

A Chronicle of Winter Crown Tourney A.S. LII



Written by the Circle of Bards of Caid

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

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



**Wilhelm
and
Tsyra**



*As compiled by
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

cover: *original photo courtesy of Duchess Kara the Twin of Kelton*

illustrations: *Mistress Philippa Llewelyn Schuyler
Lord Lachlan of Cromarty
William Castille
14th century Manesse anthology
Dover Pictorial Archives Series
Incunabula
computer renderings from the Bayeaux Tapestry, Oseberg Tapestry,
Konge-Tinn, Gotland Stone, and various period ornaments, tile work,
textiles, woodcuts, carvings and manuscripts*

type faces: Caxton Book
Palatino Linotype
Monotype Corsiva
M I N M K F n k t H k <

~ From the Editor ~

March 2018

Winter Crown Tourney. That is what we ended up calling the tournament called by the Regent, Faizeh al-Zarqa, to find new Monarchs for Caid when the thrones were unexpectedly vacated. That day saw not only Their Majesties Wilhelm & Tsyra prevail in one of the largest Crown Lists that Caid has seen in years, but their Coronation as well.

This presented a unique logistical challenge for the Crown Poets. It has been our tradition to present the compiled poems to the victors of the list at Their Coronation... which in this case began 45 minutes after the end of the final round of the tournament. I was unsure if we should even attempt something as crazy as having the poems completed that day, but a number of our regular contributors stepped forward and assured me that we could pull it off. And indeed, at the end of Wilhelm & Tsyra's Coronation Court, the Circle of Bards presented a largely hand-written collection of poems, fresh from the poet's quills — in one case taken straight from Sir Robear's hands as he writing the final line — and preserving one of the long-standing traditions of our kingdom.

As such, all of the poets whose work features in this volume are worthy of renown, having been tested by fire, and having truly earned the title of "Combat Poet." As I was busy with my duties as Crescent Principal Herald on the day of Crown, I am particularly indebted to Her Ladyship Avicia de Na Baiona who organized all of the on-site compositions and serving as (to use Robear's term) "poet-lariat." This feat could not have happened without her steady hand.

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

Contenders

Poets

Final Round:

Count Wilhelm Skallagrimsson	
<i>Baroness Illuminada Eugenia de Guadalupe y Godoy</i>	8
<i>Mistress Mary Dedwydd verch Gwallter</i>	9
Duke Mansur ibn al-Sha'bi ibn Rafi'	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois</i>	10

Fallen in the Seventh Round:

Duke Patrick O'Malley of Ulidia	
<i>Mistress Mary Dedwydd verch Gwallter</i>	11
Sir Helgi hrafnfæðir	
<i>Mistress Liudmila Vladimirova doch'</i>	11

Fallen in the Sixth Round:

Duke Sven Örfhendur	
<i>Baroness Illuminada Eugenia de Guadalupe y Godoy</i>	12
Count Ozmund Rus	
<i>The Honorable Lady Meala Caimbeul</i>	13
Sir Ragnar of Sandcastle	
<i>Baron Beorn of the Northern Sea</i>	14
Sir Uilliam Mór MacGregor	
<i>Baroness Catharine Hawkwod da Barbiano</i>	15
Sir Vlad Hideg	
<i>Mistress Liudmila Vladimirova doch'</i>	16

Fallen in the Fifth Round:

Duke Edward Senestre	
<i>Baron Beorn of the Northern Sea</i>	17
Sir Jamal Damien Marcus	
<i>The Honorable Lady Meala Caimbeul</i>	17
Sir Skaf Oken Bear	
<i>The Honorable Lady Meala Caimbeul</i>	18
Sir Thorin vorðr Ó Séaghdha	
<i>The Honorable Lady Avicia de Na Baiona</i>	18

Fallen in the Fourth Round:

Sir Andrew Baird	
<i>Baroness Catharine Hawkwod da Barbiano</i>	<i>19</i>
Sir Avery Westfall	
<i>Mistress Mary Dedwydd verch Gwallter.....</i>	<i>19</i>
<i>Lady Sofia Biarnardottir.....</i>	<i>20</i>
The Honorable Lord Snorri Snarfari Bjornsson	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois.....</i>	<i>21</i>

Fallen in the Third Round:

