

MARCHING THROUGH SARTAR!

Hoist the Red Vexillum, boys, we'll sing another song!
Sing it with a spirit that will rouse the crimson throng.
Sing it as we hope to sing it, fifty-thousand strong,
While we're marching through Sartar!

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring you unity!

Hurrah! Hurrah! The Goddess sets you free!

*So we'll sing the chorus from the Glowline to the Sea,
While we're marching through Sartar.*

How Sartari shudder when they hear the joyful sound,
Wet their kilts like convicts whom the Crimson Bat has found.
How the Crater-Makers smash their cities to the ground,
While we're marching through Sartar!

See the trusty Hoplite and the dauntless Red Dragon,
See the wily Peltast and the Priestess with her Lune,
See the Corps of Heroes come descending from the Moon,
While we're marching through Sartar!

“Moonson's gallant Lunar boys will never reach the coast.”
Thus the bold Orlanathi swear, and 'tis a handsome boast.
Have they not forgot, alas, to reckon with our host?
While we're marching through Sartar!

So we'll make a highway for Rufelza and her train
Fifty clicks in latitude, three hundred to the main.
Argrath flees before us, for resistance is in vain,
While we're marching through Sartar!

Tune: *Marching through Georgia*

Words: Chris Gidlow



Lunar Patriotic Songs

The Imperiale

Arise, ye Comrades from your slumbers!
Arise, ye prisoners of Time!
Rise in unconquerable numbers
From every race and clime!

Our Goddess rules the air above us,
As Moonson rules the land:
Join us from every tribe and nation,
From the Glacier to the Sand!

So Comrades, come and rally
And the fight then let us face!
The "Imperiale"
Unites each sentient race!

So Comrades, come and rally
And the fight then let us face!
The "Imperiale"
Unites each sentient race!

Tune: *The Internationale*
Words: Chris Gidlow

of the Empire

Land of Dara Happa

Land of Dara Happa
Empire of the Sun
How shall we extol thee
Who are ruled by One?

Wider still and wider
Shall thy bounds be set:
Yelm, who made thee mighty
Make thee mightier yet!

Yelm, who made thee mighty
Make thee mightier yet!

Tune: *Land of Hope and Glory*
Words: Nick Brooke

Anthems

Dara Happan

Deipolis

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk on Peloria's mountains green?
And was the holy Son of Yelm
On Oslir's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the face of Murharzarm
Shine forth upon our crowded lands?
And was Deipolis builded here
Where Raibanth's mighty city stands?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I shall not cease from mental fight;
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Deipolis
In Dara Happa's pleasant land.

Tune: *Jerusalem*
Words: Nick Brooke

The Red Vexillum

The Lunar flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their hearts' blood dyed its every fold.

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Beneath its folds we'll live or die;
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Tune: *Tannenbaum*
Words: Chris Gidlow

Indissoluble Union

Indissoluble Union of Satraps and Peoples,
Guided by faith in our Goddess above,
In fertile plantations, in workshops and quarries,
Working together, inspired by our love:

Moonson the Emperor,
Undying Conqueror,
Saviour and Monarch
We pledge thee our love.

Moonson the Emperor,
Undying Conqueror,
Saviour and Monarch
We pledge thee our love.

Tune: *National Anthem of the U.S.S.R.*
Words: Chris Gidlow

MEN OF FURTHEST

Men of Furthest, march to glory,
Dark-eyed Death is waiting for ye,
Damnèd Stormwinds hover o'er ye:
Hear ye not its call?
At your sloth it seems to ponder:
Let thy death cry peal like thunder,
Burst their horned helms asunder,
Every foe appal!
From the rocks rebounding,
Let the war cry sounding
Summon all, at Emperor's call,
Our Stormwind foe surrounding.
Men of Furthest, on to glory!
See, your standard famed in story
Waves these burning words afore ye:
"Furthest scorns to yield!"

'mid the fray, see dead and dying,
Friend and foe together lying;
All around, the rune-spells flying
Scatter sudden death!
Maddened steeds are wildly neighing,
Brazen trumpets hoarsely braying,
Wounded men to standards praying
With their parting breath!
See: they're in Disorder!
Comrades, keep close order!
Ever they shall rue the day
They crossed our glowing border!
Now Orlanthe flee before us;
Crimson Crescent floateth o'er us!
Raise the loud exulting chorus,
"Furthest wins the field!"

Tune: *Men of Harlech*
Words: Mark Robins and MOB

And there they came all at one time
To break the Storm Victorious shrine
And we just had to stop them then.
We called Starbrow lead us, Starbrow Queen
Kallyr, Kallai, and Hofstaring
And we kicked out the Lunars once again!
Then Fazzur came through Furthest Gap
He wiped Duck Point right off the map.
Treeteaper dragged to Hell
By foul Chaotic spell!
Then he offered peace, "Lay down your arms!
Swear to your Prince, go to your farms!"
The Ducks got blamed, took all the harms
Since when the Fire Died!

