

A Chronicle of Fall Crown Tourney A.S. LI



Written by the Circle of Bards of Caid

*A Chronicle of
Fall Crown Tourney
A.S. LI*

*Presented by the members
of the Circle of Bards of Caid
To Their Royal Majesties:*



**Agrippa
and
Bridget**



*As compiled by
Lord Paul fitz Denis*

for all queries (back issues, future assignments, artwork and accolades!), contact:

The Honorable Lord Paul fitz Denis
(Paul Tevis)
paul.fitz.denis@gmail.com

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~ From the Editor ~

January 2017

Fall Crown Tourney has brought us happily to the second Coronation of Agrippa and Bridget. As is the custom from our Principality days, our bards and poets have written praise poems for every fighter who has ever contended for the Crown of Caid.

With fine words, with humor, but always with courtesy, the poets and bards of Caid wield their pens for the amusement of Their Majesties and the entertainment of the populace.

Keen-eyed readers will have noticed that this volume of poems has a new editor at the helm. After twenty-five years of assembling this collection, Mistress Phillipa Llewelyn Schuyler has handed over the tiller of the ship to me. I can only hope to keep as steady a course as she did (though perhaps not for quite as long), and to continue the proud tradition of these poems.

In this collection you will find an amazing assortment of... *ballads, sagas, sonnets, runos, a rondeau, a bergerette, a villanelle, an acrostic, an Englynion, a rhyme royal, and more.*

So read the well-wrought words contained herein and enjoy them in the spirit they are intended. We each do our part to enrich the Realm. And fighters, as you acknowledge your bards, your fame can only grow.

In service to the Muse,
Know that I remain,

Paul

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Count Agrippa Morris

victorious in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

A Gripping Tale

Bridget the fair, Bridget the wise, did look upon her liege,
There he be, Agrippa the Corvun, old Count Agrippa One,
He was tall, and he was fierce, and ever eager to please,
"Worth" says she, "demands Caid! — So, what lately hast thou done?"
Bridget the fair, Bridget the wise, did smile upon her liege.

"My sweet, my all, my breath, my dream; now list thee to my Tale,
For thy honor, for thy fame, and for Caid's eternal glory,
I've journeyed forth, and wandered far, and never did thee fail,
I have fought, and I have won; I've wrought-en thee a story.
My sweet, my all, my breath, my dream; now list please to my Tale:

"Through forest Wyld, I worked my way, and there I met Three Wolves,
Fierce they were, and tooth-ed too, and fearsome to my sight,
They circled me, and dread I knew, but my heart is like a bull's
I thought of you, and fair Caid, and redoubled then my fight —
Through forest Wyld, I worked my way, and there I felled Three
Wolves!

"I entered then a Rose-y glen, a place of many Swords,
Thorns crossed my path and crossed me up, and sought to cut me
quick,
Was there one, or were there two? Seemed that there were hordes,
I thought of you, and fair Caid; and swath cut through the thick —
I entered then a Rose-y glen, and slew the Cross-ed Swords!

"Oh, Malley's Isle has a valley vile where deadly Lion roams,
Through shaded vale, I made my way, then heard a mighty roar,
Charging in, the slathering beast, cheeks a-fleck with foam,
I thought of you, and fair Caid; sword put I to the fore —
Oh, Malley's Isle has a valley vile; dead Lion no longer roams!

"Pon field green, wert Kettle black, whence leapt two Talbots fanged,
They leapt at me, those dire Dogs, intending me to smite,
To and fro, and back and forth, cross firth that Kettle rang,
I thought of you, and fair Caid; proved proof 'gainst Doggy's bite —
'Pon field green, wert Kettle black, where fell two Talbots fanged!

"Next spied I a Randy Broth-maker, with a Drake a-sleeping,
No fool I, I crept in close... and let that Dragon lie,
For knew I, if it a-woke, would I soon be a-weeping,
I thought of you, and fair Caid; and shut that Dragon's eye —
Defeated I, the Randy Broth-man, and his Drake a-sleeping!

"A cave mouth dark, a Hall, a Door, Wheels within wheels,
Lost I was, mazed in a maze, and couldn't find my way,
Turning round, spinning wild, we danced a deadly reel,
I thought of you, and fair Caid; and made that Hall Door pay!
In cave so dark, I shut the Door, and stopped those turning Wheels!

"Back in the sun, on Omar's field, came Falcon flying down,
With talons sharp and razor beak, he caught me off my guard,
Red blood flowed, time seemed slowed, I thought of Crescent Crown
I thought of you, and fair Caid; yet Falcon had struck hard —
Beneath the sun, on Omar's field, that Falcon struck me down!

"Bye and by, with a sigh, I gathered my resolve,
With a breath, too near my death, the reaper's silent shout,
Too late regret, too late remorse, our fates full well involved,
I thought of you, and fair Caid; good-bye to all my doubts —
Bye and by, with a sigh, I strengthened my resolve!

"And then again, the deadly jig, with twisting damn-ed Wheels!
Lengthy Halls, and countless Doors, and caverns stretching on,
I tried to fight, get thoughts aright, reality seemed unreal,
I thought of you, and fair Caid; and Wheels at last were gone —
Nevermore, so ends the jig, those twisting damn-ed Wheels!

"Returned I am to Omar's field, where struck that Falcon grim!
I cannot fall, I cannot fail, for you I must succeed!
I know that move, the dive attack! This time I'll outthink him!
I thought of you, and fair Caid; and steeled my thoughts to Kingly deeds!
— And there it ends, on Omar's field, the striking Falcon's dimmed!"

Bridget the fair, Bridget the wise, did look up broadly grinning,
"Thy tale is told, thy exploits bold, and worthy of Dear Caid!
Call the Heralds, roust the Scribes, set church bells all to ringing!
I do believe, you've just Dutched Us, to your skill do I concede!"
Bridget the fair, Bridget the wise, did smile upon her King!

— *Baron Secca of Kent*

... no longer wields swords and now slings words.

The Honorable Lord Omar
ibn Haroun al-Askari al-Rumi
fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

(sonnet)

Had I a thousand tongues to speak thy deeds
In rubaiyat, great verses thought full fit.
Those were not half so fine as that which feeds
On honest valor, and discreetly writ.

