

A Chronicle of Spring Crown Tourney A.S. LII



Written by the Circle of Bards of Caid

*A Chronicle of
Spring Crown Tourney
A.S. LII*

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



**Agrippa
and
Dawid**



*As compiled by
Paul fitz Denis*

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~ From the Editor ~

June 2018

Spring Crown Tourney has brought us happily to the Coronation of Agrippa and Dawid, where we celebrate 40 Years of the Kingdom of Caid. 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. Here you will find *rhyme royal*, *skaldic verse*, *ballads*, *a Polish Sapphic Stanza*, and more.

In sad news, Her Ladyship Meala Caimbeul, who was long-time contributor to these collections of Crown Poems, passed away unexpectedly in May. Her absence leaves a void that will not be easily filled, and she will be missed.

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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Duke Agrippa Morris

who won the throne for Pân Dawid Radzowycz

(Polish Sapphic Stanza)

Here is Agrippa, with him Dawid, friend true!
Searching for Crescents, Caid's first like these two.
All who now wonder, what shall happen? Truly?
What glory! You'll see!

None could withstand him; Agrippa would not falter,
Defense was strong as the Rock of Gibraltar!
Offense like lightning, sword striking with power,
Foemen did cower!

Roman and Northman, Agrippa defeated.
Tyrian, Rus-man; results were repeated.
Sinister bladesmen, Swords swung by the first man,
All part of his plan!

Warriors dwindling, the Northern West falls low.
Deciding who's next? Dreaded bye takes the blow.
Coming from Ireland, Ducal leaves on both brows.
Who takes the Heir's vows?

'Twas one, the other, the back and forth skillful.
Both cautious, wary, and most of all willful.
Each sought a reason, for each knew the hardship.
Then did one guard slip...

Now we have Princes, the first of their framework.
Even more pressure; their duty to not shirk.
As true friends, winning, was less of the fighting;
Much needs to righting!

For though they both rule, side by side as brothers,
They honor all ladies, from daughters to mothers.
Cheer dear Caidans, as the first they may be,
Huzzah Chivalry!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

Duke Patrick O'Malley of Ulidia

who fought for the honor of Duchess Kara the Twin of Kelton

I am the praise-bringer the singer of songs.
A song of praise I weave
woven words for brave warriors
warriors raise swords shining
shining quest for the crown
crown of Caid in splendor
splendid the quest to wear the crown.
Crowned with ducal rank is Patrick O'Malley
knight and duke and baron and crescent
crescent sword and vanguard of honor
honor's son is Patrick of Ulidia, Patrick once of Eire.
Eire's green shore receded from sight
as sight turned to memory
memory fades as Patrick looks west
west to a new land
a land with a blue gray sea
sea that runs white with sails like clouds
cloud-winged ships bearing Patrick and Kara
Kara the Golden Kara the Twin
twined hearts and hands bound for Caid
Caid all green and gold and a blue gray sea.
Restless seas bear a champion
the champion is a king once, twice,
thrice not to be, not yet
yet Caid longs for the gracious reign
a reign that bards praised and will praise again.
I am the praise-bringer the singer of songs.

— Caitlin Christiana Wintour

This is written in an old Irish form called the conachlann, a simple but moving type of chain verse.

Sir Adam Makandro

who fought for the honor of Her Ladyship Stæina Hálfðanardóttir

Step out into the dawn.
Strap armor. Set aside
Falseness, weakness, and pride.
Today, I must fight on
If a crown my love will don.

Noonday sun overhead;
O'er five foes I stand astride.
Sword to sword we will decide
Who will rule, who will tread
Defeated, back to bed.

Sunset now, darkened skies
Saw the moment that I died.
Fallen twice, a crown denied.
Bold I reached to gain that prize,
No shame in my demise.

— *Mary Dedwydd verch Gwallter*

Duke Mansur ibn al-Sha'bi ibn Rafi'

who fought for the honor of Her Ladyship T'aahlia al-Shirin al-Athir

Even though twice before he has gained renown
He steps forward once more to seek the Crown.

His blade shines bright – may it ever be so –
As he stalwart stands in the face of the foe.

Warrior calls him to the field, “Come face me here!”
Soon dragon, swords, and lion lay atop their biers.

Bold men face him, cross swords, and fall.
He strikes true and spares none as he heeds the Crown's call.

He cannot face them all. Too soon he finds
One him of his mortality reminds.

Stricken down too soon, in loss his quest must end.
Another knight to Crown and throne will ascend.

