

BOOK OF BARD SONGS

by

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Hear Ye Hear Ye!! Hereunder lies the words as told by various bards, compiled by me, Daltrin The Cheerful. Please, use the words to best thy knowledge, and further thy goals. Beware the bard who uses these as his own (IE: Copyrights apply to original authors.). Other than that, brave minstrel, enjoy, and may your mandolin strings never break!!

PS: If in all the excitement, I have mismarked an author, or made some other greivous error, please let me know! An index will be sent seperately. Both this document, and the index, are going out on the same night, so they should be arriving together also. If you dont recieve the index within a few days of recieving this document, please let me know, and I'll happily send it out to you!

Ballads submitted by Ketil Malde (s082@klegg.uib.no)

Gorm the Greedy's ballad
(tune should be obvious, 'oh Lord, won't you buy me..')

Oh, Torm, won't you give me a chainmail plus one
a battle is coming, my armor is gone
without some protection, your servant is done,
Oh, Torm, won't you give me a chainmail plus one!

Oh, Torm, won't you give me a magical sword,
I just got a dagger, that's all I could afford,
but grant me a weapon, I'll call you my lord,
Oh, Torm, won't you give me a magical sword!

Oh, Torm, won't you give me a powerful ring,
or bracelet or necklace, or similar thing,
i'll do in all monsters, and _then_ I shall sing:
Oh, Torm, won't you give me a powerful ring,

Oh Torm, won't you give me the Crown of Command,
or even that infamous Veccna'ses hand,
a Holy Avenger, a staff if you can,
Oh Torm, won't you give me the Crown of Command,

Oh, Torm, won't you give me a chainmail plus one
a battle is coming, my armor is gone
without some protection, your servant is done,
Oh, Torm, won't you give me a chainmail plus one!

Ballads submitted by Mark Manning (aio!mark@trillian.jsc.nasa.gov)

A Little Diddy

Oh once, there was merry,
A sweet little lady,
Who traveled, and traveled, about and out oh!

Well, she went a court-in,
But he was a snort-in,
On his whiskey, being frisky, and free-he-he-ho!

So she wouldn't marry,
Nor would she tarry,
But she left him, berefit him,
All - a-a-lone!

And when she was pretty,
He became so witty,
That she fell, as well, in love-e-oh!

And so they were married,

And didn't they tarry?
But soon they were more,
Who were alive, alive oh!

(Of course to the old song:
Cockles and Muscles are alive, alive oh!
[Or whatever it is called.]

Untitled ("I'm Dreaming of a Crystal Ball.")
(To the tune of "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas")

Oh I'm, dreaming of a Crystal Ball.
Just like the one I had last fall.
When the ogres ca-ame, and smashed my plane,
And left, me defenseless and all....

I'm, dreaming of my Wand of Power.
Which shatter with a blow.
Oh yes, it exploded, and it was loaded,
So I.... took the damage - all....

(Attempts at whistling now heard...)

Oh I'm, dreaming of my old fortress,
Where all the orcs were led one day.
When the lich attacked me, for pay.....
And I became his, to this day.....

Untitled ("Prayer to a god")

Prayer:"Oh lord, show me the way. What
shalt I do? Where shalt I go? Tell me
oh lord!"

Messenger:

Sunlight can not be captured,
Nor moonlight stored away.
Hearts which you are after,
Have flown far away.

Stray not, nor tarry,
Upon the beaten coast.
But leave off the merry,
And tie thy clothes with rope.

Gold is not your province,
Nor Silver counted among thy hoard.
Tis souls you should be after,
In thy cloths and robes.

Remember that which you carry,
Is given unto thee.
To neither stray, nor tarry,
By such a pounding sea.

Use it as a beacon,
A boat to carry you along,
Hold it up and be not wary,
But be both proud and strong.

That thou are a servant,
For thy god, thee must,
Always in your carry,
His pride and trust.

