

Let's Go Adventuring Now Songbook



*A songbook of music performed
by Cajun Spinesplitter and Meg the
Minstrel*

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Introduction

Yay!

Welcome to the songbook to go with our ley imp recording "Let's Go Adventuring Now" - the first ever recording that Cajun and I ever did, shortly before the Gorsedd (Bards Guild annual autumn competitions) in 1101.

I'm Meg the Minstrel. The one dressed in orange in the picture on the cover in the book. No, I don't have a beard (least not last time I looked!) and don't have stripey trousers. That's Cajun. Cajun Spinesplitter, the Green Bard (we thought we'd give him that title and it's kinda stuck. Shame his lovely coat got shrunk in the wash so he can't wear it any longer, but he's now got a poncy new set of bright green suede armour and stuff, so he's still green).

Yes, he's even got green socks.

You wondering why he's called Spinesplitter? I wondered that too when I first met him. My first thoughts were, "he sounds like a hard fighter rather than a bard." It makes sense when you meet his dad, Ebric and the rest of the Thruddites of Albion. Hard fighters they are indeed.

Oh yes and of course, it makes sense when you look at Cajun too. Carries a big axe. And a brick (very important to him, that brick). And now he's even got a helmet. (Not very namby-pamby girlybardic that.)

But who knows, there may be another more bardic explanation for his name. In a fanciful whim I wondered whether it has something to do with books.

Spine. Splitter. Books. Book vandal? Get it?

I have images of some ancestral Spinesplitter getting his name from visiting the Great Library at Norhault and getting his ear chewed by an irate Scullion (boy he can get irate) for turning a book back on its spine and damaging it. Ever since the name would have stuck, but the family may have hidden this by saying "Ah, no, no, the name..ahem..it means we're a line of hard fighters..you know, splitting peoples' spines. Yes, that's it..ahem..cough."

But I jest. *Everyone* knows the Spinesplitters are a family of hardened and eminently capable warriors and nothing to do with namby-pamby girly bards.

Just blame it on the fact that Cajun's ma was a bard. Mara Dreamweaver. Now there's a beautiful bardic name.

By the way...

I have to apologise for me in the picture – I don't usually have green and yellow warpaint across my eyes. That's what happened when a soul elf had a spot of fun with me that morning. It was the last morning of the Gorsedd, we were all tired but happy and someone said, "Why don't you get a picture for the front cover of the ley imp recording you're doing".

Let's Go Adventuring Now

So that's why we have that cheesy pose. Of course we've now got Torvell to do cover art on our latest ley imp recording "When Rituals Fail", but back when we did "Let's Go Adventuring Now" we had to resort to ley imp pictures. Not at all the same – not so much character.

So what is a "ley imp recording", you may be asking?

(If you're not, skip this bit, it's the scientific bit. The sort of bit that Master Earth might be interested in and know eminently much more about. Like he does about a lot of arcane and unusual things)

Its something to do with Reginald Sparkbright, gnome-inventor extraordinaire. Most recent in a long line of gnome inventors that go back to the likes of Gladys Sparkbright, the inventor of the Void navigation device that propelled Aben-nuath, Master Air and a whole bunch of mages at the Mages Conclave late last year into the Void..and promptly landed them right in the middle of the Sylvan lands.

But anyway, you get the picture, they're inventors.

Reggie did turn up at the Gorsedd of 1100 with a crystal that was able to record someone singing and playing and then he played it back on a golem (or somesuch..it was creepy) that emitted the sound in exactly the same way as the original. What was even more creepy was that when a bard had been recorded, they lost all memory of that particular song for a while! Gave me the willies, it did, so I didn't want anything to do with it.

However, he's managed to rig it so that it no longer wipes your memory (a good thing) and records the sounds onto a small metallic disk that, if placed on your ley stone, activates and plays back the music.

Don't ask me how it works. I suppose technically it isn't a "ley imp recording" – some theorise there are tiny imps inside that actually play the music, but that's such a totally absurd idea! Instruments that tiny could only produce really high notes surely!

But anything weird and flangy is called "ley imp" this or that.

Hehe, however it works, have fun.

Meg

Time Freeze

*Lyrics by Giles Watson (Alias the Bard)
To the tune of "Blue Moon"*

C Am Dm
Time freeze:
G C Am Dm
You leave us standing so still,
G C Am Dm
Slave to the referee's will,
G C Am Dm
I hope he's getting a thrill.

Time freeze:
What monsters will it be next?
We'll be enchanted or hexed -
No wonder we're feeling vexed.

