

Masters of the Game

(The Hartshorn-dale Hunting Song)

Look! The sun is risen, the hunt must start.
We must bring home game; each will play their part.
You all know the need:
Masses we must feed!
Don't be staggered, this group has the heart...

(CHORUS)

To the hunt we go, leaving halls of blue and gold.
Crying "Tally-ho!" when we hear the bugle bold.
Soon we'll drink, Wassail! Dance and feasting bring
us fame.
Now we're on the trail!
Our hounds won't fail!
In Hartshorn-dale, we're Masters of the Game!

Hrolfr and Diana we all adore.
She who once inspired the Pennsic War.
Hrolfr lit the fire,
They helped launch a shire,
Teaching dances, while we hunt for more... *(CH)*

Always on the scent, but where-e'er we roam,
Galliards and Games will we bring back home,
Michel masters each,
Ev'ry game he'll teach,
So much better than some dusty tome... *(CH)*

Hunting for flamingoes, they always lurk,
Full of games and tricks, and they wear a smirk.
In a drunken pose--
Hiding on our clothes!
Tracking them is never-ending work... *(CH)*

On the hunt for fencers to cross a blade,
Notables to dine with at feasts arrayed,
Classes we can take,
Nessie on the lake,
Friends to meet, and mem'ries to be made...

(CHORUS)

From the hunt we come, back to halls of blue and
gold.
So we strike the drum, and we sound the bugle bold.
And we'll drink, Wassail! Dance and feasting bring us
fame.
We are strong and hale!
Let's share our tale!
In Hartshorn-dale, we're Masters...

To the hunt we go, leaving halls of blue and gold,
(etc.)