

THE SANDWORM Songbook

Sandworm

SANDWORM 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, also known as the Sandworm Song Book, The Songs of Sandworm or The Dune Tune winners. The contest was announced last year about this time and I was a bit surprised at the quality of the submissions I received. Some are humorous, notably those from the Beetems, some are serious (notably Alexis Gilliland's), and two aren't really songs per se but more like poetry. Like those from Dale Goble and Mike Kring (Mike's, by the way, is arranged like a song but he didn't provide any music with it)((any takers who would want to put it to music?))

I've declared the Beetems and Alexis as the co-winners and each is thereby entitled to his/her choice of any book by Frank Herbert. Alexis decided to take the Ipswolt edition of Dune, with beaten gold leaves and bound in Cordoban leather - I had to send an Ace edition instead. I had an Ipswolt edition, with gold beaten leaves but it was bound in Moroccan leather and since Alexis obviously had his heart set on the Cordoban...

To date the Beetems haven't responded as to their druthers and I've moved both Gove & Mike up onto my permanent mlg list as their retribution for humoring me.

Illustrations are by various Fremens. Cover is drawn by Joe Pearson, with lettering compliments of the Dorisii Beetemungen. Logo on this page from Dan Osterman. Other illos by Harry Morris and the redoubtable Jim McLeod.

And, as if there was any other fan who'd do something like this, I am Bob Vardeman, your Sandmaster of the moment, who declares his sietch to be PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112, Arrakis. Thish is, needless to say, special and available because we trade, you're due to get #13 or you've sent in 25¢. You can thank Edco for the raise in price since he talked me into it.

***FUBB Pub**

The Moon Falls Down

Songs of Muad'Dib

(Dune Messiah by Frank Herbert)

He has gone from Alia,
The womb of heaven!
Holy, holy, holy!

Fire-sand leagues
Confront our Lord.
He can see
Without eyes!
A demon upon him!
Holy, holy, holy!

Equation:
He solved for
Martyrdom!

THE SONGS OF SANDWORM

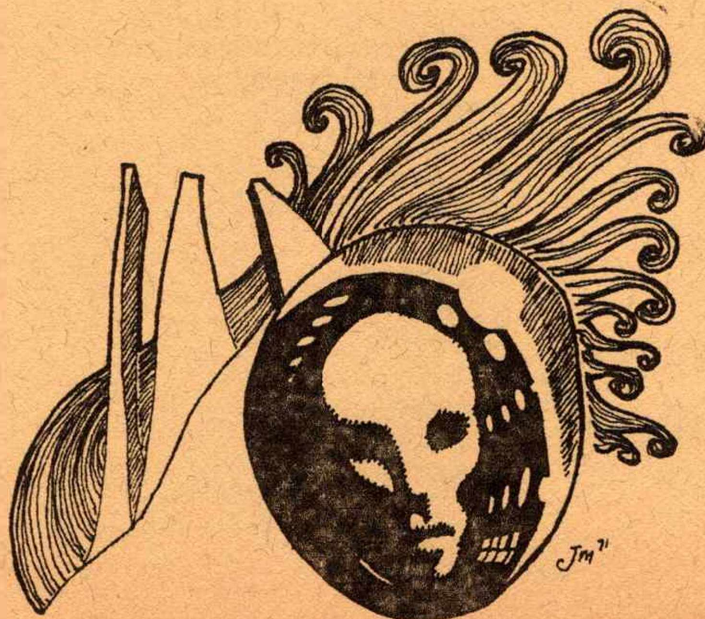
(Sound of Silence)

Doris Beetem

Hello, BobV, my young friend
Will this madness never end?
All these tunes I am humming
Like drumsand in my brain are drumming
The suggestion that you planted in my head
Has turned to dread
These are the Songs of Sandworm!

In this craze, I'm not alone,
Dee just called me on the phone
She's obsessed with writing verses
On your head, she's heaping curses
For an hour, on the line she did hang
While we sang
= All these Songs of Sandworm!

Ten thousand fans - and maybe more
Have no idea what's in store
People singing without thinking
People singing while they're drinking
They sing filk songs, never dreaming of their doom
Songs of Dune
And the Songs of Sandworm!



YOU CAME A LONG WAY FROM TLEILAX
(You Came a Long Way from St. Louis)

-Doris Beetem-

You came a long way from Tleilax
To plot to murder Muad'Dib
Your story to the Reverend Mother, the Guildsmen
and the Princess certainly sounds glib

You brought the ghola Duncan with you
You told him that his name is Hayt
His loyalty to Paul is stronger than your
conditioning as you'll find out too late

You came here from a mentat base
You wear another's face
There's not a form you can't ape

Scytale, I've got news for you
Paul's got the vision, too
His Fremmen you cannot escape

Your plan was bound to fail completely
Would Herbert let the bad guys win?
And the end of Dune Messiah shows us just how
the next book 'bout Dune will begin

THE SANDS OF ARRAKIS
(Streets of Laredo)