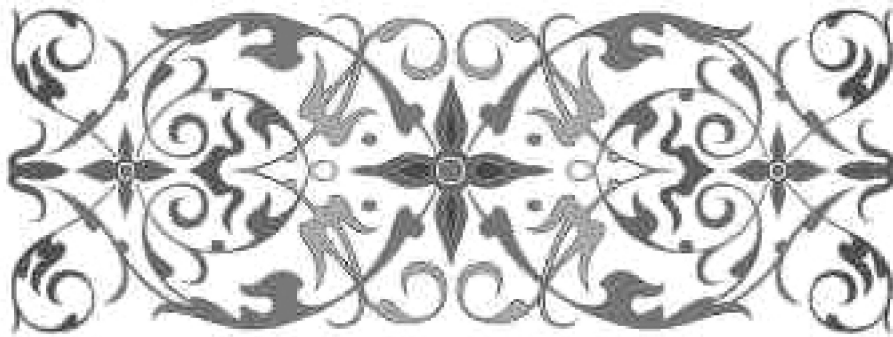
It was no Knight who fought nine flawless rounds,
For whom no Baron, Count, nor Duke held fear.
For humble swordsman now the trumpet sounds,
For whom a glorious Lady shed a tear.

A Falcon decks his shield, that noble bird,
Likewise the Sword he had in silver wrought,
Well-used for proud Byzantium we heard;
His one defeat, all know, was dearly bought.

With this day's work all years to come shall ring:
A fate that might be envied by a King.

— *Lavendar of Lorne*

Baroness Lavender received her Laurel for the Performing Arts (acting, singing, dancing, and theatrical production). She has written fighter poems from the beginning and is grateful if their subjects are pleased with them.



Sir Halldórr Þórhallsson

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

For Fair Eliane

Harken now, hear how Halldórr heaps
Full word-fame at the feet of fair Eliane
Praise-songs are pouring

Silvered sword play with Duncan Rose
Daunting din of triumph-telling
While skalds sweet mead pouring
Leaves Lady Nonne to brow tending

Valiant valkyrie strides storm-born
In fields battle-born and brave
Yet for fierce fleet-rider Guene
Hearts-treasure helmet-hooded to Courtney returns

Skalds singing and bracelet-gifting
Hear Halldórr's song-length growing

Twice-tested now halberd holding
Against Agis upon noble knoll
Shield-maidens comfort caring Magalena
And mighty mead-hall meets another toast

Next Sir Niccolo wends way with weapons
Strong-thane dauntless for dear Ciar
Halldórr reaps bright mead-cache
Resplendent raven rides round

Spears and salutes sing strongly
As Halldórr takes another silver hoard to Eliane

Ship-shakers and storm-riders
Know of strong Sven, doubtless Duke daring
But ravaged and roused upon the swan-road
Ismay brings bright praises for fair foes

Five fine gold-gleaming, war-winnings
Adorn fierce Sir Halldórr and Eliane
Dark storm-clouds gather, foretelling fates
Raven swoop screaming, blood-soaked fields

Count Agrippa advances, weapon wielder
Backed by Bridget, shield-maiden and strong-weaver
Broad loom of slaughter weaves weft and warp of war
And Halldórr hastens heart-torn to Eliane's side

Bolstered up by bright-gleamings, staunch salutes
Sir Halldórr heaves his battle horn
Galliant gleaming gains field from Sir Ulfr
Muirenn meeting roused and riding partner

Forge-tested, fire fierce, Halldórr harkens once more
But Omar rallies round with hungry ravens
Spear-din sounds with steel and screams
Ringing-roars echo in hardened helmets

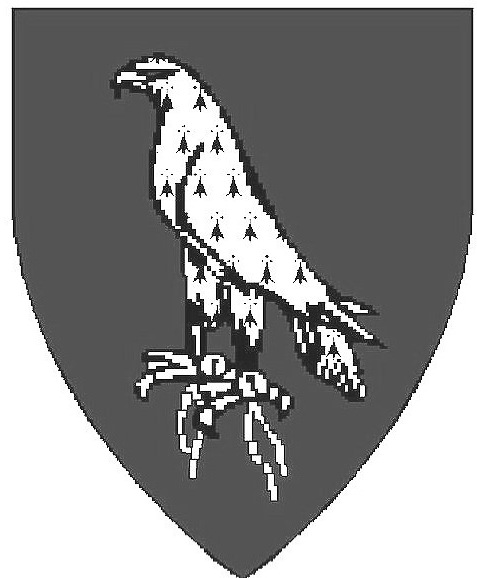
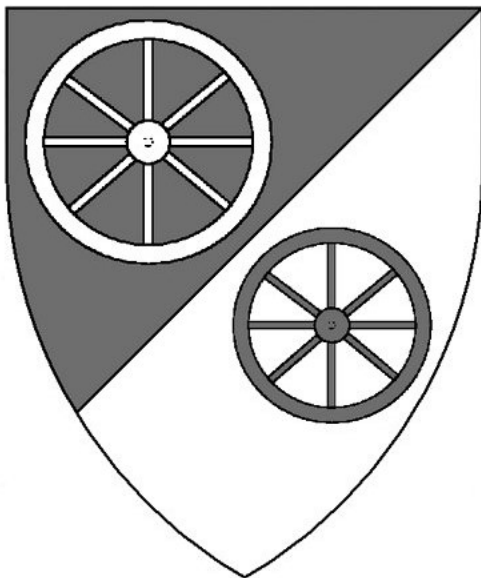
Eight times, shields shaking, swords swinging
But battle tested, still not deciding
Once more Halldórr hands up his heart-strength
Into Eliane's care-taking, song-keeping

Storm clouds now covering, sun-hiding, sky shaking
Ringing-roar tames time and tale-telling
As Agrippa, hunger-sated refts asunder
Shields and swords, weapon wielder now yielder

Heart full, hearth closer
Halldórr heaps all war-spoils for fair Eliane
And mead-brothers come close
Sharing sword-bane stories strong

— Dame Eilidh Swann

*...makes hot drinks, spins a bit, tells elaborate stories, dances in
circles, and gets her pen stuck in your ear.*



Sir Úlfr Grímsson

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

(kviðuhátttr)

Listen all,
Sir Ulfr rides to Crown
Fiery eyes
Seeking more word-fame
Stepping forth
Byrnie, shield and blade
Ready now
Foemen of Caid!



