



# Songs and Chants

## Forward

One of the unique aspects of [THE RMRS'](#) Drill Displays are the use of songs and marching chants in Latin. This Part of the Handbook introduces each song or chant in three parts: the Latin script, the phonetic version to ease learning, and a translation. A recording of the songs and chants is available on CD-ROM (other formats may also be available) to help, although imitation and practice probably remains the best method of learning.

## *Semper Hic*

SEMPER HIC VENTI DESERTA GELIDIS PERFLANT IMBRIBUS,  
SORDET IAM PEDICULOSA TUNICA, MADIDUS NASUS EST.  
SAEVE ME UMECTAT TEMPESTAS GRANDINIBUS COTTIDIE,  
CUR? QUOD EST MEUM TUERI LIMITES BRITANNIAE.

SEM-PER HIK WEN-TEE DES-ER-TAH GEL-EE-DEES PER-FLANT IM-BREE-BOOS,  
SOR-DET YAM PED-EE-KOO-LOW-SAH TOO-NEE-KAH, MAD-DEE-DOOS NAH-SUS EST.  
SIGH-WAY MEH OO-MEK-TAT TEM-PES-TAS GRAN-DIN-EE-BOOS KOT-TID-EE-AY,  
KOOR? KWOD EST MAY-OOM TOO-AIR-EE LIM-EE-TES BRIT-TAN-NEE-AYE.

Here the winds blow over the wasteland with chill showers,  
Already my tunic is filthy with lice, my nose is running.  
Daily the savage tempest soaks me with hail stones,  
Why? Because it's my job to protect the borders of Britain.

SAXA CANA UBIQUE NUBES OBTEGIT CALIGINE,  
CARA IN TUNGRIA EST PUELLA, SEMPER SOLUS DORMIO.  
QUOD DEDIT MI AMORIS PIGNUS, PERDITUMPST IN ALEA,  
HEU! PUELLUM CONCUSCO, DESIDERO STIPENDIUM.

SAK-SAH CAR-NAH OO-BEE-KWAY NOO-BAYS OB-TAY-GIT KAL-EE-GEE-NAY,  
KAR-RAH IN TOON-GREE-AH EST POO-AY-LAH SEM-PER SOW-LOOS DOR-MEE-OH.  
KWOD DAY-DIT MEE AM-OR-EES PIG-NOOS, PER-DEE-TOOMPST IN AL-EE-AH,  
HEW! POO-AY-LOOM KON-KOO-PIS-KOH, DES-EE-DAY-ROW STEE-PEN-DEE-OOM.

Everywhere the mist shrouds the grey rocks in darkness,  
My dear girl is in Tungria, always I sleep alone.  
The pledge of love she gave me has been lost at the dice board,  
Alas! I dearly want my girl and I want my pay.



# Sumus

SUMUS QUARTEDECUMANI, LEGIO GEMINA

AUFER TEI DE VIA DECEDITE!

CORNU SONAT PEDEM INFERRE,

MILITES ROMANI PROCEDITE.

SOO-MUS KWAR-TAH-DEK-OO-MAN-EE, LEG-EE-OH GEM-EE-NAH

OW-FER TAY! DAY WEE-AH DEK-KED-EE-TAY!

KOR-NOO SON-AT PAY-DEM IN-FER-RAY,

MIL-EE-TAYS ROW-MAH-NAY PRO-KAY-DEE-TAY!

We are men of the Fourteenth, Legion of the Twin

Away with you! Get out of our way!

The trumpet sounds advance,

Soldiers of Rome, forward!

SIVE SEQUIMUR AQUILAS,

SIVE PROGREDIMUR AD CORNICES SOLI,

NOSTRA SUPERBIA EST IN LEGIONE,

ET PUGNANS PEDITATUS EST DOMUS GENSQUE,

ET PUGNANS PEDITATUS EST DOMUS GENSQUE.

SEE-WAY SEK-KWEE-MOOR AK-KWEE-LAS,

SEE-WAY PRO-GRAY-DEE-MOOR AD KOR-NEE-KAYS SOL-EE,

NOS-TRAH SOO-PER-BEE-AH EST IN LEG-EE-O-NAY.

ET POOG-NANS PED-EE-TAH-TOOS EST DOM-OOS GENS-KWAY,

ET POOG-NANS PED-EE-TAH-TOOS EST DOM-OOS GENS-KWAY.