— *Mary Dedwydd verch Gwallter*

Sir Avery Westfall

who fought for the honor of Duchess Faizah al-Zarqa

For Caid's sunny clime, bravely rode
An Tir Knight to claim new abode.

His shield brandished three crescents
Adds to Caid his valiance.

Upon fair Faizah cast his eye
To make her queen, resolves to vie.

A griffon screamed upon the field
To its talons he did not yield.

One crescent boldly faced the three
Laid low his foe, the blow mighty.

A pair of bears could not prevail
Unscathed, three leopards, this bataille.

Dreaded foe – unyielding – the Bye
Blow for blow Avery's reply.

Patrick's lion, bared claws and teeth
Avery lay upon the heath.

Forward to Agrippa's castle
Avery, slain, handsome, gracile.

No one can offer him rebuke
To be laid low by such a duke.

His day will come, it will be seen,
Avery can make a queen.

— *Illuminada Eugenia de Guadalupe y Godoy*



Duke Sven Örfhendur

who fought for the honor of Dame Ismay

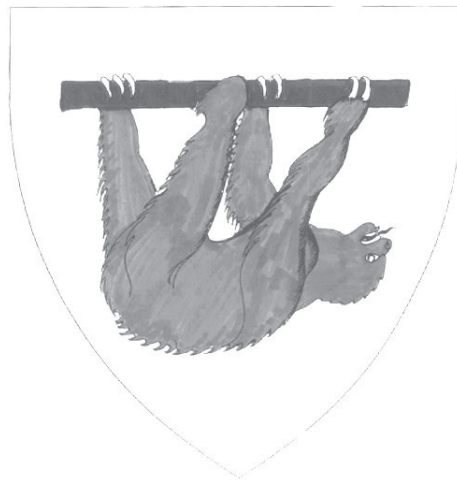
If once is a fluke
and twice is a Duke
then three and four seems kind of greedy.
So why would I strive
to try and win five,
surely I can't be that needy?

But it's not for me,
I hope you can see
that I'm trying to win one more Crown
for my consort I quest
to pass this last test
and not just for my own renown.

I have twice come close
to making a Rose
but alas my attempts have been shorted.
Two days and two tries
to win her that prize
but both times my hopes they were thwarted.

I'll keep joining in
through thick and through thin
until the Crown's finally won.
Queen Ismay's my dream
(this is a tough rhyming scheme)
so I'll keep at it until it is done.

— *Sven Örfhendur*



Sir Thorin vordr Ó Séaghdha

who fought for the honor of Mistress Eilidh MacMurtrie

One would wield weapons of war
Thorin, true tested for triumphs and tales
For fine haired festive Eilidh well loved
Lillies lean, bright bountiful blossoms

Boasting battles the first of the fire
Parmenio strikes a strong sword salute
But shield-rim is shining for Thorin today
Vanquishing valiant fox from the field

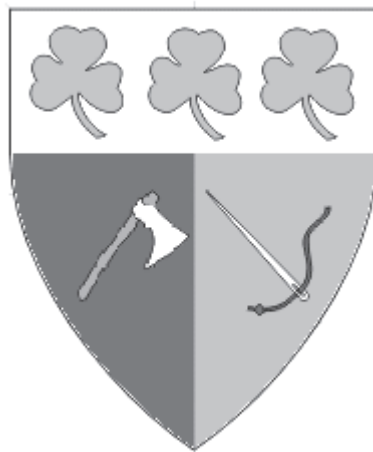
Twice to the test, twice for the tale
Fierce lion now looming and long-eaching roar
For Patrick is poured out the praise songs so sweet
Thorin returns, hunger of raven rides round

The mead hall revives him
Fine maidens they meet
While battle bloods blaze thrice
Thorin must measure the odd numbered straw

Four times the sword swings, shields still salute
Sloth strides to stand, sword-bane to sing
But Thorin tells triumph to pour out the mead
For Sven sees the spear-din strike neat

Five furnace crucibles forge-test Thorin
Adam advances, oaken-strength on his arm
Hear now, hearts-treasure, harken my hail
Thorin drinks deep the daring draughts no more

— *Eilidh Swann Stralachlan*



Sir Uilliam Mór MacGregor

who fought for the honor of Baron Fara MacGregor

Liam Longshanks, tall and brown,
(Seeker of a silver Crown),
'Neath Caidan moon and sun
Many honors hath he won.

Some in peace and some in war,
Gauntlet, Dolphin, Corde de Guerre,
Valor, service made him Knight—
To his Lady's great delight.

