

In Praise of Valor



**Ansteorra Crown Tournament
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Owen ap Aeddan ap Trahaearne

In fields of plenty, green and wide,
The kingdom's pride, a lily, grows--
A flower of worth beyond compare,
As rare as any regal rose.
The lily loves a Northern knight,
His skill and might by grace beguiled.
He rallied to her heart's decree,
And saw a princess in her smile.
Resolved, he sought his lady fair
To swear for her a solemn vow:
He'd win the gilded coronet,
And set the star upon her brow.

With blessings by her hand bestowed
And courage owed to lady's love,
He armed himself for trials to come,
Where some would pale, and one would prove
The rightful heir to Sable Throne.
The field shone bright that summer's day
As stern-faced sun looked down to see
Where Victory would make her way.

Perhaps her favor shone outright
Upon that knightly countenance;
A certain glow will be recalled
In halls of legend's souvenance,
And some, were they not there to see,
Might fancy it a mark divine
By which he fought as few would dare,
Which lent his eyes their dauntless shine.

But truth beheld a different sight;
His lady spoke, and then, at length,
The lily smiled, and nothing more.
And there the warrior found his strength.
With griffins mounted on his shield,
He took the field at herald's call
Met every challenge with his best,
And wrested triumph from them all.

Good fortune smiles upon the land
For by the lily's hand, a King
Has risen, and by warrior's might,
She sits a fair and rightful Queen.
For Ansteorra's sake, rejoice!
Let voices ring from every bough
Since Owen, for Genevria,
Has set the star upon her brow.

Lady Catrin ferch Maelgwn

The poem is an awdl gywydd, a Welsh form.

Louis le Blaireau

*Louis le Blaireau came riding one day,
With dreams of a crown, to the tournament field.
Cunning and quickness his weapons to wield,
Soon many a foeman would fall to his blade.*

*Louis was swift, but the battles grew long.
Wounded and wearied, he knelt in the heat
Yet given the chance to give in to defeat,
He spoke of his lady, and bravely fought on.*

*Never to falter, and never to yield!
No matter the shadows that threaten the field.*

*No flinch of fear, nor yet one inch of ground
Would Louis give, but held himself upright
And, even as he fell, proved with renown
The valor of an Ansteorran knight.*

Lady Catrin ferch Maelgwn

The poem is a French sonnet.

Romanus Vesperanius

Hear these great deeds told, you people of valor and wisdom
Citizens, noblemen bold, children of lions and legends

From all lands they came, men vying for crown and for kingship
Seeking no fortune or fame, taking no pleasure or plunder

Each made his brave stand, each measured the worth of his rivals
Many the mighty of hand, many the stouthearted stalwart

One stood forth like Mars, Romanus, honored and skillful
Willing a change in his stars, diadems for his Deanna

Once crowned our dread king, now forward he comes to the battle
Bearing a scorpion's sting, fleet in the flashing of swordplay

One, two, three men fall, three stand a triumverate challenge
Who shall be victor of all? Who claims the scepter and sigil?

No crown for Rome's son, this day sees the scorpion falter
Cheered for the victories won, mourned for the fate's unfulfilling

But grief shall not stand, time lessens the keening of sorrow
Rich are the dreams of command, richer the prize and the promise

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is written in elegiac couplets of dactylic hexameter and modified dactylic pentameter in the style of Catullus (1st c. B.C.E.).

Ulsted the Unsteady

Bold Saxon Knight
Took the field
This Duke of the Sable Star
Lord Cathal, with belt of red

with board and broadsword,
to fight for the Crown.
defiant stood against his foe.
laid challenge to the Duke,

But Ulsted claimed victory
He next faced
Sir Giotto waged war
The right arm

the Crown one step closer.
a Knight from Italian lands,
but great was
of raging Ulsted.

Then Lochlann Dunn
The former Champion
Brother Centurions
The final blow

took the list field,
challenged his former King.
battled as all took notice,
felled Lochlann Dunn.

Four knights stood
But King Ulsted would not
The Prerogative of Ulsted
Ulsted saw his King

to fight for the Crown,
Crown Queen Ebergardis.
kept the Prince's Throne from him.
and stood not in his way.

Lord Brian O' hUilliam

The poem is in the Anglo-Saxon style.