Duke John ap Gwyndaf of Holdingford	
<i>Baroness Illuminada Eugenia de Guadalupe y Godoy</i>	<i>21</i>
Sir Killian MacTaggart	
<i>Baron Beorn of the Northern Sea.....</i>	<i>22</i>
Sir Adam Makandro	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois.....</i>	<i>22</i>
Sir Titus Portius Aurelius	
<i>Lady Eichling von Aurum.....</i>	<i>23</i>
Lady Elizabeth Upton	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois.....</i>	<i>23</i>
Lord Ivan Kovachevich	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois.....</i>	<i>24</i>

Fallen in the Second Round:

Condessa Battista de Lagos	
<i>Baroness Catharine Hawkwod da Barbiano</i>	<i>24</i>
Master Rowen Killian	
<i>Baroness Catharine Hawkwod da Barbiano</i>	<i>24</i>
Maestro Lot Ramirez	
<i>Señora Elisheva bat Yisrael</i>	
<i>y Maestro Diego Antonio de Palma.....</i>	<i>25</i>
Master Alexander Baird	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois.....</i>	<i>25</i>
Baron Rudolph Fekter	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois.....</i>	<i>26</i>

Baron Ursul Vladislavl' pavnuk	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois</i>	26
The Honorable Lord Duncan Rose	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois</i>	26
The Honorable Lord Marcus Opellius Cicero	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois</i>	27
Lord Mikhail Liutognev	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois</i>	27
Lord Ambrose Wyld	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois</i>	27
Lord Roland Polle	
<i>Sir Robear du Bois</i>	28

For the Regent

A Nasib to My Lady Regent, Faizeh al-Zarqa

Hark! Do not weep as Faizeh steps down,
Her Grace shall guide with kindness our next Crown.
Though she sought not the Regency's dread seat,
The task was not one she was loathe to meet.
For while the steerboard is in her deft hand,
Her lightest word shall be my true command!
A final gift: new Heirs unto Caid!
So, as she has dispensed this solemn deed,
Give thanks for her strength during this last test.
Oh dear Faizeh! You have **earned** Your rest!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

For Caid

Aquí/Here

Aquí marchan los caballeros
plumas en el yelmo
y flores en la mano
ofreciéndose por el honor
del reino

Here march the fighters
feathers in their helms
and flowers in their palms
offering themselves for the honor
of the realm

Aquí se deslizan los consortes
estrellas in los ojos
y fuerza en el corazón
ofreciéndose por la gracia
del reino

Here glide the consorts
stars in their eyes
and strength in their hearts
offering themselves for the grace
of the realm

Aquí se juntan los ciudadanos
merced en la lengua
y amor en los brazos
ofreciéndose por la esperanza
del reino

Here unites the populace
mercy on their tongues
and love in their arms
offering themselves for the hope
of the realm

Aquí, somos Caid: en honor, gracia
y esperanza

Here, we are Caid: in honor, grace
and hope.

Aquí, somos.

Here, we stand.

— *Elisheva bat Yisreal*



Count Wilhelm Skallagrimsson

who won the throne for Tsyra tsheere Nanoup

This Day at Crown Tourney

The sun gone from the sky
Ere the new prince was born
Though none discerned the why
The sages wailed, forlorn.

'Ere long he was enthroned
Crown placed upon his head
The moon, its sister cloned
The people filled with dread!

Grief filled the verdant land,
Sunshine perdu, just gloom.
Reft of kin, together we stand
Even as war drums boom.

Joy, Nature did expel.
Unto the springtime fields,
Frigid sparking snow fell.
Strong Caid did not yield.

The people ne'er did wail,
Awaited Arthur's heir
With sword and shield and mail
The dolphin crown to wear.

Many step onto the eric,
With hope-filled hearts so bold,
Pray their name wax epic
As in the days of old.



The wizened elders say:
Mothers to your babes impart
The memory of this day
Safeguard it in your hearts.

Come, amass, proud people
Ancient customs to uphold
Join the happy vigil,
Greet the new king, fortold.

New royals, the people will lead
The line stands unbroken
Dawns a bright day for Caid
Harken, Wilhelm, chosen.

— *Illuminada Eugenia de Guadalupe y Godoy*

Line 1: A total eclipse of the sun was seen in Caid, Aug 21, 2017

Line 7: A total lunar eclipse was seen in Caid, Jan 31, 2018

Line 15: Snow fell on Feb 27, 2018, down to about 2000 ft.



A Haiku for Wilhelm

Had you not fought so well,
This poem would be longer.
Long Live Your Majesty.

