

So, what does "Outlaws & Bystanders" mean? Well, "Human History" featured a number of personal stories of events, but often told by the king, or the guy in charge. "Outlaws & Bystanders" includes stories from the other guys, the guys who served as a backdrop to the main story, or ran far enough afield of the guy in charge that their life and freedom was in jeopardy. This doesn't always make them bad guys—when the law is unjust, the just man is outlaw—but it usually makes them interesting. Enjoy.

## Soldier of God (Valencia, Spain, 1099)

The story of Don Jeronimo appears in the epic *Cantar de Mio Cid*, also known as the *Poema del Cid*, the oldest preserved Castilian epic poem. It was composed around 1200. Don Jeronimo was, like Friar Tuck, not your average priest.

A cleric rode out from the lands of the East,  
Too wise for a warrior, too strong for a priest,  
Well-versed in letters and honored abroad,  
Called Don Jeronimo, soldier of God.

"Mine is the charge to bring men to the Lord  
By sermon, or psalm, or the point of a sword,  
If I have my fill of the fight ere I sleep,  
At the end of my living, let no Christian weep.

Chorus: I am your song, I am your word,  
I am your herald when trumpets are heard;  
I am your staff, I am your rod,  
I am your sword as a soldier of God."

Before a great battle he sings the High Mass,  
And grants absolution, for all flesh is grass;  
"The man who dies fighting his foe face-to-face  
Will sleep without stain and his soul will find Grace."

He goes to his liege when the Mass has been said,  
And begs him a boon—"Let me ride at your head;  
A price I would have for the bread and the wine--  
Let the first blow struck in battle be mine." CH

Saint Michael goes armored with buckler and steel,  
And George with his lance brought the dragon to heel;  
In Heaven above as on Earth here below,  
From one hand a blessing, the other, a blow.

Perhaps in the future all hatred will cease,  
And all men of God will be agents of peace,  
But until the day when the Fiend walks no more  
Then angels and men must make ready for war!

words by Lisa Theriot  
music by Ken and Lisa Theriot  
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## Utopia (England, 1535)

Sir Thomas More coined the term "Utopia" from Greek, meaning at once "good place" and "no place." More's 1516 work of that name defined utopian literature. Tallstoria, Nolandia, and Aircastle are neighboring lands to Utopia in More's work.

Tall stories I have told you  
Of castles in the air,  
Where all men work and prosper,  
And Kings are wise and fair;  
But still we live in England,  
And laws may be unjust,  
So here I lie in prison  
For doing what I must.  
Tonight I will dream of Utopia.

I warned the privy council  
To guard what they might say  
For Kings, like willful children,  
Will always want their way  
For all his kingly virtues  
This man is yet a man  
So tell him what he should do  
And never what he can.  
Tonight I will dream of Utopia.

I will not rue my conscience  
Although my head must fall  
I die the King's good servant  
But God's the first of all.  
So beg me not to follow  
The ones who go astray,  
For we shall meet in Heaven;  
As much, they cannot say.  
Tonight I will dream of Utopia.  
And one day we'll meet in Utopia.

words by Lisa Theriot  
music by Ken and Lisa Theriot  
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## Robin Hood and the Beggar Knight (England, 1190)

This story appears in "A Gest of Robyn Hode" printed circa 1500. Many of the tales of Robin, though acknowledging him as an outlaw, nevertheless depict him as living like a lord in a great hall within the forest, dispensing justice as he sees it.

Lythe and listen, gentlemen  
That be of freeborn blood,  
And I shall tell a merry tale  
Of our good Robin Hood;  
He guards the weak and weary  
From the evils of the strong,  
And doles out justice high and low,  
And rights each wicked wrong.

Deep in Sherwood Forest green,  
Bold Robin built a hall,  
That he might feast and he might sing  
With his good yeomen all.  
And never did the king  
Dine half as well, nor any lord,  
For all the forest bounty  
Found its way to Robin's board.

Chorus: Sing hey! For the hind and the hound and the hare,  
Sing high! For the summer and spring;  
Sing ho! For the life of the merry greenwood,  
Where Robin Hood is king!