*They stopped singing...
Bye, bye! Time to fight now or die.
Tell my Pappy I'll go happy
Tell my Mamma don't cry.
Us Sartar boys will take our weapons and try:
Gonna tear that Red Moon down from the sky!
Tear that Red Moon down from the sky!*

I met a Bard who sang the winds
And I asked when they'd blow free again
But she just sighed and turned away.
I went up to the sacred hill
To feel the free winds blowing still,
But the Godi couldn't call the sylphs to play.
And in the fields the stagnant air
Just steals my breath when I'm out there.
No Skalds are now heard singing
The wind chimes hang unringing.
And the three Kings then that led our host
Kallai, Kallyr, Treeteaper most
They're dead, or fled, or damned, poor ghost
Since when the Fire died.

*And they'd been singing...
Bye, bye! Time to fight now or die.
Tell my Pappy I'll go happy
Tell my Mamma don't cry.
Us Sartar boys will take our weapons and try:
Gonna tear that Red Moon down from the sky!
Tear that Red Moon down from the sky!*

The Day the Fire Died

Tune: *American Pie* (Don McLean)
Words: Boris Mikey †

A long, long time ago
I can still remember
How the free winds always used to blow.
And I knew if we're left alone
That we would not cause harm to none
Except maybe just a cattle raid or so.
But then the Red Moon made me shudder
With each barbaric "Yawp!" I utter.
Chaos in the lowlands
It seemed more than I can stand!
As I recall it took my breath
When I heard howfared the House of Death
And strife divided kin from kith
The Day the Fire Died.

*So...
Bye, bye! Time to fight now or die.
Tell my Pappy I'll go happy
Tell my Mamma don't cry.
Us Sartar boys will take our weapons and try:
Gonna tear that Red Moon down from the sky!
Tear that Red Moon down from the sky!*

Well have you heard the Princes' Tale
And do you recall how Boldhome fell
As the Godi tell it true?
And do you believe in Sartar's Flame
Can you name every Prince by name
And can you paint the Runes in woad so blue?
Well you know that you are Orlanth's son
'Cause you feel the storms in your blood run!
It's time to take your spear
And fight for all that's dear!
When all of Sartar's fighting thanes
From the Far Point goes to the Swenstown plains
Recall now all our wounds and pains
The Day the Fire Died!

*Let's go singing...
Bye, bye! Time to fight now or die.
Tell my Pappy I'll go happy
Tell my Mamma don't cry.
Us Sartar boys will take our weapons and try:
Gonna tear that Red Moon down from the sky!
Tear that Red Moon down from the sky!*

Now for nineteen turns we've shed our tears
And rust grows red on our swords and spears
But that's not how it used to be.
When the Princes fought for you and me
When they fought to keep Orlanthi free
And their Flame burned bright for all to see.
But when Terasarin scaled the height
A moonbeam came and stole his sight.
He fell down to his doom
No corpse in royal tomb.
And while Godis sang his shade to rest
Slain by the Moon we all detest
The seers foretold we'd fail the test
The Day the Fire Died.

*They were singing...
Bye, bye! Time to fight now or die.
Tell my Pappy I'll go happy
Tell my Mamma don't cry.
Us Sartar boys will take our weapons and try:
Gonna tear that Red Moon down from the sky!
Tear that Red Moon down from the sky!*

Flying, dying, Red Moon defying
The Ram fought off the Granite Lion
As Salinarg put on his crown.
His heirs all took grim Humakt's vow
Their House of Death refused to bow
To the Empire, which had sworn to
cast them down.
Now the Boldhome siege was sorely pressed
As Red Moon hags flew o'er the crest.
The Bat filled all with dread
But a dragon killed it dead.
Dread Harsaltar faced Moonson's ire
Gave mortal wound, and from geas expired
As Dragonewts then quenched the pyre
The Day the Fire Died

*We were singing...
Bye, bye! Time to fight now or die.
Tell my Pappy I'll go happy
Tell my Mamma don't cry.
Us Sartar boys will take our weapons and try:
Gonna tear that Red Moon down from the sky!
Tear that Red Moon down from the sky!*

Wyrn- Banner

Oh say can you see
by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed
at the twilight's last gleaming?

Those bright scales and sharp claws
through the perilous night
O'er the ramparts we watched
were so gallantly streaming.

And the Bat's crimson glare,
meteors bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
that our flag was still there.

Oh say does that Wyrn-
Tangled Banner unfold
O'er the Land of the Free
and the Home of the Bold?