— *Mary Dedwydd verch Gwallter*

Duke Mansur ibn al-Sha'bi ibn Rafi'

who fought for The Honorable Lady T'aahlia al-Shirin al-Athir

Duke Mansur came to fight in Crown so we would have a King
If T'aahlia was the Queen, all her praises we would sing
So on this cold and dampish day he goes onto the field
In armor now from head to toe to make his foemen yield

His first foe is an Upton girl, Elizabeth by name
She knows that Mansur is a Duke, but still to fight she came
Mansur knows that this girl will kill him if she gets the chance
So on the head he hits her, and make sure it doesn't glance

Mansur is barely started, but the Lists give him a bye
This Duke would rather hit someone, so gives a heavy sigh
Perhaps he'll run a lap or two, just so he does stay warm
And then they call him once again, onto the field he'll swarm

Now to the field comes Wilhelm Skallagrimson with a sword
He hopes to knock Duke Mansur down and leave his body gored
But Mansur doesn't fall for that and strikes him on the head
And Skallagrimson falls upon the field as if he's dead

The next to test Duke Mansur's skill is Andrew Baird, a knight
And so across the battlefield and back we hear them fight
But Mansur proves the better and hit Andrew on the head
Then Andrew falls and lays quite still, as if he's really dead

The next to step upon the field is Skaf, called the Oken Bear
And on the field, before they fight, he gives Mansur a stare
So now in combat they are locked, their swords and shields ring out
Until at last Sir Skaf does fall, and gives a final shout

And now Sir Vlad is on the field, a vampire he is not
To make it to this point he's won most of the fights he's fought
But Mansur knows just what to do to kill this Balken knight
And when Vlad's hit upon the head, he knows he's lost the fight

So now the Vikings reappear, Sir Helgi's hove in sight
Although he likes a longship, on the field he will now fight
Duke Mansur knows the Viking knight won't be an easy kill
But when the fighting's done, it's Helgi who has had his fill

And now it's time for finals, Mansur has one left to kill
It's Wilhelm Skallagrimson, and he's not yet o'er the hill
Although he fell down earlier, he's come back now to fight
And when all is said and done it is Duke Mansur he does smite

— Robear du Bois

*When one writes silly poems the one above is quite a twist
I hate to think what I should write if Mansur hadn't missed.*

Duke Patrick O'Malley of Ulidia

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

Beware, there
Stalks a lion. In the air
A sense of doom. Everywhere
Silence looms. The watchers stare.

Oak leaves fall.
Before his sword. Herald calls.
Serpent, bears, no more stand tall
All who dare.

To face his might lay bare
On cold ground. Until a boar
Tramples the lion. Beware.

— *Mary Dedwydd verch Gwallter*

Sir Helgi hrafnfæðir

who fought for the honor of Dame Thea Gabrielle Northernridge

As kingdom cries for succor, now,
I hear her, my guiding light:
“Imagine there, on your brow,
A crown that you’ve won, alight.”

“See now that we serve the kingdom,
We raise it up from sorry grief.
Together, you and I could spring from
All this despair to relief.”

I hear her, and raise to battle,
To lay on blows in the rain,
And one by one, opponents falter,
Till at the last, by duke I’m slain.

And so I stand and watch, defeated,
As others settle who will reign.
But even as my fights completed,
I know it was not in vain.

My kingdom need its rulers now,
And though it won’t be us today,
I made this field a proving ground,
And know we will reign someday.

— *Liudmila Vladimirova doch’*

Duke Sven Örfhendur

who fought for the honor of Dame Ismay of Giggleswick

Fair Caid has great need
Of a King to rule the land
And preform many a great deed
So to the field with sword in hand...

Dame Ismay inspires Duke Sven
With her squirrels and sweet spirit.

Alexander Baird tried to bind
But his knots no purchase found.

The boar of Edward was so strong,
Treed the sloth then brought him down.

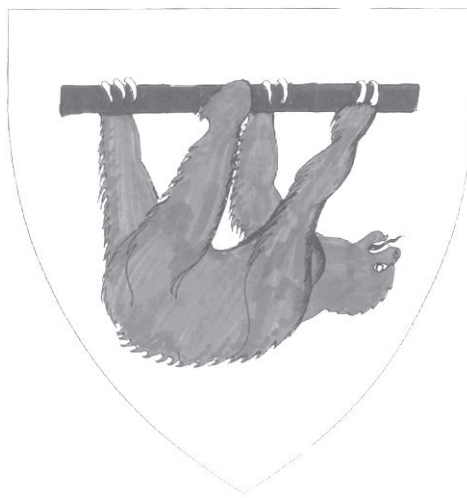
For Marissa Oz's arrows flew,
But none hit home, none flew true.