Starkhafn
Seat of mighty kings
Desert sands
Sharpen Northmen's gaze
Chivalry
Only you shall know
Honor bound
Fighting for Caid!

Sword blade true
Hammered foxes fall
Sea-horses
Fall as well in death
Ravens bleed
Over ivy leaves
Taking stock
Bravest for Caid!

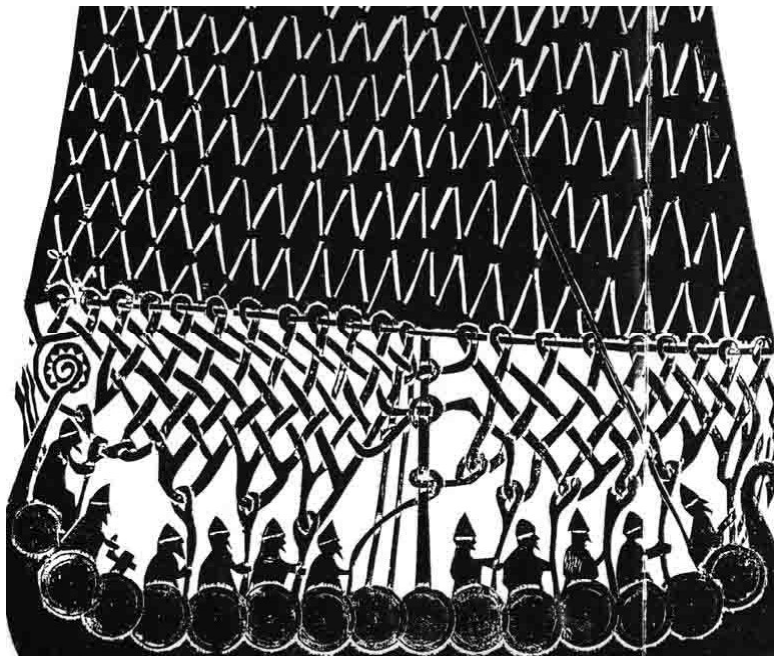


Ducal stars
Falling from the skies
Falcons dive
Blooding noble Ulfr
Rising up
Facing Argent oaks
Thistles weep
Focused on Caid!

Blue and White
Why they power on
Fellow Knight
Northman to the core
Wheeling 'round
Falling to Valhall
Weep not for
Brave Ulfr of Caid!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea,*

Baron Beorn of the Northern Sea, OL is a late 13th/early 14th century Shetlander in service to The Bruce of Scotland. He honors his Norse father and Irish mother by being almost unbearably excessive in all things, but having the common decency to be very apologetic about it whenever in earshot of the clergy.



Duke Sven Örfhendur

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

(Kalevala Runos)

Sven, great Duke was set to fighting
For the glory of the Crown right
Is may by his side, as always
Would they set the Caid Thrones soon?

Quintus was the first to falter
For good Sven would not be harried
Ketill followed quickly after
Sven had stalked these halls before, yes...

Next Jamal had lost to our man
Brother knights were falling quickly
Agis lost his bout as well and
Few remained to grasp the Crescents

Sven was set upon the list field
Halldórr handed Sven his first loss
But our Hero was not troubled
He had seen these trials often

Omar set his boots quite firmly
On the ground where Sven was heading
Past this young man lay the Kingdom
Sven, undaunted issued challenge

Both these men then fought like lions
All bore witness to great combat
When the calm restored the foemen
Omar walked, alone and onward

Sven, great Duke, no longer fighting
Glory was no more his purview
Is may by his side as always
Caid, ye shall see them once more!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

Baron Beorn of the Northern Sea, OL, is a rather large, rather ungainly, rather difficult to miss denizen of the fields of Caid. He enjoys the opportunity to pen offerings for the Crown List Poetry compilation, as he feels very strongly that, whether out of the tournament in two, or untouched victor of the Realm, the honor and dedication of the fighters for this ultimate tournament is to be applauded, lauded, and recorded for future generations.

Sir Adam Makandro

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

(rhyme royal)

Replete with autumn bounty and well fed
I pause a moment by the great hall fire,
Before I trundle off to welcome bed.
A youthful voice is raised then to inquire,
"Have you no tale for us, to inspire?
Great deeds like those of Parsifal and Gawain?
Tell us those splendid stories once again!"

"Tonight, no tales I have of Charlemagne,
Nor yet of Arthur, he who reached so high
But to see his dream was wrought in vain,
Brought down by kin, betrayal and black lie.
He watched as loyal knights did fail and die;
Sore wounded, he could naught but gaze and grieve,
At serpent's work, as in the Vale of Eve.

This night, methinks, a tale near'r at hand:
Of youth who sat betimes here in this hall,
Rode through these fields, hunted o're the land,
In forest just beyond yon kitchen wall,
From stripling grew, into a warrior tall.
His rule it was to challenge to a bout
All men-at-arms who rode the woodland route.

When he began, he seldom won a match
The man he fought, with casual, careful stroke
Would knock him down with elegant dispatch
And treat the whole encounter as a joke,
"Well struck, young man!" (Such hearty words they spoke.)
"But mayhap thou shouldst firstly sprout thy beard."
And yet the youth his challenge persevered.

For he'd advisors worthy of a king:
Larch and beech gave counsel of great worth,
Their leaves with learned lessons rustling,
But over all, the oaks, whose massive girth
Evidenced their eons lived on earth,
Spoke words of great sagacity and wonder;
Weighty words that rolled like summer thunder.