Whether we follow the Eagles,

Or we go to the Ravens alone,

Our Pride is in the Legion,

And the fighting infantry are our family and home,

And the fighting infantry are our family and home.

NOS SIGNA SEQUIMUR, QUOCUMQUE NOS DUCUNT,

A BARBARA GERMANIAE SILVA,

AD CALEDONIAM CALIGINEM,

DOMITORES BRITANNORUM, PROCEDITE!

NOS SIG-NAH SEK-KWEE-MOOR, KWO-KUM-KWAY NOS DOO-KOONT,

AH BAH-BAH-RAH GER-MAN-EE-EYE SEAL-WAH,

ADD KAL-EE-DOH-NEE-AM KAL-EE-GEE-NAM,

DOM-EE-TOR-EES BRIT-TAN-NOR-OOM PRO-KAY-DEE-TAY!

We follow the Standards, wherever they lead us,

From the barbarous forests of Germany,

To the mist shrouded hills of Caledonia,

Tamers of Britain, March!



## Urbani

URBANI, SERVATE UXORES, MOECHUM CALVUM ADDUCIMUS.  
AURUM IN GALLIA EFFUTUISTI, HIC SUMPSTISTI MUTUUM.

OOR-BAH-NEE, SER-WAH-TAY OO-XOR-AYS, MOY-KUM KAL-WUM AD-DOO-KEE-MOOS  
OW-ROOM IN GAL-EE-AH EFF-FOO-TOO-IS-TEE, HIK SOOMP-SIS-TEE MOO-TOO-OOM.

Citizens, keep an eye on your wives, we're bringing back the bald adulterer.  
He's fucked away the gold in Gaul that you loaned him here [in Rome].

GALLIAS CAESAR SUBEGIT, NICOMEDES CAESAREM,  
ECCE CAESAR NUNC TRIUMPHAT QUI SUBEGIT GALLIAS.  
NICOMEDES NON TRIUMPHAT, QUI SUBEGIT CAESAREM.

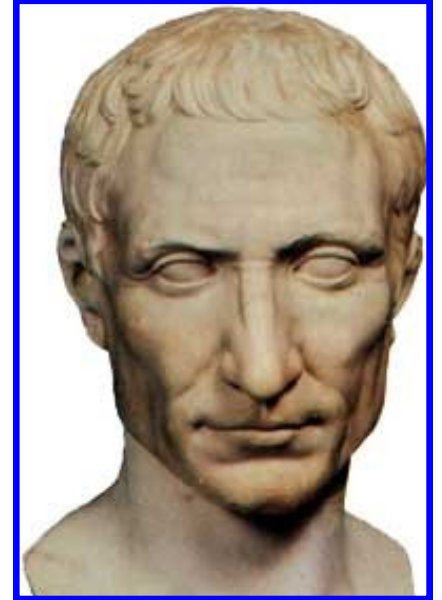
GAL-EE-ASS KAI-SAH SOO-BAY-GIT, NIKO-MEE-DEES KAI-SAH-REM,  
EK-KAY KAI-SAH NUNK TREE-OOM-FAT KWEE SOO-BAY-GIT GAL-EE-ASS.  
NIKO-MEE-DEES NON TREE-OOM-FAT, KWEE SOO-BAY-GIT KAI-SAH-REM.

Caesar vanquished the Gauls, Nicomedes Caesar,  
Caesar who vanquished the Gauls now triumphs.  
Nicomedes does not triumph, who vanquished Caesar.

GALLOS CAESAR IN TRIUMPHUM DUCIT, IDEM IN CURIAM,  
GALLI BRACAS DEPOSUERUNT, LATUM CLAVUM SUMPERUNT.

GAL-LOS KAI-SAH IN TREE-OOM-FOOM DOO-KIT, EE-DEM IN KOO-REE-AM,  
GAL-LEE BRAH-KAS DAY-POS-AIR-OONT, LAH-TOOM KLAH-WOOM SUMP-SER-OONT.

Caesar leads the Gauls in triumph, likewise into the Senate House.  
The Gauls have laid aside their trousers and put on the broad purple stripe.



## Mille Germanos

MILLE GERMANOS, MILLE PERSOS,  
SEMEL ET SEMEL DECOLLAVIMUS!

MIL-LAY GER-MAH-NOOS, MIL-LAY PER-SOS,  
SEM-ELL ET SEM-ELL DEK-KOL-LAH-WEE-MOOS!

We've decapitated thousands of Germans and thousands of  
Persians over and over again!



