

## The Hot Lochac Sun

Words by Wulf ...music traditional ..The Wild Rover

A mercenary soldier, I'd been one for years  
getting paid with lame domestic ciders and beers  
It's clear in a tavern of class I belong  
to quaff down fine ale and sing folks my song

For it's nay no never  
Nay no never no more  
Would I wait .. in the hot Lochac sun till the marshals call lay on

I limped from the field, killed in the war  
More than my body my ego was sore  
I looked all around for the Sever'd Arms board  
They told me they sailed off to raid a fjord

For it's nay no never  
Nay no never no more  
Would I wait in the hot Lochac sun till the marshals call lay on

We rarely see Roger or Donnal the Bard  
of the clan of McDuff, although some still work hard  
It's Rurik and Ludwig who now run the bar  
And 'I'll tap that' can be heard from afar

For it's nay no never  
Nay no never no more  
Would I wait in the hot Lochac sun till the marshals call lay on

Now Hawk still sometimes drops in once a year  
to serve up his customary insults and beer  
Wulf is the taller .. Get their names right  
or you may feel the jaws of the Deorcian dog bight

For it's nay no never  
Nay no never no more  
Would I wait in the hot Lochac sun till the marshals call lay on

Well Merrin and Wulf and Old man McDuff  
came back from the fjords, 'cause they'd had enough  
of killing and pillagin' and rowing the boat  
So break out the dice Merrin..I'll front the float

For it's nay no never  
Nay no never no more  
Would I wait in the hot Lochac sun till the marshals call lay on

True the spirit of Murgy McCurrum lives here  
I'm sure he sups Wulf's rheinheitsgebot beer  
He taught our old barkeeps the tricks of the trade  
and the cornerstone of McDuff breweries was laid

For it's nay no never  
Nay no never no more  
Would I wait in the hot Lochac sun till the marshals call lay on

There's a new breed of drinker that's sweeping the land  
They only drink ale that's made by their hands  
With a paddle in tow and towels on their heads  
Make 'em grind grain or paddle 'em red

For it's nay no never  
Nay no never no more  
Would I wait in the hot Lochac sun till the marshals call lay on

No money can pass 'cross the bar for a drink  
but we're happy to hear the sound of your coins clink  
Join our consortium ,our exclusive band  
Make merry and drink with us, all that you can

For it's nay no never  
Nay no never no more  
Would I wait in the hot Lochac sun till the marshals call lay on

McDuffs line of brewers are seizing the day  
Like Rurik and Ludwig, who've learnt the old ways  
With helpers like Jasmine and Ratamere in tow  
the Mordenvale mashers continue to grow

For it's nay no never  
Nay no never no more  
Would I wait in the hot Lochac sun till the marshals call lay on

So it's away to the Rusty Helm I run  
You can almost smell the grain steep in the tun  
It's the magic of turning the wort into cash  
for we're the hop zombies and we lauter the mash

For it's nay no never  
Nay no never no more  
Would I wait in the hot Lochac sun till the marshals call lay on