Dáire de Haya

1. King Hrafn, Ansteorra's lord
By right of arms, by hand and sword,
Declared a royal tournament,
And to those lists brave Daire went
To prove his worth in battle keen,
And crown his lady Druinne Queen.

2. From every corner of the realm
Came men in mail and shining helm,
And Elfsea's Baron there among
Received the praise of every tongue;
So to the field he sallied forth
To face a wild man from the North.

3. One foe dispatched, the Viking felled,
One victory the Baron held;
But waiting on the field of wrath
Another Northman in his path,
In armor of the Roman style
To stand an even sterner trial.

4. Again brave Daire showed his skill,
Again prevailed the Baron's will,
But challengers there yet remained,
And ladies to be entertained;
Another round he would contest,
Continuing upon his quest.

5. At last from northern climes there came
A Welshman, Owen called by name,
A giant knight who nonetheless
Displayed an air of gentillesse;
The Welshman dealt a crushing blow--
And from on high, laid Daire low.

6. Though he was not the last to stand,
He met defeat at royal hand;
With pride he left the day's campaigns
And journeyed home where he remains
To Elfsea's folk, a cause to sing.
In Druinne's eyes, her own heart's King.

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is written in octosyllabic rhyming couplets, modeled on Chrétien de Troyes' poem "Yvain."

Galen Edwin Kirchenbauer

Clad in colors of blue and gold

This German Knight of legends told

For Rebecca fought and would not yield.

Against Lucius Swordbreaker did he defend,

Graf Galen's mighty sword would not bend

And Galen claimed victory on the field.

Next came Lord Sparrhawk, Geoffrey by name,

But victory was Graf Galen's to claim.

Finally the Badger proved to be Galen's bane

As Sir Louis continued in his quest for the throne.

But for Galen Kirchenbauer, his worth was known,

Through honor and chivalry he earned glory and fame.

Lord Brian O' hUilliam

Graf Galen's poem is written in a late twelfth/early thirteenth century German style used extensively by Walther von der Vogelweide

Gideon MacLeod

It fell about Midsummer time
When days are lang and bricht
And Young MacLeod is come on land
To ride and play the knight, the knight
To ride and play the knight.

“Good day to you, my bonny knight,
How goes the day wi’ ye?
Whar fare ye doon the rocky road,
Wha’s been sae lang at sea, at sea,
Wha’s been sae lang at sea?”

“I gang tae yonder tourney field
Tae win the day or die ;
I gang tae win a crown and make
A queen of my lady, lady
A queen of my lady.”

And he’s gane tae the tourney field
Astride his nut-brown mare
And all the ladies sighed aloud
To see a knight sae fair, sae fair,
To see a knight sae fair.

The firsten foes the young knight faced
He struck them both full sair
The neesten foe was first to strike--
MacLeod would strike nae mair, nae mair
MacLeod would strike nae mair

“Come hame, MacLeod,” his lady said,
“And let this tourney be ;
I’d rather have your bonny head
Than all this fair countrie, countrie,
Than all this fair countrie.”

“Aye, that I will,” said Young MacLeod,
Though crowns I have but nane,
A queen I sall be making yet,
And ye sall be my ain, my ain,
And ye sall be my ain.

I am the laird o Edinbane
Wi’ fifty ploughs and three
And I hae got the fairest queen
In a’ the north countrie, countrie
In a’ the north countrie.”

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is based on several traditional Scottish ballads. Edinbane is on the Isle of Skye, about 7 miles from Dunvegan Castle, the seat of the MacLeods.

Jean Paul de Sens

No matter that the blaze may die;
The phoenix rises from the flames—
And overthrowing only shames
The cavalier who would not try.

The weaker man, his plans awry,
Will turn his hand to other games.
No matter that the blaze may die;
The phoenix rises from the flames.

Though on this day the herald's cry
Another champion proclaims
Above the lot of vanquished names.
This dream will get defeat defy--
No matter that the blaze may die;
The phoenix rises from the flames.

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is a rondel in the style of Charles d'Orléans.

Lochlann Dunn

As Lochlann left the field of chivalry,
In want of spirits, weary from the fight,
He thought, "How sweeter would the contest be
To face my next encounter as a knight?"

To gird my prowess with a belt of white
And know the adulation of the crowd
Is no more than a feather in its flight
Beside the weight of fealty avowed."