One day upon the forest path,  
A beggar knight was spied;  
All dreary was his countenance,  
And little was his pride.  
His hood was worn and weathered,  
And his mantle old and thin,  
And Robin hailed him gently,  
And addressed him with a grin.

"Welcome be you, gentle knight,  
To Sherwood Forest fair!  
Robin Hood shall be your host,  
With plenty and to spare.  
By your looks, it has been long  
Since you had meat and wine;  
Come hither to my hall and I  
Shall show you how we dine!" CH

When they had finished eating,  
Robin said, "It seems no right  
For yeomen to pay provender  
For any goodly knight."  
"Alas, for shame," the knight replied,  
"I have no golden store;  
I have within my coffers  
But ten shillings and no more."

"If that be true," said Robin Hood,  
"No penny shall I touch,  
And if you have a need for more,  
I'll lend you twice as much."  
The knight took down his coffers,  
And he laid them on the ground,  
And Robin counted out  
Ten silver shillings, half a pound. CH

"How comes it then," said Robin Hood,  
"That poverty is thine?  
For though your hood is tattered,  
I can see it once was fine."  
"My son was held to ransom,"  
Said the knight, and gave a sigh,  
"My wealth is in my land, and  
I have little coin put by.

The abbot of Saint Mary's church  
Agreed to lend the gold,  
But then demanded payment  
Ere my harvest could be sold!  
My goods and gear are not enough  
To pay the full demand;  
Tomorrow I must pay  
Four hundred pounds, or lose my land."

Robin said, "Fear not, my friend,"  
And sent for his own store;  
The chest was brought, and such a sum  
Few men have seen before!  
He counted out four hundred pounds,  
And gave it to the knight,  
"Pay off your debt and save your land,  
And put all things to right." CH

The abbot of Saint Mary's church  
Was riding through the wood,  
And who should he encounter,  
But the outlaw Robin Hood!  
As with the knight, the abbot  
Was invited to a feast  
And at its end, bold Robin asked  
For payment from the priest.

"I cannot pay," the abbot slyly said,  
"You must agree,  
"What little money I may have  
Is spent in charity.  
I swear it by Our Lady,  
I have no great store of gold;  
My coffers hold but twenty marks  
To feed the poor and cold."

"If that be true," said Robin Hood,  
"No penny shall I touch,  
And if you have a need for more,  
I'll lend you twice as much."  
The abbot hugged his coffers,  
But the outlaw broke them wide,  
And Robin found within  
Eight hundred pounds and more beside. CH

On a day, the knight,  
No longer beggar, came to call,  
He rode a splendid palfrey  
To the gates of Robin's hall;  
"Good Robin," said the knight,  
"You are a gentleman well met,  
And I have here four hundred pounds  
To pay my rightful debt."

"Your riches you may keep,"  
Unto the knight said Robin Hood,  
"Use it with my gramercy  
To do your people good.  
Our Lady has repaid your debt,  
And twice as much again,  
For she believes, as I do,  
In the worth of honest men!" CH

Words by Lisa Theriot  
Music by Ken Theriot  
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## Morte d' Arthur (Wales, 537 CE, per the 10<sup>th</sup> c. *Annales Cambriae*)

*In this tale of the death of King Arthur, Sir Bedwyr is the lone survivor and witness to the events following the bloody battle between Arthur and Mordred.*

King Arthur lay dying on bloody Camlann  
Ringed round with the slain, both of friend and of foe  
Sir Bedwyr stood by, his face haggard and drawn  
His body sore wounded, his heart full of woe.

Said Arthur to Bedwyr, "Come take up my sword  
And cast it far out where the water runs deep;  
Excalibur must to the lake be restored  
To the hand of the Lady, in honor to keep."

Chorus: For the King that once was shall be King yet again,  
And the glory of England shall rise;  
For the King that once was is a King for all time,  
And a Dream that is true never dies.

But Bedwyr could not bring himself to obey;  
The sword he would hide in the reeds by the shore.  
To Arthur he said, "I have cast it away;  
The waves rose to meet it, I saw nothing more."