Tune: *The Star Spangled Banner*
Words: Nick Brooke

Over the Hills

Here's forty Lunars on the drum,
For those who'll volunteer to come.
To list and fight in Prax today,
Over the hills and far away.

*O'er the hills and o'er the main,
Through Corflu, Prax and Apple Lane.
Moonson commands and we obey,
Over the hills and far away.*

To foreign lands we steered our helm,
Colours blazing bright as Yelm.
Down the road to come what may,
Over the hills and far away.

We've crossed the Zola Fel at flood.
At Moonbroth fight we spilled our blood.
Granite Phalanx won the day,
Over the hills and far away.

Over the Hills

Teelo: Let me go!
Mothers: Will not let you go!
Teelo: Let me go!
Mothers: Will not let you go!
Teelo: Let me go! (-oh -oh -oh)
Mothers: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!

Teelo: Oh Seven Mothers,
Seven Mothers,
Seven Mothers, let me go!
Deshlotralas
Has a devil put aside for me,
for me, for me!

Illumination

Teelo: So you think you can stop me
And steal my life?
So you think you can love me
And leave me to die?
Oh, Mothers:
Can't do this to me, Mothers:
Just gotta get out,
Just gotta get right out of here!

Return

Teelo: Nothing really matters
Anyone can see:
Nothing really matters,
Nothing really matters,
to She...
Any way the Moon grows...

Pelorian Rhapsody

Tune: *Bohemian Rhapsody* (Queen)
Words: Nick Brooke

Preparation

Yanafal: Is this our Young Life?
Is this the one we need?

Danfife: Caught in Torang's streets,
Can't escape our conspiracy.

Irrippi: Open your eyes,
Her sign's in the skies:
just see...

Deezola: She's just a poor girl,
She's got no family.

Jakaleel: That makes her
Easy come, easy go,
Send her soul down below.

Mothers: Any way the Moon grows,
Doesn't really matter,
to She... To She...

Sacrifice

Teelo: Mothers... Just killed by Dan,
Put his sickle to my throat,
Sacrificed me like a goat.

Mothers... Life had just begun,
But now you've gone and
Thrown it all away.

Mothers... (*oooh-oooh*)
D'you mean to make me die?
If I'm not back again
This time tomorrow,
Could you just carry on,
As if nothing really mattered?

Too late, my time has come,
Sends shivers down my spine,
Body's aching all the time.

Teelo:

Goodbye, Seven Mothers,
I've got to go:
Gotta leave you all behind
and face the Truth.

Mothers... (*oooh-oooh*)
I don't want to die,
Just sometimes wish
I'd never been born at all.

Descent

Mothers: I see a little
Silhouette of a Moon:
Jakaleel! Yanafal!
Let's go travel and journey:
Thunderbolt and lightning,
Orlanth's trying to frighten me!

Irrippi O! Irrippi O!
Irrippi O! Irrippi O!
Irrippi O! Deezola!
Danfife Xaron! (*-on-on-on*)

Teelo: I'm just a poor girl,
Nobody loves me.

Mothers: She's just a poor girl
She's got no family:
Take her Young Life
So our Goddess can be!

Torment

Teelo: Easy come, easy go
Will you let me go?

Mothers: Lesilla: No!
We will not let you go!

Teelo: Let me go!
Mothers: Lesilla!
We will not let you go!

Teelo: Let me go!
Mothers: Lesilla!
We will not let you go!

and Far Away

Within these hills lurks Hungry Jack,
So stay awake, and watch your back,
Or on your soul he'll feast today,
Over the hills and far away.

At Oronin near Castle Blue,
Our Goddess proved her spirit true:
The raging storm was held at bay,
Over the hills and far away.

Though I may travel far from Prax,
Part of me keeps looking back.
You are with me night and day,
Over the hills and far away.

If I should fall to rise no more,
As many comrades have before.
Pass the pipes and drums to play,
Over the hills and far away.

Tune: *Over the Hills and Far Away*
Words: Rick Meints

and Far Away

And the Band Played

When I was a young man I carried my pack
And I lived the free life of a rover
From the Arcos' green basin to the Redlands outback
I danced for the Goddess all over
At the end of the Wane, the Empire said "Here!
It's time to stop rambling when the Nomads appear!"
So they gave me a bronze hat and they gave me a spear
And they sent me away to the war.

And the band played *Dance of the Goddess*
We paraded with pikestaff and tent
And amidst all the cheers, the shouts and the tears
We marched over the Redlands to Pent.

How well I remember that terrible fight
When the blood soaked the steppe-lands like water
And how in that Hell that we called Horror's Night
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter:
For the Pentan was ready, he'd primed himself well:
He showered us with spirits, then he rained us with spells
And in five minutes flat, he'd blown us all to Hell:
Nearly blew us right back to Peloria!