Time freeze:
Unless we're sorely misled
That's what the referee said,
And soon we all will be dead.

Time freeze:
Time for the monsters to change,
And don rubber headgear so strange -
We're bound to be standing in range.

Time freeze:
In tramp the demons so vile
The referee's wearing a smile
At least we will snuff it in style.

Time freeze:
Here come the hordes of undead
Looking so lean and unfed

I wish I had stayed in bed.

Time freeze:
The ritual circle will blow
The blood is ready to flow
The plot team has deemed it so.

Time freeze:
I'm bound to get mud on my cloak
Or be enveloped in smoke:
Our ref's idea of a joke.

Time freeze:
I'm feeling anxious, aren't you?
Oh dear, what are we to do?
I need to go to the loo.

Time freeze:
Why do things always go wrong
When we're half-way through a
song....

Three Little Goblins

Lyrics and music by Jez Lawrence (Cajun Spinesplitter) and Alex Gant (Bo).

E C D C
Three little goblins came to town today
E C D C
Three little goblins, Three little
goblins

E C D
C
And they came along to have a drink
and play,

E C D C
Those little goblins, Three little
goblins

E C D C
Oh yeah, Three little goblins
E C D C
Oh yeah.

E C D C
Well three little goblins walked into a
bar

E C D C
Three little goblins, Three little
goblins

E C D
C
And they walked up to a man with a
morning star

E C D C
Those little goblins, Three little
goblins

Pre chorus

G D C D
They said to him, "Here, have this
drink"

G D C
D
Then looked at each other with a little
wink

G D C D
The guy took a swig, and then he said:
G D C

D
"This tastes like swill! You goblins are
dead"

Chorus

E C D C
Two little goblins, two little goblins
E C D C
oh yeah, two little goblins
E C D C
oh yeah

They made quick exit with their pints
in hand

Those little goblins, two little goblins
And they ran right into a mercen'ry
band

Those little goblins, two little goblins

Pre chorus

There were fifty six but to their
drunken eyes,
The goblins would swear that there
were only five,
So they drew their knives and they said
to them
"Why don't you give us all yer gold, or
we'll do you in!"

Chorus

Two little goblins, two little goblins
oh yeah just two little goblins
oh yeah

Well the mercenary captain was
completely surprised,
By the goblins, two little goblins,
And he was really shocked when he
promptly died
Killed by the goblins, just two little
goblins,

Pre chorus

They'd stabbed him in the nuts right
between the thighs
When he looked up they saw a row of
knives

Let's Go Adventuring Now

So they started to run, but one was too slow,
And another little goblin had to go

Chorus

One little goblin, one little goblin
oh yeah one little goblin
oh yeah

Bridge (*slow and depressing. Strike each chord once as you sing the line*)

Well one little Goblin was all alone
E Am
In a strange city with nowhere to go
G D
Battered and bruised and worst of all
G D
He'd lost his gold and he couldn't afford to
E Am
Buy some beer, or bed for the night
E Am
He'd have to sleep without warmth or light
G D
He was uncomfortable, He was all wet
G D
He couldn't cause mischief with his brothers dead
G D
But this was a goblin who couldn't cope with stress...

Chorus

One little goblin, one little goblin
Oh yeah one little goblin
Oh yeah

Well one little goblin had had enough
That little goblin, one little goblin
And he said 'stuff this, let's get rough'
That little goblin, just one little goblin

Pre chorus

I'll have my revenge for my brother's dead
I'll wait till you're asleep and then I'll get you in bed
So he went to fetch a torch and to fetch some oil
Because he had a plan, no-one could foil

Chorus

That little goblin, one little goblin
Oh yeah one little goblin
Oh yeah

Well he waited till dark and snuck back into town
That little goblin, one little goblin
And he put his plan in motion: to burn it down!
That little goblin, just one little goblin

Pre chorus

The butchers sizzled nice and the town hall went up fast,
He thought he'd better leave the old tavern till last
Because its hard to burn a town down in one night
And when he's done, he's gonna need a pint

Chorus

That little goblin, just one little goblin
Oh yeah one little goblin
Oh yeah

Play verse music without lyrics, then:

Pre chorus

(slower. As bridge, strike chords once, except for last line)
And the morale of the story - for this is the end
Is take my advice, good listeners and friends
Show some compassion to those with green skin
Cos if you hack 'em off, they'll do you in!

