

Autumn, A.S. LV (56)

2021 Edition



"One of ten full articulated, jeweled skeletons in the town's church, which is the largest intact collection in existence."

# AXEMOOR BAYOU TAPESTRY



OUT of the  
Skeletons in the Closet  
edition

# *The Three Dead Kings*

## The fifteenth century Middle English The alliterative poem 'De Tribus Regibus Mortuis'

"attributed to John Audelay // Translated by Giles Watson, 2012

“De Tribus Regibus Mortuis is didactic in tone and moralistic in purpose, but like the iconographic tradition which inspired it, it has a muscularity and a taste for the macabre which make it compelling. The muscularity is largely a result of the poet’s adoption of terse and determined patterns of alliteration, and a rhyme-scheme which can be subtle and strident by turns. These lend themselves particularly well to the description of the hunting scene which opens the poem, but also to its descriptions of the decomposing corpses of the three dead kings, which are related with a vigour almost suggestive of relish. In translating from the Middle English, I have loosely observed these alliterative patterns in a manner which hopefully will not seem strained to a modern English reader, but have rendered the whole poem in the present tense.” (Giles Watson, 2012)

<https://1lib.us/book/3638178/662eec?id=3638178&secret=662eec>

# The Three Dead Kings

On a birch-clad bank, beneath bright boughs,  
I see a bristling boar brought to bay:  
Hounds harry it with hungry howls,  
Priming their hackles, hunting their prey,  
Never resting. I hear, and am roused by the sound.  
Besieged in the shallows, the boar faces the fray,  
The squealing and howling a meaningless row:  
Its night but a blink from the dawning of day.  
It has barely seen life  
But is writhing and dying,  
And the greenwood is rife  
With the hallooing strife:  
All that hooting and crying.

*Lines 1 - 13*

That hue and cry is harsh to the ear,  
As dogs in the greenwood bring him to ground.  
Barons bring bloodhounds, baying and fierce,  
And blow on their bugles, a barrage of sound,  
And truly I tell, three kings trotting near  
Are chatting of trifles, all armoured and crowned.  
Each rules his lands through riches and fear:  
They own every wood, and the regions all round.  
On the woods and the waste  
They are working their worst –  
But hear now, how fate  
Ignores men of state,  
And crass rulers are cursed.

*Lines 14 - 26*

# The Three Dead Kings

The three of them falter as they forge forth:  
With wailings of winds, the weather turns wan,  
And a rime-grey mist arises from earth –  
All of their men have turned tail and gone.  
“Our daring adventures may yet end in dearth,  
And though we seek honour, I fear we breed wrong –  
We are three wealthy kings with kindred of worth,  
Yet caught up in care: we’ll reap wrath ere long,  
For our fates have been cast  
And we must count the cost  
And hope that this mist  
By morning has passed  
Or our three lives are lost.”

*Lines 27- 39*

They creep a foot forward, then flee back a few,  
Onto a field where the fug seems to glow,  
And out of the grove, three men come in view:  
Shadowy phantoms, fated to show,  
With legs long and lean, and limbs all askew,  
Their livers and lights all foetid. With slow,  
Ungainly gaits they approach, and slew  
Each horse into frenzy. They bridle, they blow,  
They pant, stride and bite  
As the ghosts groan, “Pay heed!”  
And no succour in sight.  
Each king carps at Christ  
With crossings and Creeds.

*Lines 40 - 52*

# The Three Dead Kings

The first king is cringing, his heart overcast,  
For he recognises the cross on a rotting king's shroud.  
His foal flinches and falters, reined in and cursed;  
His fair falcon falls to his fist. He howls,  
"Now gladness is gone! I am groaning, aghast  
At these three grim ghosts" – he blurts it out loud –  
"For I've wandered by woods, and walked in the waste,  
And never before was so craven and cowed.  
My mettle is daunted  
And I quiver with dread.  
I know, without doubt:  
If we run, we're all dead –  
In spite of our titles, we're all of us doomed!"

*Lines 53 - 65*

The second king stutters, that sovereign of might  
Whose vigour and valour were often vaunted,  
"M – methinks, m – my lords, I s – see the strangest sight  
That m – men under the s – sun have ever been granted:  
Three liches, all loathly, seeking lost light,  
With lips all shredded, and livers rotted!  
If we flee, all the city will pity our plight.  
Peril besieges us. Fate has plotted  
Against us – and now  
I am telling you true,  
Though we hunt boars, shout "Ho!"  
To these ghouls we must bow,  
Or run off – and rue!"