-Doris Beetem-

As I walked along on the sands of Arrakis
As I walked along on Arrakis at noon
I saw a young Fremmen all dressed in a stillsuit
A-ridin' a sandworm 'way out on a dune

I see by your stillsuit that you are a Fremmen
You see by my stillsuit that I'm a Fremmen, too
We see by our stillsuits that we are both Fremmen
Climb down from your worm, I'll share water with you

He was a Fedaykin, a Fremmen commando
He was a Fedaykin though only a lad
We'll crush the cruel Baron and win for Atreides
The green and black banner will rule the jihad

I see in a vision this young Fremmen dying
I see that he dies in a Sietch Tabr cave
He gives me his life and the tribe gets his water
Thirty three liters - the rest to the grave

BLLED

-Dale Goble-

sand
the stillsuit chafes
solitude
the big makers roam the sand
sand
the Fremmen wait - ride the makers
solitude
Muad'Dib - the prophet, the legend
sand
Usul - the Fremmen, the pillar
solitude
Paul - the Atreides, the man
sand
God created Dune to test the faithful
stillness

-gobe-

BLUE EYES

(Blue Skies)

MY EYES ARE BLUE

(Love is Blue)

-Doris Beetem-

Blue eyes - looking at me
Nothing but blue eyes do I see

Fremmen - singing their song
Hunting for melange all day long

Never saw the worms crawling so fast
If they caught me, how long could I last?

Till I ride a worm, I'm a wali
How can I fail? I'm the mahdi!

Sandworms - I know it's true
It's your melange that makes eyes blue.

Blue, blue - my eyes are blue
If you eat spice, then yours will be, too.
Keen, keen - my eyes are keen
I can see the future of Arakeen.

When I fled - From the Harkonnen
Who saved me? T'was my friends the Fremmen.

Spice, spice - I ate it twice
For it the Guild will pay a good price
Blue, blue - my eyes are blue
If you eat spice, then yours will be, too.

DUKE LETO'S FAREWELL

("My Desert is Waiting" from Sigmund Romberg's Desert Song)

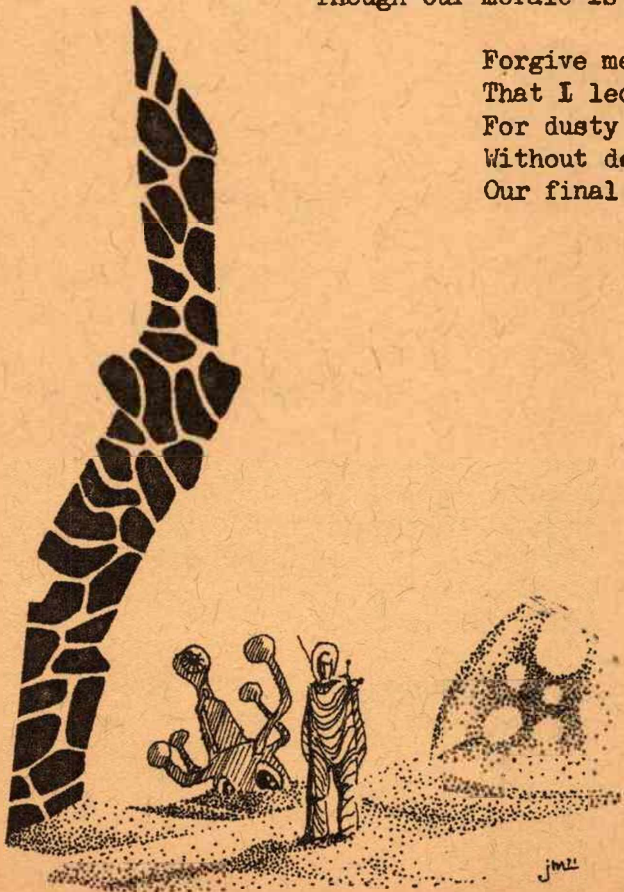
-Alexis Gilliland-

Arrakis is waiting
Rock, sandworms and ~~dust~~
I don't want to go there
But, dammit, I must
Nervous I am, and scared
'Totally unprepared

Farewell, blue Caladan
It is the Emperor's command
That Atreides should leave you,
Although it grieves you,
To govern sand.

So, on to Arrakis
Though death waits us there
We'll beard the Harkonnen
Beast in his lair
Into the trap we'll go
Though our morale is low

Forgive me, my gallant band
That I led you from Caladan
For dusty death is waiting.
Without debating,
Our final stand.



THE GREAT ERG

Mike Kring

(chorus):

Soo-Soo-Sook!
The water-seller cries!
Ikhut-Eigh!
As Canopus arises!
Soo-Soo-Sook!
The measure of a man!
Ikhut-Eigh!
All within the Divine Plan!

1. The Great Erg lies to the North of Time,
Twisting Shai-hulud in its hands.
Long as space and older than time,
Shai-hulud cries for open lands.