Soon, Lochlann, you shall make your clan right proud ;
No doubt remains in peasant or in peer.
The heralds will proclaim your feats aloud,
And at your name the populace will cheer
When royal hands the belt and chain bestow ;
Let this strike be your last unanswered blow.

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is a Spenserian sonnet.

Alrek Kanin, aka Cassius Lepus

Wolves Saga

Hearken now, word-fame I bring you,
Skald am I, and wordsmith of renown.
In battle joined, for land and crown,
For royal right and lofty throne, for love of land,
For Ansteorra,
Came together sword and shield, spear and mace, blood and fire, foeman and friend!
Now came two sword brothers, bold warriors.
Like hungry wolves, cunning, crafty, and keen!
Alrek Kanin, swift as rabbit, noble lord and friend in mead hall.
Thorvald Egilsson, strong as oak tree, merry in spirit, deadly in battle.
War's wolves, each with honor brought to bear,
Did dance to battle's ringing song.
With friend and foe did lift up shield and sword and battle-cry!
Two ways to leave the battlefield are there,
One in victory, one in death.
Fought with honor, the valiant warriors.
Died with honor on Daire de Haya's sword.
Battle-maidens sent to bring them
To the table of All-Father.
In Valhalla feasting with the glorious war-wolves of old!
Hark you close, word-fame I bring you.
Honor and glory on their names!

HLady Elanor O'Ruark

Chiang Ti Lung

TANKA FOR CHIANG

A NOBLE WARRIOR
HONORS HIS ADVERSARIES
WITH AN HONEST SWORD.
OUR GREATEST KINGS ARE MEASURED
BY THE STRENGTH OF THOSE WHO YIELD.

MASTER THOMAS OF TENBY

Gavin MacIain

*Without the aid of spells and prophecy
That bold MacBeth enjoyed for his ascent,
His lady's love his only guaranty,
Lord Gavin took himself to tournament.*

*A crown to win, and lightly to bestow,
Upon the downy head of his own sweet;
MacIain to the bloody lists would go
To lay the world at his dear lady's feet.*

*He first essayed a noble knight and true,
And victory was his as William fell;
A second knight awaited as his due,
And then forsooth he did not fare so well.*

*One knight defeated, yet by one knight slain,
Thus ends the Scottish lord's royal campaign.*

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is a Shakespearian sonnet.

Geoffrey Sparhawk

*The hawk has dreams the huntsman cannot know
As he stands idle, rooted to the earth,
While to the cloudless climes the hawk will go
To bring the feathered kill, to prove his worth.*

*The huntsman feels the jesses in his hand
And thinks himself the master of the bird;
The hawk sees but a pleasant place to land,
But master? No, the notion is absurd.*

*Today the hawk will heed the huntsman's dance,
And never mourn his lack of liberty;
He'll bide his time, in secret wait his chance
Till he flies, King of birds, away and free.*

*For now the hawk may rest in hooded sleep
Until the morrow's hunt, his dreams to keep.*

Mistress Adelaïde de Beaumont

The poem is a Shakespearian sonnet.

Giotto di Giovanni

In younger days when tournaments were new
And errant knights would wield the lance and sword,
'Twas not the armored hand which reaped reward
But ladies, gentle bred and fair to view.
As with their strength each telling blow they threw,
They strove with all that passion could afford
To lightly lay a crown on one adored,
As on the petaled rose lies morning dew.

Too often now will men seek selfish quests,
Will rank a royal throne above a kiss
And leave a blushing rose to bloom unseen;
Yet still true knights may know where virtue rests.
No greater glory can be told than this:
Giotto fought to make Kasilda Queen.

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is an Italian sonnet.

Gunthar Jonsson

*Upon the honored green, behold the knight;
Though bearing pilgrim's tokens on his shield,
He stands arrayed in polished armor bright
And issues forth a challenge to the field.
"The man who can this day force me to yield
Shall win unto himself supreme renown
And stand a worthy claimant of the crown."*

*By skill of arms twice fairly hailed as king,
Not recklessly does Gunthar so declare,
For minstrels of his grace and prowess sing,
And foes of mighty body blows beware.
The time has come; the kingdom needs an heir,
And noble men will see this want addressed
That one should rise alone and stand the test.*

*The combat holds the populace enthralled,
A testament to Ansteorran pride;
Owen the Welshman to the field is called,
Whose strong right arm is not to be denied.
A crushing blow—the Duke is satisfied—
A smile marked Gunthar's visage as he fell;
He found the Welshman true, and wished him well.*

Mistress Adelaïde de Beaumont

The poem is a rime royal.

