

White Hart's Prey

What goes around comes around....

My hunting hound runs quickly
Through the mountain's forest side
And so my steed runs swiftly
In pursuit as on we ride
My gray hawk flies above,
With wings spanned wide and strong
The prey we spy will come to die,
Before the day grows long

chorus: For the white hart fast and fleet doth flee
And I give chase with glee
And ever on I'll ride upon
The scent of my quarry
For my hunting hound runs swiftly!

The flash of white within the thickened wood
Catches my eye
Upon the wind I sound my horn
As through the woods we fly
The trees seem near alive
As if they'd bar my way
No branch nor weed would I pay heed,
But followed fast my prey.

chorus

The chase has led me and my prey
Unto the mountain's side
The hart is trapped, he stands at bay
With nowhere left to hide
His coat is flecked with foam,
His eyes are filled with fear
With bow arm strong, my arrow's song
Rings jubilant and clear!

chorus

But lo! When I set down my bow
My heart within me sank
Though true my aim, no wound I saw
On neither neck nor flank
I bent my bow again, but as I loosed my dart
Before my eyes, the promised prize
Was nevermore a hart!

chorus

A beast no longer, now a man
With beard full to the ground
In robes of ivory white he stands
Stock still, without a sound
A staff coal black and branched,
Like the antlers of a deer,
Rises from the sage's hand
And spellbound, I draw near.

chorus

"Oh you who seek to earn a name
By stealing from the wood
A harmless beast of beauty
That you'd slay if e'er you could!
No mercy do you bear,
And kindness have you not
So you shall flee the bloodthirsty
And share your victim's lot!

For the white hart fast and fleet did flee
And you gave chase with glee
Now evermore you'll fly before

The bows of men like thee
For their hunting hounds run swiftly!

Now, I, the white hart, fast I flee
And you give chase with glee
But 'ware you all of my downfall
Lest you become like me
For your hunting hounds run swiftly!

words by Samantha Moore and Lisa Theriot
music by Samantha Moore
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Solvay

And men think modern women are demanding....

Solvay, Solvay, all on a day
She dressed herself in man's array
With a sword and pistol down by her side
To meet her true love, to meet her true love
away she'd ride.

She met her true love all on the plain
She stepped up to him and bid him stand;
"Stand and deliver unto me," she said,
"Or if you do not, if you do not I'll shoot you dead."

He gave her all his golden store
But still she craved for one thing more:
"A diamond ring, sir, I saw you wear,
Make haste and give it, make haste and give it
and your life I'll spare."

"From my diamond ring I shall not part
For it's a token of my sweetheart.
Shoot and be damned, you rogue," said he
"And you'll be hangèd, you'll be hangèd for murdering me."

Next morning in her garden green
Young Solvay and her true love were seen;
He spied his chain hanging from her clothes
Which made him blush then, which made him blush then
like any rose

"Why do you blush, you silly young thing?
I thought to have that diamond ring;
'Twas I who robbed you all on that plain
So here's your gold, love, here's your gold
and your silver chain

I only did it for to know
If you would be a true love or no;
If you'd given me that ring," she said,
"I'd have pulled the trigger,
pulled the trigger, and shot you dead!"

words and music traditional

Quiet Whispers

...speak like thunder....

Quiet whispers on the wind
To my true love, my true love send
Far away now on the sea
Hath my true love gone far from me

One day soon a captain's fee
He will earn and homeward be
On the waves of the cold sea
Home my love will come to me

Quiet whispers on the wind
To my true love, my true love send
Nine months hath passed and yet
Still I wait and ne'er forget

A bonny boy lay at my breast
In happy times my love caressed
Strong and handsome, brave and free
As is my love upon the sea

Quiet whispers on the wind
Rumors stir, my heart to rend
They say "He's shipwrecked, he is dead"
I'll listen not to what they've said

No more heed I'll give this lea
Than those who say my son shall die
Oh my true love where are you?
I've lost one-- must I lose two?

Quiet whispers on the wind
To my true love this sad news send
Tell of sorrow, tell of grief
Only his touch can bring relief

I will don now a dress of black
Until my love brings strength I lack
I will walk now o'er the lea
To my son's grave and to the sea

Quiet whispers on the wind
Let my tears my true love find
Oh, Quiet whispers on the wind
To my true love, my true love send

words and music by Samantha Moore
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Song of the Siren

This started out as the story of the sailor, but the Siren had other ideas....