Untitled ("See the Corpse")
(To the tune "Walking in a Winter Wonder Land")

See the corpse - it has risen,
Taste the smell - it's so gruesome,
To hack out of time, with this silly rhyme,

Chopping up a zombie or two.

When were through, we'll collect bones,
Then we'll look, to connect bones,
We'll make a bridge, out in the fridge,
Walking through a graveyard at night.

(Chorus or whatever that little change in the music is.)

We can build a skeleton or two ma'm,
All we need is a bone or two.
If we take our time we can do two ma'm,
All we need is to chop and to sew.

So you see, it's so easy,
Take your time, no need to rush it.
Just chop a-way, and hack all day,
Walking in a graveyard at midnight.

Untitled ("Slaver Bells")
(To the tune of "Silver Bells")

Slaver Bells, Slaver Bells,
It's whipping time - in the city.
(Just hear that...)
Whimpering, whimpering,
Soon it will be auction day.

See the ladys, all parading,
Wearing shackles and chains.
As they hobble along the roadside.

See the men, dear,
Standing there dear,
Quite a sight to be seen.

And above all the ruckus, you hear...

Slaver bells, hear them yell.
It's whipping time - in the city.
(Oh hear those...)
Slavers sing, the money ring,
As they sell off - everyone.

Ballads submitted by David Moursund (moursund@hpcvnb.CV.HP.COM)

The Ballad of Sir Osis

His mithril armor burnished bright,
One gauntlet black, the other white.
His helm alive with brilliant light,
His longsword danced with flame.

This hero faced his greatest test;
This battle would complete his quest.
The shield he carried bore his crest;
Sir Osis was his name.

For courage and for strength he prayed,
To Tyr, the god who he obeyed.
His trust and faith would give him aid;
He would not fight alone.

"For honor, and for Tyr!", he roared,
And leapt to battle for his lord.
Opposing that unholy sword,
He charged to match his own.

And locked in battle, toe to toe,
He stood against his mortal foe,
Exchanging blow for deadly blow,
A small and savage war.

The damage done by each was vast;

He knew his health was failing fast.
The next exchange might be the last;
He could not stand much more.

And yet he vowed he would not yield.
He stood his ground, and raised his shield,
To win or die upon this field;
The fateful moment neared.

And in his rival, there was doubt.
Afraid that he might lose this bout,
The man of evil's nerve gave out;
The coward disappeared.

His masquerade of honor gone,
With craven guile, this evil spawn
Did soon return, to battle on;
Most foully did he fight.

But at our hero's side now stood
The valliant Flaming Fools, who would,
United on the side of good,
Prove steadfast in their might.

Courageously, they joined the fray,
And only Phillip ran away.
At last the party won the day,
And killed the wicked beast.

Remember well, and heed this tale;
The noble hearted will not fail.
For in the end, the good prevail,
And evil will be greased.

The Flight of the Paladins

The sky is the stage, with a storm all around;

The audience helplessly waits on the ground.

The dragons above claim the sky as their own,
And flame marks the path over which they have flown.

Then up from below comes a thunderous cry;
The paladin airborne appears in the sky!

Each knight on his pegasus, lances at hand;
To battle they ride, in a glorious stand.

Mere words can't describe the magnificent fight,
As dragon and paladin battle this night.

Raw courage and steel against talon and breath,
As more than one hero earns honor in death.

The blood of both evil and good falls like rain,
But when it is over, no dragons remain.

Perhaps but a dream, or a vision, and yet,
Those sharing this vision shall never forget.

The Glory of Adventure

When the enemy's surrounding,
and we think our nerves will fail,
when we hear the trumpets sounding,
and they make us quake and quail,
grab your mug and we'll be pounding
down another round of ale!

And we'll drink,
to the glory of adventure!

If there ever comes the day
when we think that we are lost,

when we think that we must pay
that most dear and final cost,
we'll just pass around the tray,
and feel better when we're sauced!

And we'll drink,
to the glory of adventure!

