

# 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 how fared 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!*

# The 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!

*Teelo:* Let me go!  
*Mothers:* Lesilla!

We will not let you go!  
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