Some say her eyes are violet blue
Her hair as black as night
And others swear her eyes are green
Her locks would shame the light
Some say she is a fearful hag
A fiend without a soul

If her will you tame, you'll have wealth and fame
But her will may take its toll

chorus: No fairer mistress man can find
No crueler could there be
I am sailing still and I'll sail until
The siren calls for me

I was born a fisher's son
But a fisher I'd not be
Each year that passed I heard more clear
The Siren call to me
One day I signed to crew a ship
And said farewell to land
I sailed far and near, with no thought of fear
Hearing only her command ch

With weather fine the men are glad
"We sail with God," the say
But when the raging storm comes on
How differently they pray
The eyes of every crewman bold
Betray his thoughts to me

That he wonders well, whether o'er the swell
With God or the Devil sails he ch

We toast the voyage, foul or fair
In porter and in ale
Of good men's lives the witch cut short
We tell a mournful tale
And I may sail in the raging gale
Or shelter in the lee
But my fate is cast, till the day at last
When the siren calls for me ch

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Rare's Hill

It's unusual when a maiden gets deflowered in a traditional song and doesn't live to regret it...

Last year at Lady Mary's fair when I was in Dundee,
I fell in with an old sweetheart, and he being on a spree
His company I did accept and with him I did go;
But to my sad misfortune it proved my overthrow.

We wandered east, we wandered west,
We wandered through the Law.
He said he'd see me home that night but home I never saw.
He kept beside me all the while, resolved to have his will,
And by and by, we lost our way at the back of Rare's Hill.

And when we got to Rare's Hill, the laddie said to me,
"We can't go home tonight my dear,
It's far too late you see;
But the night is warm and in my pouch,
I've got another gill;
So we can lie down here content, at the back of Rare's Hill."

And then he poured a nip apiece to quiet all alarm;
When I awoke next morning
We were locked in each other's arms.
He handed me the bottle, another glass to fill
And I drank his health and store o' wealth,
At the back of Rare's Hill.

And then the laddie said to me, "Oh lassie, do not mourn,
For while I draw the breath of life, from you I'll never turn;
If you will come to yonder town, my wedded wife to be,
We'll be the happiest couple yet was ever in Dundee."

Well, it's may I never prosper, and may I never thrive,
In anything I take in hand as long as I'm alive,
If e'er I say I rue the day, my laddie had his will,
Success to Lady Mary's fair, and the back of Rare's Hill.

words and music traditional

Another Man's War

What happens when there's nobody left to come to YOUR aid?

The King sits upon his fair throne in his court
Hearing tales of good crops and good store
When into his bailey there rides a young page
Dismounting before the King's door.

"Forgive me, O King, for my road-weary state
But urgently you must attend,

For I come from the kingdom that lies to your North
And our land is besieged by foul men!

Oh, lend us your swords, your shields and your strength
To stave off the breach of our walls
This foe is too great, we cannot hold long,
Make haste before our kingdom falls!"

"Your peril is clear," the King answers the page,
"And fairly your words do implore,
But why should my countrymen suffer your fate
And ride off to die in your war?"

The King sips his wine with his steward close by
Giving word of fair weather to be
When into his hall runs a squire from the East
Who before the King falls to one knee.

"Forgive me, O King, for my road-weary state,
But urgently you must attend,
For I come from the kingdom that lies to your East
And our land is besieged by foul men!

Oh, lend us your swords, your shields and your strength
To stave off the breach of our walls,
This foe is too great, we cannot hold long,
Make haste before our kingdom falls!"

"Your peril is clear," the King answers the squire,
"And fairly your words do implore
But why should my countrymen suffer your fate
And ride off to die in your war?"

The harvest is in and the King is at feast
With his Queen he begins a pavane
When into his hall limps a knight from the West
With a helmet and coat of plates on.

"Forgive me, O King, for my road-weary state,
But urgently you must attend,
For I come from the kingdom that lies to your East
And our land is besieged by foul men!