Baron too, in more than name,
Of the lands the Angels claim.
Stout of arm, of noble mien,
He would make slim Fara Queen.

By his name he is a Scot,
Five long rounds were what he fought.
Of those rounds we justly sing.
It took nine to make a King.

Five foes felt his weapon's steel,
O'er three helms he rang a peel,
But his own was bludgeoned sore
By a Bear, and then one more.

Long his reach, and bold his will,
Westfall's reach was longer still :
On the earth he bleeding lies,
Fierceness still within his eyes.

Art and might he used to slay,
Honed by Davi and O'Seahdha,
And he made his teachers proud,
Lauded by that cheering crowd.

"Mor" in Gaelic means "the great,"
Tall in stature, and in fame,
Though throne this day was not his fate ;
'Tis sure the man deserves the name.

— *Lavendar of Lorne*

Duke John ap Gwyndaf of Holdingford

who fought for the honor of Dýrfinna Valsdóttir

A knight from Holdingford came to Caid
The Crown to win by might and martial skill.
A brace of bears to slay e'er he proceed
To knock a raven from the sky to kill.

Duke John surveyed the field with spirits high,
The ground awash in blood and target rich.
The better to display his skill and ply
His swordsmanship to scratch a Royal itch.

But now the stakes are raised for Holdingford;
The battle of the dukes a mighty fray.
First Mansur drove John to the bloody sward
Then Patrick put paid to John's tourney day.

The Royal fight advanced as day wore on.
Twined rosemary enwreaths another one.

— *Philippa Llewelyn Schuyler*

Sir Jamal Damien Marcus

who fought for the honor of Baroness Éowyn Amberdrake

The Stars above shine brightly on his name,
Our dear Jamal who fights for Eowyn.
An eagle soaring 'midst honor and fame,
So bravely set he fights, whilst marching in.

The first he meets upon the battleground,
Are Baron Rudolph and Sir Niccolo,
Both challenges towards if he'll be crowned,
And yet, 'tis he that after stands aglow.

Alas, his path is darkened by twin shades,
By fellow knights, our Sir Jamal is beat,
With that the noise and battle slowly fades,
His vanquisher now sets the Royal Seat.

But this won't be the end for "Star Lord" knight!
As he shall rise again to be our light!

— *Sofia Biarnardóttir*

Sir Skaf Oken Bear

who fought for the honor of Lady Una Oken Bear

Two victories, two defeats,
Two noble hearts, unshattered:
Skaf's heart just for Una beats,
And Una's for him, aflutter.

Duncan, so youthful and bold,
Is first to succumb to Skaf –
Could a new story be told,
Of a fresh king from Starkhafn?

Alas, the grand mighty sloth
Now wounded the striving bear,
But know as his lady knows,
He's never one to despair.

Liam of Griffin Freehold,
The glorious liege of Angels,
Gave Skaf a fight to behold,
But Skaf overcame th' danger.

Now, though, here comes the ending:
Comes undefeated Adam.
Watching his sword descending,
Skaf knows that now it had him.

Thus falling, failing to win,
Yet hoping for tomorrow,
Skaf yearns for the fortune's grin,
Still basking in Una's glow.

Two victories, two defeats,
Two noble hearts, unshattered:
Skaf's heart just for Una beats,
And Una's for him, aflutter.

— *Liudmila Vladimirova doch'*

Sir Killian MacTaggart

who fought for the honor of Dame Teka Turmanov

(skaldic verse)

All hear me now, how we speak of great heroes
Those who brave battle, beat chests; smiling wide
One such is Killian, blood coursing, foes cringing
For Teka, his true love, his tireless tiny bride

A choosing for Champions of Crescented Thrones
On the heels of another, for Heirs answer questions all
A Roman sought Killian to taste a true test
His question was answered, the Roman did fall

Meeting another of station and knighthood
Made our man stumble, but yet he'd not drop
More were in need to kneel to his iron
A Crown was still waiting; was no time to stop

Once more did Dread Killian meet chivalric brother
This time did our hero send his friend low
Through riddles and giants, so long was this journey
When striving forever, there is so long to go

'Twas then that MacGregor met with our MacTaggart
Good sons, and great fathers, and Chivalry's best
Inside each of these beats the heart of bare bravery
Alas, one remained, and one stilled in the breast

Fear not, those who mourn, for the Fearsome MacTaggart
E'en now, with his Teka, her hand on his face
Will rise from the Val-Hall, to seek Victory's favor
Search Fate's depths unknowing, and the Sovereign's Place!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*



Sir Niccolo d'Angelo

who fought for the honor of Mistress Ciar ingen Dáire

Some fighters wonder just which shield to use to fight in Crown
While others wonder just which sword or mace will bring renown
But few men need to face the choice that Niccolo must make
Which armor should he wear today, when there are heads to break?

