

The Legends of Elyria: As told by Raulwiche Legendsinger

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The Legend of the Edge of Elyria

It was not a Night unlike this
When Mann first felt the waves.
He stood at waters edge
And looked out into the Sky
The Gods of Old had warned Him
To not travel to the Deep
But Mann swore he knew better
Than those that came before
Sing to us Mann!
Of the Dark Edge!
Where from men never return
Sing to us Mann!
Of the Edge of Elyria
For one day they all must return
Mann' s children have tried
Where their fathers have failed
To reach that forbidden Edge
With mighty Ships
On Roaring waves
They' ve sworn to return home again
But fortune has conspired
Gainst Son of Mann
He'll never return to Wife and Son.
So the Children of the Children
Of the Children of Mann
These Heroes and Fools
They number the thousands
Who have searched far and wide
But those who return
Who tell of the darkness
To those that spin stories
They chide.
For the Edge is of Legend
But not one of Heroes
One of brave men, who have died
So see this a warning

Lose their lives on a Fool' s Errand
Sing to us Mann!
Of the Dark Edge!
Where from men never return
Sing to us Mann!
Of the Edge of Elyria
For one day we all must return
Those that have tried
And fallen short
Tell of the glorious Edge
Where waters do spill,
And the Old Gods do Supp
But has never been reachen by them
These men sit in Taverns,
With Schoolboys around
They spin fantastic tales
That inspire young heroes
And challenge young fools
To go and seek that forbidden ledge
Sing to us Mann!
Of the Dark Edge!
Where from men never return
Sing to us Mann!
Of the Edge of Elyria
For one day our sons must return
All you young heroes
Who wish to peak over the Side
Know what awaits you
Is not fame and glory
Because the Edge is where Death resides
Sing to us Mann!
Of the Dark Edge!
Where from men never return
Sing to us Mann!
Of the Edge of Elyria
For one day we all must return

The Legend of the Workman King

When walking through Dol Aderyn, a
pav'd road you tread.

Laid by a King, a warrior born, who
should this day be dead.

He took a Ranger maiden's hand,
promising her a Kingdom,

But she turned that poor fool on his head
and got herself a Queendom!

**Hoo rah, hooray, a tally ho this day! She
got herself a Queendom!**

Now not to make light of this dashing
lord, his brow a sweated mess.

But he was once a general, and now
answers to the Miss! The King of Dol
Aderyn, he is the Work-Man King!

He's the one you call when the Horses
need a shoeing!

**Hoo rah, hooray, a tally ho this day!
When the Horses need a shoeing!**

Do not get me wrong, for we love our old
King "Miles"!

And any man to wed our Queen must
have "swept" her in the aisles!

We accept his patronage, his friendship,
and his clout!

And if it is required, he'll gladly take our
garbage out!

**Hoo rah, hooray, a tally ho this day! Take
our garbage out!**

The Queen of Dol Aderyn, now that's a
different Tale.

Her husband had to wed her, for he was
born a MALE!

And in our lovely Queendom, we know
women know best.

And if you try to challenge that she'll run
you through the chest!

**Hoo rah, hooray, a tally ho this day!
She'll run you through the chest!**

Now we laugh at good King Miles, his
throne is always clean,

But we respect our Lord too much, to ever
be TOO mean.

He is among us in the trenches, that can
never be in doubt.

We always feel safest when the
Workman King is out!

**Hoo rah, hooray, a tally ho this day!
When the Workman King is out!**

**Hoo rah, hooray, a tally ho this day!
When the Work-man King is out!**

The Legend of the Royal Drunkard

OH!

Listen here, you drunks and rabbards!
As I tell you of a Saint!
The God of Bars and Tavern-maids,
And all who love to Drink!
The Royal Drunkard,
He' s a man,
Who we all do salute!
His liver is made of Iron,
And his taste buds are astute!

The Royal Drunkard,
Is a man,
Who we all revere!
But when he shows his face,
Tavern-owners run in fear!
The Royal Drunkard,
Passes each day,
well and truly tossed.
But he is not weak of heart,
he is never lost!
For he has a noble mission,
One we all understand.
He wishes to taste ever stool and beer,
and BARMAID in the land!

The Royal Drunkard,
He' s a man,
Who we all do cheer!
His liver is made of Iron,
And his smell is severe!
The Royal Drunkard,
Is a man,
Who we all respect!
But when he shows his face,
we expect it to soon hit the deck!

Now you may ask,
Oh, simple drunks,
Why you've never seen him!
A man of such of renown,
are we all beneath him?
But no, my friends,
There's simple reason,
why he 'scapes our gaze....
He only comes out at Night.
Because he sleeps it off during the day!