*Lines 66 - 78*

# The Three Dead Kings

Then up speaks the hindmost king – staring off at the hills –  
Holding his head in his quivering fists.

It's as if a well-stropped knife has stilled  
His heart, like a slaughtered cow's. He frets:

“These three are demons: each one could kill  
Us here in the woods. Help us, God, who somehow fits  
Us into the world! I quiver like a flag, spill  
My silver. My fingers clench. I lose my wits,  
And fear terribly for our fate.

I think that we should flee, and fast;  
The only counsel's not to wait -  
Fortune's got us on a plate!  
The devils have us! The die is cast!”

*Lines 79 - 91*

“Fiends? Demons? Nay! You're mistaken!  
We're your fathers – salt of the earth – soon forgotten  
As you flourish, like leaves on the linden,  
Holding lordship of towns from Lorne to London.  
Those who doubt your decree, or don't do your bidding,  
You beat and bind, or defraud for a flogging.  
Look! The worms use my bowel for a womb, all writhing,  
Each ribboned like the rope my shroud is a-binding.  
With this rope I am bound  
Though the world once esteemed  
Me. My carrion was found  
Kissable once. But you – unsound  
Masters – say no mass, leave us unredeemed!”

*Lines 92 - 104*

# The Three Dead Kings

Then the middle corpse begins to channer,  
“Look at my bones, all black and bare!  
When we lived in the world, we were held in honour;  
We had wives at our will, and wealth to spare.  
Don’t think of marvels, but learn, and wonder:  
Though now you are fair, thus shall you fare!  
Believe Christ! Learn love! Ponder  
Your own clay, and give your flesh no care!  
Don’t believe it! It lies!  
Its falsehoods are snide.  
So forget pomp and pride:  
When the finest man dies  
His worst works are decried!”

***Lines 105 - 117***

The loathliest one speaks last, his loins so lean  
His legs are lank as leeks swathed in linen:  
“I am your mirror. My merrymaking’s a mean  
Bit of murk now. I’ve done more earthly sinning  
Than any moral excellences, mistreated the men  
Of my lands: vilified villagers, scorned those serving  
My meals, thought myself regal, who was always moaning.  
There’s not a knave now will do my bidding  
Who’s not an idiot or fool  
Who pays no heed to the tomb.  
No one succumbs to my rule.  
Time, remorseless and cruel  
Leads me on to the Doom.”

***Lines 118 - 130***

# The Three Dead Kings

The ghosts, having spoken, all gather and glide  
Off to their graves, and the kings in the glade  
Are a little more glad, and agree they should ride  
Through the red rays of day – and never again grind  
The grist of their servants, or let pride  
Deprive them of merciful minds  
Ripe for redemption – but abide  
In God's mercy. The chantry they found  
Is made holy at mass –  
And in church, or on moss  
Where men meet: I bid you, emboss  
This image. Who'll believe it? Alas!  
You don't? That's your loss!

Amen.

***Lines 131 - 143***

# The Three Dead Kings

Jenni Nuttall and stylisticienne.com, 2014

The theme of the 'Three Living and the Three Dead' is a relatively common form of memento mori in mediaeval art. A *Dit des trois morts et des trois vifs* by Baudoin de Condé has been traced back to 1280.

In the poem, an unnamed narrator describes seeing a boar hunt, a typical opening of the genre of the *chanson d'aventure*. Three kings are following the hunt; they lose their way in mist and are separated from their retainers. Suddenly, "schokyn out of a schawe" (42) ('Starting out of a wood') three walking corpses appear, described in graphically hideous terms. The kings are terrified, but show a range of reactions to the three Dead, ranging from a desire to flee to a resolve to face them. The three corpses, in response, state that they are not demons, but the three kings' forefathers, and criticise their heirs for neglecting their memory and not saying masses for their souls: "Bot we haue made 3oue mastyrz amys/ Pat now nyl not mynn us with a mas" (103-104). Once, the three Dead were materialistic and pleasure-loving: "Wyle I was mon upon mold merpis þai were myne" (121) ('While I was a man upon earth, pleasures were mine'), and they now suffer for it. Eventually, the Dead leave, the red daylight comes, and the kings ride home. The final message of the Dead is that the living should always be mindful of them - "Makis your merour be me" (120) - and of the transient nature of life. Afterwards the kings raise a church "with masse" (139) and have the story written on its walls.

