

I dwell in Atlantia's splendor
And great is her wealth both in grace and in might
Her Queen crowned with beauty and honor
Her King ever bold in defense of the right
Be he squire or knight, be he peasant or peer
Humility's servant he stands
An able companion, a brave volunteer,
When maiden or mistress his service commands.

If chivalry shines before valor
If courtesy stands as the purest acclaim
If the standard of goodness is honor
Then first among peers is Atlantia's name
So clad in our mail, to our weapons we cling
In treaty and friendship full sworn
For love and for duty we follow our King
In aid of our allies we march on the morn.

I stand amid argent and azure
With brothers in arms, for the battle arrayed
The might of our forces to measure
And answer our kinsmen who've called for our aid
And though I must march with my back to the sea,
My gaze turned away from the tide,
I carry Atlantia's colors with me,
Her banners proclaiming our kingdom, our pride.
Stand amid argent and azure...

Words by Samantha Moore and Lisa Theriot
Music by Samantha Moore
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Folk of the Plaid

A song by Master Morríc Haast of Trimarís.

Ken ye the heart of the folk o' the plaid?
Wonder as many of what they are made
For they're hard as the highlands and cold as Loch Moy
The Scots hae a spirit, ye nae can destroy

Born in the damp winds and raised in the hills
Those who reach manhood have iron-like wills
For the reivers and the rovers and the brigands it's known
A Scotsman looks after his clan and his own

Chorus: So it's hey for the highlands, hello for the low
 Leave a Scot breathing, he'll strike the last blow
 As the chieftain of England so angrily knows
 The thistle bows not to the rose
 The thistle bows not to the rose

Now French ladies charm with their glances and sighs
But find ye a lassie with fire in her eyes
Scots girls are fiery, they're long and their lean
And sharper of wit than a dirk it is keen

Now loving the women's like juggling with knives
Too many at once and they'll cut through your lies
Find ye but one lass and stay to her true
She'll fight at your back and share in all you do. CH

Now some call us heartless and vicious and cruel
A Scot's a survivor and nobody's fool
We're branded through the ages as wagers of strife
Sometimes it takes a hard man to lead a hard life

So we'll pipe till the blood sings and drink liquid fire!
Watch where you tread lest you risk Scottish ire
Hark ye these words of the Macintosh clan
"Touch not the cat, without a gloved hand!" CH

The thistle bows not to the red English rose!

Words and music by William Ritchie
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Captain, Oh Captain

Written by Mistress Tangwystyl verch Morgant Glasvryn. There just aren't enough funny war songs.

Captain, oh Captain, there's trouble, I fear
From over the hillside an army's appeared
The castle's surrounded for more than a mile
And it looks like they're planning to stay for awhile.

Keep the gate bolted, our banner on high,
And caution the sentries to keep a sharp eye!
The men of this castle are sturdy and tough
We're loyal and brave when the going is rough!

Captain, oh Captain, there's trouble, I fear
Our walls still stand firm, but I see no help near
Our storerooms are empty, down to the bare rock
And the cook has just roasted your favorite hawk!

Keep the gate bolted, our banner on high
And spice well my goshawk that ne'er more shall fly!
The men of this castle are sturdy and tough
We're loyal and brave when the going is rough!

Captain, oh Captain, there's trouble, I fear
The siege still continues, our peril is clear--
For though we have weapons in plenty, it's true,
The last of the rats has been made into stew!

Keep the gate bolted, our banner on high
We will not surrender, though death may be nigh!
The men of this castle are sturdy and tough
We're loyal and brave when the going is rough!

Captain, oh Captain, there's trouble, I fear
The brewers have told me—we've run out of BEER!

Lower the drawbridge! Let them do their worst!
We're loyal and brave, except when we THIRST!

Words and music by Heather Jones
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Belt and Chain

Another by Master Morríc Haast; this is a true SCA classic.

