

Glenwhorple Continued...

Oh, there was a birkie bangster, was the ruler of the clan.
His name it was T'Wallace, and he was a fighting man,
And he went about the border, and the Southron turned and ran
From the ding of the claymore in Glenwhorple.

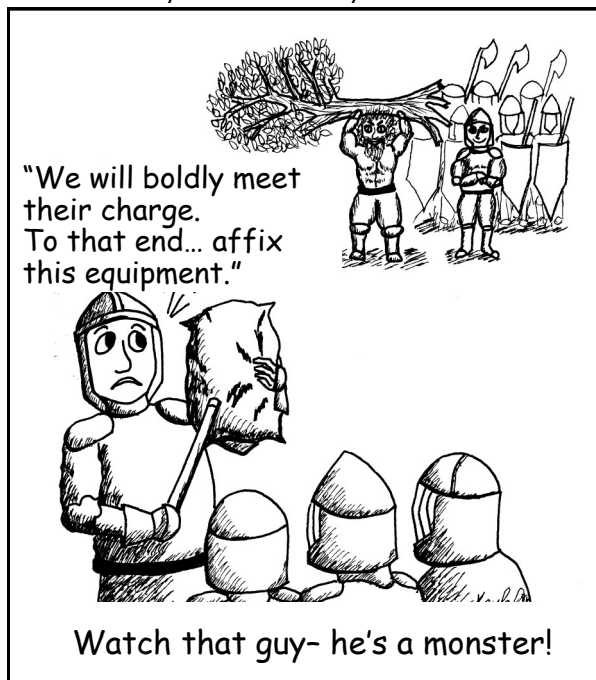
Many of the clansmen went and left their heilen homes.
They loaded up on ships, about the world to roam.
They were looking for a special place to call their very own.
That's how Ealdormere became Glenwhorple.

Oh what a sight this morning, with the clan all on parade,
With the piper and the claymore, and the braw Glenwhorple plaid,
And the piper almost sober, and the chieftain not afraid
Of seeing tartan spiders in Glenwhorple.

CHORUS

**Hieught! Glenwhorple heilan men,
Great stron', whiskey-suckin' heilan men.
They were hard-workin', hairy-leggit heilan men.
Slainte mhor, Glenwhorple!**

Parallax by Queen Kaylah the Cheerful



Huntsman's Harvest : October 1st, 2022



Huntsman's Harvest



&

Ben Dunfirth Baronial Investiture



of

Jorgen and Mærdyth



October 1, 2022

*We invite all to sing along with the Royal Bard:
The Honourable Baron Justinian Clarus*

Parallax

by Queen Kaylah the Cheerful



Reign of Kaylah V & Trumbrand V : Fall of 2022

To open court: **The Poacher's song**

by Mistress Emer nic Aidan

CHORUS

**One for the partridge, two for the hare
And three for the buck and doe
The hunting of the good King's game
Shall feed us through the snow**

In Harold's time the hunting was fine
And the birds did sweetly sing
Then the Bastard came and all the game
Became the right of the King
But true English lads saw sport to be had
And swift to poaching turned
And so in that way have we e'en today
Our pleasant supper earned

CHORUS

Hunting deer or hare in the greenwoods fair
The Kings own men do ride
But we Saxons few are a-hunting too, 'Though cleverly we hide
Time and again come the sheriff's men
Hunting poachers 'round the shire
But our prey we've shot and we'll not get caught
As we feast around our fire

CHORUS

Many say that Port is the finest sport
That poaching's far too cold
And so pass the year drinking fine dark Beer
Or else some Whiskey bold
But they'll find that Wine is the thief of time
And Ale a bitter foe, So the English man has no better friends
Than his arrows and longbow

CHORUS

Do not reproach the men who poach, Within the High King's land
To hunt the game is a noble aim, Amid our merry band
For Love rare and true is a poacher too
Catching hearts within her snare
So give me one kiss and I shall not miss,
As I hunt the greenwoods fair

CHORUS

To close afternoon court:

Glenwhorple

Source: Songs from Front and Rear: a collection of Canadian Serviceman's Songs of World War Two

There's a braw fine clan o' lads as ilka man should ken.
They's de'ils at th' fichtin. They've clured a sicht o' men.
They've suppit muckle whiskey when tae celaidgh they gang ben.
The heilin men o' braw Glenwhorple.

CHORUS

**Hieught! Glenwhorple heilan men,
Great stron', whiskey-suckin' heilan men.
They were hard-workin', hairy-leggit heilan men.
Slainte mhor, Glenwhorple!**

They were founded by MacAdam who of all the men was first.
He resided in Glen Eden an' he pipit fit tae burst,
Wi' a fig-leaf for a sporran and a perfect heilan thirst
Till he stole away the apple from Glenwhorple.

When the waters of the deluge drookit all the whole world o'er
The chieftain of the clan, ye know, his name was Sean MacNoah.
So a muckle boat he biggit, and he sneckit up the door
And he sailed away from drooned Glenwhorple.

Old MacNoah sent a piper out to see if there was land.
He came back wi' an empty whiskey bottle in each hand,
But they couldna understand him; he was fu', ye understand,
For he found a public house upon the water.

Oh, there was a jock named Joshua, a sapper he by trade,
He went away to Jericho upon a muckle raid.
Th' walls they went a tumbling and wi' loot the lads were apid
From the sappin' and the minin' in Glenwhorple.

When wise King Solomon was ruler o' the clan
He had a hundred pipers and a thousand fighting men
And ten thousand wives and concubines, for as I'm sure ye ken
He kept a powerful household in Glenwhorple.

Turn page, Glenwhorple Continued...