Oh, lend us your swords, your shields and your strength
To stave off the breach of our walls,
This foe is too great, we cannot hold long,
Make haste before our kingdom falls!"

"Your peril is clear," the King answers the knight,
"And fairly your words do implore,
But why should my countrymen suffer your fate
And ride off to die in your war?"

The fires burn bright and the King bids his bard
Tell of deeds of the heroes of old
But the light is soon dimmed as the doors open wide
And a Duke staggers in from the cold.

"Forgive me, O King, for my road-weary state,
But urgently you must attend,
For I come from the kingdom that lies to your South
And our land is besieged by foul men!

Oh, lend us your swords, your shields and your strength
To stave off the breach of our walls,
This foe is too great, we cannot hold long,
Make haste before our kingdom falls!"

"Your peril is clear," the King answers the Duke,
"And fairly your words do implore
But why should my countrymen suffer your fate

And ride off to die in your war?"

The King sits upon his fair throne once again
Under siege is his castle so grand
His crops feed his foe while his own people starve
And his enemies ravage his land.

"O King, if you'd joined with your kinsmen but once
This day might have not come to be
But your indifferent heart finds you now without friends
And lays your realm naked to me!"

Take warning all ye who like islands would stand,
For when evil is laid at your doors
A land without allies becomes a land lost
And another man's war becomes yours.

words and music by Samantha Moore and Lisa Theriot
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Sorry the Day I Was Married

Let's hope this isn't how the girl from Rare's Hill ends up!

Sorry the day I was married
And sorry the day I was wed
And it's oh, if I only had tarried
When I to the altar was led!

Sweet William, sure there's no pleasing
For let women do what they can,
Always your heart he'll be teasing
For that is the way of a man.

When I was a young girl I was bonny,
Had silks and fine jewels to wear
Red were my cheeks like the berry,
My heart it was free from all care;

Silks now I have none for wearing,
My jewels have all blown away
Surely this life is past bearing,
I'm pale as the primrose today.

So think, all you girls, ere you marry;
Stand fast by your sweet liberty!
As long as you can, you must tarry,
And not be lamenting like me.

For it's sorry the day I was married
And sorry the day I was wed
And it's oh, if I only had tarried
When I to the altar was led!

words and music traditional

Where Do We Get 'em and Why?

*Mistress Eleanor Fairchild wrote this for a competition;
she was provided the title and left to answer the musical question...*

A pair of goodwives sat a-stitchin'
And gossiping, griping and gritchin'
Said one to the other "sometimes I could smother
My husband, oh don't you agree?"
If he's not at the alehouse a-ravin'

Then he's gambling the money I'm savin'
With all of this strife, I am sure that the life
Of a spinster'd be better for me!

chorus: We're wonderin' where do we get 'em,
 And why don't we let 'em just stay as they be?
 Oh, where do we get 'em,
 And why don't we let 'em
 Stay filthy and feral and free?
 They're messy, they smell,
 And they curse and they yell
 And they don't ever do any chores;
 Though mine is a beast, I'm happy at least
 I didn't get married to yours.

Wife 2:
Oh, you don't know the way that I suffer
From the one I call husband and "Lover"
For the latter is such that he don't think of much
Or perhaps he just don't know the word.
For when in our blankets we huddle
Well, I don't get so much as a cuddle.
Oh I'd rather be dead than put horns on his head
But the thought has most surely occurred! **ch**

Wife 1:
My dear I don't see how you do it
Your wedding day, how you must rue it!
In church how he chatters of bawdy house matters
Oh how do you not simply die!
He always tracks mud on your floors,
And how do you sleep while he snores?
His voice is so loud it could silence a crowd,
Oh you have much harder than I. **ch**

Wife 2:
Though some of your words may be true, dear
I've got it much better than you, dear.
Your husband can't sing, though he tries, you poor thing!
Always songs about wenches and wars...
And when he's not singing he's smoking,
With that stench how do you keep from choking
Though mine is no saint - a chimney he ain't.
Hey - how did you know that he snores? **ch**

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Glory Reaped

Things often seem more desirable from a distance...

My hair cut short, my breasts were bound
For to the war beat my heart sounded
Off I'd ride from castle keep
Bright glory for to reap!