At last, he picks a suit, and so to Crown Tourney they go
With Mistress Ciar by his side, he hopes to kill each foe
He's challenged by Lord Ivan, who's a Russian, there's no doubt
But when the fight is over, this bold Russian he does rout

Now to the field comes Sir Jamal, who's known for his good taste
Though he likes Nicco's cool armor, his head he'd like to baste
Their fighting's fast and furious, none know who'll win the test
Until Jamal strikes Nicco's helm...today Jamal's the best

Niccollo lays upon the ground and hopes there is no dent
What will the people say if he is seen in armor bent?
The thought of this is something that could easily overwhelm
But Niccolo know if it's bent...he'll make a better helm!

So up he jumps as happy as a clam that he got hit
If something is not perfect, he'll just make a new outfit
He finds Lord Mikhail on the field now, looking for a fight
So Niccolo shows Mikhail just why he was made a Knight

The eric now is crawling with the Dukes, who hope to slay
And Mansur ibn, sword in hand, comes o'er our hero's way
They fight, you knew they would, when they both had their armor on
And when the eric's quiet, Niccolo lies on the lawn

No doubt Mansur has some aesthetic sense when off the field
But it just seems to vanish when a sword his hand does wield
He doesn't care if Niccolo wears armor that is great
If Crown becomes a fashion show, then they'll be no debate

— Robear du Bois

*I doubt if I could wear the armor of Sir Niccolo
If it would fit, I'd strut around the field now, all aglow
I'd feel that I was better somehow, than most any foe
Until they proved their lack of taste by throwing a good blow*

Baron Ursul Vladislavl' pavnuk

who fought for the honor of Baroness Colette de Montpellier

When last seen, Baron Ursul
Was lying on the sward,
Replete with food and fighting,
No need for shield and sword.

But yonder sounds a Herald's call
"All fighters now give ear:
Pack up your Ladies, armor, helms,
And all your other gear."

"Strange doings in Caid." he said,
"Beneath the southern sun,
Two tourneys will be fought in spring,
And not the usual : one."

So up they rose, and one and all
They hied them to the site—
Their hearts intent on Crown and Throne,
Their expectations bright.

And three great worthies gathered there,
For Ursul they did wait,
Assigned by Fortune (and the Lists)
To choose that Noble's fate.

And what a trio, two of them
Had both King's Champions been,
And two of them were belted Knights,
In their ambitions kin.

Parmenio came from foreign parts,
A Gauntlet lately won,
Yet to the Archer he succumbed
And that first round was done.

A Crossbowman I should have said,
A Queen had found him best.
'Twas not his weapon on this day;
Two blades would bring him rest.

The one a jewel from Holdingford,
The other from An Tir ;
The merchant's son from Novgorod
In courage was their peer.

Again he lies upon the earth,
Much bruised but still alive,
Could his Colette perform a deed
That would her Lord revive?

Mais oui! The fighting's over,
In Ursul's day's design,
His Demoiselle has come to say
"Milor", 'tis time to dine."

He's done his utmost on the field
As though he'd battled twenty.
His rivals now may starve and parch,
While he delights in plenty.

And so once more, he lies replete,
Through exercise and art—
His fleur-de-lis his blessing is
By way of Cupid's dart!

— *Lavendar of Lorne*



The Honorable Lord Snorri Snarfari Bjornsson

who fought for the honor of Lady Cassie Charlesworth

The crown of Caid
Songs we sing of
That Viking who went a'viking
Ravens black, bearers
Fly on before, fame-seeking

calls the brave
Snorri Bjornsson
victory seeking
of the bright word
heart's fire burning.

His ship sails
Dragonship docks
Holds out his hand to
Vowed to the vaunted lady

bright sea mount
Snorri the deck trods
her who inspires him
victories brave.

To al-Sahid Snorri
In battle array brawling warriors
Weapons glittered, warriors roared,
Glint of weapons, blood-glistened

strode his fate to meet
bore proud banners
war-surge meets
shields glaring at the foe.