When we're angry and upset,
'cause we ain't been getting paid,
when we're tired, cold and wet,
and a little bit afraid,
we'll keep drinking and forget
that we ever were dismayed!

And we'll drink,
to the glory of adventure!

When the boredom makes us jumpy,
and the motion makes us ill,
when the food is cold and lumpy,
a disgusting, slimy swill,
there's no reason to be grumpy;
tap the keg, and drink your fill!

And we'll drink,
to the glory of adventure!

When the captain's really sore,
'cause he thinks he's being mocked,
when he's pounding on our door,
and we're certain to get socked,
have a drink, and tease him more;
we'll feel nothing if we're crocked!

And we'll drink,
to the glory of adventure!

Untitled ("Be not dismayed")

Be not dismayed by those who mock,
And all endeavors noble scorn.
Abandon not thy honor's flock;
>From lofty virtue be not torn.

Seek grains of truth in every voice;
Be not thou fain to these eschew.
But when tumultuous thy choice,
To thine own heart, thou must be true.

Untitled (From the Mind of Grendl)

Copper's good for making things,
But hardly fit for kings or popes.
Silver's good for chains and rings,
And also killing lycanthropes.
Electrum is a novelty,
But seems to lack a certain flair.
Platinum shines regally,
Nobility beyond compare.
Mithril is a magic ore,
So bright and difficult to scratch.
Gems that sparkle, I adore,
And jewelry can have no match.
But for a Grendl's happiness,
There's one more thing that I require;
One more thing I must possess,
To feed the flames of my desire.
Gold, I love the gleaming!
Gold, of you I'm dreaming!
Gold, for you I'm scheming!
Gold, for you I'm screaming!
I can't be happy 'til I've rolled
Through mounds and mounds of shining gold!

Gold gold gold gold gold gold gold!
Mine! It's all mine! Ha ha ha ha ha!

Untitled ("Grendls' Ballad")

Grendls are a shade of brown,
with pretty little wings.
They flit around like hummingbirds,
investigating things.

Grendls are a friendly sort,
and like to gossip, too.
But don't make fun of Grendls, or
they won't be nice to you.

Grendls are voracious tykes,
and eat an awful lot.
Although they like most anything,
their favorite foods are hot.

Grendls are inquisitive;
a quite precocious breed,
with burning curiosity
matched only by their greed.

Grendls are so sensitive,
and cuddly and cute,
you really shouldn't yell at them
for pilfering your loot.

Grendls often lust for gems,
and jewelry and such.
They really can't control themselves,
so don't blame them too much.

Grendls are remarkable;
they simply are the best.

So if you have one as a friend,
then count yourself as blessed.

Untitled ("Subtle Lies")

Our subtle lies,
Our hidden shame;
A somber pit
Of bleak remorse.
Can we admit
We are to blame;
Could we give rise
To such a force?

We make our choice,
We shed our tears;
How great our thirst,
How great our goals.
The best and worst
Of hopes and fears;
A nameless voice
Which drinks our souls.

Ballads submitted by Kay Shapero (Kay.Shapero@f524.nI02.zL.fidonet.org)

Untitled ("Open the door")

Open the door, look inside, close the door
Open the door, look inside, close the door
Open the door, an Orc walks in,
His dex factor's 30 and yours is 10...
Shut the door and Raise the Dead!"

Ballads submitted by Mike Shapiro

The Curious Fate of Lord Darhan's Rightmost Eyeball

Lord Darhan, the mightiest knight in the realm
He sang to himself as he put on his helm:
"I've got me a sword and I've got me a mission
To fight at the battle of Grissom-On-Grissom."

BA-A-A-A-H! BLAAAH! GO BA-A-ACK! YOU'LL DIE!

