

Debatable Comet

Gwendolyn the Graceful (Lee C. Hillman)

Martial

Tenor



A white broom sweeps a-cross the sky: What ti-di-ings might it
bring? A por-tent that the end is nigh, Or pro-clai-ming the birth of a king? A
call to war or a vow of peace, its tail since times of old Has moved our peo-ple
with out cease to fol-low the black and gold. Black and gold— Black and gold, we
fol-low the black and gold. By the co-met's light we'll win the fight! We
fol-low the black and gold— We fol-low the black and gold. In an-cient times, in
Ba-by-lon, the co-met then was seen, and far to the east, the soa-ring swan pre-
saged the death of a queen. In Nor-man-dy, as all well know the spear of the gods fore-
told That Wil-liam would bring Har-rod low, If he fol-lowed the black and
gold. O'er Can-ter-bur-y, Flo-rence too, our co-met took its flight, In—

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T  spi-ring skill-ful folk who drew the swal-low tail so bright. No shoo-ting star could

T  shine so clear as the won-der we be-hold Nor so re-li-a- bly ap-pear as our

T  em-blem of black and gold. Black and gold— Black and gold, we fol-low the black and

T  gold. By the co-met's light, we'll win the fight! We fol-low the black and gold, _____ we

T  1st end. (v. 4, 6) after final chorus
fol-low the black and gold. (In) gold. We fol-low the black and gold, _____ we

T  rit.
fol - low the black and gold.

In levity and loving care
Our Baron and Baroness
Lead us forth with grace and wisdom rare
In honor and kindness.
No other land is more first-rate,
Our Barony broke the mold!
There really can be no debate:
For we follow the black and gold.

Throughout the realm of Aethelmearc
Throughout the whole known world
No other sight can exceed the mark
Of the black and gold unfurled.
The escarbuncle and scarlet always
Inspire us to greatness bold!
But to the blaze, give endless praise:
All hail to the black and gold. (Chorus)

Each service done forthrightly
Each gentle who joins our throng
Makes the comet burn more brightly
When proudly they take up the song.
To foemen, we say "Run away--
We'll make your blood run cold!"
To friends, be welcome ev'ry day
To stand with the black and gold.

Come archer, come equestrian
Come all who would axes throw,
Come fencer, fighter, artisan,
Come learn all you would know.
Come herald, come and lead the call,
To gentles young and old,
May the Comet Banner shelter all
Who follow the black and gold. (Chorus)