Chorus/End

Those little goblins, all those goblins,
Oh yeah thousands of goblins!
Oh yeah millions of goblins!
Oh yeah three little goblins
Oh yeah three little goblins
Oh yeah

Repeat Chorus as many times as you feel the audience can take, then stop on an 'E' chord.

The Miserable Song of the Bard

Lyrics by Ian Ayliffe (Falcon)

Music by Kathryn Wheeler (Meg the Minstrel)

Dm Gm Am
That night in the vast great hall
C A D
Merrily the throng did call
Dm Gm Am
For a poem, song or story fair
Gm A D
From the bard who entered there.

The bard sat still for some long time
Pondering the choice of many rhyme
Finally choosing of all he knew
The cheeriest of those to do

Chorus:

Dm Gm
Sing of death and misery, fiddle-dee-
dee
C F A
For we are the bards and so you see
Dm Gm
We'll tell of evil and scum, fiddle-dee-
dum
D A A D
Then a miserable ending for our sum.

He sang of dying lovers who
Never met and never knew
How their hearts were ever-so the
same
And that it was a terrible shame

He sang of magic far and lost
And of all the many lives it cost
How armies failed to save the realm
And the king hung himself from a tall
elm

Chorus

How the princess was seized one day
By an evil monster from far away
Then her paladin charged to attack
And they both ended up as a toasted
snack

The millers son travelled far and near
To find his fortune and thence did hear
Of a magic pool where wishes were
found
And a little while later he quickly
drowned

Chorus

And all about moaned and groaned
To the songs and tales that were
intoned
By the bard who said happily "Quite,
so!
These are the merriest tales I know."

So the people gathered all around
And lifted the bard up off the ground
And down to the moat, threw him in
After forcibly inserting his mandolin

Chorus

A Day to Fight

Lyrics and music by Jez Lawrence (Cajun Spinesplitter)

Am
Another sleepless night,
Amin7 Amin6
Feel the tears upon my face,
Am
Another battle to fight,
Amin7 Amin6
See the blood upon the lace
Am
Of another girl
Amin7 Amin6
Who must have once been free
Am
In another world
Amin7 Amin6
Where the horrors cannot reach and

As I leave my bed,
I know it will soon be dawn
And I'll rouse the men
For another day to mourn
But first I sit awhile
A man who once was free
Now a prisoner
To a master who won't let me be, and

Chorus

Em
It's a day to fight
Am
For our souls and our very lives and
Em
Those screams of mine
Am
They haunt me in my dreams and
Am
It's why I can't sleep at night

Put on my helm
To protect me from the storm
That lashes out, clashes out
I'll be lost within its call
The soldiers stir,
The look of dread upon their faces
They know the nightmare comes again
And soon the players must take their
places

Chorus

It's a day to fight
For our souls, and our very lives, and
Those screams of mine
Haunt me in my dreams and its why I
can't sleep at night

And then they come,
A line of black upon the ridge
We fight the urge to run
And hoist our pennants to the wind
Then each man turns
His thoughts towards those gone
And the hatred burns
We all join as one in our battle song
and

Chorus

It's a day to fight
For our souls, for our very lives
Those screams of mine
They haunt me in my dreams and
It's why I can't sleep

Bridge:

Am Amin7 Am
You want to run, you want to hide
Amin7 Amin6
But nothing you can do can hide the
sight
Am Am
You want to flee, you don't want to be
Amin7 Amin6
As you live your dreams its why you
can't sleep at
Am Am Amin7 Amin6
Night -----
Am Am Amin7 Amin6

Chorus

It's a day to fight
For our souls, and our very lives, and
Those screams of mine
Haunt me in my dreams and
It's why I can't sleep at night

Let's Go Adventuring Now

The sound of flesh
Being torn from its home
The screams of men:
You're only glad its not your own,
But you press on,
The price of loss is too great
I wonder if
Our enemy just fears the same fate

Chorus

And it's a day to fight
For our souls, for our very lives
And the screams of mine
Haunt me in my dreams and
Its why I can't sleep and

It's a day to fight
For our souls, for our very lives
And the screams of mine
Haunt me in my dreams and
It's why I can't sleep at night

Hawthorn

*Words by Giles Watson (Gearsprocket).
Music by Kathryn Wheeler (Meg the Minstrel).*

C Am
At Redmarley farm in Worcestershire
Dm G
A faerie hawthorn stood,
C Am
And folk would come from miles around
F G C
To see the gnarlèd wood;
G C
Its faerie blossoms filled the air
C F
With a most wonderful scent –
G C
The farmer took a mighty axe
F G C
And to the tree he went
G C
The farmer took a mighty axe
F G C
And to the tree he went.

