

Anthem for Our Meadhall

(sung to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee," a Traditional Scottish tune)

Words by Karl Donaldsson

For the Lords of Contention, 'twas clever how spoke
Each post correcting some other poor bloke
For nobody, ever, not you and not me
Are master heathens on Our Meadhall, you see

Chorus: Come fill up my cup, come fill up my horn
Let's talk about politics, heathens, and porn
There's nothing quite like Our Meadhall, you see
And all of it's because of you, and of me.

The roots of Our Meadhall from old A_N_A
Showed mettle, and wit, and charm, as they say
But the truth of the matter lies not in our posts,
But our gathering here and collecting of boasts.

Chorus

As time passes by, folks may come and may go
But there is one thing that's for sure, that I know:
The folks who come to our moots, you can see,
Are the folks that make Our Meadhall what it can be.

Chorus

The members on the list are too long to name
But the annals of anals will speak of their fame
Be careful of what you may say in your post
As the archives are backed up on Yahoo, our host!

Chorus