Combatants clashed, crashed
Snorri's standard
Sable crossbow snaps at
Brave bearer with honor
Stirred is her heart

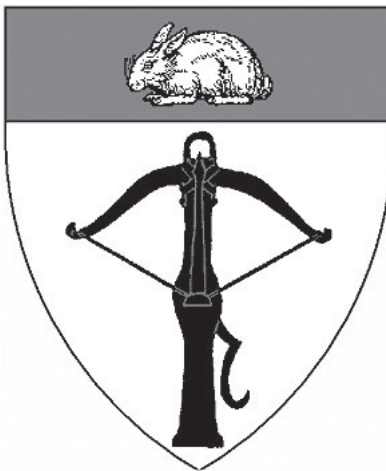
with clanging blades
raised high
silvery foes.
bears lady's favor
all honor is given

The grave is Viking's glory
Courage and high calling

death given and taken
shining battle-craft.

— Caitlin Christiana Wintour

Alliteration is a common element in Norse verse. This poem follows a familiar historical pattern of 3 alliterative elements per line: 2 elements in the first half-line and at least 1 more in the second.



The Honorable Lord Marcus Opellius Cicero

who fought for the honor of Lady Caitríona Dhubh inghean Mhic Laisre

(rhyme royal)

Amidst the rains-this gelid winter's close,
In Al-Sahid, the valiant and the bold,
Came forth in armor, to advance their rose,
In brash contume, in Caid's shire-hold,
For they had heard that twice the bells had tolled,
To twice presage a sweet and royal dawn,
So fighters came with sword and gonfalon.

For as the rains, fecundity had sown,
Across the wealds of Joshua and pine,
So majesty, re-augured here had grown,
Like doubled daisies, fair and leonine,
And those that supped upon the royal mien,
The morning 'fore, appeared in living cade,
And right respects to Crown and consort paid.

Then shields and banners, smitten in the pour,
They braised and kindled on this pearlish morn,
And helms and hauberks, patched and battered sore,
In fair repair, their heroes now adorned.
And Aspiration's babe was soon reborn,
And trumpet-swaddled, gave its shout of joy,
Across the field where mettle finds employ.

And noble Marcus, Cicero surnamed,
He, Roman hight, in blazing harness neared,
To fray the fates and by his valor 'tain,
The circlets limned by morning's golden spear.
And so he donned his chevrons on the clear,
And bowed obeisance to the one he served,
Went forth he well, with quality and nerve.

Then he, suffused, with heart and chivalry,
For Caitriona's luster, faced the foe,
And met McTaggart on the broiled lea,
And 'gainst this knight, his valiancy englowed,
Like aurochs meeting, each inflicted woe,
But Killian attained and took his wage,
He felled our Marcus, carried off his gage.

The first of cuts need never be the last,
That is a rule and truth of any Crown,
The balm and oil stand a healer's cast,
If one should triumph through the second round.
So once again, the cries and clangors sound,
And Marcus takes his place as he is bade
And finds a maid arrayed against his blade.

As thrush and swallow vaulted overhead,
Through shoals of banners flaring chief and fess,
The swords of these opponents justly pled,
Their worthiness as each the other pressed.
The strikes were hard, but Marcus had success,
And Upton's daughter there proffered her steel,
But sprigs of honor to her helm annealed.

A pause is called and some assess the berm,
The listing shields some lower or ascend,
The round ensues, the heralds now affirm,
Against Sir Adam, Marcus must defend.
His frantic thoughts, they spark and interblend,
For Adam is a knight and lion, true,
He must excel him or his hopes are through.

Their swords emblaze, like jaspers in the sun,
Like morning dew amidst the winter fir,
Their meeting carries far as old Sidon,
And many 'thrall'd to hear the swords' choler.
Then half a heartbeat and the blades' lather,
Has dried upon the clover and the gorse,
And three bright chevrons fall to Adam's force.

Is this defeat? I would not call it such,
For he that bears a favor in the braise,
Though beaten fair, he goes away with much,
If he can meet his consort's brimming gaze,
Return her colors to her sweet appraise,
Then drear "defeat" is nothing but a word,
Two paltry syllables some time conferred.