Snorri's rabbits stood tall and fought
But fall to the ground, the sloth would not.

Thorin's axe might fell a tree
But Sven fell not, e'en to his knee.

Lightning bolts sent by Wilhelm
Laid low the sloth beneath the elm

— *Illuminada Eugenia de Guadalupe y Godoy*



Count Ozmund Rus

who fought for the honor of Countess Marisa Rus

The Great and Powerful

A brother's job left undone
A lady without her leaves
A kingdom in need of crown
A fighter who believes

His herald calls them onto the field
His consort there by his side
His famous passion far from concealed
His fight for the crown of Caid

We watch the blows land, on stick and on shield
We see other knights take a knee
We shout with each triumph there on the field
We all share in his victory

This kind of day does not happen that often
This event comes up once in a life
This moment so perfect, in memory frozen
This action done in hopes to end strife

All hail Ozmund peerless Count and knight
All hail Marissa that inspires him to fight
All hail the family that makes them strong
All hail the Pretty Words of this song

— *Meala Caimbeul*



Sir Ragnar of Sandcastle

who fought for the honor of Countess Trifona Anastasiia Dodovicha

(Petrarchan Sonnet)

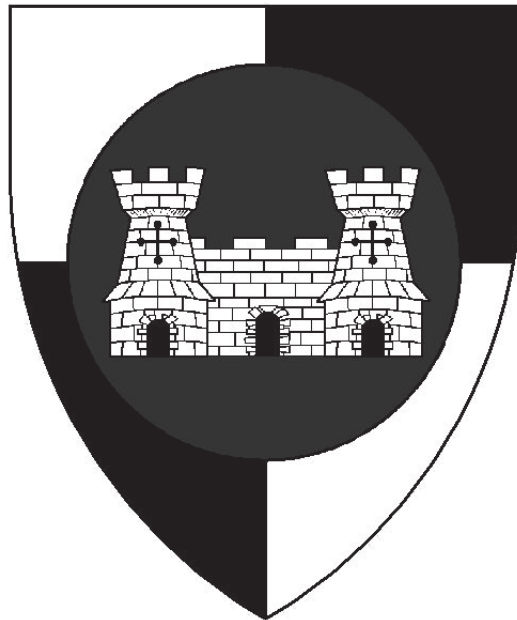
The First Course was Italian, it went well...
The Second, Spanish Course, fell nicely too,
The Third One, a light Welsh one, paid its due,
The Fourth was Persian; spicier than hell!

There was a palate cleanser; lovely smell!
The Fifth, a Scottish Course, now THAT'LL do!
The Irish Course was more than he could chew,
But, all in all, the "Fighting Feast" was swell!

So, has our Ragnar filled himself full up?
Was this Sandcastle's final fighting feast?
Are we to hear his laughter nevermore?

This viking has not yet begun to sup!
Make way for Ragnar, Desert Viking Beast!
I cannot wait to see what lies in store!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*



Sir Uilliam Mór MacGregor

who fought for the honor of Baroness Fara MacGregor

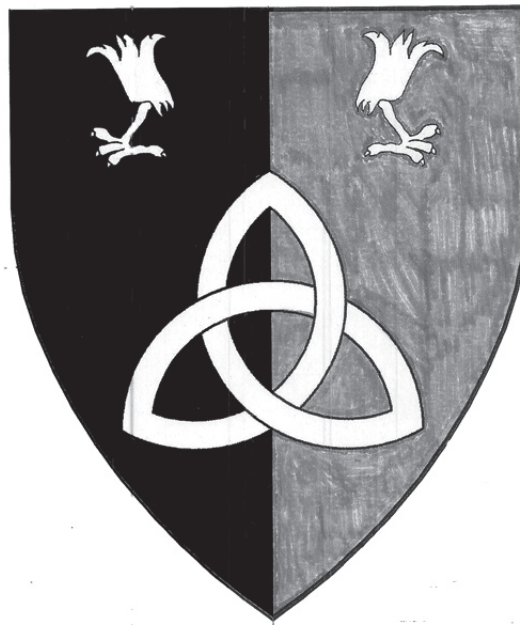
Fierce Celtic eagle, Angel proud
For Kingdom's Crown does fight
His armor bright, his weapons stout
Ferocious, loyal knight

His consort lady baroness
At eric's side inspires
Caring for all in her purview
From tiny flow'rs to squires

Sir Uilliam's blows ring loud and true
Through combat hard and long
As round 'pon round he challenges
With strategies, blows strong

At least he falls to fellow knight
For now his duty done
Retires from field in knowledge sure
A tested king has won

— Catharine Hawkwod da Barbiano



Sir Vlad Hideg

who fought for The Honorable Lady Grace Fenix

The day was gray
There flew a spray

The rain was light.
Of banners bright.