"Oh Bedwyr, oh Bedwyr, my first man and last,  
You must not prove false now we come to the end,  
But do as I bid you, take heart and stand fast;  
I charge you as Liege Lord, I ask as your friend." CH

At last loyal Bedwyr took up the King's blade  
And cast it, he thought, to a watery grave.  
From the lake rose an arm in rare samite arrayed;  
It grasped the great sword-hilt and sank 'neath the wave.

Then out of the mist came a boat with black sails  
Three sable-clad Queens it bore steadily on;  
The Queen of Northgalis, the Queen of Far Isles,  
And Morgaine, the King's sister, from fair Avalon. CH

The Queens with great mourning took Arthur aboard;  
They laid him out gently and cradled his head.  
But Bedwyr cried out, "Do not leave me, my Lord!  
Depart not this world, or our dreams are all dead!"

"Oh Bedwyr, I go to fair Avalon's vale  
To lay down my cares and to shrive me my soul.  
Go forth from this place, of our deeds tell the tale,  
And keep well my kingdom, united and whole." CH

Words by Jonna Bernstein and Lisa Theriot  
Music by Ken Theriot  
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## The Dragon (Hungary, 1462)

*Vlad Tepes was inducted into the Order of the Dragon, a Christian chivalric order, at the age of five. Vlad and his brother Radu spent six years at the Ottoman court as hostages for their father's cooperation; Radu converted to Islam and became a vassal of the Ottoman rulers, eventually betraying Vlad and fighting against him. In 1462, the Hungarian king Matthias Corvinus arrested Vlad and supported Radu, a puppet of the Ottoman empire, on the Wallachian throne. Vlad wasn't done.*

*"Hutsulka Ksenia" is a beautiful Ukrainian folk song, but the lyrics are pretty dull stuff about a man serenading a pretty girl. The Hutsul tribe lives in the part of Ukraine that juts into the Carpathian Mountains, not far from where Vlad was born.*

Emissaries cease their pleading,  
Broken bodies pierced and bleeding;  
Never to the Turks conceding,  
I will conquer as I must.

Chorus: I am the Dragon,  
But the saints do not fear me,  
They protect and they hear me;  
Heaven guards its design.

My state is lowly  
But my calling is holy;  
Though the wheel may turn slowly  
I will have what is mine.

Prince to reign by law and reason,  
Bold crusader for a season,  
Then betrayed and held for treason;  
Prison is the price of trust. CH

Brother, you may wear the glory;  
I will have the greater story.  
Heed these words—memento mori—  
All you are will come to dust. CH

Words by Lisa Theriot  
© 2013, Raven Boy Music  
Music, "Hutsulka Ksenia", traditional Ukrainian

## Lament of the Combat Archer (any major SCA war, anytime)

*Yes, in our house the Combat Archer is a hero; it's sad that such a vital and realistic element of historical combat doesn't get the respect it merits. Maybe we can do something about that...*

"Your pardon, Sir, I'm sure you were  
Quite heedless of my kill,  
And never thought my arrow shot  
Struck full upon your grill;  
I just wanted to alert you,  
As a service, as I've said,  
A combat archer loosed a bolt  
That hit you in the head."

“And who are you, when day is through,  
That you should come to me,  
A chainéd knight, with belt of white,  
And leaves of strawberry?  
I recognize no injury  
From men of lesser skill,  
So take your little bow, my man,  
And hit me where you will.”

“Hold on, Your Grace, I know my place,  
But serf or chivalry,  
The rule’s the same within this game  
For you as well as me;  
Perhaps my King’s commander  
Or the marshal of the field  
Would like you to explain why you  
Have no intent to yield.”

“Though you may press, there’s no redress—  
I’m on the B-oh-D;  
The autocrat wants her brass hat;  
The marshal works for me.  
I outrank each official  
Even up to your own Crown  
There’s no one you can turn to  
Who will tell me to lie down.”

“Your Grace, I see we disagree  
In little things and great;  
I will not plead, but here concede  
The point in our debate.  
Since honor cannot move you  
To behavior just and right,  
Perhaps there is another way  
To make you see the light.