— *Dietrich von Vogelsang*

The Honorable Lord Alsander Bardon

who fought for The Honorable Lady Sárán mac Duinn

Alsander came to fight in Crown and see who he could kill
He's hoping to kill lots today, it would give him a thrill
Upon the field his sword flies quickly, spilling lots of blood
Till someone hits him on the head, and he falls with a thud

— Robear du Bois

*...who does not write an ode or sonnet
You can bet your life upon it*

Lord Ivan Kovachevich

who fought for The Honorable Lady Angharad de Lambrok

Lord Ivan came to fight in Crown, to help the old King out
If Angharad could be the Queen, the people all would shout
So with his sword and armor he comes out onto the field
To challenge all to fight and show that he will never yield

He challenges Sir Niccolo, whose armor is first rate
But when he tries to hit this Knight, his blow's a little late
Sir Niccolo now swings his sword, and hits bold Ivan's head
Brave Ivan falls onto the ground, and thinks he might be dead

Although he's lying on the ground, we know our boy's not dead
He slowly climbs back to his feet and rubs his aching head
This time he'll keep his shield up so his helmet won't get hit
He'll show whoever takes the field that he has lots of grit

Agrippa now comes to the field, a Duke well known to all
Things don't look good for Ivan, 'cause a Duke is hard to maul
Agrippa does what he does best, and Ivan hits the ground
It seems the time is not quite right for Ivan to be crowned

— Robear du Bois

*Robear has never won the Crown, but that don't make him low
He'd rather fight in melees where he has a choice of foe
He likes not knowing who to hit or where to block a blow
But maybe all these choices is the reason he's so slow*

Lord Mikhail Liutognev

who fought for the honor of Lady Arnóra Tryggvadóttir

(skaldic verse)

Upon a rain-wracked day in March just past,
A ruddy bear came wandering to test his fate.
Mikhail bellowed his challenge out into the air,
None would defeat him, except for the great.

The first to appear? A sloth tested and crafty,
Who knew all the ways of the warrior's skill.
They grappled and danced, the woods echoed their fight,
But though the bear battled well, Sven had the will.

Next into the clearing, a griffon strode boldly,
Rowen who battles under fair crescent moon,
Bravely the bear pursued victory sweet,
At long last, he issued his triumphant croon!

Then a lion passing heard the raucous cries,
This fighter bedecked with artful laurel crown,
The bear wheeled and swiped with strength and honor,
But at the end, Niccolo the lion laid him down.

Fear not, the bear has gone to tend his wounds,
In a beauteous land far south along the sea.
His lady strews his path with lilies and fair songs,
Mikhail will return to strive for victory!

— *Avicia de Na Baiona*



Condessa Battista de Lagos

who fought for the honor of Master Colwyn Stagghorn

(cantiga de amigo)

A Sable Scorpion sunned herself upon the rocks,
A Sable Stag, her friend, along the path then walks.
The barb may be unbaited, yet is sharp.

“I think I’ll fight in Crown today,” she simply states,
“Friend Stag, walk as my Consort through the Crescent Gates.”
The barb may be unbaited, yet is sharp.

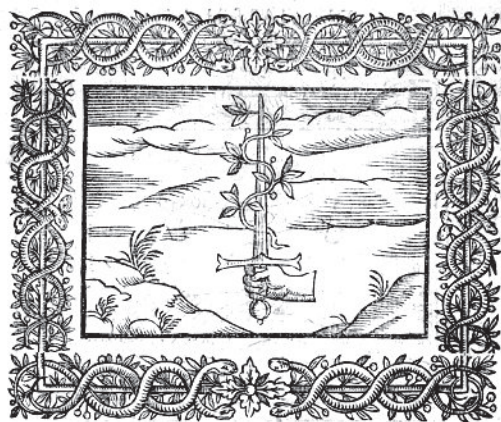
The Stag smiles, and then joined her for the Caid Thrones,
While cheerfully ignoring all the fallen’s bones.
The barb may be unbaited, yet is sharp.

The journey pit them up against a motley host,
They did quite well (though Scorpion is loathe to boast).
The barb may be unbaited, yet is sharp.

And entering the List Field, she felt right at home,
How strange to feel so close the farther off you roam.
The barb may be unbaited, yet is sharp.

A flexing, twisting, armored dervish Scorpion be,
Take care to not be facing Scorpion or you’ll see.
The barb may be unbaited, yet is sharp.

Some Norse, some Mongols, and some cunning Irish knights;
The Scorpion honored Stag in all her many fights.
The barb may be unbaited, yet is sharp.



It was the Tourney's end, and history had been made,
For Stag and Scorpion? Back home from this wind-swept glade.
The barb may be unbaited, yet is sharp.

Stag nodded at her sting, she laughed and then decreed,
"No venom shall I use against my dear Caid."
The barb may be unbaited, yet is sharp.

"For after Crown is done, we must remain true friends,
And those who know my poison, only view their ends."
The barb may be unbaited, yet is sharp.

