...

Some wars are muddy, others are quite bloody

And from battlefield to battlefield I leap

But I want to drink to, the man nobody drinks to

The lucky sod who stays at home and tends the sheep...



MyrganWood Is Falling Down

(to the tune of: *London Bridge Is Falling Down*
(Lady Lleoſlaed of Hacfenfeld and Claire)

MyrganWood is falling down, falling down, falling down
MyrganWood is falling down
Will they notice?

The Seneschal is ill-informed, ill-informed, ill-informed
The Seneschal is ill-informed
Will they notice?

The Exchequer has lost the books, lost the books, lost the books
The Exchequer has lost the books
Will they notice?

The Chroniclers they cannot spell, cannot spell, cannot spell
The Chroniclers they cannot spell
Will they notice?

The Wod is kept away, kept away, kept away
The Wod is kept away
Will they notice?

The Wod is friends with rats, friends with rats, friends with rats
The Wod is friends with rats
Will they notice?

The Herald can't tell gules from vert, gules from vert, gules from vert
The Herald can't tell gules from vert
Will they notice?

The Cooking Guild they boast of kills, boast of kills, boast of kills
The Cooking Guild they boast of kills
Will they notice?

The Brewers' Guild is underage, underage, underage
The Brewers' Guild is underage
Will they notice?

The Armourers are always drunk, always drunk, always drunk
The Armourers are always drunk
Will they notice?

This tale, Alas, is all too true, all too true, all too true
This tale, Alas, is all too true
Will they notice?

God rest ye, frantic autocrat let nothing you dismay,
Despite the fact that everything is going wrong today
The King and Queen came unannounced, and God knows who else may

God rest ye, frantic autocrat let nothing you dismay,
The Herald's lost his voice and he can't even cry "Oyez!"
The list-field's under water, a tornado's on the way:

God rest ye, frantic autocrat let nothing you dismay,
The ants have eaten half the food and carried your tent away,
Some mundane called the cops and they took all the knights away.

God rest ye, frantic autocrat let nothing you dismay,
It's getting cold, it just might snow, you'd better start to pray,
The fire won't start, the food will spoil, so serve it anyway.

God rest ye, frantic autocrat let nothing you dismay,
The feast was grand, tho half the court is dying of the plague,
The revel would have been great, but the tavern blew away.

God rest ye, frantic autocrat let nothing you dismay,
The Queen is mad, her tent and King have both been washed away,
It might be wise to change your name and quit the S.C.A.



God Rest ye, Frantic Autocrat

Tivar Moondragon *songs of Anstcorra*

Chorus:

And sing ye in chorus: 'Never again, never again!'

And sing ye in chorus: 'Never again!'

God rest ye frantic autocrat, let nothing you dismay,
Remember that your great event is till a month away
Don't panic yet, there's lots of time, and don't get swept away

God rest ye, frantic autocrat, let nothing you dismay,
Remember that your great event is till two weeks away
The site is grand, tho if it rains it just might wash away

God rest ye, frantic autocrat let nothing you dismay,
Remember that your great event is still a week away,
The music's fine if only they remember how to play

God rest ye, frantic autocrat let nothing you dismay,
Remember that your great event is till three days away,
The feast is planned, the food's been bought, Tho God knows how you'll pay

God rest ye, frantic autocrat let nothing you dismay,
Despite the fact your great event is scheduled for today,
The tourney's grand the rain won't last for very long they say;