Though next to you, I’ve titles few,  
I’ve something to confess--  
In life mundane, I must explain,  
I’m with the IRS;  
So, unless you want an audit  
Every year until you’re dead,  
You’ll lie down when a combat archer  
Hits you in the head!”

Words by Lisa Theriot  
Music by Ken Theriot  
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## Dogs of War

(Rome, 44 BC by way of England, 1599)

*Yeah, okay, Band of Brothers was so much fun that we thought we’d borrow from Shakespeare again. It is the ides of March, and Caesar has been murdered. His loyal man, Mark Antony, vows to Caesar’s bloody corpse that the killers will pay, but Antony is alone and weaponless. All he has are his words.*

Forgive me now, O bleeding piece of Earth!  
I make this vow, thou noblest man of birth--  
These butchers will not win the day,  
But I must measure what I say  
Lest they may see and silence me.

Over thy corpse I make this prophecy--  
Without remorse, what fury there shall be!  
The empty womb, the mourning weeds,  
All pity choked with deadly deeds;  
Revenge will tell, come hot from Hell!

Chorus: Woe to the hand that shed this blood!  
Woe to the land caught in the flood!  
The tide of times will wash away their choice;  
A curse shall light the limbs of men,  
And strife shall smite beyond their ken,  
When spirits calling with a monarch’s voice  
Cry, “Havoc!” and let slip the dogs of war.

Gentles and friends, I pray lend me your ears;  
As grief descends, let there be time for tears;  
I come to bury, not to praise  
Evil lives on beyond our days  
And all good word is oft interred.

Good men have slept, and better men have died;  
The King has wept when that the poor have cried.  
What cause withholds you then to care?  
My heart is in the coffin there,  
So bear with me ‘til it goes free. CH

’Twould be unkind if I sought to inspire  
Your heart and mind to mutiny and ire;  
I should do men of honor wrong,  
And so I choose to go along,  
To wrong the dead, on my own head.

It is not meet that you should ever learn  
The love complete that worthies would not spurn;  
You are not wood, you are not stone,  
But being men, could you have known  
Just what you had, and not run mad? CH

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts  
And all my ends are far beyond my arts  
They gave me public leave to speak  
For in this matter I am weak  
And they are strong, but they are wrong

I have no wit, nor words, nor worth, but woe;  
And I admit no more than what you know,  
But had I now the power of speech  
To stir men’s blood, to rouse and teach,  
Then let there be a mutiny!

words and music by Lisa Theriot  
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## Little Egypt

(Germany 1417, Scotland 1492, etc.)

*The Romani peoples began migrating out of northern India around 500 CE, and they appeared in Western Europe in the early 15th century. Their leaders styled themselves as dukes and earls, and were received as visiting royalty, but the bulk of the “gypcyans” (1537, England) were viewed with great suspicion. Less than a century after their arrival, most countries had written laws to expel, enslave, or execute the gypsies.*

We come from such a distance that you cannot understand  
Why we bring our laws and customs to this cold and foreign land;  
We are exiles for the sins of fathers’ fathers gone before,  
And we come as humble pilgrims, not as beggars, to your door.

We will ply our trades and talents, we will take your charity,  
We may also take your chickens, or the apples from your tree;  
For the Earl of Little Egypt dines upon the upper crust,  
But the rest of us will make our way, whatever way we must.

Chorus: Gypsy dance, gypsy sing  
Tinker, turn the iron like you fiddle on a string;  
Gypsy whore, gypsy thief  
Move along or you will come to grief.

You will bargain with the tinker when you break a wagon wheel,  
You will buy a horse and swear that you were cheated in the deal;  
You will listen to the fortune teller say you will be rich,  
But on Sunday you will pray the Lord to save you from the witch.

Gypsy sing, gypsy dance  
Promise them a future full of riches and romance  
Gypsy thief, gypsy whore  
Pack your wares, we want you here no more.

Settled folk will always come to fear the rolling stone,  
For honest men should stay to reap whatever they have sown;  
But we have come to love the road as falcons love the sky,  
And you that sit beside your hearth will never reckon why.