And so the friends returned along the winding tracks,
How grand that they protect Caid from all attacks!
The barb may be unbaited, yet is sharp.

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

Master Rowen Killian

who fought for the honor of Mistress Ceridwen Killian

(deibhidhe)

Daybreak came for crescent crown.
He might not cease 'til sundown
if he had his wish and way,
but faced but morn and midday.

Noon for him is nighttime now
As though the sun set somehow
Cat and bear have laid him low
No light to buy or borrow

Soon again he'll find the fight
linger no more in midnight.
With the morrow will he wake
Renewed like dew at daybreak.

— *Paul fitz Denis*

Baron Rudolph Fekter

who fought for the honor of Baroness Amicia Sennet de Bruges

(sonnet)

The best laurels grow in the thirsty lands,
Where myrtles of honor are won with might,
I saw them spreading on Al-Sahid's sands,
I saw the gages that took them alright.
One of those fighters was Rudolph the gray,
A desert baron and man of noblesse,
He bore the sleeve of Amicia, his may,
And fair would his arms distinguish his quest.
In two noble stours, Rudolph did well,
His sweet dinted sword no other recused,
But ere the trumps sound, his fire is quelled,
And he, bearing ransom, scabbard shall loose.

There were green laurels on Al-Sahid's dearth,
And they enow crown this baron of worth.

— *Dietrich von Vogelsang*

The Honorable Lord Duncan Rose

who fought for the honor of Countess Thaleia Lakedaimonia

(chanson de geste)

Two days, two Crowns, this proposition fair,
Lodged in the hearts and minds of fighters, yare,
That they should pace the shadow of the heir,
And parsing glisters, to their consorts bear,
The dawn's pretext of royalty most rare,
A second time, the valiant did prepare.

Lord Duncan Rose, that youth and brave cadet,
Of noble deeds, rearmed and joined the fete,
That he should strive and win the day's circlet,
And on the locks of fair Thaleia set,
Its bounty as the princess' signet,
So on to tourney hurried this egret.

But bold Sir Skafnir warred against our lord,
And harried him from eric rope to ward,
But Duncan gave as good in this behord,
Disdaining ransom while the flurries poured,
So blades ensparkd in chivalry's discord,
And though he fell, Lord Duncan was restored.

The Listing Tree arranged its leaves a span,
Then Isfahan sent forth a noble man,
Then Duke Mansur met Duncan hand to hand,
And Persian valor trimmed his battle-brand,
And cast his mullets on the weeping strand,
But fair report attended this remand.

Two days, two Crowns, this proposition held,
And through the day, the broadswords chimed and belled,
And though the Rose of valor was compelled,
To doff his helm and stand amidst the quelled,
High marks of honor, in his heart indwelled,
And gaining this, his rose was never felled.

— *Dietrich von Vogelsang*

The Honorable Lord Parmenio Bassarion

who fought for the honor of Lady Mattea Morelli

Parmenio came out to fight in Crown that Winter day
To bring his Lady honor, and his foemen there to slay
He put his armor on and took the field without delay
And though he fought right well, soon on the field his body lay

— *Robear du Bois*



Baron Tiberius Finn

who fought for The Honorable Lady Astrid skalphæna

The Raven and the Drinking Mug
into the desert went,
a crown of crescents for to win
and helmets there to dent.

“Worthy foes are what we seek,”
the Raven loud proclaimed.
“So many here,” the Mug replied,
“are for their prowess famed.”

Two Dukes the pair did soon espy,
two fearsome warriors these.
The first they challenged straight away
that they might glory seize.

“Have at you!” loudly cried the Mug.
“Now die!” the Raven’s song.
But quick as lightning was this Duke,
as furious and strong.

Battered by this sudden storm
the two were undeterred.
They turned to face the other Duke,
the vessel and the bird.

“En garde!” the Raven he did shout,
“Ha-ha!” the Mug did yell.
But crafty was this second Duke,
once more the duo fell.

For moment they did lie
All heaped upon the field
As though sleeping on the grass
Face down under a shield.

“’Twas thirsty work,” the Mug he said
the Raven quick agreed.
“Now that this day of fighting’s done
A beer is what we need.”

— *Paul fitz Denis*

Lady Elizabeth Upton

who fought for the honor of Mistress Meave Douglass

Meave's Weaving Song

See! The warrior warp is stretched,
For fighters fall: it is their doom.
In brilliant hues, though life's bereft,
I'll weave the tale on my loom.