My Father brave, a man of war
Was valor bent unto the core
No comely gown or girlish wile
Would win my Father's smile.

I hungered to defend the realm
With sword and shield and shining helm
Though he'd no son, I'd be his pride
And off to war would ride!

Great aspirations I had known
And here I was, all on my own
No blushing maid or mother hen,
But equal among men!

We sang, we drank, some brawled and fought

Camaraderie was all we sought
We drew our swords upon the morn
And stood as brothers sworn.

The sun was low within the sky
We waited for the horn to cry
And watched the treetops fill with crows
To feast upon our foes.

The clanging crash of sword on shield,
Commands from each for each to yield,
A thrill as great as any host
Ran though me like a ghost.

The world of reason bled away
And wild of heart within the fray
I floated in a field of wrath
And marveled at my path!

The battle won, we stopped for breath
While wounded foemen prayed for death;
Triumphant on the field stood we,
Vivat for Victory!

Deep within, I swelled with pride
I now could stand at Father's side
And share the joy of battles won,
As strong as any son!

So I turned to find my own
And reap the glory I had sown,
But ere I sought the promised prize,
What horror met my eyes!

Lying like a broken toy,
Upon the ground a wounded boy
Ten years of age and not much more,
Came crawling to the fore.

I threw my helm from off my head,
The field around me rank with dead,
And here before me, but a lad
In rusty armor clad.

"Dearest Sister is that you?
Can come you here? Can this be true?
Run, Sister, run you far away
And seek another day!

I cannot see, the light is gone,
Oh Sister, I am all alone!
Tell our Father that I tried;
Remember me with pride."

He died there gently in my arms;
The glory won had lost its charms
I saw the truth of what I'd done—
I'd slain some Mother's son.

I gazed around and saw the slain,
Who knew no glory, only pain;
How different now my triumph seemed
As dying soldiers screamed!

What glory in the bow or blade?
What honor can through death be made
When children are the sacrifice
And innocence the price?

Away I ran, and to this day,
My husband works, my children play;
I thirst no longer for the fight,
Nor envy squire nor knight.

My son will never know the sword,
My girl, for sweetness find reward
My husband's hands will know the stain
Of Earth, and not the slain

And I will reap what I will sow
And take my joy when green things grow...
Let others who hold life too cheap
Their so-called glory reap!

words by Samantha Moore and Lisa Theriot
music by Samantha Moore
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Good Hunter

A spooky tale of the perils of jumping to conclusions...

Come sit you down on this dark night
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
And hearken to a tale of fright
Though you be a mighty hunter.

A maid dwells in the woods nearby
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
She draws the careless with her cry
For she is a mighty hunter.

No mortal man can break her will
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
No sword avails, no strength, no skill
For she is a mighty hunter

One day a man of chivalry
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
Heeded not this history
For he was a mighty hunter

So I will tell you of his fate
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
The knight who learned the truth too late
Though he was a mighty hunter

He ranged the woods both far and near
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
Till the sounds of weeping drew his ear
For he was a mighty hunter

"Why weep you in the forest here?"
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
"A boar has killed my husband dear!"
Though he was a mighty hunter

"Oh where shall I this wild boar see?"
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
"Oh blow a blast, he'll come to thee"
For he is a mighty hunter

The knight put horn unto his mouth
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
He blew it north, east, west and south
For he was a mighty hunter

And strong as seven armored men
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
The boar came forth from out his den
For he was a mighty hunter

The boar cut wounds of scarlet red
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter

But the knight at last struck off his head
Though he was a mighty hunter

Then the maid turned to the knight
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
"Thou art the man of greater might"
Oh, you are a mighty hunter

"Fair lady sad this day must be,
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
But let me take you off with me,
For I am a mighty hunter

Your beauty rare has captured me
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
Come off my love, I'll marry thee"
For I am a mighty hunter

"Oh foolish man no wife I'll be
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
'Tis ye who'll come and follow me
For I am a mighty hunter

You have slain my magic boar
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
Who was, as you, a man before
Though he was a mighty hunter

And now you'll take his place, good knight
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
Till you are slain by greater might
Yes, by some mighty hunter"

The knight cried out in grief full sore
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
Where he had stood now lay a boar
And he was a mighty hunter

Beware all ye the crying bride
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
Who lives within the greenwoodside
For she is a mighty hunter

Hunt not within the Maid's domain
Wind well thy horn, Good Hunter
Or as a beast you may remain
As one more mighty hunter

words by Samantha Moore and Lisa Theriot
music by Samantha Moore
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Banks o' the Lee

A typically cheerful Irish song....