80 Then speke the henmest kyng — • in the hillis he beholdis;  
He lokis under his hondis • and his hed heldis,  
Bot soche a carful knyl • to his hert coldis,  
So doth the knyf ore the kye — • that knoc kelddus!  
"Hit bene warlaws thre • that walkyn on this woldis —  
Oure Lord, wyss us the redé way, • that al the word weldus!  
85 My hert fars fore freght, • as flagge when hit foldus;  
Uche fyngyr of my hond • fore ferdchip hit feldus.  
Fers am I ferd of oure fare;  
Fle we ful fast therfore!  
Can Y no cownsel bot care —  
90 These dewyls wil do us to dare  
Fore drede lest thai duttyn uche a dore!"

# The Three Dead Kings Translation

**[Lines 1 to 13]** On a birch-covered bank where tree boughs are dazzlingly green, I saw a savage boar brought to bay. Fierce dogs ran speedily, making lots of noise: each of them wasn't much bothered about peace and quiet. I thought it very fitting to see such a sight: how, beside a willow, the boar found himself in a fix. From the time that the noise of the hunt began until it was nearly night, from noon until bedtime, the time seemed to me but nothing. It seemed to me no more than an instant to see how he shuddered and writhed. The huntsmen had horns which they rightly blew: they halooed their hounds with "how!". I had never heard such a din in the woods!

**[Lines 14 to 26]** It was good fortune to witness such a noise in the woods, to see that the hounds seized him and brought him to ground. Barons then arrived at that bay with bold hunting dogs; they blew their bugels very noisily to encourage their dogs. Three kings came there, rightly counted, accompanied by din and jollity and tales which they mocked, each man that was there did as they wished. They demanded complete sway over these woods and these wildernesses; they demanded to enjoy these woods and wastelands that there were just as they wished. Listen what befell on their adventure, if you'd like to know, listen and learn: they didn't enjoy learning their lesson.

# The Three Dead Kings Translation (con't)

**[Lines 27 to 39]** When they reached these woods, their joy vanished. They encountered squally winds and very gloomy weather, and such a mist came over the earth (as far as I can recall it to you) that they lost sight of every single man from their fellowship and their company. "This whole adventure," said one, "which has befallen us, I suppose that hardship has come upon us because of our status in the world. Though we are very excellent kings and come from noble families, much sorrow has befallen us, and there's nothing I can do about it. I predict nothing but trouble: let us take cover and concoct some plan. By morning this mist may improve and our Lord can deliver us with joy, or truly our lives are lost."

**[Lines 40 to 52]** They had not ventured forth but a few footsteps when they found very beautiful fields and very brightly coloured meadows. Three men rushed from a grove in one instant, murky shadows who were fated to appear just then, with long and lean limbs and very weak legs. They had lost the lip and liver in the time since they were dead and buried. There was no man who was there who dared nod or turn away, but instead they reined in their horses who snorted in fright. Their horses snorted and halted; these men [i.e. the Dead] summoned them. They saw no help close at hand, but each king invoked Christ, crossing themselves and reciting the creed.

# The Three Dead Kings Translation (con't)

**[Lines 53 to 65]** The first king had sorrow, his heart overcast, for he recognised the cross on the grave-cloth that covered the chest. His foal would not move an inch, but snorted vigorously, his fair falcon fell to his fist in terror. “Now all my gladness is gone! I shudder and fear those three very grim ghosts who make me so afraid. I have travelled far by woods and by wilderness, but I was never so sorrowful before this in any place that I know. I think I have never had such sorrow: I’ve lost my wits or they are not up to this. Certainly it will soon be clear that running away will lead us into trouble: despite our rank, I think that we are trapped.”

**[Lines 66 to 78]** Then the middle king spoke, he who was great of strength, he was made just as a man ought to be with might and main: “I think, sirs, that I see the most peculiar sight that any man saw and was granted under the sun: that of three very loathly creatures who have lost the light, both the lip and the liver are separated from the bones! For if we go back to town as we’d planned, a very perilous route, I think, is indicated for us. We are under instruction, it seems to me — I tell you nothing but the truth. What use is our hunting with “how”? Now let us go speedily to the group over there, or quickly we shall regret our rashness.”