"Abide," they said to him, and "Persevere.
'Tis not a single Spring that grew us tall.
We've felt the snow, we've watched the passing year
'Tis not a single wind t'will make us fall!
Persist! Though you be just a Man withal,

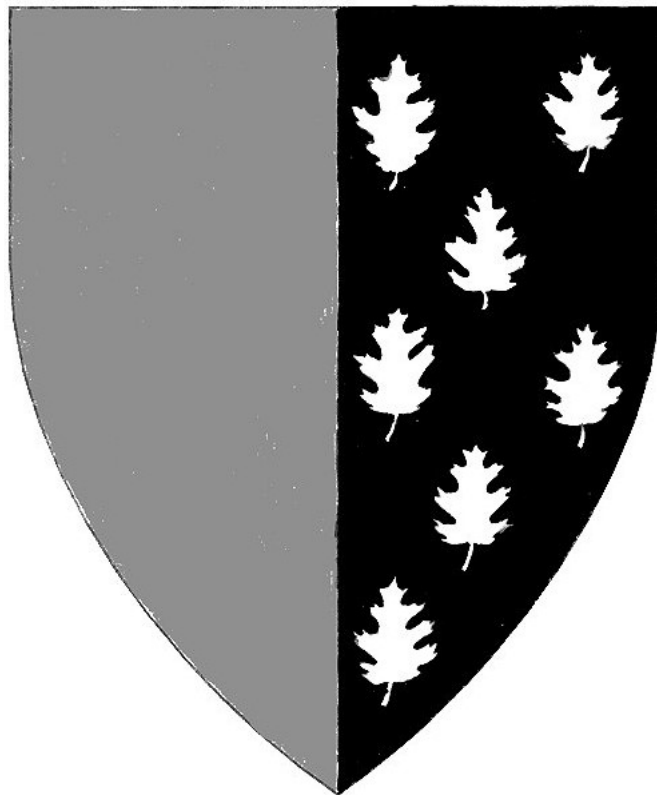
Our strength we'll lend; our wisdom we'll bestow
And it will travel with you, when you go."

And so, with stroke increasing grim and strong
The youth maintained his vigil through the years
And fought with every knight who came along.
Until they counted him among their peers.
He left us then, and traveled new frontiers.
The news, it travels slowly from the South,
But speaks of legends, carried word of mouth.

Of warriors strong, in armor bright and fair,
Who fight for lady, land and for their king,
Who ride on silver stallions through the air,
And wield magic as a common thing.
And, among the names of which they sing,
They relate the stories, as I've done,
Of Sir Adam, known as Andrew's son."

— *Lady Eichling von Amrum*

...I guard the guardians



Sir Randvér brotamaðr

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

The time has come, the King did say, for me to find an heir
For if I must keep ruling here, I'll soon have no more heir
Sir Randver's come to join the quest to help our old King out
He'll fight for Arianne, his fair Lady, there's no doubt

His first foeman is Ursel, he's a Baron, all agree
But Randver's sword is faster, as the Baron soon does see
Now to the field comes Jethro, with a polearm he would fight
So Randver swings his own pole arm, and Jethro he does smite

Sir Randver's feeling good now, so it's really a surprise
When Omar comes right up to him and smacks him in the eyes
He staggers once or twice, then sits down, for just a bit
But soon he's feeling better, so he looks for foes to hit

Lord Adam is the next man that he finds upon the field
Sir Randver's not a bully; he suggests that Adam yield
But Adam is determined, so in combat they are met
And Randver smacks him in the face, a blow he'll not forget

Now Randver faces Count Agrippa, known both far and near
But Counts do not dismay Randver, he has no sense of fear
Perhaps he should, the Count's broadsword soon hits him on the head
Sir Randver falls onto the field, as if he's really dead

They drag Sir Randver off the field, his Lady by his side
She'll nurse him back to health, and then on homeward they will ride
We trust he will be back in spring to fight in Crown once more
To vanquish all his foemen and to fill the field with gore

— *Sir Robear du Bois*

*Perhaps one day Robear will come and fight in Crown once more
He'll storm across the battlefield, his broadsword dripping gore
He'll smack his foeman's helmets till at last he hears them scream
But maybe at his age, this sort of thing is just a dream*

Duke Patrick O'Malley of Ulidia

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

(englyn)

Lion's heads want golden crowns.
Mithras lion points the way,
Compass points are set to slay.

Lion's heads want golden crowns.
Silver wings greet golden dawn;
Pilgrim's shells bear wyvern on.

Lion's heads want golden crowns.
Griffin bright would yield to none;
Hands bear him to blazing sun.

Lion's heads want golden crowns.
Caid's castles pass all tests;
Cats guard Patrick's healing rest.

Lion's heads want golden crowns.
Tools of hunter, dog and spear,
Bring forth Duchess Kara's tears.

— *Bronwyn ferch Gwalchlas*

*... who should really remember about the biography blurb
thing... 7th c. Cymraeg, dashing (in all sorts of ways) poetess (and
all sorts of other things)*



Sir Niccolo d'Angelo

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

A Sonnet for the Shadows.

Cast away the ragged clothes of wars
At tourney, to his Athena he makes amends
Cry the wounded, dead friends by scores
To mock play battle, shining smiling pretends
And this, and this, and this, Lord Duncan, sweet
Yet memories, Niccolo, creep soft and wraith-like
To see Mac Byrne, falling at his feet.
Raise the flag, 'Hail! D'Angelo'
Foam flecked crowds call for "Death"
See the Foe, but hear no sound
Cold clay hands steal no Breath
As the next, Lord Ajax finds the ground.
Again the flag, again the hail
Snap of wind, fills memories sails

Mistress Ciar, off to fetch cooling water
Cannot drive away the clamoring ghosts
Locked within, the memory of slaughter
Not Fear, but lost comrades, missed most
A trifled quard, slow moulinet
Sir Ketill, grinds, mill-stone slow
With past demons, D'Angelo, they slay
Head ringing, memories of keening
Haldorr now fills his visor frame
Ransomed, one thought, you must survive
This thrust sword, is not the same
To play at death and to be alive
Angelo fallen, to demons of memories
Brightest of Knights, but darkest of reveries

— *The Honorable Lord Thomas Whitehart*

...is wannabe Seanachie, (13th Century Scot) whose trips through the fay lands have now led to areas quite Polar. Without doubt, his magical, spinning, weaving, dancing Cat, and his Clever son will figure some way to find and rescue him. But first, what to do about all the reindeer, and why does he yearn for cookies?