The Royal Drunkard,
He's a man,
Who we all do avoid!
His liver is made of Iron,
And he looks like he's been boiled!
The Royal Drunkard,
Is a man,
Who we all detest!
But when he shows his face,
we know the night'll soon be a mess!

OH!
Listen here you drunks and rabbards,
Before getting any ideas!
The Royal Drunkard is not a King,
Not a Lord,
And NOT welcome here!
For the problem with the Drunkard,
Is not Royal Descent,
But rather the fact he never pays,
But ALWAYS leaves his scent!

Oh, the Royal Drunkard,
Is not to be revered,
except in song and jest.
If you wish to take his crown...
You'd best ready for the rest

The Legend of the King of the Clans

There is a King, who does not think
That he deserves to rule.
Handed a crown by his father,
He wields it like a tool.
In Vornair, you will find Evelake,
sitting at the table round.
With men of virtue and honor,
The King of Valor calls them down.
He does not trust the outsiders,
does the King of clans?
He wields his words like weapons,
and tells none of his plans.
So, if you would like to know Vornair,
Do not speak to the King.
He will tell you tales of olden days,
but of use not a thing.
This is how we sing,
of the Kingdom of the Clans.
We sing of history and conquest,
and the rejoining of their lands.

The Legend of the Death of Dol Aderyn

Sit children of Mann,
and listen as I tell,
of the end of a sovereign land.
Where Poets were welcome,
and sell-swords did gather,
and nobles called common man friend.

This glorious place was called Dol Aderyn.
It was home to a King,
loved by one and all,
who kept a tidy home.
He would walk with his people,
keeping them company,
as he left a broom on his throne.

"Long Live Miles!" They would cry,
as he walked through the streets.
With a cheer, the crowd would wave.
Now "God Rest Miles!" they cry,
as his coffin goes past,
never again will he walk the pave.

Sit children of Mann,
and listen as I tell,
of the end of a sovereign land.
Where Poets were welcome,
and sell-swords did gather,
and nobles called common man friend.

This glorious place was called Dol Aderyn.

His Queen was a beauty,
loved by one and all,
A ranger maiden was she.
Sworn to a man,
whose life she had saved
their love was one for history.

"Long live Aelirenn",
they cried,
for the Warrior-Queen,
When they would see her in town.
"God Rest Aelirenn!" they cried,
as her casket was passed
And they lowered her into the ground.

Sit children of Mann,
and listen as I tell,
of the end of a sovereign land.
Where Poets were welcome,
and sell-swords did gather,
and nobles called common man friend.

This glorious place was called Dol Aderyn.

Taken from this land,
far too soon,
into Akashic they passed
But we that remember,
The Old Dol Aderyn,
will sing their memory until the last.

Sit children of Mann,
and listen as I tell,
of the end of a sovereign land.
Where Poets were welcome,
and sell-swords did gather,
and nobles called common man friend.

This glorious place was called Dol Aderyn.

This glorious place was called Dol Aderyn.

The Legend of The Golden Horde

Raise your glasses and pass 'em round,
and drain your flaggons dry!
Come listen to the tale,
of men who redden the sky!
When you catch their boots a marching,
you'd best run crying to your lord.
Knowing you're not long for this world,
when you hear the coming of the Horde!

Pour me another pint, barkeep,
And tell me of blood and gore!
The women squirm and Children scream,
When we sing of the Golden Horde!

Aye, that Golden Horde's a machine,
That rumbles through the dells,
Only stopping for grog and women,
As it sends its foes to hell!
Leading the charge some do say,
Is a man whose myth I know,
A baron born of Dark and Secret,
who calls himself Shady Pierrot!

Pour me another pint, barkeep,
And tell me of blood and gore!
The women squirm and Children scream,
When we sing of the Golden Horde!

In my travels, I have met,
A warrior of the House Cardos.
He employs a Butler named Whiterose,

This blood-smith is Count Mythos.
A man more becoming of the Horde's
values,
You never can possibly find.
He calls for song of whores and war,
As he drinks away his mind!

Pour me another pint, barkeep,
And tell me of blood and gore!
The women squirm and Children scream,
When we sing of the Golden Horde!

So when in the Kingdom Arthos,
You'd best be on your guard.
Mind your surroundings, watch for
blades,
Just like this Rat Poet Bard.
But while you're here, you'd best raise a
glass!
And toast our Nightmare Lords!
Sing this song of merriment,
And Toast the Golden Horde!

Pour me another pint, barkeep,
And tell me of blood and gore!
The women squirm and Children scream,
When we sing of the Golden Horde!
The women squirm and Children scream,
When we sing of the Golden Horde!