Gypsy dance, gypsy sing  
Living never knowing what the morning sun will bring  
Gypsy whore, gypsy thief,  
Family is honor and belief.

Words by Lisa Theriot  
Music by Ken Theriot  
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## William Tell

(Aldorf, Canton of Uri, 1307)

*The details of the story of William Tell come from the history of the Swiss Confederation written by Aegidius Tschudi (1505-1572), who sets the archer’s feat in 1307, but the test of skill is much older; it features in the Thidrekssaga, a 13th c. Norse saga, in which Ægil, a master archer, is ordered by King Nidung to shoot an apple off his son’s head, and in Saxo Grammaticus’ 12th c. work Gesta Danorum, in which the hero archer Palnatoke is forced to shoot an apple off his son’s head by King Harald Blutooth (ca. 935-986).*

In a pleasant wooded valley lived a huntsman, tall and able,  
He relied on skill and cunning for the food upon his table;  
He would walk the forest shadows with his little son in tow,  
Teaching him the archer’s art and all that he should know...

Chorus: Keep your eye clear and keen,  
Like a falcon on the wing  
Keep your heart strong and steady,  
Like your hand upon the string;  
Never bow to a tyrant  
While your people are laid low,  
For the highest head may fall  
To the man who wields a bow.

## Men of the Isles

(Ulva and Mull, Scottish Hebrides, ca. 1560)

In the valley there was freedom, and a man was left to living,  
But as year gave way to year, the ruling men grew less forgiving;  
On a day as black as death, a governor to rule them came,  
Turning landsmen into slaves, and Gessler was his name.

In the center of the village Gessler set a lofty pillar,  
And he ordered every subject, be he serf or be he miller,  
To do homage to the hat that Gessler placed atop the pole,  
Or to forfeit to the crown his life, if not his soul.

But the huntsman, William Tell,  
came into town the morning after;  
William heard of Gessler's order  
and could only roar with laughter,  
"Honest men should hold a rank above a petty autocrat.  
I would never bow to him—I'll not bow to his hat!" CH

Gessler's soldiers seized the huntsman  
and his little son for treason,  
But the people of the village cried for mercy and for reason.  
Gessler stays the execution, but a cruel test contrives;  
"Prove to me your skill and you may ransom back your lives.

I have heard it said you have no peer  
with longbow and with arrow,  
That your shaft can find the quickest hare  
and fell the smallest sparrow;  
On the head of your young son I'll place an apple, ripe and red,  
Split it with one shot, or at my word, you both are dead."

William Tell went to his son and said,  
"I swear I will not hurt you;  
Courage will not bow to fear, nor shall this evil conquer virtue;  
Turn your face towards our home and stand as still as any tree  
I will split the apple—we shall soon be home and free." CH

Every tongue was still and silent  
as the archer paced the distance,  
Gessler's soldiers lined the square,  
and there was no hope of resistance.  
William nocked a single arrow,  
put his shoulders back, and drew--  
Then the arrow sang and split the apple clean in two.

All at once the crowd erupted into cheers, and into chatter,  
And a second arrow fell from William's quiver with a clatter.  
Gessler said, "Why hold two arrows  
when I bid you shoot but one?"  
"That one would have found your heart if I had shot my son."

"Take the archer now and hang him!",  
Gessler to his men was crying,  
But before the soldiers moved,  
the archer and his son were flying.  
From the shelter of the wood, the hunter loosed a final dart;  
Gessler died with William's arrow buried in his heart. CH

Words by Lisa Theriot  
Music by Ken Theriot  
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*Ah, for the idyllic life of an island chieftain—nothing to do but  
count your flocks, sit back wi' a wee dram, and figure out how to  
kill your neighbor before he kills you. Also, be kind to children,  
because they might grow up to be pirates.*

In Western Isles they tell a tale,  
When nights are chill with rain,  
Of neighbors wha' fought tooth and nail,  
MacQuarrie and MacLean;  
The laird of the MacQuarrie clan  
On Ulva Isle held sway,  
MacLean of Mull, a crafty man,  
Lived just across the bay.

