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## **The Song of Gareth**

*On the heroic occasion of the Battle in the Woods, the Debatable Lands, Anno Societatis XLI  
Pennsic War XXXV*

Gather round ye gentles and hear the fateful tale  
of hundreds of sons, fathers, in bright coats of mail  
of Eastern men against the Dragon's armored scale  
of battle in that oft fought debatable vale  
of woods drenched, blood turned to mud on a lonesome trail  
of a knight, clad in blue of the Army Boreal  
of a deluge stopped and a knight's courage prevailed.

Sir Gareth Grey de Wilton held the ridge, great knight  
below, the tight Midrealm army arrayed outright  
forested rise gave the brave Sir Gareth clear sight  
the Dragon Army, banners up and spears upright  
Sir Gareth drew his spear, surveyed his forces slight  
gleaming sun on the war metal his vigil light  
He swore that wooded ridge the Dragon's burial site.

The Dragon Army charged, a claw of spear and sword  
up the trail, a many fingered line, came the horde.  
Boreal shield wall answered, not to be ignored  
though few, a fist, they fought beside their feudal lord  
carnage foul, ground hallowed by bloody blooms that poured  
bravely the Red tide crashed against Boreal shore  
With spears and swift swords, East denied the Middle fjord.

The third charging wave of soldiers, horse and of blade  
yells Sir Gareth: "Stay the line here! Be not afraid!"  
The knight held his spear high, this ground his crusade

for each Eastern man, many Middle lives were trade.  
He thrust and dashed, Dragon men fell to the spear blaze  
with slices and cuts, formed a Boreal blockade.  
Into the Dragon's ranks, he caused men's light to fade.

Blue soldiers jumped and dove to brave Sir Gareth's aid  
offering a shield, a block before they were flayed  
on a fierce Midrealm spear, sword or silent axe blade.  
Sir Gareth and the Boreal as one they stayed.  
“Stand!” and “Together!” thunderous orders obeyed.  
Each push of the Middle, each Dragon's charge unmade.  
What force, at what cost, Middle resolve could dissuade?

Red pushed, the final fight's din a violent chord.  
Into the blue Boreal the Middlemen poured.  
Sir Gareth whirled spear, the blade cut the air and roared.  
“Glory!” called he. The East yelled, “For l'Arme du Nord!”  
With each thrust from the blue shield wall, spear points scored.  
Down fell the Dragon, into the earth their blood poured.  
Once many, now few: quick the work of spear and sword.

The Battle of the Ridge, Midrealm soldiers' blue blight  
The woods battle, a cause of noble Dragon fright.  
The pyres glowed into the warm blanket of night  
On that ground a fierce clash, but not one of spite:  
two kings' opposed honor gave Sir Gareth his fight  
and he answered the King's call, a beacon of light,  
a knight of might chivalrous. What is writ here be right.

So, eager squires, remember over evening ale  
the stand of Sir Gareth in his bright coat of mail  
how he would not be moved from the hilly woods trail  
how he stood, his Boreal army dwarfed in scale  
how he sent so many Red past their mortal veil.  
When you don your armor, helms, your sure aventails  
recall Sir Gareth's brave stand: let honor not fail.