Where true lovers meet out beneath the green bower
Where true lovers meet out beneath the green tree
And it's Johnny, darling Johnny, he says unto his true love,
"You have stolen my young heart by the Banks o' the Lee"

chorus:

For I love him very dearly, most truly and sincerely
There is no one in this wide world I loved more than he
Every bush, and every bower, every wild Irish flower
Reminds me of my true love, by the banks o' the Lee.

"Don't stay out too late, love,
On the moorlands, by night, love
Don't stay out too late, love, on the moorlands for me."
But little was my notion as we parted by the ocean
That we were forever parted by the Banks of the Lee **ch**

I will pull my love some roses, some wild Irish roses
I will pull my love some roses, the fairest that ever grew
And I'll lay them o'er the graveside
Of my own dear darling Johnny
On that cold and silent grave
Where he sleeps 'neath the dew **ch**

words and music traditional

Windward Wanderlust

Sooner or later even the keenest traveler wants to put down roots....

When I was but a young girl
I had aspirations none
But to marry a rich merchant
And bear him rich merchant's sons
Hearing once a minstrel's song
I made another choice
Judged not by blood nor breeding
But the beauty of my voice

A windward wanderlust
Has called me from my home
To find myself in fortune's grace
The byways for to roam

Along the road I met a man
A comely as the sky
He offered for my travels
But a single question, Why
Would I reject the marriage bed
A home, a hearth, a fire
Oh, I seek rings from noble hands
Fame is my desire

My windward wanderlust
Wouldn't let me be his own
And so it was I stole my heart
And made my way alone

Onward to the market towns
I traveled, seeking fame
Soon from inn to gilded hall
The people knew my name
But then cruel fate did strike me down
As like to be God's will
For with the winter came the snow,
With it I grew ill

My windward wanderlust
And pride had made me vain
And the road it held no warmth for me
But the snow, the sleet, the rain

I walked as far as I could walk
I crawled yet farther still
My body numb, my senses gone
Naught held me but my will
I had no fire no shelter
No voice left to summon aid
I shivered in the frozen wind
Alone, apart, afraid.

Damn my windward wanderlust
The master of my fate
Across the light of freedom fell
A shadow seen too late.

Slowly I awoke and I
No longer was alone
Wrapped within thick furs

I felt the warmth sink to my bones
A young man sat beside
I tried to speak but all in vain
The fear rose up inside me
Would I ever sing again?

Had my windward wanderlust
Damned me for vanity
And how had I this angel gained
To sit and watch o'er me?

Many years have passed
I've no regrets I would declare
Just a bruising to my ego
And a lesson to beware
When you make your prideful way
Without a home or friend
The greatest fame still leaves you
Cold and friendless in the end.

Though my windward wanderlust
May take me from the town
Not every hand that's offered you
Will try to tie you down

Though my windward wanderlust
Has ta'en me far to roam
The east wind takes me wandering
But the west wind brings me home!

Words by Samantha Moore and Lisa Theriot
Music by Samantha Moore
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Hart's Haven

Come and sit by my fire...

O Harper I spy how your feet shuffle so
How weary the miles you have trod
My hearth it is bright and so dark is the night
And your head is beginning to nod

chorus: A song for your supper,
 A tune for your drink
 A story or jest for your bed
 Just tell me a tale,
 You'll have meat and good ale
 And a haven for your weary head

Come set down your burdens and sit beside me
Drink deep and eat hearty this night
Though coin you may lack, pull a rhyme from your pack
And a melody for my delight **ch**

A seat always open a cup always filled
A meal always ready to share
For no one shall be in the Hart's company
And be wanting for comfort or care **ch**

And when your long journey has come to an end
And you reach the comforts of home
My kindness recall, light the fire in your hall
And welcome the weary who roam, and say... **ch**

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