

Ring



Uruk

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely representing the words "Sauron" and "Nazgûl" in a stylized form.

S is for His Stronghold down in Mordor,
A is for the Armies at His call,
U is for the Uruks in His forces,
R is for the Ring that rules them all;
O is for His Forge in Orodruin,
N is for the Nazgûl at his beck;

Put them all together, they spell S-A-U-R-O-N
And you're lucky if he doesn't wring your neck!

AN EPICAL HISTORIE OF THE WAR OF THE RING George Heap

O, Sauron made some Rings, they were very useful things,
And he only wanted One to keep;
But Isildur took the One just to have a little fun --
Sauron's finger was still in it, what a creep!

Sauron had no friend to help him at the end, not even an Orc or a slave;
It was dirty Frodo Baggins who fixed his little wagon
And laid poor Sauron in his grave!

Then Sauron went to war for the glory of Mordor,
But his Orcs didn't like the sun:
It was marching in the heat made them feel so very Beat
So he made them suntan lotion by the ton.

Sauron had no friend to help him at the end, not even an Orc or a slave;
It was dirty Frodo Baggins who fixed his little wagon
And laid poor Sauron in his grave!

Gollum met his ruin while skin-diving in Anduin
Where he found his birthday present;
He gave up steak and pork just to eat raw fish and Orc;
Though the flavour was unique, it wasn't pleasant!

(Chorus:) Sauron had no friend...

Frodo Baggins got the Ring and he rather liked the thing
But it worried him every minute;
At the end of his long mission, to keep up with the tradition,
He lost it with his finger still within it.

(Chorus)

Now the wizard Saruman heard that Rings were in demand
And if he could find the One he'd have it made;
But in spite of Fangorn's hints he had overlooked the Ents
Who showed up to stage an Arbor Day parade.

(Chorus)

Sauron felt rather poor at the fall of Barad-dur
And he didn't have a friend, as I've mentioned;
But his spirit lives today, just the same in every way,
And the Orcs show up at every darned convention!

EPILOGUES by Divers Hands

Sauron fell with Mordor, as I mentioned once before,
And his realm was destroyed without pity;
But his spirit lives today, just the same in every way,
In the House Un-American Activities Committee!

(Chorus)

Sherkey's last desire was to get even with the Shire
And make it a Vast Wasteland, you can guess;
He and Sauron, as I fear, now exploit the Palantir,
And the Eye is seen each night on CBS!

(Chorus)

Shagrat's job went down the drain at the end of Sauron's reign
But he thinks his new line of work is keen;
Though a pen-name he may use, you can spot him if you choose
In almost any movie magazine!

(Chorus)

After Barad-dur's collapse it was stricken from the maps,
But a city later rose upon its site;
While it wouldn't do to say where the ancient Mordor lay
Just don't try to walk through Central Park at night!

Sauron had no friend to help him at the end, not even an Orc or a slave;
It was dirty Frodo Baggins who fixed his little wagon
And laid poor Sauron in his grave!

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Sauron worked in Eregion,
Wide and dark were the webs he spun,
Put his magic in what he wrought
And a Ring of Power was what he got.

Ring of Power! What is that?
Round and gold, for an autocrat,
And inside it the words so grim:
"PATENT PENDING, I.B.M."

HIGH FLY THE NAZGUL-O

I'll sing you One, O: High fly the Nazgul-O!

What is your One, O?

ONE for the One Ring, Lord of All, that was destroyed by Frodo!

I'll sing you Two, O: High fly the Nazgul-O!

What is your Two, O?

TWO, Two, the watchful Towers guarding over Mordor, O;

ONE for the One Ring, Lord of All, that was destroyed by Frodo!

I'll sing you Three, O: High fly the Nazgul-O!

What is your Three, O?

THREE, Three, the Elf-Rings;

TWO, Two, the watchful Towers guarding over Mordor, O;

ONE for the One Ring, Lord of All, that was destroyed by Frodo!

I'll sing you Four, O: High fly the Nazgul-O!

What is your Four, O?

FOUR for the Hobbits on their Quest;

THREE, Three, the Elf-Rings;

TWO, Two, the watchful Towers guarding over Mordor, O;

ONE for the One Ring, Lord of All, that was destroyed by Frodo!

I'll sing you Five, O: High fly the Nazgul-O!

What is your Five, O?

FIVE for the Wizards from the West and

FOUR for the questing Hobbits;

THREE, Three, the Elf-Rings;

TWO, Two, the watchful Towers guarding over Mordor, O;

ONE for the One Ring, Lord of All, that was destroyed by Frodo!