The Streets of Myreque

As you leave you troubles behind you,
And wander towards sea,
There is a city you might find,
A city called Myreque.

Its Baron is a jovial sort,
Its Seneschal is so shrewd.
Its taverns have no compare,
to say nothing of their food!

So, walk with me where the air is crisp,
and men are left to be.
Let's take a stroll through the streets,
the Streets of Myreque.

If you head north from an inn,
called the Bounding Stag,
There you'll meet a master smith,
who brings forth art from slag.
If you greet this man warmly,
he will respond in kind.
But then turn again to his work,
for his attention makes it fine.

So, walk with me where the air is crisp,
and men are left to be.
Let's take a stroll through the streets,
the Streets of Myreque.

Turn away from the workman,
and look towards the hill,
There the seneschal stands on guard,
ready to serve at her Master's will.
Poised like a statue she barely moves.
Still, yet lighting fast.
The young woman's name? If you care to
ask,
Is Cara Belfast.

So, walk with me where the air is crisp,
and men are left to be.
Let's take a stroll through the streets,
the Streets of Myreque.

Past the Seneschal, you may stroll,
to a man many have tried to test.
He sits with his books, and scrolls, and
maps,
Does the Baron Wrest.
With a wise eye and a jovial grin,
he'll gladly take you into his home.
Gives you wine, and food, and company.
Of his halls, he'll let you freely roam.

So, walk with me where the air is crisp,
and men are left to be.
Let's take a stroll through the streets,
the Streets of Myreque.

This tale I tell is not in sport,
or to try to wrench you from you home,
but rather to explain my journey's
to the places travelers roam.
If you should ever wander,
as those who are carefree.
Perhaps you will chance to learn what I
have,
in the Streets of Myreque.

So, walk with me where the air is crisp,
and men are left to be.
Let's take a stroll through the streets,
the Streets of Myreque.

The Legend of Cedar's Inn

Sing with me of a happy place,
Where friends and lovers dwell.
Where the seasons never know to change,
answering to their Mistress' spell.

The Cedar Inn,
A place of mirth,
Of Frolic and of Joy.
Were Lords, and Ladies,
And Kings and Queens,
sing as young girls and boy.

Not all at once disarming,
And not at all alarming,
The Halls of the Cedar' s Inn,
Make King and commoners friends.

They come from far and wide,
To sit and tell their tales.
They talk of adventurers,
Donned in wolf hides,
And of the swooning of the girls.

Sing with me,
My band of brothers!
For we are all Children of Menn!
When we sit in the Halls of the Cedar Inn,
We know we are home again.
Sing with me,
My band of brothers!
For we are all Children of Menn!
When we laugh in the Halls of the Cedar,
At last, we are home...
Again....

The Legend of the True Love of Evelake and Aelirenn

Oh, muse of love and triumph,
You fair servant calls on thee,
To help me tell the tale,
of lovers meant to be.
I talk of the young Evelake,
and his wedded Aelirenn,
bound by chance and happenstance,
this pairing was not if, but when.
Knowing, and growing from very young,
the lover's lives did twine.
Friends, comrades, and competitors,
their courting took some time.
Oh, come all ye and listen round,
as I talk of Queens and Kings
Of heroes, adventures, romance, and war
And the lovely things.

I will not lie, this loving pair,
was almost never met.
For in his youth by some vagrants,
our loving King was onset.
Who should come, with twanging bow,
and auburn hair whipping in the wind,
But a beautiful maiden, a Ranger-
General!
Yes, it was Aelirenn!
She cut down the King's foes, with nary a
worry or waver.
She was strong and resolute.
The young King was delighted to see his
old friend again,
But felt recompense was astute.
Now when the King came of age,
and tradition demanded a wife
He soured the country for a woman of
worth,
But thought of none but the one who
saved his life.

Oh, come all ye and listen round,
as I talk of Queens and Kings
Of heroes, adventures, romance, and war
And the lovely things.

He came to her with flowers, and wine.
She was unmoved by charm and chat.
Until he asked, how to win her hand...?
She said "You must best me in combat!"
They say the battle was most proud,
both refused to back down.
But with a sweep of her leg,
The Queen knocked Evelake to the
ground.
She laughed at him, and helped him up.
Her old friend she had missed.
And in the moment, he was so caught up,
That the Queen, the King did kiss!
While a surprise, it was the first of many
A true love forged in the flames of war.
But perfectly suited in every way,
are the King and his co-conspirator!

Oh come all ye and listen round,
as I talk of Queens and Kings
Of heroes, adventures, romance, and war
And the lovely things.

This humble Bard, begs your pardon,
as he sits in the tavern of men,
for he felt that all should know the tale,
of the Legend of the True Love,

Of Evelake and Aelirenn!