# The Three Dead Kings Translation (con't)

**Lines 79 to 91]** Then the hindmost king spoke: he glances up, hiding his head. He peaks through his fingers and held his head in his hands. A knell so frightful chills his heart, it was like a knife or the key which chills the knuckles. “There are three demons who walk in these woods. May our Lord, who controls the whole world, show us the right way to go! My heart trembles for fear like a reed when it bends, each finger of my hand clenches for terror. I am terribly afraid of our adventure; let us therefore flee quickly! I predict nothing but sorrow – these devils make us cower for fear that they will block off every escape!”

**[Lines 92 to 104]** “No, we are no fiends,” said the first, “that you find before you; we were your earthly fathers who have graciously nurtured you. Now you, who are lords over every town from Lorne [in Argyllshire] to London, are more likely to leave than leaves on the lime-tree. Just as you beat and imprison those who disobey you, so you will be bound in torment unless you atone for that wrong. Lo, here are the worms in my stomach – they swarm and bundle! Lo, here is the tie-band of the sheet which I was wrapped in! I was wrapped therein, indeed, when in the world I was most honoured. My flesh was very comely to kiss. Yet it seems it was a mistake for us to pass on lordship to you, you who will not now remember us with a mass.”

# The Three Dead Kings Translation (con't)

**[Lines 105 to 117]** That other corpse began a very loud speech: “Look at my bones that are black and bare! While we dwelt in this world, we were highly respected; we had our wife at our will and wealth to watch over. Don’t think this just a marvel, but learn to fear from my example: even if you weren’t as handsome as me, thus will you fare! And if you believe in Christ and learn his teaching, abandon fleshy desire and don’t rely on that body made of earth. For why would you believe in it? It lies! It leads you astray by falsehoods, when you are proudest and highest of all, and when you hasten away from this world, it reveals all your wicked deeds.’

**[Lines 118 to 130]** Then the third loathly one at last, with loins very lean, with each leg as thin as a leek, they were wrapped in linen: “Make me your mirror! My joys are now paltry. While I was a man on earth, my crimes were heinous. I thought it a capital idea to treat farmers with contempt – for that I was hated by villagers and servants – but never did a king with his entourage seem to me so faultless. Now there is no rogue in Christendom who will bow to me, who will bow to me or come when bidden, unless he is off his head or a fool. Behave in such a way that you don’t dread judgement – we have no longer enough time to tell you – but turn away from your trifles in good time.”

# The Three Dead Kings Translation (con't)

**[Lines 131 to 143]** Now these ghosts were ready to go, they glided to the grave. Then these men soon began to cheer up. They agreed on the right course and quickly they rode away: the men could recognize the red rays of daylight. They never again judged a book by its cover, but they always had a kindlier heart from that day forth. And they who were in sin were mindful of that ultimate reward and by God's mercy they made a chantry chapel. They consecrated a chantry chapel with a mass, because of meeting those men on the moor, and this poem was written on the wall. Too few people will believe this, alas! May our lord deliver us from damnation. Amen.

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# From the Coronet

From the Baron & Baroness:

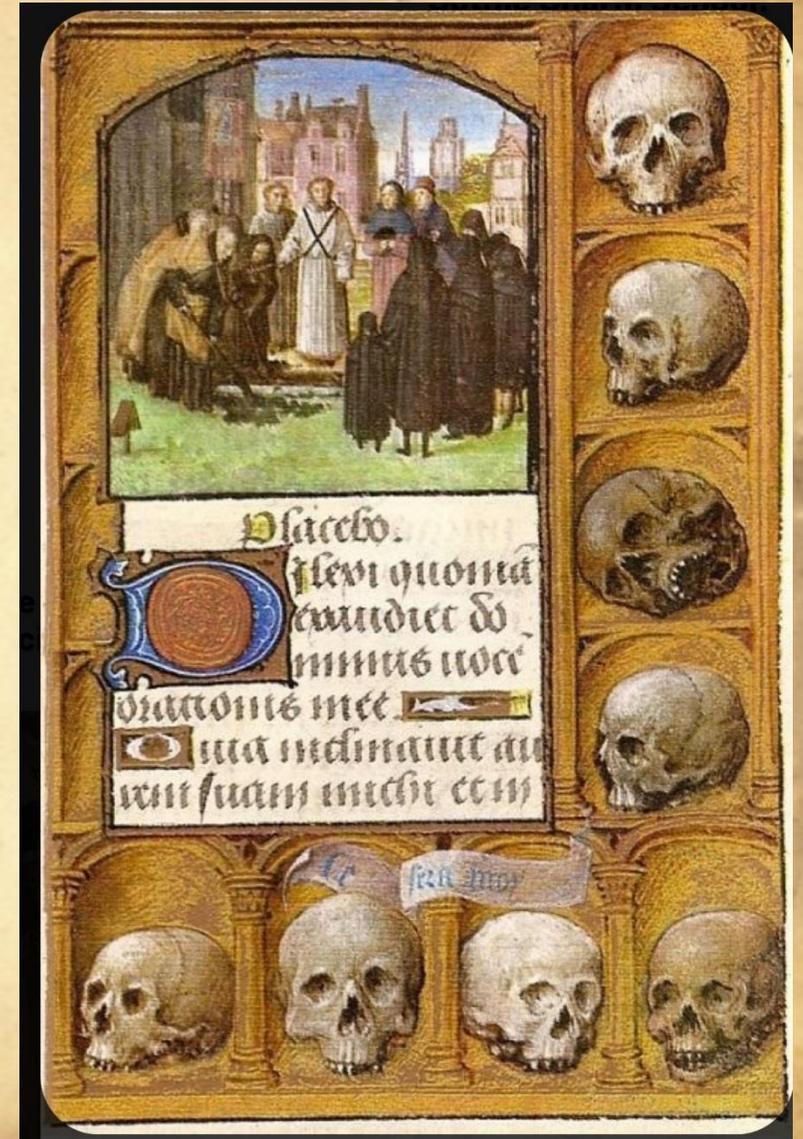
Looking for places to have fight practices and A&S classes, things are starting to open up again

Stay safe.

Baron Dafydd, OP

Baroness Tegan, OP

Axemoor





## From the Seneschal

All reports are up to date.

Looking for potential meeting sites. Considering a mixed live/zoom meeting.  
Will update.

Kingdom Seneschal is stressing that officers need to return to precovid reporting schedule, even if there is nothing to report, report that on time.

Stresses that rules for the seneschal is that this officer needs to step in if other officers become inactive, so it's important for officers to let seneschal know the date of your last report to your Kingdom officer, copy of the actual report is helpful. Officers should attend the barony meeting, send a deputy or send a report.

Fighter practice is happening at Conrad's

Events - Discussed bids for K A&S and Fall Crown, man power, impact of Society Covid rules.

Discussing Xmas Revel.

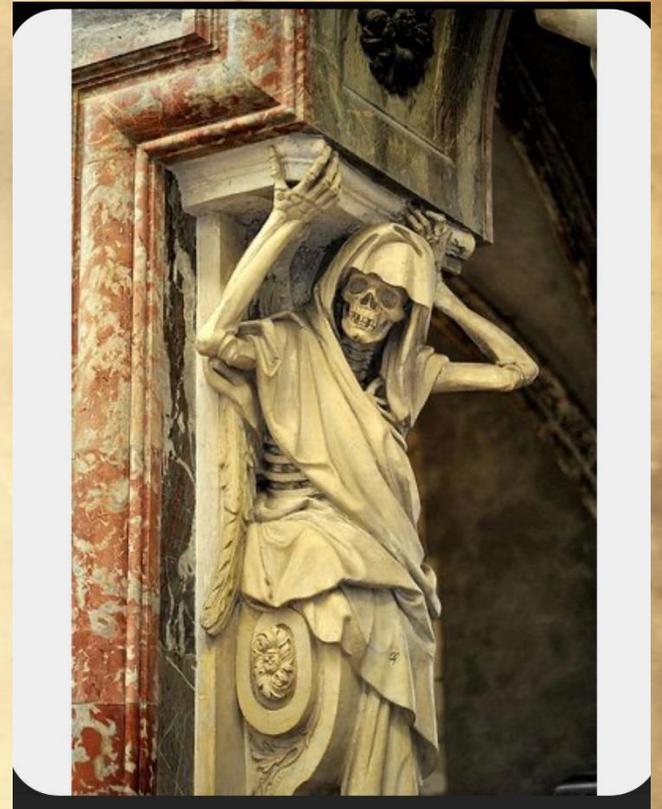
Chatting about possible fight practice locations



## From the Exchequer

Balance has not changed. \$9091.09. There have been changes to taxes concerning regalia and any under \$2K in value will now be considered an expense, not an item to be depreciated.