Volga Birthday

Chorus

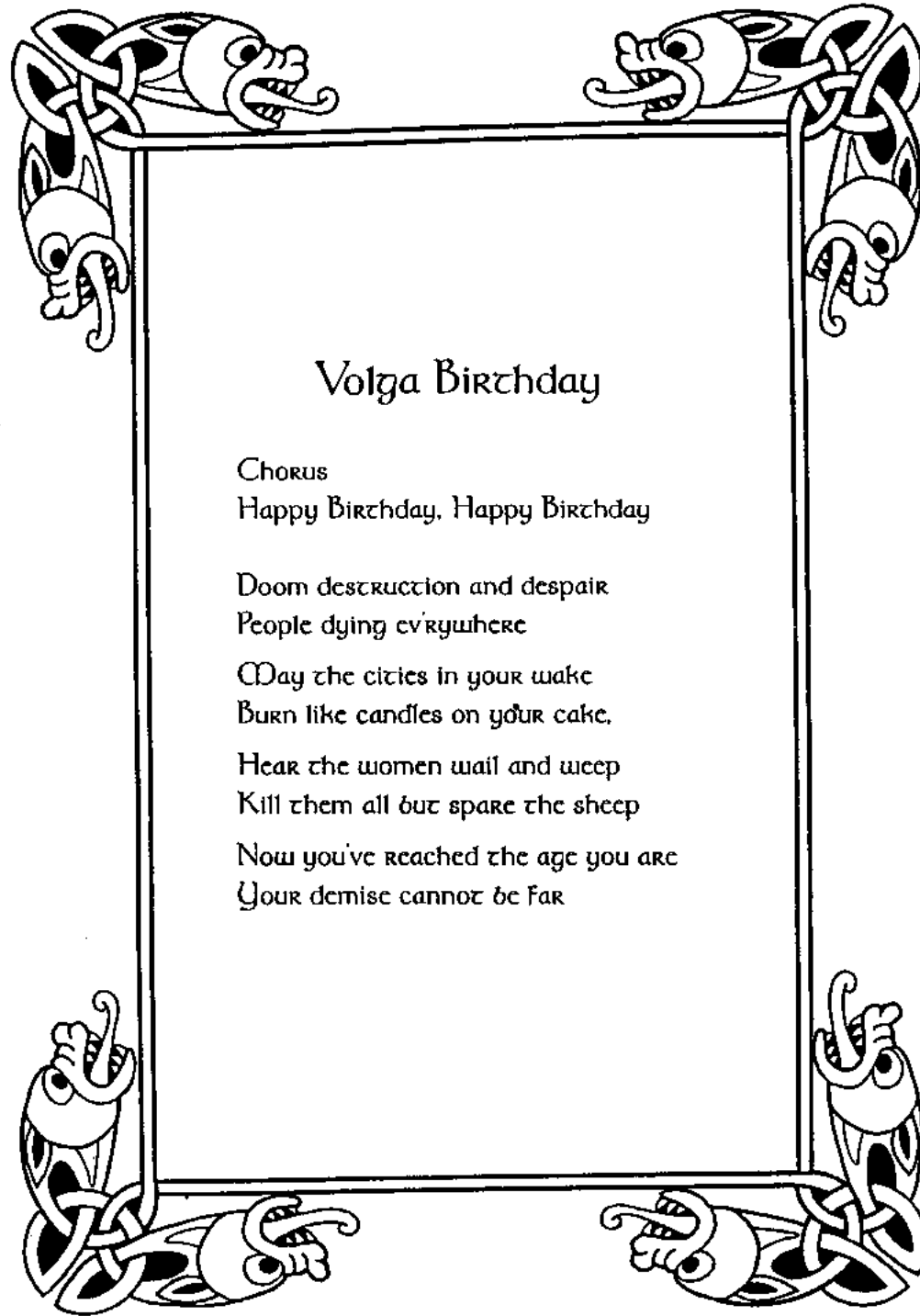
Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday

Doom destruction and despair
People dying ev'rywhere

May the cities in your wake
Burn like candles on your cake.

Hear the women wail and weep
Kill them all but spare the sheep

Now you've reached the age you are
Your demise cannot be far



The Baron Territorial

(To the tune of A. Sullivan, *The Major General's Song*)
words © 1985 Thorvald Grimsson

I am the very model of a Baron Territorial,
With information medieval, feudal and armorial,
I know the kings of An Tir, and I quote the wars historical,
From MyrgranWood to Westermarck in order categorial.
In fact, when I know what is meant by memelon and ravelin,
When I can tell at sight a naginata from a javelin,
And when I know what progress has been made in modern gunnery,
Then I'll know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery.
My military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been updated to the late eleventh century,
But still in matters medieval, feudal and armorial,
I am the very model of a Baron Territorial.

I've got a little army, too, to help me with my politick,
It only takes the three of us to change a burred-out Kendal-szick,
Aristocratic manners I have made my speciality,
I seldom stoop to bourgeois tricks like crass commerciality,
I think I'm very tasteful, too, in matters gustatorial,
I understand the subtleties of cuisine piscatorial,
I'm proud of my collection of letters of the alphabet,
And understand there's only one or two I haven't gotten yet.
I'm very good at Early Anglo-Saxon hagiography,
I know I know as much as Gerhard Kendal's bibliography,
In short, in learning medieval, feudal, and armorial,
I am the very model of a Baron Territorial.