MacLean had wed a local lass  
Wha' had a bairn in tow,  
And many days it came to pass  
They'd both receive a blow;  
Alan, with his yellow hair  
Was never a MacLean,  
But bided with his mother there  
So she'd nae be alane.

Chorus: It might (it might), it might (it might),  
It might, you never know;  
It might, it may, it may, it might,  
It could, it might be so.

MacQuarrie gave a little boat  
To Alan for a toy,  
As much to spite the Old Goat  
As cheer the little boy,  
But Alan thought the laird was kind  
And thanked him hand and heart,  
For no one knew he had in mind  
To learn the sailor's art.

Time went on, and Alan grew  
Too big and strong to clout  
He signed aboard a ship as crew--  
MacLean had kicked him out;  
Soon pirate ships were pillaging  
Beyond the reach of laws,  
And of them all, the pirate king  
Was Alan of the Straws. CH

Alan's mother breathed her last,  
And word was sent to sea;  
MacLean caught sight of Alan's mast  
And plotted treachery.  
The pirate was as good as had,  
His neck was in the noose--  
And MacLean knew how the bastard lad  
Could finally be of use.

"Lad, ye were yer mother's pride,  
So let us here join hands;  
Rid me of MacQuarrie's hide,  
And take his goods and lands.  
Ye'd have a harbor and a home  
When a' the deed was done,  
Ye'd no more have to ride the foam  
And I'd have back me son." CH

Word came to MacQuarrie's ear  
Of peril from the west--  
A raiding by the buccaneer  
At Old MacLean's behest.  
His men called for an armed defense,  
To counter Alan's threat,  
The canny laird had better sense;  
"We are nae burning yet!"

MacQuarrie sighted Alan's fleet  
Come racing with the tide;  
He called for ale and called for meat  
And threw his portals wide.  
"I've meat and drink for all yer mates,  
And merry fires withal;  
Ye're welcome to me pur estates  
As when ye were but small." CH

Alan said, "Ye ought to ken,  
Ye've ruined me design,  
I canna harm yer beasts nor men  
When I hae shared yer wine.  
I need a harbor for me keels,  
A shelter and a quay;  
'Tis weary watch among the seals  
Forever on the sea."

"Laddie," old MacQuarrie said,  
And gave a wink and smile,  
"There's better lands to have instead  
Than my bare little isle.  
Old MacLean wha' beat yer Mam  
Has harbors just as fine;  
Why not leave me as I am—  
Burn HIS house and nae mine." CH

The grandest plan may swim or sink  
By actions guid or ill;  
You canna kick the pup and think  
The dog will do yer will.  
'Tis said the man will have the gain  
Wha' wears the truer face,  
So Alan's burning Old MacLean  
And not MacQuarrie's place! CH

words and music by Lisa Theriot  
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## Queen of Lilies (Rouen, France, 1431)

*This beautiful sestina was written by Sherry Kramer and set to  
music by Duke Siegfried von Hoflichkeit, aka Dave Thewlis. It is  
the first-person account of a young soldier in the army led by Joan  
of Arc, who grieves, as no doubt many did, the ugly end of the  
teenaged girl who led them.*

All morning we rode through a world grey with rain  
That covered the tears that men shed for a queen;  
For she was as fair as the moonlight on lilies.  
Her birthright was laughter, and loving, and living,  
And evil the fortune that left her that day  
With nothing but dreamers, and lilies, and rain.

She smiled at me once as she cantered by.  
I remember here now through the mists of the rain,  
And then, in this moment, give thanks for the day  
That brought me to serve such a glorious queen;  
And I laud the gods that have let me keep living  
In the mud of a world that still can grow lilies.

Far above roses, I'll always love lilies--  
Pale, tall, and proud, they are often passed by  
For flowers more suited to our way of living.  
But sometimes in springtime, and sometimes in rain,  
The heart has a need for a goddess, or queen,  
And such was the need that I felt on that day.

I left home and followed, as night follows day,  
Followed the flag of my Lady of Lilies,  
And rode into war at the side of my queen.  
The people came out to watch us go by;  
We waved, and they cheered, and what is the rain  
To an army of dreamers grown weary of living?