The Great Erg lies South of all Life,
It resists the pain of moisture.
Shai-hulud rides in the sands at night,
Free as any being in its pasture.

(chorus)

2. The Great Erg stretches past all the hills,
Shai-hulud reigns supreme,
And rides the waves of its kills,
And lives on as if a dream.

The Great Erg holds the Makers' home,
Shai-hulud holds his head up high,
And as the Grandmother of all storms comes,
No Maker shall ever again die!

(chorus)

-Mike Kring ☉

IT'S A LONG WORM THAT HAS NO TURNING
(There's a Long, Long Trail A-winding)

by Doris Beetem

There's a giant sandworm crawling
Across Arrakis - my world
As I stand here in my stillsuit
With my cloak unfurled

There's a pre-spice mass a-forming
Down in the sand dunes, I know
And I'll see the future with it
Then my foes I'll overthrow.

-Doris Beetem-

OH, ARAKIS

(Oklahoma !)

-Doris Beetem-

Oh, oh, oh, oh Arrakis
Where the winds come sweepin' o'er the dunes
Though the days are hot, we like a lot
Spending every night beneath two moons

Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh Arrakis
Home of sandworms, Fremmen and spice
But it's very dry, so please don't cry
We think wasting water is a vice

Because we know - Kull Wahad and Haiii Yoh!
We know that someday there'll be a rain on Arrakis
(and)
An Arrakis rainbow!

TWELEVE DAYS IN SIETCH TABR

-Doris Beetem-

The twelfth day in Sietch Tabr
My true love gave to me
Twelve sandworms crawling
Eleven thumpers thumping
Ten lasguns firing
Nine glowglobes shinging
Eight Fedaykin fighting
Seven 'thopters flying
Six balisets a-playing
Five water rings
Four crysknives
Three stillsuits
Two literjohns
And melange spice so I could foresee.

KEEP THE WORMS A*CHURNING

(Keep the Home Fires Burning)

-Doris Beetem-

Fremmen now sojourning
In the desert burning
Arakeen is far away
We'll take it easy

Eat melange - it's dandy
Keep your crysknife handy
Wear your stillsuit day and night
Till we conquer Dune!



SANDRIDERS ON THE DUNES

(Ghost Riders in the Sky)

-Doris Beetem-

An old Mentat went walking out
One hot and breathless night
Upon a dune he rested
And he saw a wondrous sight
A horde of sandworms comin' fast
With Fremen ridin' high
And as the worm sound filled his ears
He heard the Fremen cry:

Haiiiiii Yoh! Haiiiiii Yoh!
Sandriders on the dunes.

Their maker hooks were plasteel
And they rode the sandworms well
He saw their eyes were blue-in-blue
Spice odor he could smell
A bolt of fear went through him
As he looked across the sand
And he saw the Fremen riders
And heard Stilgar's command:

Haiiiiii Yoh! Haiiiiii Yoh!
Sandriders on the dunes.

As the sandworms crawled on by him
A Fremen called his name
"If you betray our Muad'Dib
You'll always will feel shame
So, Mentat, join the Fremen cause
And with us you shall ride
The revolution's coming
And you must decide!"

Haiiiiii Yoh! Haiiiiii Yoh!
Sandriders on the dunes.



THE GHOLA'S HYMN

(Dune Messiah by Frank Herbert)

No bitter stench of funeral-still for Muad'Dib

No knell nor solemn rite to free the mind

From avaricious shadows.

He is the fool saint,

The golden stranger living forever

On the edge of reason.

Let your guard fall and he is there!

His crimson peace and sovereign pallor

Strike into our universe on prophetic webs

To the verge of a quiet glance - there!

Out of bristling star-jungles:

Mysterious, lethal, an oracle without eyes,

Catspaw of prophecy, whose voice never dies!

Shai-hulud, he awaits upon a strand

Where couples walk and fix, eye to eye,

The delicious ennui of love.

He strides through the long cavern of time,

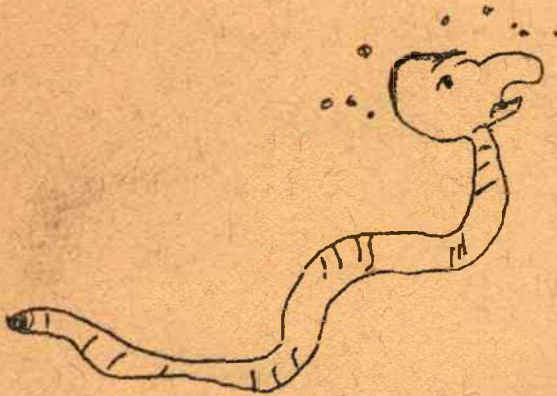
Scattering the fool-self of his dream.



LISTEN!
Porfirio-
They're singing
our songs



Sorry, Panchito
They're not our
Songs - It's,



the songs of sandworm

Bob Vardeman
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USA

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"We say of Muad'Dib that he has gone on a
journey into a land where we walk without
footprints" --Preamble to the Qizarate Creed

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