I can kiss a well-formed Gothic hand, or one that's Carolingian,
I trace my ancestry right back to Early Mcrovingian,
I love to brawl or dance or both, I love to doodle-dipsy,
But bardic circles I can't stand when they're just "Whistling Gypsy."
I'm very good at setting trends in anything sartorial,
I dress to catch the eye of lovely ladies reportorial,
With Chroniclers about, I think of striking such a handsome pose,
With velvet Tudor doublet and a pair of well-filled pantyhose.
When under forty I was known for flirting and for lechery,
But all my skill has gone, and I'm reduced to using treachery.
In short if you've a-hankering for things conspiratorial,
You'll say you've never met a better Baron Territorial.



Colourful Bruise

by Sir Steven MacCanruidg and Sir William the Lucky
(To the tune of *Battle Hymn of the Republic*)

CHORUS:

Glory glory what a colourful bruise I've got
Glory glory what a colourful bruise I've got
Glory glory what a colourful bruise I've got
And I ain't a-gonna fight no morell

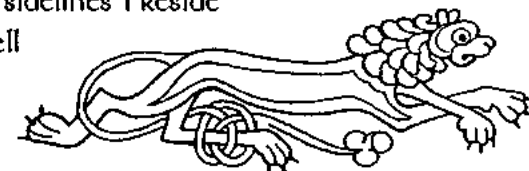
My legs have felt the pounding of a hundred thousand blows,
The times my sword has broken only God in Heaven knows,
Each blow upon my helmet jolts my clear down to my toes,
And I ain't a-gonna fight no more.

On the morning of the tourney I stepped bravely on the field,
And this I saw my foeman and my senses they did reel.
He was six foot eight, three hundred pounds, and forged out of steel.
And I ain't a-gonna fight no morell

He cracked my shield and broke my helm and beat me to the ground.
My armour lay in tatters all the tourney field around.
They gathered it together, though one boot they never found.
And I ain't a-gonna fight no morell

And when the melee teams were picked my heart was filled with fear,
They put me in the foremost line, although I craved the rear,
The blows I took disabled me for almost half a year,
And I ain't a-gonna fight no morell

So now when tourneys come around I watch them from the side
The blood and gore upon the field my body can't abide
And with the lovely ladies on the sidelines I reside
And I ain't a-gonna fight no morell



*The Squire lay low down with steel
How I wish I was in Myrgan Wood now
He was broad and fat and refused to yield
And to catch him took us all around the field*

CHORUS

*Then at length we stood two feet away
How I wish I was in Myrgan Wood now
Our cracked rattan made an awful din
But with one gap rap he stove us in*

CHORUS

*Our fighters shook and pitched on the side
How I wish I was in Myrgan Wood now
The newbies were smashed like a bowl of eggs
The Squire made off with all are kegs*

CHORUS

*So here I lay with My 24th beer
How I wish I was in Myrgan Wood now
It's been 6 years since we marched away
And we just made Valley Wold yesterday*

CHORUS

*written by: Stragin and Sublach O'Leary
and Maiwen Siobhan McGuinness*

THE MOOSE SONG

*When I was a young man I used to like girls
I'd play with their bodies and fondle their curls
til my girlfriend ran off with a merchant named Bruce
Now you'll never be treated that way by a Moose*

CHORUS

*And it's Moose, Moose, I likes a Moose
I've never had anything quite like a Moose
I've had many women, my life has been loose
But I've never had anything quite like a Moose*

*When I am in need of a very good lay
I goes to the closet and gets me some hay
I goes to the window and spreads in around
Cause a Moose always comes when there's hay on the ground*

CHORUS

*I've done every Beastie with feathers or hair
I'd do it with snakes if their fangs were not there
I've done it with walrus, 2 ducks and a goose
But I've never had anything quite like a Moose*

CHORUS

*Gorillas are fine for a Saturday night
And lions and tigers they puts up a fight
But its just not the same when you slams their caboose
As the feeling yous get when you humps with a moose*