Kenneth MacQuarrie of Tobermory

The strength of youth is not to be denied,
And time will teach of nothing but decay;
Yet elder statesmen conquer and divide
The stripling lads content to sport and play.
Experience will oftentimes hold sway;
Let young bucks bell and bluster as they will,
The older dog most often has the day--
Old age and treachery best youth and skill.

Much as the lordly lion in his pride
Will drive the younger, lesser males away,
So deep December chooses not to hide
Each passing year that brings a boastful May,
But chortles at their antics and display
And vows they cannot possibly fulfill;
Their only certain future is dismay--
Old age and treachery best youth and skill.

So when the rod of wisdom is applied,
And yearling mules proceed to snort and bray
Have pity that a crueler fate betide
The silly ones who thought to have their way.
The lambs who seek to slaughter and to slay
Are only being fattened for the kill;
Your time will come, young man, but NOT today--
Old age and treachery best youth and skill.

My Husband, though your locks have turned to gray,
My heart's devotion lingers with you still;
Though dashing swains of twenty come my way,
Old age and treachery best youth and skill.

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is a ballad.

Riikr Foetipper

*Forth from fair Elfsea
fared the fell fighter,
called the "foe tipper,"
fierce and terrible.*

*Bravehearted bondsman
to Frankish freelord
yet a fearsome bane
to Frankish foeman.*

*No mortal manner
of doom and downfall
would crumble his wyrd,
craving for a crown.*

*Faceless yet fatal,
Death brings destruction--
the victor at last,
the Viking vanquished.*

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is written in malahattr 'meter of speeches'.

Tomás Ó Niallagáin

*The warrior is offered peace;
This truth the wise man may know,
For wrongs the brigand will cease
Lest he lie a vanquished foe.*

*The courtly king is secure
Behind the bulk of his walls;
Loved by civil men and pure,
He feasts while his kingdom falls.*

*The seed of fair Niallagáin
Bears nobility of breed,
Wisdom of the ways of men,
And strength at his kingdom's need.*

*Who would challenge his command
And seek to claim his reward,
Let them take it from his hand;
Let them win it with a sword.*

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

Modeled on the bardic poems of Tadhg Dall Ó Huiginn (1550-1591).

Ysfael Bryndu

LIKE LIGHTNING, THE BLOW HE THREW,
LIKE SAINT GEORGE, THE DRAGON SLEW;
BUT FRANKISH MIGHT OVERTHREW
THE WELSH KNIGHT;
SO PASSED YSFAEL BRYNDU.

MISTRESS ADELAIDE DE BEAUMONT

THE POEM IS AN "ENGLYN UNODL CRWC."

Cathal Finn O Briain

*“O Cathal, o warrior,
Why do you covet a crown?
A man has a longer life
When his deeds reap no renown.”*

*“Who would long for such a life?
Some hours are sweet to savor
And dearer than dull gray years;
What is feast without flavor?”*

*I choose to brave the battle;
I will try my strength truly,
My only fear my fam'ly
Will not mourn me unduly.*

*Though many may name me fool,
A few stalwarts understand--
May others seize the swordhilt
As it drops from my dead hand.”*

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is modeled on “A Marbán, a díthruabaig,” an Irish poem of the 10th c.

Charles the Grey of Mooneschadowe

*Come down from Northern lands with spear and steel,
Not for today the cog within the wheel;
Not for today the shield within the wall,
But striving for the right to govern all.*

*Come down from Northern lands with steel and spear,
Not for today the phalanx or the rear;
Not for today the guardsman at his post,
But striving for the prize that matters most.*

*Come down from Northern lands with spear and steel,
Not on this day would knights and ladies kneel;
Not on this day would crown and throne be won,
But honor for the deeds and battle done.*

*Come down from Northern lands with steel and spear,
Not on this day the promised prize so dear;
But homeward there are deeds I yet may do,
By dark of moon, the northern road is true.*

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

Fiacha the Blue

O have you heard tales of Fiacha the Blue?
Who roamed Ansteorra, his dreams to pursue;
He came to a tourney to win him a crown,
Don't stand in his way or he'll just knock you down.
Sing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-oo-ra-li-ay.