He saddled his horse, gave a kiss to his wife
(The last time he'd ever do so in his life)
He called for his squire and he travelled all day
He just couldn't wait to dismember and slay

Long days, long nights he travelled the road cold
and endless beneath the grey sky
His sanity unravelled; he murdered his squire
and made henchman pie

He finally reached the big scene of the fight
With limbs and intestines arrayed left and right
He drew forth his horse and leapt onto the saddle
So happy to finally get into battle

However the ghost of his squire was there
More corporeal than most he grabbed Lord Darhan's hair
He said, "Thanks for killing me, now you will die."
He took the knight's dagger and put out his eye

Darhan screamed as his eyeball flew out from its socket
Oh boy was he pissed
"Why'd you do that?!" he asked and the ghost said,
"I aimed for your groin but I missed."

Lord Darhan decided to fight anyway
He said "Who needs eyes?" and he leapt in the fray
His hubris, alas, was a little misplaced

And somebody caved in his skull with a mace

His eyeball, however, rolled down to the ground
And lay there long after no one was around
It grew lots of moss and in ime looked quite gross
And boy would it taste unappealing on toast

The Last Dinnertime Argument of Lord Albert and Lady Liza

"Where shall we go out to dinner oh Liza
Oh where shall we go out to dinner tonight?
Hunger's a rabid squirrel chewing my stomach
Let's go to McGinty's and grab a quick bite."

"Why must we go out to dinner oh Albert
We certainly won't hit McGinty's tonight
He couldn't cook if you set him on fire
I'll bake you my meatloaf and you'll feel all right."

"Truth to tell Liza your meatloaf's disgusting
The thought of consuming it fills me with fright
I fed some to Fido and he died of cancer
So prithee let's go to McGinty's tonight."

"Better to starve than to eat at McGinty's
The service is slow and the help impolite
And when you're there you're a loudmouthed inebriate
Your drunken singing is not a delight."

"Starvation might not do you damage oh Liza
Some say that your figure could cause crops to blight
Each day this week we've endured your foul cooking
Which tastes like you sauteed a nest of termites."

"Why did I marry this ingrate?" asked Liza
"This slovenly foul-mouthed obtuse parasite
Let's see you cook if you're so goddamn hungry

You make us a dinner, you bald troglodyte."

"Surely," said Albert, "why didn't you say so?"
He grabbed a big knife and cut Liza to bits
He threw her bloody remains in a cauldron
Except for her eyes which he roasted on spits

"What a remarkable dinner," thought Albert
"When my bowels move a divorce they'll incite."
Sadly sir Albert fell prey to food poisoning
And died because he hadn't cooked Liza right

That is the story of Albert and Liza
A fun-loving pair who put on a good fight
Now their dead bodies are rotting with maggots
Please think of them when you eat dinner tonight

Ballads submitted by Ryk E Spoor (seawasp@pitt.edu)

RING THEIR BELLS
(aka "The Munchkin's Theme")
(to the tune of "Jingle Bells")

Slashing through the Orcs
With a good two-handed blade
Over corpses we go
And through the gore we wade
Mace on helmet rings
Making bodies fly
What fun to sing our Slaying Song
And watch these suckers DIE!

(chorus)

Oh, ring their bells with swords and spells
Don't let 'em get away!
We're brave and bold for fame and gold

We'll make a lot today!
Oh, ring their bells with swords and spells
Don't let 'em get away!
We'll hack and slash and blast and trash
And blow these dudes away!

Crashing through the door
Into the Dragon's nose
Our mage whips out a Cone of Cold
And out his fire goes!
Elven bowstrings sing
Making Balrogs fall
And our thief finds a secret door
Into the treasure hall!

(chorus)

Then appears the Lich
With his demon guard
Our wizard yawns and wishes
We'd run into something hard.
He begins to cast
His 19th level spell
The damn lich throws a Gate at us
And drops us all in Hell!

(chorus)

We appear in Hell
In front of Satan's throne
Our Cleric waves us out the door
And takes him on alone!
Satan's legions don't
Want to let us go
Our Techno pulls a bazooka out
And NUKES 'em 'till they GLOW!

Oh, ring their bells with Prayers and Spells
Don't let 'em get away!