"I'm sick of all these nosy-parkers!"
The angry farmer cried.
He chopped it down; the jagged leaves
Withered all and died.
First the fellow broke his leg
And then he broke his arm,
And not long after that, 'tis said
That lightning struck his farm.

At Clehonger, I know it's true,
A faerie hawthorn stood
And folk would come from miles
around
To see the gnarlèd wood;
Its faerie blossoms filled the air
With a most wonderful scent –
A farmer took a mighty axe
And to the tree he went.

"I need this land to grow good rye,
This tree is in my way!"
But with one blow he dropped the axe
And screaming, ran away,
For blood ran out the cleavèd trunk
As from a severed neck,
And I've heard tell that ever since
He's been a nervous wreck.

In County Meath, last century,
A faerie hawthorn stood
And folk would come from miles
around
To see the gnarlèd wood;
Its faerie blossoms filled the air
With a most wonderful scent –
A farmer took a mighty axe
And to the tree he went.

"I shall dispense with rituals,
I need to plough this land!"
He stopped and leant against a thorn
And drove it through his hand.
He died of septicaemia
Not many evenings after;
The churchyard, at the funeral
Was filled with faerie laughter.

Let's Go Adventuring Now

In Berwick St John, it is said,
A faerie hawthorn stood
And folk would come from miles
around
To see the gnarlèd wood;
Its faerie blossoms filled the air
With a most wonderful scent –
A farm-lad took a mighty axe
And to the tree he went.

"I need this thorn for firewood!"
And on the earthen hill;
He raised his axe and chopped all night
The hawthorn for to kill.
And from that day no hen would lay,
No fawn born in the wild,
No cow would calf, or so they say,
And no woman bear a child.

On a scenic bit of real estate,
A faerie hawthorn stood
And folk would come from miles
around
To see the gnarlèd wood;
Its faerie blossoms filled the air
With a most wonderful scent –
A builder took a mighty axe
And to the tree he went.

The branches soon were cleared away,
The trunk was chopped and piled;
He built a mansion for a lord,
His lady, and their child,
But all were dead, I've heard it said,
Before the Mayday morn;
And thus the May shall do to you
If you chop down a thorn.

Dragon of Pendham

*Lyrics by Nicky Redfern (Tasmin McTassle)
Music by Kathryn Wheeler (Meg the Minstrel)*

D G A
Pendham was a happy little town
G A D A
Perched on the side of a picturesque moun - tain
D G A
Til the day the dragon came around
G A D
To make a home of Pendham

People screamed, fell to their knees in prayer
Begged their gods to get him out of there
That didn't work so they had to try the mayor:
Demanded he defend them.

Chorus:

D G A D
Poor old dragon, doomed to be alone
D G A D
Poor old dragon, always on his own
D G Em A
All he has for company's a great big pile of bones
G A D
Poor old lonely dragon

Though that dragon didn't mean them
any harm
Up came the mayor all shiny in his arm
- our
Makes it hard for a dragon to stay calm
When a spear's shoved up his goolies.

Dragon's roar went several octaves
higher
Instinctively he breathed a ball of fire
Which became the mayor's funeral
pyre
(That man had acted cruelly)

Chorus

All the townsfolk, they did rant and
rave
When they heard of the dragon's behav
- iour
Drove poor dragon back into a cave
He had no food or water (aaahhh!)

Dragon roared because he would be
dead
If those townsfolk didn't keep him fed
All he wanted was a loaf of bread
He got the mayor's daughter!

Chorus

For all Pendham got the strangest urge
Thought they ought to sacrifice a virg -
in
Because panic through the town had
surged
Though the thought is quite abhorrent

Let's Go Adventuring Now

They left her tied up by the dragon's
cave
She stood proud and beautiful and
brave
Pendham doesn't realise that they've
Signed the town's death warrant

Chorus

He did not want to hurt anyone
But he was so very, very hun - gry
And she looked so sweet and fresh and
young
And turned out to be yummy

Pendham fed him several times each
year
Every virgin lived in constant fear
While the young men grinned from ear
to ear
'Cause the young girls got quite
chummy

Chorus

Then one day a girl so sweet and quiet
Graceful, chaste, demure and full of
piet - y
Said to the dragon, "Did you know
your diet
Is really not nutritious?"

"You should have some vegetables to
eat
Not a menu purely made of meat
And some roughage, oatmeal or wheat
You'll find it's quite delicious."