He waded through rivers and crossed the broad plains,
And camped on the Steppes in the worst of the rains;
A man like a mountain is a good thing at that--
When most of your kingdom is too bloody flat.
Sing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-oo-ra-li-ay.

One morning quite early he came o'er a ridge,
Some bold mercenaries were holding the bridge;
He put down his head and he charged like a bull--
Soon the bridge it was empty and the river was full.
Sing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-oo-ra-li-ay.

O have you heard tales of Fiacha the Blue?
Who roamed Ansteorra, his dreams to pursue;
He came to crown tourney, he didn't get far,
But you'll never find better to fight for the Star.
Sing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-oo-ra-li-ay.

A. Balladeer

This is absolutely NOT meant to be sung to "Sweet Betsy From Pike."

Gaston de Clermont

*Behold a man who would be King,
And hazard all to win the day;
Let bards who would of valor sing
Behold a man who would be King.
Though wearied by his journeying,
He sallies forth in fine array;
Behold a man who would be King,
And hazard all to win the day.*

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is a triolet in the style of Jean Froissart.

George le Breton

A young man left his village small
To heed grim battle's siren call,
Determined he would take the field,
His sword and destiny to wield;
But as he walked along his way,
"Go not!" he heard a sweet voice say,
And looking up he saw a wren
That uttered in the speech of men.

"Go not!" the small bird cried again,
"Your hopes and dreams are all in vain!
As you must value life and breath,
I tell you, you will find your death;
No nearer shall you find the crown
Than on the Duke who cuts you down.
So turn around, your life to save,
Or surely you will find your grave."

"I heed you not," the Breton said,
For truly all my wits are fled;
I never heard a spoken word
Come out from either beast or bird.
So get you back into your nest;
I'll take the path I think is best."
So to the field the Breton went,
And soon enough his life was spent.

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is a Breton lai.

Lucius Hadrianus, called Swordbreaker

When blazing sun upon the Steppes was nigh,
And reason told the clever man to rest,
A squire with froggy arms and gleaming eye
Came joyful from the south to make his quest.

It did not seem to him at odds with wit;
His sanity was sure, his reasons clear.
“The day is fine enough, all must admit,
For brawling with our friends and sharing beer.”

Bold Lucius Hadrianus takes the field,
Well famed for cleaving weapons in a fight,
So Graf Sir Galen clutches sword and shield
With thoughts of broken brands clouding his sight;

But Froggy's name revealed not ev'ry clue--
It tells you not whose sword he will undo!

Sir Kenneth MacQuarrie of Tobermory

The poem is a Shakespearian sonnet.

Madog of Glastonbury

**Champion of the Star of Nine
The newest Centurion of the Sable Star
Hailing from lands Serpentine
Known both near and far.**

**He made his challenge with a cheerful tone
To battle a Knight bold
And vie for the throne
Of Sable and of Gold.**

**Centurion Madog, in red and white
Hoped to Crown Lady Brylce as Queen
But before him was a Clan MacLeod Knight
Standing in the way of his victory.**

**Madog and Gideon, fought in a contest of skill,
A battle sure to earn both men renown.
Sir Gideon's sword, aiming to kill
Felled the new Centurion in his first Crown.**

**Though brave Madog did not claim victory,
Witnesses to his prowess were moved.
We would not have Prince Madog of Glastonbury,
But our hero's worth and honor were proved.**

Lord Brian O' hUilliam

Maelgwyn Dda

A Welshman from the vales of Bryn Gwlad,
Centurion who bears the sable star,
Lord Maelgwyn, on the pilgrim's path he trod
To win a kingdom's crown in lands afar.

A snow-white scarf he wears upon his sleeve,
And on his cap the thistle and the rose,
A throne and scepter longing to achieve
By right of arms, the thunder of his blows.

But come the challenge, Welshmen know no friend;
Defeat so early leaves a bitter sting.
Some comfort may be had by tourney's end,
When he who cut you down is hailed as king.

"To test the heir was truly my design...
But why does Uther's poem look like mine?"

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is a Shakespearian sonnet.

Morgan Blackdragon

BLACK WINGS, SHADOW IN THE SKY,
BLACK STARS ON THE BANNERS FLY;
WELSH RED WILL HIS FOE DEFY
WITH FELL DREAD
THE BLACK DRAGON WILL DIE.

MISTRESS ADELAIDE DE BEAUMONT

THE POEM IS AN "ENGLYN UNODL CRWC."