Sir Ketill Olafsson

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

Ketill, Knight of Reknown, battle-born
Sweet Scarlett, sure swift Sparhawk
Fields fair and fierce, strong-thanes fighting
For fine word-fame, bright skalds bringing

Brilliant blazes, blue-footed
Meeting Master Christian, kindly combattant
Claudia clear-eyed list companion
Ketill finds fierce resolve rending
Brings back Scarlett's triumph tale-telling

Striding storm-born, Sir Sven, daring Duke
Hearts-treasure harkens doubtless Dame Ismay
Though forge-fused and fierce, ravens rout
Blood-bespeckled brawn bows once in battle-loss

Contenders careful, now neatly knows Sir Niccolo
Sword-maiden Mistress Ciar, supporting staunch heart-stone
With flesh-tearing and shining shielf rim
Routs rust-ruddy and ringing-roar from nodding Niccolo

Agrippa advances upon all aisles
Battle bringer and blood-bane
Brilliant Bridget, herself helmet-hooded and gleaming
Raiment-radiant, reknowned Knight kneels
Fully fiercesome and raven-feeding, shield shimmering

— Dame Eilidh Swann

*...makes hot drinks, spins a bit, tells elaborate stories, dances in
circles, and gets her pen stuck in your ear.*



The Honorable Lord Jethro de Calce des Excurtynyx

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

(rondeau)

My banner waves against the tourney sky
And oversees the field with eagle's eye.
My courage mounts beneath Apollo's blaze
As drums of battle clear the morning haze
And wings of eagle flutters a reply.

Great sword in hand, first victory is mine
I meet my foe with final lullaby.
And when he falls, one fading final gaze
My banner waves.

The end will come; that's nothing I deny
One day I'll hear a final battle cry.
Until my colors fall upon this stage
My foes will know who brought their end of days.
And when I fall, a chivalrous goodbye
My banner waves.

— *Bannthegn Beathog nic Dhonnchaidh*

*...is a 14th Century bard who can often be seen traveling far
from her home in the Highlands with her lord husband and muse.
If a good tale crosses her path, she will sing a song about it, pull
out its hair and spin it, or throw it in a pot and cook it up.*



Lord Agis Sagareos

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

(acrostic)

He came to give challenge and fight for the crown
Inspired by beauty and grace.
Sir Jamal answered, and was swiftly put down,
No knight would keep him from his place.
After a round off, he was ready for a fight,
Magdalena cheering him on;
Eliane's champion, Sir Halldórr the knight,
Interrupts the streak with his win.
Still willing to fight, for the crown of Caid,
And wanting his consort to please;
Green Sloth on the shield of Duke Sven he does see,
Intending victory to seize.
Sadly it's here that he journey did end,
fallen in crown to Duke Sven.

— *The Honorable Lady Meala Caimbeul*

...is a bard, scribe, herald, fighter, and general Renaissance woman. She has contributed to these volumes for many years, and looks forward to this bi-annual bardic exercise every six months. Recording Caid's history in verse and prose is one of the most Historically Accurate things we do as a Society, it is a privilege to be included in it.

She writes:

I was inspired to create this acrostic because in the list, as I was calling each round's Order of Combat I was unable to pronounce Agis' name correctly – not once in four rounds. When I was assigned his piece for this book, I knew I had to play on his name.

For the record, it's pronounced, "Ā-gis"

Sir Jamal Damien Marcus

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

Jamal Damien Marcus, Knight, Laurel, Baron, friend...

Jamal is many things to many souls,
And in so doing shines for many more.
Throughout his life he's shouldered many roles:
So many burdens, yet he still can soar!

With Éowyn, there are no hopeless goals;
Each trial merely seems an open door
That through which he so casually strolls
As if he knew just what the port was for!

His will is such, he wrestled his controls
Away from all the gods of ancient lore
By tempting them with victuals in fine bowls
And showing them the feast that was in store.
While true, he has not supped yet as our King,
It may perhaps be too rich of a thing!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

Baron Beorn of the Northern Sea, OL is a late 13th/early 14th century Shetlander born of an Irish mother and a Norse father. It has been said he gained his coloring from her, his mass from him, but his voice from both. What voices they must have had to have parted with enough to make his serviceable!



Master Rowan Killian

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

Master Rowan Killian, whither goest thou?

The Griffin doth survey the field to look upon his prey,
There's youth and aged ones alike to seek glory that day.
The flowers of our chivalry; the jewels of The Crown.
Highborn and low together seek the field and seek renown.
Now Rowan is not young though neither is he thought as old
He's centered in the middle of his life-long journey's road.
But neither is he restless; always seeking elders' glances,
And I shall tell you true, no other plays the tune he dances!
He's fought & cursed & heaved & razed in Caid for some time now.
And through it all he's gained a bit of what we might call know-how.
There's ways to do things smarter when you need to save your muscle,
And even so, sometimes you simply need a knock-down tussle.
So if he does not win the Crown of Caid, is he troubled?
Well think, is he the sort of man who hopes his tasks are doubled?
Now though I cannot speak for him, as bard I tell you truly,
He'd never try the patience of his Queen (well, not unduly).
And that my friends is just the puzzle piece you need to ken,
For Rowan is most smitten with his darling Ceridwen.
And that may be why, win or lose, his smile is miles wide:
For after he is finished, he can sit next to his bride!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

Baron Beorn of the Northern Sea, OL is a Shetlander born of an Irish mother and a Norse father, currently residing in the most glorious Kingdom of Caid. Throughout his travels, he has seen many great things and met many wondrous people. A vast number of both happen to be in Caid, and that suits him just fine.



The Honorable Lord Tiberius Finn

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

(sonnet)

Tiberius bears banner high,
Silk bright in Southern sun,
Caidan cross and serpent's arch
Soar strong as fight's begun.