We're brave and bold and CRAZED, we're told
To think we'll live the day!
Oh, ring their bells with swords and SHELLS
Don't let 'em get away!
We'll hack and slash and blast and trash
And drag our loot away!

Ballads submitted by M. Turner (turnerml@udavxb.oca.udayton.edu)

Untitled (Irish Ditty)

I was a brigand on the road
for reasons I'll not mention.
I had to give it up, you see
I couldn't stand the tension.

I was fated ill by way
of stars in their conjunction.
The more I stole the more I lost
My way of body function.

REFRAIN

A digit here, and a digit there
More lost with each endeavour.
All links I had with a brigands
life were impolitely severed.

There was a priestly man,
all dressed in silk and splendour.
I thought he'd be an easy purse
with arms so long and slender.

Imagine my discomfiture
At losing ear and earring
It seems the man had taught
For years, the mastery of fencing.

[REFRAIN]

Then there was a caravan
filled with gold and spice.
The heathen sheik had many guards
who caught me in a thrice.

Thought they did implore of me
their laws to understand.
They did with great alacrity
relieve me of my hand.

[REFRAIN]

Then there was a milky maid
just one thing did she cherish.
When I held her in my arms,
I very nearly perished.

How could such a heavy blade
be kept upon a lass.
She almost got the family jewels,
instead she got my dignity.

[REFRAIN]

Ballads submitted by Mike Whitaker/Rhodri James

Monty Who?

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the umpteenth level lord.
He can stand alone against a screaming demon horde
He has 300 hit points and a +10 vorpal sword
As he goes marching on. (shouted in thick yobbish thug voice)
Welly!!!!!!
Glory glory trash the party... x3
As they go marching on.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the umpteenth level priest
If you're evil and he turns you then you're instantly deceased
His wisdom's 27, it's been magically increased
As he goes marching on(ward Christian)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the umpteenth level mage
His spells are so high level that their casting takes an age
He has a book of scrolls that's got a wish on every page
As he goes marching on (spoken in crabby old mage voice) Drop Dead!

I cannot see the glory of the umpteenth level thief
He can hide in shadows and then cause you lots of grief
His backstab multiplier is just way beyond belief
As he goes sneaking on (whispered) Silently, naturally.

Mine eyes have see the grory of the frower power monk
He's no ase for armour, magic weapons or such junk
And he's immune to poison so he never end up drunk
As he goes marching on (Bow in monkish manner) So!

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the umpteenth level bard
He's both thief and fighter and he thinks he's really hard
He plays the Hammond organ and the electric guitar
As he goes filking on (two three four)

Ballads submitted by UNKNOWN (unknown-- if this is yours, please let
me know)

Untitled (A Bard's Farewell)

You soon will be out facing danger and strife,
You soon will be fighting and risking your life.
I know there is use for my saber and knife;
Alas, I will not be along.

We all have my limits, and I'm nearing mine;

And so, with your pardon, I'll have to decline,
For I've an appointment with women and wine,
And gaming and music and song.

It's been far too long since I've gambled and drank,
Too long in that dungeon, disgusting and dank,
Too long amidst refuse, repulsive and rank,
Too long without love and romance.

Before I embark on some hazardous quest,
Before once again I am put to the test,
If I don't take time to recover and rest,
My sanity hasn't a chance.

It's not that your company isn't a thrill,
I'm truly impressed with your courage and skill,
And happy to journey beside you; but still,
I need to be free for a time.

When we meet again, we'll have stories to share,
So 'Vaya Con Dios'; good luck, and take care.
May travel be pleasant, and fortune be fair,
And may you find meter and rhyme.

INDEX OF BALLADS

Hereunder lies the Index of Ballads, to be used in conjunction with those ballads included in Volume One of the Net.BardSongs.Book as compiled by Daltrin the Cheerful (AKA: Jeff Gostin, jgostin@eternal.chi.il.us).

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..From a tiny little node called Eternal!

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