Randel Lee Smith

Come bards of Ansteorra, hear my tale;
And make from it such songs as ne'er shall die
To lesson youthful squires who would prevail
O'er those whose seeming doth their skill belie.
It matters not how gray of beard the knight;
He may know tricky ways to win a fight

Lord Randel, youth and skill at his command,
Made long and weary journey to contend;
With kite-shield and with broad-sword in his hand,
The throne of Ansteorra to ascend.
But lo! a score and seventeen like-willed
Had dreams akin to his they'd see fulfilled.

Lord Randel stood among those who would choose
The rival they would face in the first round;
A noble fight, but one he should not lose;
And so a knight; but one not too renowned.
In confidence he took then to the field;
This unsung knight he soon would make to yield.

But by and by his sword began to slow
Too long now since he heard the cry "lay on!"
His strength was waning with each passing blow.
Forsooth, was this conclusion not foregone?
"Peace!" the knight said to him on the ground;
"Old age and treachery will youth confound!"

Sir Kenneth MacQuarrie of Tobermory

Modeled on "Astrophel : A Pastorall Elegie vpon the death of the most Noble and
valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney, dedicated to the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie,
the Countesse of Essex," by Edmund Spenser, 1596.

Rhodri ap Gwythyr

Rapunzel's prince had no more joy than I,
However much he climbed his golden stair,
I need no means to conquer towers high;
For at my side is my own lady fair.

I ventured forth to win for her a crown
To settle lightly on that dearest head,
Though there already sits in softest brown
The crown that Nature saw she merited.

Though granted not the victory this day,
My circumstance much suffering removes;
Let others grieve their losses if they may,
For Kaitlyn's love my consolation proves.

What royal throne can possibly compare
With being buried sweetly in her hair?

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is a Shakespearian sonnet.

Sarran Kouran, called the Traveler

Unto the Prince, my liege and sovereign lord,
Of royal lineage, by all adored,
May grace and peace be unto you this day;
I pray you hear the words that I would say.

I came a traveler from distant lands
Out of the West in train with nomad bands,
And found within your realm a happy home
That took from me the pilgrim's need to roam.

Because I love your people as my own
I thought by right of arms to claim the throne
But found my mettle would not meet the test;
I fell at last to Ansteorra's best.

No grudge I bear for being so undone,
Nor do I covet what was fairly won;
Your might is great, and worthy of reward,
So to your Grace I offer up my sword.

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

Inspired by "The Praying of Daniel the Immured", a 13th c. Russian epistle.

Thorvald Egilsson

Wolves Saga

Hearken now, word-fame I bring you,
Skald am I, and wordsmith of renown.
In battle joined, for land and crown,
For royal right and lofty throne, for love of land,
For Ansteorra,
Came together sword and shield, spear and mace, blood and fire, foeman and friend!
Now came two sword brothers, bold warriors.
Like hungry wolves, cunning, crafty, and keen!
Alrek Kanin, swift as rabbit, noble lord and friend in mead hall.
Thorvald Egilsson, strong as oak tree, merry in spirit, deadly in battle.
War's wolves, each with honor brought to bear,
Did dance to battle's ringing song.
With friend and foe did lift up shield and sword and battle-cry!
Two ways to leave the battlefield are there,
One in victory, one in death.
Fought with honor, the valiant warriors.
Died with honor on Daire de Haya's sword.
Battle-maidens sent to bring them
To the table of All-Father.
In Valhalla feasting with the glorious war-wolves of old!
Hark you close, word-fame I bring you.
Honor and glory on their names!

HLady Elanor O'Ruark

Ulf Arnfinnsson

Tales are still told
of northern men
who come in ships
seeking glory;
hear now the tale
of Arnfinn's son
Ulf of the star,
bold and fearless.

Forth to the field,
bearing broadsword
seeking a crown
and a kingship.
Titles he bore
from ring-givers,
fell raven-lord
and warrior queen.

Strong was his arm
and keen his eye
in battle fierce
for golden prize,
but stronger still
inn irski stood,
the wyrm advanced
and Ulf was lost.

Raise up the horn
in every hall
and drink a draught
to Ulf the brave;
long will his name
echo and ring
long will the skalds
his proud deeds sing.

Distress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is written in Fornyrðislag, 'meter of ancient words'.