I'll sing you Six, O: High fly the Nazgul-O!

What is your Six, O?

SIX for the Six Names of the King;

FIVE for the Wizards from the West and

FOUR for the questing Hobbits;

THREE, Three, the Elf-Rings;

TWO, Two, the watchful Towers guarding over Mordor, O;

ONE for the One Ring, Lord of All, that was destroyed by Frodo!

I'll sing you Seven, O: High fly the Nazgul-O!

What is your Seven, O?

SEVEN for the Dwarf-lords' magic Rings and

SIX for the names of Strider;

FIVE for the Wizards from the West and

FOUR for the questing Hobbits;

THREE, Three, the Elf-Rings;

TWO, Two, the watchful Towers guarding over Mordor, O;

ONE for the One Ring, Lord of All, that was destroyed by Frodo!

I'll sing you Eight, O: High fly the Nazgul-O!

What is your Eight, O?

EIGHT for the ancient Elf-Swords;

SEVEN for the Dwarf-lords' magic Rings and

SIX for the names of Strider;

FIVE for the Wizards from the West and

FOUR for the questing Hobbits;

THREE, Three, the Elf-Rings;

TWO, Two, the watchful Towers guarding over Mordor, O;

ONE for the One Ring, Lord of All, that was destroyed by Frodo!

I'll sing you Nine, O: High fly the Nazgul-O!

What is your Nine, O?

NINE for the Nine brave Walkers and

EIGHT for the ancient Elf-Swords;

SEVEN for the Dwarf-lords' magic Rings and

SIX for the names of Strider;

FIVE for the Wizards from the West and

FOUR for the questing Hobbits;

THREE, Three, the Elf-Rings;

TWO, Two, the watchful Towers guarding over Mordor, O;

ONE for the One Ring, Lord of All, that was destroyed by Frodo!

I'll sing you Ten, O: High fly the Nazgul-O!

What is your Ten, O?

TEN for the battles of the Ring;

NINE for the Nine brave Walkers and

EIGHT for the ancient Elf-Swords;

SEVEN for the Dwarf-lords' magic Rings and

SIX for the names of Strider;

FIVE for the Wizards from the West and

FOUR for the questing Hobbits;

THREE, Three, the Elf-Rings;

TWO, Two, the watchful Towers guarding over Mordor, O;

ONE for the One Ring, Lord of All, that was destroyed by Frodo!

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The Uruks are a funny race;

They hold the sunlight in distaste;

Their disposition's rather mean,

Their verses mostly leonine,

They like their bit o' mansflesh too

And wash it down with a Nameless Brew,

They make their chiefest study still

To wreak Great Sauron's evil will,

And if he gives no indication,

They use their own imagination.

So tell me why the worldcon bans

Creatures so much like SF fans?

THE NAZGÛL KING OF ANGMAR

by John Boardman

Oh, the Uruks sing of a Nazgûl king lived many years ago,
He ruled as king with a magic Ring which he got from Arnor's foe.
He covered his shape with a sable cape but that was all you'd see,
'Cause one of the things you get from Rings is invisibility.

CHORUS: He was vicious and mean and real low down
 And he had no face beneath his crown,
 Sauron bless the Nazgûl King of Angmar!

Now Arvedui of Norbury was the King of Arthedain;
His hair he tore as he loudly swore that the Angmar men were swine.
"They're of low birth from Middle Earth and their blood lines are a mess:
"We need their space for the master race of the Men of Westernesse!"

(Chorus)

When Angmar's king heard of this thing in his palace at Carn Dum,
He drew his sword with a naughty word and he called each serf and groom.
The Angmar host marched on Fornost and vowed not to come back till
Their King could see Arvedui flee from his trusty pterodactyl.

(Chorus)

From burned Fornost to the northern coast they chased poor Arvedui
And he left his bones and his pair of Stones at the bottom of the sea.
But at last the Elves came in themselves to scatter, slay, and burn,
And the Witch-King said, just before he fled for his life, "I shall return!"

He was vicious and mean and real low down
And he had no face beneath his crown,
Sauron bless the Nazgûl King of Angmar!

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This has been RING CYCLE, a one-shot published by Dick Eney for the XXIII World Science Fiction Convention and for the fun of it. Operation Crifanac CCLXXXVII. There's no reason why you shouldn't use what tunes you please that fit the words, but these were designed with the following ones in mind: "An Epical Historie...", "Jesse James"; "High Fly the Nazgûl-O", "Green Grow the Rashers, O" (the ancient carol, not Burns' version); "The Nazgûl King of Angmar", "The Bastard King of England". And a happy St. Dymphna's Day to all fans everywhere.