The field was damp,
Around the camp,

The wind was cold.
A mood took hold.

This day is gray,
The rain may spray,

But full of light.
But mood is bright.

Among the damp,
Stood Vlad, his camp

And in the cold,
On ready hold.

Grace held her breath
In battle, death

Fight after fight,
Would haunt her knight.

With shield and sword,
So brave, so bold

In armor bright,
Went Vlad to fight.

The sky, so gray
Saw blows spray

With fading light,
With fearful might.

Vlad fought the damp,
He laid his stamp

He fought the cold,
In fights untold.

By Grace's breath,
Two dukes Brought death

He won his fights.
To noble knight.

The day was gray,
There flew a spray

The rain was light.
Of banners bright.

— *Liudmila Vladimirova doch'*



Duke Edward Senestre

who fought for the honor of Duchess Mora de Buchanan

Flashing blades and dashing smiles
Were all about the eric.
Lot and Edward spun and whirled;
The ol' Boar had the last trick.

Sinisters, Örfhendurs too!
The shots all came from left field.
Sloth and Boar; the craziness!
By fight's end, Sven had to yield.

'Pon my word, I've never seen
Such beauty in steel armor,
Though Avery did do his best,
'Twas Ed the bladed charmer!

And then did two great friends cross swords,
To seek Our Mighty Thrones.
Sir Thorin grasped the victory,
And Ed, knelt to the stones...

In this last bout our fierce Duke Ed
Did face Count Oz, his friend.
While Edward lost in this Crown List
He's proud of how it'll end!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

Sir Jamal Damien Marcus

who fought for the honor of Baroness Éowyn Amberdrake

Came Jamal for Eowyn, to fight for Caid's crown again
Empty thrones where no one sits, Caid fighters to the list
Day broke cold, mist on the ground as heralds called out the first round
All Caid has gathered where the fighters take the field in pairs
Ready for the challenge laid, Jamal bests Mikhail without aid.

orders proud he bears, Laurel and Knight
former Baron and Eowyn's delight

Crowns are not so easily won, the field of forty brought to one
All hail the King won by deed. All hail the Queen of fair Caid
In list Jamal to Wilhelm fell, true future king rung the death knell.
Do honor to this loving pair, Knight and his Lady Fair.

— *Meala Caimbeul*

Sir Skaf Oken Bear

who fought for the honor of Lady Una Oken Bear

Bear rampant on his shield,
Fighting for the crown.
Deep with knights was the field
As the rain came down.

Skill and Fortune served him
Shy though at the start
Through four rounds he held his win
And fought with all his heart.

Like the sun, Fortune fades
Round six was not to be.
Glory still made this day,
Though fighting, done is he.

— *Meala Caimbeul*

Sir Thorin vordr Ó Séaghdha

who fought for the honor of Mistress Eilidh MacMurtrie

Right nobly Thorin fought on honor's field,
A genteel, fine and truly worthy knight,
Let no one say he carelessly would yield
Except to those, through skill, earned the right.

His lily bloomed upon each eric's side,
A tender flower, whose honor he does praise,
She knows he never from her side would ride,
But carry forth her favor all his days.

Truly he strode upon the Kingdom's field today,
To serve his kingdom true, to crown his lady fair.
Yet at the the last, on virtue's field he lay,
Their hopes at an end, vanished into cool air.

But Knightly heart is not by weapons slain,
Although defeated, true chivalry does not wane.

— *Avicia de Na Baiona*

Sir Andrew Baird

who fought for the honor of Dame Eilidh Swann Stralachlan

Fierce knight to honor's field doth stride
To challenge with his might
His bee and tree in swan's honor
For Caid's Crown to fight

His blows are fierce, his combat true
Alas, although, he falls
His kingdom once again served well
'til next time duty calls

— *Catharine Hawkwood da Barbiano*

Sir Avery Westfall

who fought for the honor of Duchess Faizah al-Zarqa

(ghazal)

Sable leopard seeks renown
In silent quest to crown a rose.