CHORUS

*Now I am old and advanced in my years
I looks back on my life and I sheds me no tears
As I sits in me chair with a glass of Mateus
Playing hide the Salami with Marvin the Moose.*

CHORUS

THE TROUT SONG

by Bebhina na carraig

When I was a maiden I used to like boys
I'd tease and I'd tickle and make 'em my toys
But my boyfriend ran off with a sleazy blond Kraut
And that was the day I discovered the Trout

CHORUS

Oh it's Trout, Trout, I likes a Trout
I've never had anything quite like a Trout
It's wondrous the way that they wiggle about
Oh I've never had anything quite like a trout

I've done it with various veggies and fruits
I've done it with just about all kinds of roots
I've done it with squids and with snakes hereabouts
But I've never had anything quite like a Trout

CHORUS

I've traveled to tourneys in search of some fun
And 'twas a rare Kingdom where I could find none
I've had lots of fighters some slim and some stout
But not one was on the scale of a trophy sized Trout

CHORUS

When I'm in the mood for a truly fine f***
I stroll towards the compost and hope for good luck
I snag a nightcrawler and run for the brook
Cause A Trout always comes when I worms on the hook

CHORUS

Bananas are fine for a slow Monday night
On Saturdays sometimes a Gizzly's just right
But it's just not the same as a really good bout
With a wriggly, jiggly, turgid young Trout

CHORUS

Now I am old and advanced in my years
I look back on life and I shed me no tears
As I sits in me hot tub a' guzzling stout
Playing submarine sandwich with Tommy the Trout.

GARETH'S PRIVATEERS

O the year was AS 29
How I wish I was in Myrgan Wood now
A letter of marque came from the King
To the scummiest fighters I'd ever seen

CHORUS

God Damn them all! I was told
We'd ride the plains for Middle Realm gold
We had some fun, shed some tears
I'm a hung over man and I'm out of beer
The last of Gareth's Privateers

The fighting men were a sickening sight
How I wish I was in Myrgan Wood now
They'd a list to the port and there garb was in rags
And a God awful stench came from their bags

• CHORUS

On the King's birthday he turned to flee
How I wish I was in Myrgan Wood now
We were 21 leagues out middle Realm way
Drinkin like madmen all the way

CHORUS

On the 23rd day we were drunk again
How I wish I was in Myrgan Wood now
When a bloody great Squire hove e into sight
With our cracked rattan we made to fight

CHORUS

Rant & Roar
Filked by Stragin O'Leary MacGregor

Chorus:

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Myrgan Wooders
We'll rant and we'll roar with Rorik we'll go
Until we strike bottom inside these two 40's
Then straight to the tavern for more beer we'll go

I've been 'round the world
I've sailed the salt oceans
I've landed in places most sailors won't go
I can swing through the riggin'
I'm great with the jiggin'
But when it's to drinkin' to Myrgan Wood I'll go

Chorus: ---

We've tramped over Mid-Realm
We out drank Aremesia
When we go to war we're a sight to behold
Our fighters a wonder
They'll beat foes asunder
But when it's to revel to Myrgan Wood I'll go

Chorus

So when the war's over
Run back to your home land
The last party's over, the liquors all gone
But don't be mistaken, our heads they aren't achin'
'Cause if there's a war then with Myrgan Wood I'll go

Chorus

Moose Song – Extra Verses

Now Ivar's a fighter and fears no one man

He's good with the ladies and fights when he can

He ran only once, and here's his excuse

He wanted no part of that big hairy moose

Chorus

Raoul is a fencer, quite good with a foil

But insult Roxanne and watch his blood boil.

He'll parry and thrust you, and cut your parts loose;

You should see what he does when you insult his moose.

Chorus

Gareth's a Baron and he's quick on the draw

Out on the field he has but one flaw,

He'll fake you and rap you and knock your teeth loose,

But he'll call for his household if he's faced with a moose.

Chorus

Pondo fights polearm, he'll stand by your side,

Don't let him get hit 'cause his looks are his pride.

He's part of House Homme and when he cuts loose,

He spends all his time trying' to score with the moose.

Chorus

Roweyna's rebellious, she comes from Japan,

She'll flirt with your lord but she stands by her man.

She'll tease and she'll taunt them and pinch their caboose,

But watch how she runs if she's faced with the moose.