Uriangqadai Cinoajin

EYES OF THE WOLF, YELLOW AND KEEN
TELL ME OF BATTLES AND BLOOD YOU HAVE SEEN
BLOOD OF YOUR BRETHREN YOU CANNOT FORGIVE;
"IF I DIE, I SHALL DIE, IF I LIVE, I SHALL LIVE."

EARS OF THE WOLF, PRICKED TO THE SKY
TELL ME OF HOOFBEATS AS BATTLE DRAWS NIGH
BLOOD POURS THROUGH ARMOR LIKE SAND THROUGH A SIEVE;
"IF I DIE, I SHALL DIE, IF I LIVE, I SHALL LIVE."

CLAWS OF THE WOLF, SHARP AS A BLADE
TELL ME OF WOUNDS AND OF WAR YOU HAVE MADE
BLOWS YOU HAVE TAKEN AND BLOWS YOU WILL GIVE;
"IF I DIE, I SHALL DIE, IF I LIVE, I SHALL LIVE."

HEART OF THE WOLF, HERO WITHIN
TELL ME OF KINGDOMS AND THRONES YOU WOULD WIN
EYES, EARS, AND CLAWS, AND YOUR HEART YOU MUST GIVE;
"IF I DIE, I SHALL DIE, IF I LIVE, I SHALL LIVE."

MISTRESS ADELAIDE DE BEAUMONT

THE REFRAIN, "IF I DIE, I SHALL DIE, IF I LIVE, I SHALL LIVE" COMES FROM ONE OF THE TALES IN THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE MONGOLS (13TH C.)

Uther Blackthorne

A Cornishman who hails from Bryn Gwlad,
Centurion who bears the sable star,
Lord Uther, on the pilgrim's path he trod
To win a kingdom's crown in lands afar.

Two axes keen he bears upon his shield,
And on his cap the falcon and the rose,
His goal, to take the lists and not to yield,
To win the crown and vanquish all his foes.

A Frankish knight would stand in Uther's way
And end his royal bid with ringing steel;
But though he would not wear the crown this day,
His Gwyneth stood fast by to help him heal.

"My lady's eyes like jewels brightly shine...
But why does Maelgwyn's poem look like mine?"

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is a Shakespearian sonnet.

William Cameron de Blakstan

*What joy cannot be found in coming home?
Is there more pleasure on the pilgrim's road,
Soothing the itch their feet may feel to roam
On dusty tracks whereon their shanks have strode?*

*Though fortune may be gained in distant lands,
And titles may be won from foreign kings,
The beggar can return with empty hands
And know the comfort that belonging brings.*

*So how twice blest is he who journeys back
To happy places he has known before
And brings with him no longing and no lack,
But fair nobility and golden store.*

*And when at last the luggage is set down,
Who would not venture forth to seek a crown?*

Mistress Adelaide de Beaumont

The poem is a Shakespearian sonnet.

William Wescot of Welewen

Lord and Baron of Loch Soilleir, William
Came onto the blazing tournament field.
He fought for Lady Melessent Michel,
Standing brave with griffin upon his shield.

Known for his service and skill as a cook,
He is squired to Ulsted the Unsteady,
A Duke and past Baron of Loch Soilleir.
William stood on the list field ready.

Challenged by Lord Geoffrey with belt of red
William fought with intensity and skill,
But on this day the Crown would elude him
As Lord Geoffrey landed the blow that killed.

William stood with his beautiful lady,
Though he did not hold the Crown in his hands,
He fought with honor, skill, and chivalry
And was proud to lead the Serpentine lands.

Lord Brian O' hUilliam

Philippe Le Chanceux

The cubs entered,
From the lands of France they hailed.
Warriors and artists, teachers both,
To claim the Ursae thrones.
Here they come, and here they sit,
Bears in a land of Lions.
Where will they lead us?
Only time will tell.
Whether war or peace
The one thing they know
They carry the support of Bjornsborg.
From the trenches of Bordermarch
To the craft halls of Steppes
Let them spread the fame of our Barony
To all the known world.
And knowing what is called for,
Knowing what is owed,
They put themselves aside
And kneel.
To become the Ursae
To become the Lyon
To become...
Bjornsborg

Lord William Harper

Note : Philippe entered the lists, but withdrew prior to the first round owing to the illness of his lady. This poem was written for his investiture as Baron of Bjornsborg.