The days are too fast, and the legends long past;
Yet some would dream of a place
A place of goodwill, where beauty lies still
A bastion of honor and grace;
A bastion of honor and grace

Chorus: Will you wear the Belt and Chain
 That this dream may yet live again
 Swear your heart to Chivalry's art
 Swear your sword to our gain.

Take the young lad and make him page
Teach the boy to come of age;
Teach him fealty, service and truth

Give him these gifts in his youth;
Give him these gifts in full sooth. CH

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

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

Words and music by William Ritchie
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Atlantian Steel

Another song for Atlantia, this one designed for the army to sing while marching into battle.

Our might has been questioned by enemy blades
And so we now stand here together
Off in the distance our foemen await
As we don our mail and our leather
Soon shall the field of this dark battle quake
And we then take arms in the fray
Soon shall our blades taste the blood of our foes
But first, heed the words I would say

Chorus:
Keep both your arm and your mind ever steady,
Sharp as Atlantian steel.
Show them your arrows and blades. At the ready!
Show them your courage is real.
And as they lay dying, food for the Crows,
Let them die fearing Atlantian blows!

Hold or Advance, but never retreat
Show them the meaning of battle
Heed not the voice that would herald defeat
Drive them before you like cattle
And let them drink deep from the chalice of death
And let the draught flow bitter black
For any who challenge the rule of our King,
Let us vow they shall never march back! CH

A word to the foe with the wisdom to hear
Turn vessels of war from our homeland
Be greeted as allies, be welcomed as friends
But tempt not the ire of our strong hand!
For if in your arrogance you would unfurl
A standard of challenge on high,
We'll send it back bloody, for no blackguard's flag
Shall darken Atlantia's sky! CH

Words by Samantha Moore and Lisa Theriot
Music by Samantha Moore
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Who Serve the Soldiers?

Dedicated to soldiers of every generation.

Early one morn to the market I walked
A bonnet to buy for my hair
I passed a bold wastrel who called for a coin
Of two I had, one I could spare

A charity thusly supplied was no sin
Though he'd likely just waste it on wine
Though no longer could I my bonnet afford
A ribbon would do just as fine.

Chorus:
Who serve the soldiers who serve all the rest?
The few and the brave and the best of the best
In duty and honor and humility
They've all given some, and some give all for thee.

Later a soldier who'd served at the war
Took refuge with us for the night
He entertained all with his tales of the front
He gained great esteem in my sight
His quick wit defied any pain in his eyes
His words held no hint of regret
He'd sacrificed much, and he'd sacrificed more,
His one fear that we would forget. CH

I offered the ribbon I'd purchased that day,
Told him my favor he'd won,
He said, "Good my lady, your kindness endures,
Of greater gifts, I have known none.
For I was the veteran who called for the coin,
And though I must leave with the dawn,
Please let your fine ribbon remind you of me,
Thus shall I ever live on." CH

He left the next morn, and too soon I learned
That he'd met his end on the field
Defending his captain, my bold soldier fell,
In honor was borne on his shield
Each morning I rise and remember his words
And all he so willingly gave
That fine yellow ribbon I braid in my hair,
And another doth lie on his grave.

Remember the soldiers who serve all the rest
The few and the brave and the best of the best
In duty and honor and humility
They've all given some and some give all for thee.

Let us serve the soldiers who serve all the rest
The few and the brave and the best of the best
In duty and honor and humility
They've all given some and some give all for thee.
They've all given some and one gave all for me.

Words and music by Samantha Moore
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Hardrada's Bane

Written by Hrothgar Thorgrimsson, this is a rousing pro-Viking number.

Hardrada calls to war away on England's shore
To claim his right upon the throne
But a greedy Saxon thane thinks to call himself a king
And claim the English crown his own.

Great Odin breathes the wind to fill the dragon's wings
We fly across the icy waves
We fearless northern men go Viking once again
To claim our fortunes or our graves.

To war! To war! We're sailing off to war!
We fight for glory, gold or King!
The Danelaw calls, proclaiming our just cause,
The skalds in praise of glory sing!

