

MEN OF NORTHWOODS*



"The Horn Call of the North"



Men of North Woods, hear the horns call
Arm and muster for the onfall
Raise the standard, close the shield-wall
Guardians of the NORTH!

Though the foe be armed like dragons
We will send them back in wagons
Then their ale shall fill our flagons
Food for US today!

See their champions shiver (thump, thump)
SHOUT and make them quiver (thump, thump)
We are strong and they are wrong
To step their unwashed feet into
OUR RIVERS!

While they're wronger,
We'll be stronger, for at least
 five minutes longer!

Drain your horns, Salute your ladies,
Guardians of the NORTH!



* **H**ERE set forth in its every word, and with full measure of defiance, by that
 sometime minstrel / skald / bard / strapsode / tune-and-word smith of the North Woods
 "To be sung to the ancient and honourable tone,
 O'Rhyam, the Ranger