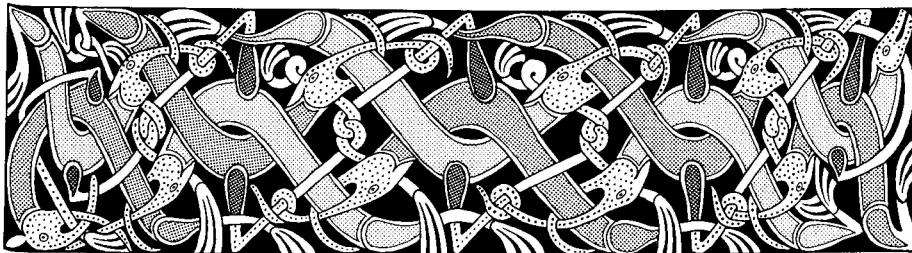
Inspired by consort's beauty, smile
He strives to win the Crown,
By right of arms he seeks to serve
This kingdom of reknown.

First round, fierce fought is lost, alas
To Viking's oak leaf lord.
In second round prevails o'er frost
Land's baron's mighty sword.

In third round falls at last to boar's
Blows ringing deadly true.
Then task fulfilled this honorable lord
Rises to serve anew.

— *Baroness Catharine Hawkwood da Barbiano*

...is the daughter of a 15th century English mercenary who fights with the Italian condotierri and who married her off (quite happily) to one of his cohorts. She spends her days writing stories, making paternosters, and raising cats and dogs.



Lord Parmenio Bassarion

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

Determination (Elizabethan Sonnet)

The Fighter sat beneath the shading bough,
With ache of loss etched freshly on his mind,
'Pon dream of Crescent Crown he'd set his vow,
And learned to "seek" doth guarantee no "find."
A Farmer and his kin walked slowly past,
One muttered "Look there be a fallen Doe,
That tried to walk too soon!" — and they all laughed,
"Poor trembly legs have left him here in woe!"
The fighter stood him towards the teasing crew,
A smile twisting o'er his sweat-rimed face,
"You're mistook, Sir, if you think me through,
Of "Done" or "Finished," nay, I'll brook no trace,
To lose does not, for me, engender wrath —
Well pleased am I just striding Valor's Path"

— *Baron Secca of Kent*

...no longer wields swords and now slings words.



Master Christian de Guerre

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

(bergerette)

Best regard these boots of blue,
A singularly striking hue
They stand as emblem with the true
Who bear the crown.

What stain of wear, what trace of time,
What stinging grains of rainless clime
Shall mar for long their supple hide?

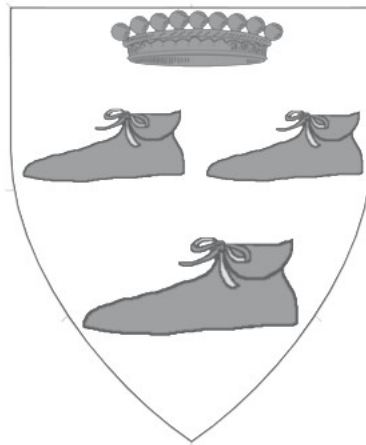
Through salt and service they abide
But in the care of craft and pride
By revel lamps they gleam sublime.

Bailiff laid out field and line
Now plants his feet in battle-grime
This moment's test a chance to shine
And reign anew.

Best regard these boots of blue,
A singularly striking hue
They stand as emblem with the true
Who bear the crown.

— *Lord Will Schuyler the Younger*

...is a 15th century Englishman of uncertain destination: apprenticed to the wit of arithmetic, he still at times endeavors to court the muse.



Baron Rudolph Fekter

fallen in Fall Crown Tournay, A.S. LI

(villanelle)

For he who dearly loves the fight,
he cannot help but join the fray,
in timeworn tabard black and white.

Though morning calls him 'fore first light,
no burden this to greet the day
for he who dearly loves the fight.

Amicia there, shining bright,
she watches him take joy in play
in timeworn tabard black and white.

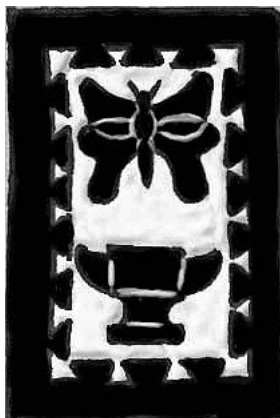
With iron wings his soul takes flight.
It matters not who bars the way,
for he who dearly loves the fight.

His flesh alone their swords can bite;
his spirit, though, no foe can slay,
in timeworn tabard black and white.

When Rudolph rests at last at night,
then dreams of battle still hold sway,
for he who dearly loves the fight,
in timeworn tabard black and white.

— *The Honorable Lord Paul fitz Denis*

...is a 14th Century English herald married to a crafty Welsh lady. He was the 10th Bard of Caid, and now serves as editor of this humble collection.



Baron Ursul Vladislavl' pravnuK

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

Embattled is our Baron, his weapons fork and knife,
(He'll take up sword and shield to crown the Flower of his life).
Since fighting's on the menu, he's breakfasted, needs must;
Provisioned by his Lady: no snob, though Upper Crust.

The call goes out, the rivals come to seek both Crown and Throne,
And Ursul falls to Randver's blade, the crowd emits a moan.
At least no poleaxe was in play; the question now is this:
Will cleavers, pots, and arrows make this next round hit or miss?

For Ursul is an archer. His next foe* knows, certes,
The right end of a ladle; he'll slice and dice with ease,
A Baron too, both arm themselves as on the field they troop —
Depending on their tools of choice, they may end in the soup.

But both are men of honor, their chivalry far famed,
Their fighting is conventional, though only one is named
The winner of this latest bout, and Ursul is not he,
But praises rain upon his head, Lord of the Golden Tree.

So to their Ladies they return (and neither sorely hurt),
And they receive, as is their right, a warrior's just dessert.

— *Lavendar of Lorne*

*Sir Jamal

Baroness Lavender received her Laurel for the Performing Arts (acting, singing, dancing, and theatrical production). She has written fighter poems from the beginning and is grateful if their subjects are pleased with them.