Chorus

Well the dragon fell in love right then
With this girl, the last virgin in Pend -
ham
Turned out she liked dragons more
than men
They married not much later

But the dragon found that he did miss
Eating meat. It was a problem, this
'Cause when he bent to give his bride a
kiss
Instinctively he ate her

Chorus

So the dragon sobbed in great distress
He felt guilty, angry and depress - ed
Blamed the townsfolk for the whole
damn mess
So he burnt down Pendham

There's a moral to this tragic tale
Sacrifices are just doomed to fail
Offer enemies a pint of ale
To lose your foes, befriend 'em

Chorus

Let's Go Adventuring Now

“Good grief”, said the dragon, “What have we here?
Some old codger! Some moron without fear!
I'll have him barbecued and wash him down with beer!
Delicious old Hingefinkle!”

Chorus

Hingefinkle scribbled madly in his book
The dragon gave him a with'ring scornful look
Then took a deep breath, Hingefinkle for to cook
And he frizzled old Hingefinkle.

Hingefinkle's giblets tasted rather good,
Said the dragon, “Though I'm sore misunderstood,
My fare surpasses any other food!”
And he crunched up old Hingefinkle.

Chorus

But the dragon stopped and screamed and bawled and cried
Cause Hingefinkle's bones got stuck in his inside
And he keeled over, choked and coughed and died
To the last laugh of Hingefinkle.

Then the townsfolk let forth many jolly calls
They cut up the dragon and ate him in their halls
And the mayor was served with flambéd dragon's balls
And they all praised old Hingefinkle.

Chorus

But dragon-flesh is poison'd, as they should have known
And soon the mayor began to gasp and groan
He turned bright green and died upon his throne
And they all joined old Hingefinkle.

Chorus

(Slowly) So there's dust on the shelves and on the crystal ball
Dust on the antlers hanging in the hall
Dust on the pictures nailed to the wall
In the home of old Hingefinkle

Let's Go Adventuring Now

Lyrics and music by Jez Lawrence (Cajun Spinesplitter) and Alex Gant (Bo).

Instrumental introduction:

A G D A
A G D A
A G D A
A G E E

A G D A
We were sitting in a tavern, having a quiet beer,
A G D A
When a voice from the corner said "hey! Come over here!"
A G D A
"I know a nearby dungeon where there's plenty of gold,
A G E E
"I'd have it done by luncheon if I wasn't so old!"
A G D A
So we found out the location, and hired ourselves a guide,
A G D A
And went for a walk 'round the local countryside,
A G D A
But the woods were all deserted; there was no one there to fight,
A G E E
And the beer had all run out before the second night - before the second night, and we
said:

Chorus:

A D A D
Hey! Lets go adventuring now!
A D E
We can't wait for nightfall for the monsters to come out,
A D A D
We've gotta find some beer and gold, a magic item too
A D E E
Maybe rescue some fair maidens: (spoken:) I'm sure we can find something for them
to do!

A G D A
A G D A
We'll go adventuring now
A G D A
We'll go adventuring now
A G E E

Now our archer is an Elf, Gelfin is his name,
His ego's such a problem he's got swelling on the brain,
But his aim is not a mighty as he'd like you to believe,
We watch him practice nightly, but all he hits is leaves!
So we bought him a magic bow, it cost a pretty sum,

Let's Go Adventuring Now

We hoped that when he shot at things he might hit the odd one,
But he's the only Elf I know to get a magic bow,
Then look around quite aimlessly for something small to throw - something else to
throw!

Chorus

Hey! Lets go adventuring now!
We can't wait for nightfall for the monsters to come out,
We've gotta find some beer and gold, a magic item too
And find some way to tell the Elf he's sacked that won't leave his ego bruised!

Well there is another member of our mighty fighting team,
He ponces round all in black and calls himself a Thief,
But he's not very good with locks - oh, and he can't climb,
If we don't do something fast, we'll end up doing time!
But we broke into that dungeon, no thanks to him
If he didn't have his Guild Degree I'd swear that he was dim.
There was a warning sign upon the door, a sign that he ignored,
And with a 'twang!' a bowstring sang, and he'd been nailed down to the floor - nailed
down
to the floor! We sang:

Chorus

Hey! Lets go adventuring now!
We can't wait for nightfall for the monsters to come out,
We've gotta find some beer and gold, a magic item too
And find a way to free the Thief from the mess he's gotten into!