And the band played *Dance of the Goddess*
As we stopped to bury our slain
And we buried ours, and the Nomads burnt theirs
Then it started all over again.

Now those who were living did their best to survive
In that mad world of death, blood and fire
And for seven long nights I kept myself alive
While the corpses around me piled higher
Then a big Pentan spell knocked me arse over head
And when I awoke in my hospital bed
And saw what it had done, then I wished I was dead,
For I thought there was worse things than dying:

Brave

*Towering in gallant fame,
Sartar my mountain hame,
High may your wyrmish banners
gloriously wave.
Land of my high endeavour,
Land of the Creek-Stream River,
Land of my heart forever,
Sartar the Brave.*

Far off in sunlit places,
Sad are the Sartar faces,
Yearning to feel the kiss of
pure mountain rain
Where Praxian skies are beaming,
Love sets the heart a-dreaming,
Longing and dreaming for the
homeland again

*Towering in gallant fame,
Sartar my mountain hame,
High may your wyrmish banners
gloriously wave.
Land of my high endeavour,
Land of the Creek-Stream River,
Land of my heart forever,
Sartar the Brave.*

Tune: *Scotland the Brave*
Words: Jane Williams

Sartar the

Hark when the night is falling,
Hear, hear the pipes are calling,
Loudly and proudly calling
down through the glen.
Where Dragon hills are sleeping,
Now feel the blood a-leaping,
High as the spirits of the
old Quivin men.

*Towering in gallant fame,
Sartar my mountain hame,
High may your wyrmish banners
gloriously wave.
Land of my high endeavour,
Land of the Creek-Stream River,
Land of my heart forever,
Sartar the Brave.*

High in the misty highlands,
Close by the Dragon's Eye lands,
Brave are the hearts that beat
beneath Sartar skies.
Wild are the winds who'll meet you,
Staunch are the friends who'll greet you,
Kind as the light that shines in

Dance of the Goddess

That no more I'd go dance for the Goddess
Through the green bushes so far and near,
For to hang tents on pegs a man needs two legs
No more *Dance of the Goddess* for me.

So they collected the cripples, the wounded and maimed
And they shipped us back home to Peloria:
The legless, the armless, the blind and insane,
Those proud wounded heroes of Horror.
And as our boat pulled into Glamour City
I looked at the place where my legs used to be
And I thought: if there's anyone waiting for me
They'll grieve, and they'll mourn, and they'll pity.

But the band played *Dance of the Goddess*
As they carried us down the gangway
And the crowds they all cheered, priestesses appeared,
And they carried us wounded away.

And now in Sea Season I stand by the Arch
And I watch the parade pass before me
I see my old Comrades, how proudly they march
Reliving their dreams of past glory.
I stand with the Veterans, our limbs all regrown,
Healed from the anguish of the wounds we had known:
For the Goddess reached down, embraced us as Her own,
And we all adore our Red Mother.

And the band plays *Dance of the Goddess*
And the young men still answer the call
But year after year, Her enemies grow fewer
Some day no-one will march here at all.

Tune: *And The Band Played Walking Matilda*
Words: Nick Brooke

HERO Wars Ga Ga!

We'd sit around and roll our dice
And kill our friends, and hack and slice
And everything we'd try to do
We gamed it out in RuneQuest Two (RuneQuest Two)

We played them all, those Cults of Prax
From Apple Lane, to Chaos attacks
We plundered Griffins' treasure-chests
We thought we'd go on HeroQuests

Then Third Edition got released
Cost far too much, we all got fleeced
The publishers don't give a fart
They sold us Dave Dobyski's art

You had the time, you had the vision
We really need a new edition:
RuneQuest Two.

*All we hear is Hero Wars ga ga
Hero Wars goo goo,
Hero Wars ga ga*

*All we hear is action point transfers,
Cultural keywords:
Hero Wars, what's new?
RuneQuest Two, someone still loves you!*

We'd fight them all, those beastly Foes
In melee rounds, for hours and hours
We hardly need to read their stats
We'd memorised the combat charts

Let's hope you never leave, old friend
On your good rules Glorantha depends
So keep those books you spent your clacks on
Till GURPS Glorantha sinks Steve Jackson

You had the time, you had the vision
We really need a new edition:
RuneQuest Two.

*All we hear is Hero Wars ga ga
Hero Wars goo goo,
Hero Wars ga ga*

*All we hear is tons of errata,
Paperback format, printing disaster*

*All we hear is hundred-word essays,
Misapplied worship:
Hero Wars, what's new?
RuneQuest Two,
Someone still loves you!*

Tune: Radio Ga Ga (Queen)
Words: Nick Brooke