The Honorable Lady Courtney of the White Meadow

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

Her Ladyship Courtney, worker of threads and wielder of steel
Mother to Kora, guiding through grace, now woman grown
Bound fast to Guene, by rite and by love, this season past
Head and Heart, steerboard held strong through fair and foul weather

Crown arose, the fields were well chosen, but lists want for one
King Ozmund searched round for a person of merit
And spied noble Courtney preparing for battle
He led her by hand to the Line of the Worthies

Chosen to fight by the star-led Black Eagle
Did Jethro seek honorable combat that morn
Though she had a most chivalric pass on the list field
Jethro moved forward and our Courtney remained

Fate next chose Sir Halldórr, a knight of Caid
White belt 'gainst White Meadow, both Worthies they are
Steel clashed 'gainst steel, smiles shining in the sun
The Falcon wheeled-twice above the clouds of white

Hark! Crown has concluded, and the Heirs have been chosen
Weep not people of Caid for those lost in battle
Laugh instead for the victory of love and glory
Fear not, for fiery Courtney will fight in Crown once more!

— Sofia Biarnardottir

... is a viking-age Swede who currently resides in the sweltering heat of the Canton of Gallavally. She is known for her love of berries, music, poetry, storytelling, animals, moving pictures of the Far East, and frequenting her grandparent's summer home in the Barony of Western Seas. When not being over extravagant with her lifestyle she has been known to pen the odd poem or three.

Lord Quintus Aelius Ajax

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

Fabia Vara was raised on stories of great heroes who did bold and daring deeds to prove their love. She relished every tale of young warriors traveling to exotic lands and returning with vast stores of treasure to win the hand of a waiting princess. Every bedtime her imagination was fueled by the tales of brave men doing battle against insurmountable odds all for the sake of love. She relished each story and often recited them as she went about her daily chores.

Yes, chores; for Fabia was no high born princess, or even a daughter of nobility, Just a common girl in a common house, from a common family. But her dreams were great. She was certain a great hero would come to town and fall helplessly in love with her. She would imagine the trials he would go through to win her hand, wooing her with flowers, poetry, trinkets of his accomplishments. So vivid were these thoughts the she was never without a smile as she tended the house, picked fruit or flowers in the garden, shopped in the marketplace; always a distant sweet smile was on her face.

That sweet smile is what Ajax saw first, across the square. He followed her and as he asked the other citizen who she was, they warned him about the hopeless romantic with sky high ambitions for her suitor. How she turned away others who did not meet the ideals crafted by years of fantastic stories. But Ajax was determined — there must be a way even a humble man could show his love that she would see.

He had no talent for writing, or craft, and had no stores of wealth or property to offer – he had but the strength of his devotion and arm. And so he wandered the streets, hoping for inspiration or good fortune to show him how to turn her head that he might be proven worthy.

His wanderings took him to the temple of Aphrodite — goddess of love and the lovelorn — and in he went, to ask divine intervention and meditate on possible answers. And as the sun rose through the columns, Ajax heard a herald announcing a grand tournament — the land of Caid would see a new sovereign through single combat, and he was inspired anew.

Every morning for the weeks leading up to the tournament Ajax would walk by the marketplace, making sure to smile and greet Fabia on his way to the athletic grounds. Inspired by her loveliness, He would practice as much as he could afford — making ready for a grand display that no one would surely top. Every evening he took a longer path home than he needed so he could pass her garden and offer her a piece of fruit, or pretty flower. And every day, he lingered at her gate just a little longer. And every morning her smile seemed just a little brighter as he arrived.

And then on a sunny day in September everyone who was anyone gathered in Calafia. The morning wind made banners fly, and the tournament grounds were decorated with brightly painted shields as the warriors prepared for the tournament. Ajax saw Fabia, and asked if he could wear her favor - for luck in the day's list. She was flattered that her friend would think of her, when there were so many ladies vying to be consort, and freely offered a charm of tortoise shell to bring him luck.

And finally the air was filled with trumpets and heralds cry as the tournament began. For the first round experienced knights sworn to the king would stand and be challenged by those not in such fealty. And as the knights stood in line Ajax made note of a Duke standing at the head of the line. He had seen him win many tournaments before, and he wore the coronet of a Duke in addition to the white belt of chivalry. This man would be his entry to glory.

And showing no fear, he clutched the tortoise shell charm tighter and strode forward to issue his challenge. He told the attentive gallery that he fights to prove his worth to the fair Lady Fabia Vara, and that he hopes his boldness, and might on the list field will impress her enough that he may win her heart, if not the crown. He walked up the tall knight behind a sloth banner and proclaimed his challenge — "That Lady Fabia Vara shall witness a truly impressive feat of arms I challenge Duke Sven Orfhendur!"

The crowd hushed, for they too had seen Sven win many tournaments in the past. Even Fabia was stunned by this choice – why would he not choose someone less experienced, less brutal, where Ajax might have a chance at victory. But still, his smile made her blush as she found herself crossing her fingers as the bout began.

Crossed fingers, lucky charms, and prayers to Olympus were for no avail; though he fought well, and with honor, Duke Sven was a more than formidable opponent. And as Ajax fell to the ground from a left-handed blow, his hand opened and with his shield, the small tortoise shell charm fell to the ground.

Before she knew what she was doing, Fabia ran onto the tournament grounds, falling on her knees next to Quintus. She picked up the charm and held it with his hand and she wept. Time seemed to stop as her silent prayer for his well-being found its way to Powerful Ears. As her first tear fell on Ajax's chest, it rose and fell with new breath.

Wounds seemed to vanish, and the crowded gallery seemed to part as Ajax rose, and walked off the list field hand in hand with Fabia. Satisfied with his performance that it drew his love to his side and proved his valor and worth to her.

— *The Honorable Lady Mealla Caimbeul*

...is a bard, scribe, herald, fighter, and general Renaissance woman. She has contributed to these volumes for many years, and looks forward to this bi-annual bardic exercise every six months. Recording Caïd's history in verse and prose is one of the most Historically Accurate things we do as a Society, it is a privilege to be included in it.

Lord Duncan MacBryce

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

(englyn penfyr)

Day dawns bright on Caid's Crown Tourney day
Pennants gay o'er verdant ground
Catch the breezes eric 'round.