Reports up to date.



**Détail du tombeau de  
Louis Phélypeaux  
(1598-1681) - Eglise...**



# From the Arts and Science Minister

Report turned in early May. Recommends that the populace take part in the open meeting competition standards and consider competing in Kingdom A&S.



**Tundras**

blackpaint20: " Dance Macabre by Niklaus Manuel ca.1516-1519 "



# From the Knight's Marshal

Fighter Practice: To be determined.  
Nothing to report.



# From the Chatelaine

No inquiries, nothing to report.

Lady Kittah would still like a deputy.



**Demonagerie**

St. Gallen, Stiftsbibliothek, Cod. Sang. 1311, f.14. The travel diary ("Reisebuch") of Alsatian world traveler Georg Franz Müller. 1669-1682. "Müller was employed by the East India-Holland Company...



## From the Historian



## From the Web Mistress

Discussing changing to Word Press.

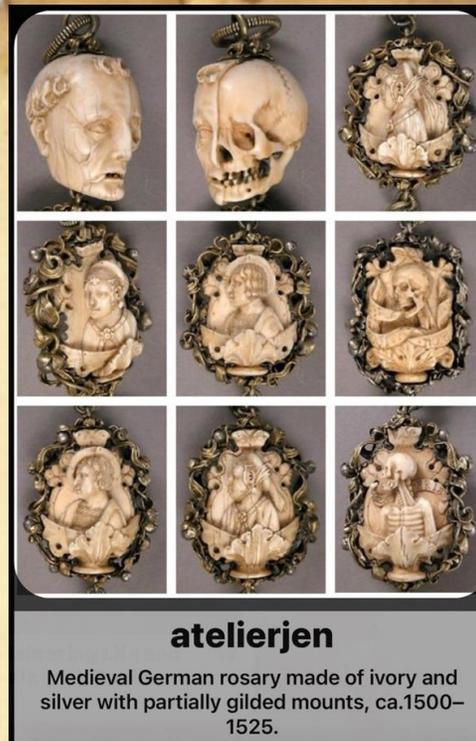


## From the Chronicler

I would like any type of info for the newsletter – ie, a newbie series, how to articles, class handouts, officer reports – Any type of info is welcomed!

**I want everyone to know that when I took over Chronicler last year I was at a loss.**

- **Shoel designed the Bayou Tapestry as you see it today and he did the layout.**
- **We work from template that Shoel created. It is he that deserves the credit.**
- **!!! Thank you Shoel !!!**





## From the Herald

Nothing new to report.

If you would like help with your device, badge or any heraldry type thing, please get with him. He has worked on scrolls for both Kingdom and Baronial. \*\*Side Note – Floki has volunteered to digitize your arms for you.



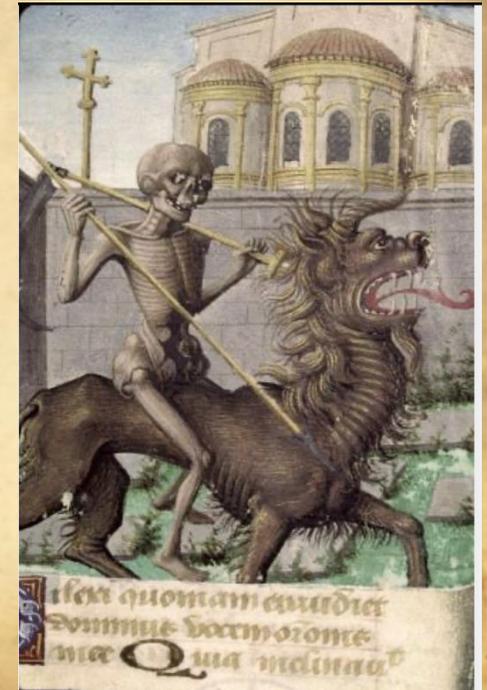
## From the Quartermaster

Stuff is in the trailer, trailer is in its storage yard.  
Nothing to report.



## From the Constable

The few items we have haven't gone anywhere. All is calm within the Barony.  
Nothing to report.



# From the Demo Coordinator

All demos are cancelled until further notice.