With red for blood and fate foreboding,
Madder's friend, my fingers furl,
The weft with images encoding,
To show the fight against the Earl.

Elizabeth, a strong sword-swinging,
Chose against Duke Pat to vie.
Patrick, known as death harbinger,
Was not loathe to loss supply.

My grey woof weaves a welcome pause,
In healing halls of golden sun,
Where life renews in shades of blues
And fret is knot: a haven spun.

Back into the battle, boldly,
Upton aims at further foe,
But the Norns weigh fortune coldly:
And she falls to Cicero.

Up now! Mount the winged warhorse.
I will weave a rainbow road:
Ride you hard the path that's antorse
To the Valkyries' abode!

— *Eichling von Amrum*

Inspiration for this poem was from the weaving song of the Valkyries from the Njal's Saga version of the Battle of Clontarf. Mistress Meave certainly knows how to handle madder and other hues of natural origin. Elizabeth's device provided the location where she rested between bouts.

Lord Brénainn Frēobeorn

who fought for the honor of Lady Rosie Black Rune

His Promise

Having faced the dragon within
He steps to face the dragon without
And challenges the strongest of foes
For the honor of his beautiful Rose

His enemy is tough and skilled
But he knows he's chosen right
And though he falls he darts back up
Matching the strength of his Rose

Soon after that fight is another
A young master fierce and fast
But he held his own meeting blow for blow
His sword biting like the thorns of his Rose

Though victory would not be his this day
His dedication to chivalry was clear
All agreed on Breniann Freobeorn's promise
Which he delivered faithfully to his Rose

— *Arnleif Oladottir*

The Poets

Lady Arnleif Oladottir is a 10th century Scandinavian immigrant who, when that didn't work out, became a mercenary camp follower with a unit that is currently based in Dreiburgen. When her camp duties are done, she fights, sings, and dances depending on her desires and the needs of those around her.

The Honorable Lady Avicia de Na Baiona is a 13th century Gascon noblewoman currently residing in the charming and busy lands of the Barony of Lyondemere. She enjoys music, poetry, culinary endeavors, sampling the culinary endeavors of others, and trying almost as often as she should to control her blood sugar. When not serving the Barony or the Fair Kingdom of Caid, she can be found singing merrily to herself, or to her dreaded attack lap-dog, Rosie.

Baron Beorn of the Northern Sea, OL, is currently meeting with the most learned physiks in the land to mend his shattered limbs so that he might once again join all of the mighty Caidan warriors on the great fields of battle and erics of the tourney. Perhaps there is yet a poem or two still to be written on the exploits of ancient bards??

Baroness Catharine Hawkwod da Barbiano is the daughter of a 15th century English mercenary who fights with the Italian condotierri. She married one of his cohorts and now spends her days writing, making paternosters, and raising dogs.

Mistress Caitlin Christiana Wintour is an English peer who splits her time between her estates in Caid and her manorial farm in 13th century Northumbria.

Duke Dietrich von Vogelsang is a Duke and Knight of Caid.

Lady Eichling von Amrum is a 10th century swordswoman and occasional poet.

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

Baroness Illuminada Eugenia de Guadalupe y Godoy is a young woman, born of Spanish parents in Lima, Peru, October 12, 1582, who found her way from the City of the Kings, Peru, to Caid's shores. Widowed, she manages the lands left to her by her late husband.

Mistress Lavendar of Lorne 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.

Mistress Liudmila Vladimirova doch' is grateful to her foreign husband for not keeping her shut in the terem, so that she may on occasion glory in the magnificence of Caidan fighters.

Mistress Mary Dedywdd verch Gwallter took the pilgrimage from her native Wales to Santiago de Compostela after the plague left her a widow. She remains in Galicia, giving of her time and monies to pilgrims such as she was.

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

Mistress Philippa Llewelyn Schuyler is an empty vessel for the Muse.

Sir Robear du Bois, Baron Altavia, tries real hard to be a bard, but still his verse keeps getting worse.

Lady Sofia Biarnardottir is a Viking Age Swede currently living in the mercurial hamlet of the Canton of Gallavally. She read a poem her father had penned for Sir Jamal a few years ago and was inspired to pay homage to both that work and to the purveyor of the finest salmon ever consumed (and, considering the vast quantities of salmon she has consumed in her young life, that is saying something). She is very grateful to (as of the publication of this collection) Master Paul for once again considering her for these Crown List poems!

Duke Sven Örfhendur is a first-time contributor to this collection. His poem was his entry at Crescent Artisan.