We found the pot of gold, no rainbow in sight,
Just the treasure, we were rich (the mood became quite light)!
But just as we were busy patting each other on the back,
The Thief got loose and the bloody fool set off another trap!
Well the roof began to cave in and the walls protruded spikes,
There was only one way out: we started running for our lives,
We ran right 'round the corner and then we stopped up dead:
For there was a mighty Dragon and he didn't look impressed - he didn't look
impressed, he
said:

Chorus

[Condescendingly, and with a yorkshire accent]
"You've been adventuring now,
"You couldn't wait for nightfall for the monsters to come out,
"You thought you'd get some beer and gold, a magic item too,
"But it looks like you've bitten off a bit more than you can chew!"
You're in trouble now

We trembled where we stood as we gazed into those eyes,
They glittered like fire, but they felt as cold as ice,
We thought we'd be incinerated, burnt right into dust,
If we didn't come up with something fast - but we were at a loss!

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But then our Wizard said: "Hey! Let's make a deal:
"We'll leave you all the jewels if you don't make us your next meal,
"We'll just take the gold, yes, we'll be going now,
And he mumbled low, said, "let's go", and we teleported out! We teleported out! And sang:

Chorus

We've been adventuring now,
But we've only got three hours until the Tavern kicks out,
But we've found some beer and gold, a magic item too,
And we've faced off against a Dragon, there's not much left to do
We'll go adventuring now

Now I am the Bard, that you may have guessed,
And I am here to tell you that my job is the best,
I get to stay at home, I don't have to risk my neck,
And I get paid in beer and gold just for embellishing events!
But sometimes I get the urge to go and see my friends,
And earn my share of the gold they've worked so hard to get,
But if I got accosted by a mighty Dragon Red,
I'd start to yell, then run like hell and hide under the bed - I'd hide under the bed, I won't say

Chorus

Hey! Let's go adventuring now!
I can wait for nightfall for the monsters to come out
You go find the beer and gold, magic items too,
But I'm the Bard, I get the chicks, I've got too much to lose!
We'll go adventuring now,
We'll go adventuring now,
We'll go adventuring now,
We'll go adven-tur-ing now.

The Captain's Tale

Lyrics and music by Jez Lawrence (Cajun Spinesplitter)

G G
And the battle was joined many years
ago

C C
I remember well

G G
Steel would clash and the blood would
flow

C C
And many heroes fell

D D
I still hear the words

C C
My captain said to me

G D
We'll soon attack, so watch your back

C C
And follow me to victory

G G
C C

We marched all day, and through the
night

To an enemy unknown
And come the morning we'd have to
fight

Maybe leave a parting groan

We fought the hordes
We fought them well and then we
fought again

And the women cried, for the ones
who dies

But no-one cried for them

Chaos reigned in the battle long
Friend and foe both fell
Many a light burned out and died
Too many to ever tell

And then we heard it:
The sweetest sound to a warrior's ear
The sound of hooves, with a name to
prove
The enemy of fear

Then my friends, the battle turned
The enemy lost heart
Bodies fell and the standards burned
My captain forged a path

And with a cry we stumbled forward
As new spirit took us in
And with my blade, a path I made
Never thinking of my sin

Yes my friends, I've come to know
This is not the only way
Trust a man who's seen more
Than I could ever say

I still hear the words
My captain tried to say
As he lay wounded, he said 'I never did
Think it'd end this way'

G G
C C
not this way
G G
Not today

C C

D D
I still hear the words
C C
My captain tried to say
G C
As he lay wounded, he said 'I never did
C C G
Think it'd end this way'

The Monstering Song

Lyrics by Jez Lawrence (Cajun Spinesplitter)

Music - to "Bitch" by Meredith Brooks

G D C Cmaj7
G D C Cmaj7

G D C
I'm monstering today

G D C
For a gold or two the LT's gonna pay

Em C
Try to kill you and you bash me up like maybe I'm a monster underneath

A A
The face mask that you see.

G D C
So I got out of there

G D C
Must've been relieved to see my hand up in the air

Em
I can't understand why you punch me in the nose

C
And you won't pull your blows

A A A A
But I get to play everything

A A A
All in one afternoon

Chorus:

A G
I'm a lich, a beserker
D
Some random peasant worker

Em
I'm the bad guy's bodyguard

C
A mage, a travelling bard

G
I'm a thug, I attack

D
I die then I come back

Em C
You know the ref will always send another wave.

G D C Cmaj7
G D C Cmaj7

So take me if you can
This might find you'll have to have a helping hand
Rest assured that when I start to kill the party and
You're all dying on the ground
Some friendly dryad healer will just chance to be around.