Cross and swords both forced to yield
At field's edge revealed, a rose.

Comes a boar who makes a stand.
Cat falls, still at hand, a rose.

Winged serpent strikes too quick;
Crowns today won't pick this rose.

All mourn your fall, set loose the doves,
For all Caid loves this rose.

I give this verse, these writer's woes,
My feeble gift to Avery and our rose

— *Mary Dedwydd verch Gwallter*

*A Poem For The Fallen (Ego?), Faizeh al-Zarqa
(and Sir Avery Westfall too*)*

Faizeh stepped, bedecked and jeweled, into the morning dew,
She looked so radiant and kind.
(Oh, Avery's there too...)

If one were to look upon her, and see her shining smile,
They'd fall in love immediately.
(This might go on a while...)

The magic of her dancing is exotic and majestic,
I could watch that girl for hours.
(She truly is angelic)

Her laughter, like her eyes, is really rather beautiful,
Like chiming little silver bells...
(Such imagery! So musical!)

Faizeh, Duchess of my heart, thank You for being here,
We shall treasure you forever!
(Oh dear, Avery, you still here?)

Now never let it not be said, Faizeh, friend of mine,
Your poet I shall ever be!
(You like your attributive rhyme?)

— Sofia Biarnardottir

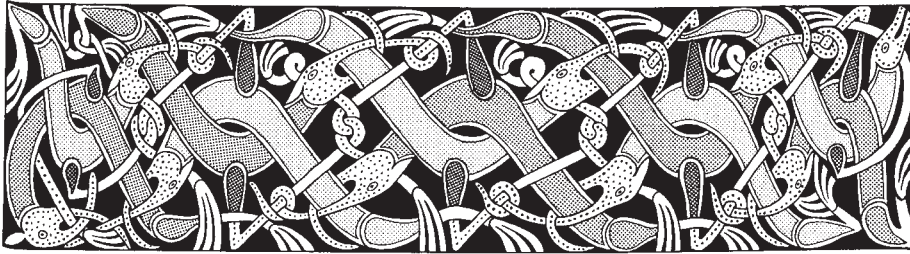
**Editor's Note: In the last poetry compilation, Sofia had written a Sonnet for Sir Avery and Duchess Faizeh. It was read to great fanfare [and some amusing embarrassment on the part of Her Grace due to the gusto with which Sir Avery's dear friend declaimed the piece] in the Feast Hall, and Her Grace went to Master Beorn, Sofia's father, and jokingly said that while the poem was quite lovely, she [the fighter's inspiration] was only mentioned twice. Master Beorn relayed that 'constructive criticism' to his dearest daughter who responded with, "oh really? Alrighty then... I have an idea..." The result is the above poem. Tongue firmly planted in cheek, good natured ribbing all around, and when performed for Her Grace and Sir Avery at the completion of the Crown List in question, there was much laughter by all.*

The Honorable Lord Snorri Snarfari Bjornsson

who fought for the honor of Lady Cassie Charlesworth

Snorri is a Viking bold who doesn't mind the cold
And so he came to fight in Crown, to try to win the gold
He fought just like a berserk, never feeling any pain
But found a fighter just as tough, who proved to be his bane

— *Robear du Bois*



Duke John ap Gwyndaf of Holdingford

who fought for the honor of Dýrfinna Valsdóttir

(Dust, Rust, Grime, and Sweat)

Out of retirement, it is time.
Dust off the armor, remove the grime.

Stretch the muscles, shine the helm,
Beat the pell, to face the realm.

Lady Dyrfinna's purple falcons fly high
Inspiring His Grace to continue to try.

Came first the Wilde boy, Ambrose
To keep Duke John on his toes.

Sir Wilhelm he faced n the second round,
A way through John's defense was found.

Ragnar came next with his striped pants,
And ended Duke John's hopeful chance.

— *Iluminada Eugenia de Guadalupe y Godoy*

Sir Killian MacTaggart

who fought for the honor of Dame Teká Turmanov

(triolet)

Sir Knight, who fights for one's True Love,
To place that Love upon The Throne,
And grasp your Fate in plated glove,
Sir Knight, who fights for one's True Love,
Your Heart, it flutters as a Dove,
In death, Ye shall not be alone,
Sir Knight, who fights for one's True Love
To place that Love upon The Throne.