Silvery sea-horses leap to the fore
Lion's roar makes Sabine weep
Leaves bold Duncan in a heap.

Undaunted, the sea-horseman shakes it off
Duncan scoffs and takes a stand:
His lady will rule this land!

A boar-hunting canine rushes the field
Duncan wheels in battle flush
'Round the eric falls a hush.

Gentle Sabine won't let herself worry
Her furious spirit stirs,
The bard privateer to spur.

Contenders clash, dog and sea-horse engage.
Battle rages on the lea
Duncan is brought to his knees.

Duncan's tourney rounds alas ran their course.
Tho sea-horseman's day is past
His courage is unsurpassed.

— *Mistress Philippa Llewelyn Schuyler*

...is a weaver of words and wadmal.

Lord Duncan Rose

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

Lord Duncan, with his Lady Nonne, came to fight in Crown
He knew she'd make a lovely Queen, and none would see her frown
So with his sword and shield in hand, and armored head to toe
He takes the field to challenge Knights and bring his foemen woe

He throws his gauntlet to the ground, right at Sir Halldorr's feet
Sir Halldorr slams his visor shut, and on the field they meet
Though Duncan's bold, perhaps he should have picked a smaller Knight
For when he falls at Halldorr's feet, it's not a pretty sight

Although he's comfy on the ground, he gets back up once more
And with his sword in his right hand, he goes in search of gore
He sees Agrippa, and he hopes this young Count to defeat
But finds it's not an easy task, and knows at last he's beat

Though done today, no more to slay, nor make his broadsword ring
Perhaps in Spring, the Rose will bring, a chance to be our King

— Sir Robear du Bois

*He's a fighter who sometimes writes verse
But the verse seems to get worse and worse
He's been told he should quit
And he has to admit
That it could be some kind of a curse*



Lord Fearghus Cochrane

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

Rises to Glad Song

The fighters and consorts form a line, all gold
flashing in the sun. Waves the bright wyvern
of Fearghus Cochrane, gold-crossed his banner.
Close he stands to guard Avicia, bard
of the people of the coast and sea lion's honor,
whose bright voice blesses the hearers of song.

The day of Crown Tourney sings a war song,
for all save one will fall on grass of gold,
not for them this day the high crown's honor.
The heralds call combat, comes the wyvern.
A deep bow to his consort, gentle bard,
as the desert wind snaps the war banners.

Duke Patrick strides forth with star-lion banner,
dark is his brow and red is his war song.
He does not sing as does the lady bard,
but his weapon sings for him, lion gleams gold.
On the green field falls the argent wyvern,
In the taken blow Fearghus proves honor.

He meets Sir Adam in equal honor.
The knight flies the vert and sable banner
and Lord Fearghus the black-grounded wyvern.
But victory shout fades into death song.
Falls the proud man, still his crosses of gold,
and the Lady sings a farewell, clear-voiced bard.



Lady Avicia, that brave bright bard
walks close as Fearghus is borne in honor.
She cradles the fallen standard, black and gold,
argent dull-gleaming on the still banner.
Then she raises her voice in silver song,
Singing courage to the fallen wyvern.

For the lady mourns not the argent wyvern.
Death had surely beckoned, but the bright bard
called her champion ere he heard death's song.
She bade him return, charged him in honor.
Fearghus lives, the lady looses the banner,
which soars skyward amid crosses of gold.

Through the gold desert sky flies the wyvern.
Seeing the living banner, the lady bard
greet's Fearghus as he rises to glad song.

— *Mistress Caitlin Christiana Wintour*

The sestina dates back to early 12th century Aquitaine. It is written in 6 stanzas with an ending tercet, and usually 10 syllables per line. 6 words repeat in a set pattern throughout all 6 stanzas and the tercet. Although there is a set pattern to the repeats, Mistress Caitlin does not actually understand the logic behind it. So she just follows the pattern. Also it does not rhyme, for which Caitlin is extraordinarily grateful.



Lord Fearghus Cochrane

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

(Standard Habbie)

“Claymores ready!” ‘twas Herald’s cry
Lord Fearghus stood, prepared to die
(As heroes do – let Fate decide
The corbie’s feast).
But Patrick brought a gallus fight
For quick defeat.

A second cry past hooded crow
But Cochrane’s broadsword was too slow
And Adam dunt a heavy blow
Upon this mac.
And gentle, bigly Fearghus, lo!
He fell a-back.

For ev’ry man that stood to fight
And bring the Victor wha’ be right
To wear the Caid crown Twelfth Night
This rhyme I make
And for each fallen hero cite
A tearless wake.

For heroes, praise is our reply
Upon their deeds we all rely
Their songs become our battle cry
We will not grieve.
But in our hearts we hold them aye
So this I scrieve.

— *Bannthegn Beathog nic Dhonnchaidh*

*...is a 14th Century bard who can often be seen traveling far
from her home in the Highlands with her lord husband and muse.
If a good tale crosses her path, she will sing a song about it, pull
out its hair and spin it, or throw it in a pot and cook it up.*

Lord Ambrose Wyld

fallen in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LI

(Pantoum)

Immortal Scotsman, Ambrose hight,
A challenge to the ground did fling
Upon the tourney field to fight
Agrippa, once and future king.

A challenge to the ground did fling,
His swordsman's skill to put to test
Agrippa, once and future king;
Alas, Agrippa proved the best.

His swordsman's skill he put to test
For Lady Apollonia.
Alas, Agrippa proved the best;
For Ambrose, catatonia.

The Lady Apollonia
Foresaw this outcome from Delphi:
First Ambrose, catatonia;
Then rise he would, fates to defy.

She saw this outcome from Delphi.
Ancient skills she wove by design:
Rise he does, his fate to defy.
Ambrose next will face Byzantine.

Ancient skills woven by design
Can only glimpse what fates portend.
Ambrose faces the Byzantine.
His tourney day comes to an end.

She only glimpsed what fates portend
Upon the tourney field of fight.
His tourney day came to an end;
Immortal Scotsman, Ambrose hight.

— *Mistress Philippa Llewelyn Schuyler*

*...is a 15th century Burgundian wool merchant who thinks she's
a 10th century Viking weaver.*