## ***Cras Amet***

CRAS AMET QUI NUMQUAM AMAVIT, QUIQUE AMAVIT CRAS AMET!

KRASS AH-MET KWEE NUM-KWAM AH-MAH-WIT, KWEE-KWAY AH-MAH-WIT KRASS Ah-MET!

He who has never loved will love tomorrow, and he who has loved will also love tomorrow.

(Note: This can be repeated over and over ad nauseum.)



## ***Bacche***

BACCHE, VITIUM REPERTOR, PLENUS ADSIS VITIBUS:

EFFLUAS DULCEM LIQUOREM COMPARANDUM NECTARI,

CONDITUMQUE FAC VETUSTUM, NE MALIGNIS VENULIS

ASPERUM DUCAT SAPOREM VERSUS USUM IN ALTERUM.

BAKKEE WEETEEUM REPERTOR, PLAYNUS ADDSEES WEETEEBUS:

EFFLOOASS DUKEM LICKWOOREM COMPARANDOOM NECKTAREE,

CONDEETUMKWEE FACK WETOOSTOOM, NAY MALIGNISS WENOOOLIS

ASPEROOM DOOKAT SAPOREM WERSUS USUM IN ALTERUUM.

Bacchus discoverer of vines, come to our vines in full force:

pour forth the sweet juice comparable to nectar,

and when it is stored make it grow old without taking on

the malignancy of its nature a harsh flavour, turning it to some other use.

(Note: *Bacche* is sung twice - the first time to a normal beat, the second at double the speed.)



## ***The Woad Ode***

[To the tune of Men of Harlech]

What's the use of wearing braces  
Spats and hats and shoes with laces  
Vests and coats you buy in places  
Down on Brompton Road

What's the use of shirts of cotton  
Studs that always get forgotten  
These affairs are simply rotten  
Better far is Woad

Woad's the stuff to show men  
Woad to scare your foemen  
Boil it to a brilliant blue  
And rub it on your back and your abdomen

Ancient Britons ne'er did hit on  
Anything as good as Woad to fit on  
Neck and knees and where you sit on  
Tailors, you be blowed!

Romans came across the channel  
All dressed up in tin and flannel  
Half a pint of Woad per man'll  
Clothe us more than these

Saxons, you can save your stitches  
Building beds for bugs in britches  
We have Woad to clothe us, which is  
Not a nest for fleas

Romans, keep your armours  
Saxons, your pyjamas  
Hairy coats were made for goats  
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs, and llamas

So march on Snowdon with your Woad on  
Never mind if you get rained or snowed on  
Never need a button sewed on  
Go it Ancient B's!

The Woad Ode is also known as Woad, The Woad Song and Woad of Harlech and is a humorous song set to the tune of 'Men of Harlech'. It recounts the ancient British tradition of fighting naked in woad dye, but is definitely not intended as a history lesson. It first became popular in 1920s as a song in the English Boy Scouts. The author, William Hope-Jones, was a housemaster at Eton who wrote it some time before 1914, as he sang it at a College dinner at that time.

## ***Always Look on the Bright Side of Life***

[Words and music by Eric Idle]

Some things in life are bad  
They can really make you mad  
Other things just make you swear and curse.  
When you're chewing on life's gristle  
Don't grumble, give a whistle  
And this'll help things turn out for the best...

And...always look on the bright side of life...  
Always look on the light side of life...

If life seems jolly rotten  
There's something you've forgotten  
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing.  
When you're feeling in the dumps  
Don't be silly chumps  
Just purse your lips and whistle - that's the thing.

And...always look on the bright side of life...  
Always look on the light side of life...

For life is quite absurd  
And death's the final word  
You must always face the curtain with a bow.  
Forget about your sin - give the audience a grin  
Enjoy it - it's your last chance anyhow.

So always look on the bright side of death  
Just before you draw your terminal breath

Life's a piece of shit  
When you look at it  
Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true.  
You'll see it's all a show  
Keep 'em laughing as you go  
Just remember that the last laugh is on you.

And always look on the bright side of life...  
Always look on the right side of life...

(Come on guys, cheer up!)  
Always look on the bright side of life...  
Always look on the bright side of life...  
(Worse things happen at sea, you know.)  
Always look on the bright side of life...  
(I mean - what have you got to lose?)  
(You know, you come from nothing - you're going  
back to nothing.  
What have you lost? Nothing!)  
Always look on the right side of life...