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

Sir Adam Makandro

who fought for The Honorable Lady Stæina Hálfðanardóttir

Wyvern's Challenge

Sir Adam came to fight in Crown with Stæina by his side
He hopes to win the the Crown for her and by her side preside
So on the special Crown Tourney he comes with sword in hand
And hope that he can beat the other fighters in this land.

To prove his worth he starts the day by challenging a Duke
If he can beat this Calafian, it won't be a fluke
But Patrick shows Sir Adam just why he has won the Crown
As Patrick knocks him down now, we can see Sir Adam frown.

But Adam will not quit the day because he lost a fight
He gets back up and takes the field, his foemen there to smite
Where he finds Marcus Cicero and gave his head a wahck
And all can tell the fight is o'er with Marcus on his back.

So now Viking takes the field, Lord Snorri he is called
And Adam thinks that very soon this Viking will be mauled
But Snorri is a tricky Viking, they'd just don't fight fair
And soon Sir Adam's lying on the ground with a blank stare.

— *Robear du Bois*

*Sonnets I have never written
With my style they just don't fit in.*

Sir Titus Portius Aurelius

who fought for the honor of Baroness Colette Olivier la fourniere

Like Castor and Pollux;
Artemis and Apollo
Twin Crowns are upon us;.
No field lies fallow

Contenders before us
Well braced for the weather
Encased in bright armor
Will make the endeavor

To bring to their consort,
By great deeds of daring,
A kingdom to shepherd,
A crown for their wearing.

Behold now Sir Titus
Has taken the sword-way
If he's unsuccessful:
Tomorrow's a new day!

— *Eichling von Amrum*

Lady Elizabeth Upton

who fought for the honor of Mistress Meave Douglass

Elizabeth is hard to rhyme
Even when one has more time
With her broad sword above her head
She will fight fiercely till she's dead

— *Robear du Bois*



Lord Ivan Kovachevich

who fought for The Honorable Lady Angharad de Lambrok

Across the frozen steppes comes Ivan with his sword in hand
He hopes to win Crown Tournament, and rule o're our fair land
He fights with vim and vigor on the field on this cold day
But when the fighting's done, upon the dead grass he does lay

— *Robear du Bois*

*These poems would be longer if we had more time
At least they are metric, and often they rhyme*

Condessa Battista de Lagos

who fought for the honor of Master Colwyn Stagghorn

Fair Yellow Rose dons armor
To fight for Caid beloved
With white stag's favor on her arm
Holds sword tight in her glove

Strides to rainswept field of honor
Her thrusts a scorpion's stings
Her steps a dance of glory bright
As blow upon blow rings

Alas she falls in combat fierce
Yet rises sure and swift
Her Crown and Kingdom still to serve
With wisdom as her gift

— *Catharine Hawkwod da Barbiano*

Master Rowen Killian

who fought for the honor of Mistress Ceridwen Killian

Griffin challenges
Honors bright crossed hands and sun
Tests those who would rule

— *Catharine Hawkwod da Barbiano*

Maestro Lot Ramirez

who fought for The Honorable Lord Marcos de la Cruz

Mire al magnífico Maestro
Por alegrar al capitán:
Del tiempo variable compuesto
Con la gracia de un jazán.

Saluda a Eduardo Siniestro
Y empiezan a bailar
Le empuja bien del diestro
Pero no se pudo ganar.

Contra don Vlad, planta las botas
Y da golpes, una cascada.
Sin embargo, Vlad le timbra las notas
Y Maestro bajó la espada.

Al fin, el Maestro no tuvo su día,
Pero late su orgullo de tambor.
Su batalla suena con melodía
Y lucha bien con amor.

Behold the magnificent Master
For his captain to impress:
Timing composed, e'er faster
With a cantor's grand finesse.

He greets a Sinister named Edward;
They begin to dance and spin.
To Ed's right he thrusts headward,
But alas, he did not win.

Then against Sir Vlad, he stands his ground,
Like rain his blows do shower.
Sadly, from his helm clear notes do sound;
He yields to Vlad's arm's power.

In the end a Master, not a king.
His pride beats with a drum's might;
With sweet melody his skill does ring,
And with love always he fights.

— *Señora Elisheva bat Yisrael*
y Maestro Diego Antonio de Palma.