But mostly the world is made up of living  
For more than an instant, an hour, a day,  
Be it ever so full of sunshine or rain,  
And it's hard to remember a loyalty to lilies—  
Hard to remember, when she's passed on by,  
The face and the fate of a fortuneless queen.

They say she was damned, or else mad, our queen;  
But she gave us grace with her loving and living,  
And never have angels been closer to men,  
Or ridden to war as they did on that day—  
She led us to battle, in April, in rain,  
Laughing and singing and crowned all in lilies.

One last homage to our queen      now, at break of day;  
We betray her by living.      Let us bring her lilies,  
And silent, pass her by,      and leave her to the rain.

Words by Sherry Kramer  
Music by David Thewlis  
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## The Ride of El Cid (Valencia, Spain, 1099)

*Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar was a Castilian nobleman, and is still revered in Spain today as a national hero. Despite serving his king valiantly, he found himself banished when he accused the king of plotting his own brother's death. Known as "El Cid" from the Moorish word for 'lord,' he led an army in which Christians and Muslims fought side-by-side.*

Rodrigo Diaz, called the Cid, of Castile,  
Defended the right and brought rebels to heel;  
His blade won a city, or so the bards sing,  
But Honor demanded he humble the heart of a King.

And so he is banished—his King has betrayed him—  
And Death is the sentence for any who aid him.  
The people lament for the loss of their sword;  
“Oh what a good vassal, if only he had a good lord!”

“Farewell, my Ximena, my most perfect wife,  
The shame of an exile shall not be your life.”  
As the nail from the flesh they have parted their ways,  
And humbly to Heaven Rodrigo most fervently prays,

“Oh Glorious One, in your mercy, protect me;  
Send me your guidance and do not reject me.”  
And God gives him help, as Our Savior redeems,  
The Archangel Gabriel comes to the Cid in his dreams,  
(and says...)

Chorus: Ride, Cid! Blessed the hour you were born!  
Blessed the moment you girded your sword!  
Christian and Saracen call you their lord;  
The Army of Heaven has sounded its horn,  
And Gabriel calls you to ride!

And so, out of Spain Don Rodrigo will ride,  
The flower of chivalry staunch at his side—  
Knights seven score ride with three hundred lance,  
Swords of the Crown become soldiers of Fortune and Chance.

In al-Andalus they are striking and raiding  
With hopes of a service in honor fast fading;  
From far Zaragoza, a King calls in need,  
“Command well my forces and take up the name of El Cid!”

For King Mutamin, for his rich and his poor,  
El Cid was defender from Christian and Moor;  
Soon all Zaragoza is safe and serene,  
And fair Barcelona pays tribute to King Mutamin.

Now the Cid seeks a home that has long been denied him,  
Valencia's rule with Ximena beside him;  
His siege breaks the City, the judges convene,  
“Come live as our liege-lord and crown your Ximena as queen!”  
CH

For five years the Cid has a glorious reign,  
And Valencia's wealth floods the coffers of Spain;  
Rodrigo is welcomed again by his liege  
“Til Berbers from Africa lay the Cid's kingdom to siege.

Hunger and heartache cannot overtake him;  
His son falls in battle, but grief cannot break him.  
He goes to the people to rally their pride—  
“Tomorrow we sally to meet them in one final ride!”

But mortal is he, and in deeps of the night,  
The soul of the Cid from his body takes flight.  
Ximena a marvelous plan will contrive—  
“My husband will ride at your head whether dead or alive!”

In armor on horseback his body they settle  
To conquer the ultimate test of his mettle;  
He rides down his enemies, deaf to their screams,  
And rides out of sorrow and death into legend and dreams! CH

words by Lisa Theriot  
music by Ken and Lisa Theriot  
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## Track list:

1. Soldier of God
2. Utopia
3. Robin Hood and the Beggar Knight
4. Morte d'Arthur
5. The Dragon
6. Lament of the Combat Archer
7. Dogs of War
8. Little Egypt
9. William Tell
10. Men of the Isles
11. Queen of Lilies
12. The Ride of El Cid