

In Praise of Peers

I sing in praise of Chivalry,
Of those who wear the belt and chain,
Whose prowess and whose gallantry
Do storm the field with might and main.
 But squires who defend their lords,
 And soldiers massed behind their shields
 And keen-eyed bowmen on the walls,
 These too earn merit on the field.

CHORUS: Nobility is not a crown
 Valor not the sword you bear.
 Courtesy not empty words.
 They are the heart, of what we share.

I sing in praise of artists fine,
Of those who wear the Laurel band.
For masterworks of divers kind
Acclaimed as finest in the land.
 But weavers weaving at their looms
 And ladies at embroidery
 And scribes illuminating scrolls
 These too color our tapestry.

CHORUS

I sing in praise of Pelicans,
Those noble birds of ancient fame,
Whose sacrifice and courtesy
Enable us to play this game.
 But patient trolls who guard the gates,
 And chroniclers up late at night,
 And heralds who announce our fate,
 These too help fancies take to flight.

CHORUS

I sing in praise of Roses fair,
Of women who have borne the crown.
The shining symbols of our realm,
Whose gracious deeds earn great renown.
 But lads who fight for lady's sake
 Do queenly honor to them bring.
 And lasses who bestow their love,
 Grant riches far above a king's.

CHORUS: Nobility is not a crown
 Valor not the sword you bear
 Courtesy not empty words,
 They are the heart, of what we share...
 They are the heart.

Notes: Inspired by Dame Hrothny, who complained that there were many songs for chivalry, but none for Pelicans. Say that sitting next to a bard, and aha! a challenge is born--April 1997