# Misura Sociale

*Social Distancing by Niccolleto Giganti.  
(1606)*

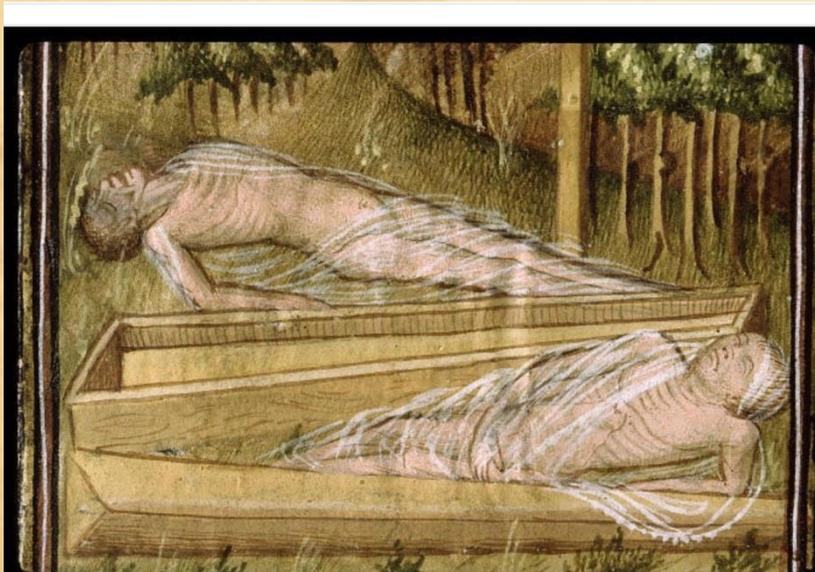
# Calendar kingdom

## September 2021

September 25

[Gleann Abhann Spring Crown Tourney](#)

*Kings Arrow Ranch 222 Rault Dr, Lumberton*



Paris, Bibl. Sainte-Geneviève, ms. 1278 f.153. Heures à l'usage de Troyes c. 1413-1420.

## October 2021

October 16

[Gleann Abhann Arts & Sciences \(Virtual Event\)](#)

October 23 @ 7:00 am - 6:00 pm

[Gleann Abhann Fall Coronation](#)

*Mangum Memorial United Methodist Church 3939 Pines Road, Shreveport*

## November 2021

November 13

[Gleann Abhann Fall Crown List](#)

*Kingdom - Save the Date!*

*Site and Host to be announced...*

# Axemoor Calendar

<u>Regular events</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Location</u>
Populace meetings	Second Tuesday of each month	7 pm	Meetings are currently virtual. Link on next page
Fighter Practice	Wednesday night	7 pm	On hold.
	Sunday afternoon	1 pm	On hold.
Sewing circle			

# Axemoor Populace Meeting link and other info

Time: Nov 10, 2020 07:00 PM Central Time (US and Canada)

Every month on the Second Tue.

Monthly:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83612166643?pwd=Ym4yVU5BK3hwSEY0VGJXMEVGYkY3UT09&fbclid=IwAR3NjIRxDJquzutDL6s70t-Krf25kHzzvWf49VAmv8T8p1498BS9-2S3atg>

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83612166643...>

Meeting ID: 836 1216 6643

Passcode: 778121



**atelierjen**

Medieval German rosary made of ivory and silver with partially gilded mounts, ca.1500–1525.



## Seneschal

Mistress Maymunah bint Da'ud  
al Siqilliyah

[seneschal@axemoor.net](mailto:seneschal@axemoor.net)

Deputy: Katie McCloud



## Knight's Marshal

Barax Greicho

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## Chatelaine

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## Exchequer

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## Arts and Sciences

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## Herald

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## Chronicler

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Deputy: Shaul ben Yisrael  
(Shoiel)



## Historian

Grace of Axemoor

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## Webminister

Kaitie McCloud / Cordeilla

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## Constable

Baroness Tegan verch Dwgan

[constable@axemoor.net](mailto:constable@axemoor.net)



## Quartermaster

Lord David Boot Leg

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## *Disclaimer*

*All submissions are due by Sunday, following the monthly business meeting, which is held on the Second Tuesday of every month.*

*Submissions may be brought to the business meeting; the Chronicler also requests that a copy be sent to VA e-mail.*

*All submissions are subject to editing for length, content and style. Please contact the Chronicler's Office for submission permission form information.*