Master Alexander Baird

who fought for the honor of Baroness Tezar of Aeolis

Now Master Alexander's lunge and parry are the best
But can he fight with sword and shield, now that will be the test
His broad sword has a thrusting tip, which he will use with zest
Now that the fighting's done, upon the field we see him rest

— *Robear du Bois*

*Someday again Robear will fence
When lighter armor makes more sense*

Baron Rudolph Fekter

who fought for the honor of Baroness Amicia Sennet de Bruges

It's not often you find a Baron who would be the King
'cause being Baron often cures you of that sort of thing
But Baron Rudolph's not afraid to fight in every round
And finds that life is much more peaceful lying on the ground

— Robear du Bois

*Sometimes you think that you'll go mad
But being Baron ain't all bad*

Baron Ursul Vladislavl' pavnuk

who fought for the honor of Mistress Colette de Montpellier

Some might think a bear would hibernate this time of year
Yet Baron Ursul's on the field, no foeman does he fear
With sword of steel he hopes to give his foeman a great whack
But when the fight is done the bear is lying on its back

— Robear du Bois

*Symbolism you won't find
Except perhaps in your own mind*

The Honorable Lord Duncan Rose

who fought for the honor of Countess Thaleia Lakedaimonia

Now Duncan is a doughty lad who'd never think to yield
So when we needed a new King, he quickly took the field
He swung his sword about him and he cut both left and right
Until he found a foe too tough, and he lost his last fight

— Robear du Bois

*Who now never fights when it's cold
Or maybe because he's so old*

The Honorable Lord Marcus Opellius Cicero

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

Lord Marcus came to fight in Crown 'cause he looks good in blue
Although he'd like to be called Caesar, King will also do
He runs around the field in armor, hitting all in sight
But then he's hit upon the head by someone who's a knight

— *Robear du Bois*

*If you really like to smite
You might be a troglodyte*

Lord Mikhail Liutognev

who fought for the honor of Countess Thaleia Lakedaimonia

The bears I've seen on shields are black or brown, or even white
But Mikhail's bear is clearly red, when he comes out to fight
Perhaps it's red from all the gore when Mikhail's on the field
And though his fighting's fierce, at last Mikhail is forced to yield

— *Robear du Bois*

*Couplets stick inside my brain
Even if they're somewhat lame*

Lord Ambrose Wyld

who fought for the honor of Lady Apollonia of Delphi

Lord Ambrose is a wild one when he comes out to fight
And so he's come to Crown Tourney with sword and armor bright
He runs amok upon the field, it really is a sight
Until he's knocked onto his back by someone with more might

— *Robear du Bois*

With a sword, one's never bored

Lord Roland Polle

who fought for The Honorable Lady Elinor Assheycombe

Lord Roland came to fight in Crown and win a shiny hat
His Lady said, "Don't hurt yourself" and gave his hand a pat
He went out on the field and fought like the Kilkenny Cat
But when the dust had settled, on the ground his body sat

— *Robear du Bois*

Had little time to make this rhyme



The Poets

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 a late 13th/early 14th century Shetlander in service to The Bruce. He has at various times been an Oriental Wrestler, a Greek Physician, a Latin Tutor, a Welsh Footman, a Frisian Horseman, a Scottish Monastic, a Swedish Nobleman, an Italian Chef, and a Spanish Duelist. However, were you to ask him his favorite vocation, he would say categorically, without a doubt, Father to Sofia Biarnardottir!

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

Maestro Diego Antonio de Palma is a retired business man from Cadiz. He spends his time encouraging arts like the works presented here as Governor of Management for the Fig Tree Chamber of Rhetoric.

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

Señora Elisheva bat Yisrael was born in the Spanish-Jewish diaspora in north Africa shortly after the Expulsion of 1492, wound her way through the Ottoman Empire, and returned to Spain where she managed a successful inn with friends Diego Antonio de Palma and Rafael ben Gideon. She (finally) agreed to marry Diego, has two children by him, and currently runs The Brass Lamp restaurant in connection with a second joint inn venture, the Sable Hart.

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 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.

The Honorable Lady Meala Caimbeul hopes her subjects and the audience are pleased by these commemorations. Fighting in Crown is no small task, and one worthy of committing to our communal memory through poetry. She has participated in the recording for many years, and encourages all those who call themselves "Bard" to contact the editors and lend their talents to this worthy effort.

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.

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.

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

Lady Sofia Biarnardottir spends far more time listening to music than fulfilling the basic requirements of the human body. Nevertheless, every so often she wrests herself from her cavernous dwelling to ascend into the light, consuming mass quantities of berries and penning the odd poem or two.



