

# An Unusual Birthday Sing-Along

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Chapter 1 of 1

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*"Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh!"* The twins started singing in a tune very similar to a Viking funeral procession as soon as Mrs. Weasley turned from the kitchen, walking over to the table with the birthday cake to set it down in front of Harry. *"Now that you're the age you are... Your demise cannot be far... May the candles on your cake, burn like villages in your wake... Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh."*

"Fred, George! Please, no!" Mrs. Weasley tried to stop them. This was not obviously what she had planned. Harry looked up at Fred and George, wondering just what they were doing. He'd expected the simple normal birthday tune, but they obviously intended to liven things up with their own version.

*"Now you've aged another year... Now you know that Death is near... Pillage and plunder everywhere, gather goodies where you dare.."* Fred sang out loudly. The group around the table all sported either wide grins or stunned abashed looks at Fred and George.

Mr. Weasley sat down at the table next to Remus and Tonks. "Now, boys, that's good enough, now. Let's not upset your mother."

*"Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh,"* the twins continued, unabashed. Bill, Charlie and Lee all stared at Harry, grinning. Ron, sitting next to him, gave him a non-committal shrug.

*"Death, destruction and despair... People dying everywhere... Birthdays come but once a year... Marking time as Death draws near.."* George belted out boldly.

"Really, George! That's not nice..." Mrs. Weasley cried.

*"Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh,"* Fred and George sang, with Bill joining in, lending a strong baritone to their twin tenor voices.

"Boys! Please! This is to be a..." Mrs. Weasley started to say.

*"So another year has past... Don't look now they're gaining fast... May the pillage that you wreak, bring you treasure at your feet.."* Bill added to the continuing song. Harry laughed, amused.

"Really that is enough, stop it now!" Mrs. Weasley said, unamused.

"*Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh,*" Bill, Fred and George continued, undaunted, now joined in by Charlie and Lee.

"*Flaming dragons o'er your lair, never burn your fields from the air... It's your birthday never fear... You'll be dead by this time next year..*" Charlie sang with gusto.

Mr. Weasley and Remus sat back in their chairs, both looking quite amused by the unique birthday song. "Arthur," Mrs. Weasley said, turning to him for support.

"*Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh,*" Bill, Charlie, Fred, George and Lee continued, with enthusiasm.

"Ah, Molly, it's just good fun," Mr. Weasley responded, trying to conceal his smile.

"*May the women that you meet, fall on pillows at your feet..*" Lee croaked out, winking wickedly at Harry.

Mrs. Weasley shook her finger at Lee, who was standing between the twins. "Now that was hardly appropriate," she admonished.

However, Fred and George carried on as if they were completely mute to her warnings. *Fear and gloom and darkness fail, no one cares that you'll be frail..*

"*Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh,*" Ron joined the chorus, adding in his awkward voice that was mostly drowned out by his brothers and Lee. Harry laughed, fully enjoying the unusual tune. Tonks began singing along with the boys, unabashed by her scratchy singing voice. Harry wasn't sure but it seemed as if even Neville was getting into the song also.

"*May the moon's glow light your path, show you always what you hath..*" Remus added, with a resonant tenor. He shrugged his shoulder, looking up at the mostly male choir. All the guys smiled and Bill patted him on the back.

"Remus, do not encourage them!" Mrs. Weasley said, shocked.

"*You must tarry marry soon... Baby's due next full moon..*" Tonks chimed in, giving Remus a quick wink. He stared at her, stunned, and then laughed.

"*Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh..*" By now every male in the room under thirty, and Tonks, were singing along as Harry listened, grinning with stunned appreciation.

"*May the stars guide your way, but never lead you far astray..*" Ginny joined the group, adding a rather nice alto, Harry thought. He had to admit that this was the most unusual birthday song he'd ever heard. He wondered how many times Fred and George had done this and for whom.

"*They stole your sword, your gold, your house, took your sheep, but left your spouse..*" Bill and Charlie sang in duet, giving each other a high-five.

"*Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh,*" everyone sang, with Fred and George swinging their arms directing.

Mr. Weasley suddenly sang in a rich baritone, *"We love children, yes we do, baked or broiled or in a stew.."* Mrs. Weasley shot him an incredulous glare. Remus patted him on his arm as Fred, George and Charlie said, "That's a good one dad." He sat back, beaming at Harry, obviously happy to have contributed to the song.

"*Ravage the girls as they weep... Enjoy the spoils that you keep..*" Ron sang, his voice cracking as his ears turned beet red.

"*But Save the Sheep!*" Harry's personal choir shouted enthusiastically and then picked up the chorus again. *Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh..*

Harry laughed heartily as Fred nodded to Neville, encouraging him to give a go at a line. Neville stood up as Lee stepped back, allowing Neville to stand between Fred and George. He blushed a deep pink, but added his own verse. *"May the harvest that you reap, be bountiful at your keep.."* Both Fred and George gave him encouraging slaps on his back.

"*Now you've lived another year... May we give you your last beer..*" Fred and George added with gusto, swaying Neville side to side between them.

Neville looked from one to the other, obviously pleased. Everyone, but Mrs. Weasley, was smiling as the group sang the chorus again. *Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh.*

"Harry, they won't stop until you blow out your candles," Ginny whispered to him.

"*Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh,*" the Weasley male choir continued, with Tonks, screeching along merrily. Neville and Hermione sang along softly, both slightly blushing.

"So if I don't blow them out, they will keep at this all night?" Harry asked. Ginny nodded. "That's no incentive to, Ginny. This is the best birthday song I have ever heard!"

George nudged Hermione, waving his hand to indicate it was her turn. She looked momentarily flustered at having been put on the spot. *May the books that you read, teach and guide you where you seek,* she tried, shrugging.

Charlie gave her a one-arm hug, laughing at her attempt. *While you eat your birthday stew... We will loot the town for you..* he added, swaying with Hermione, still holding her locked under his arm.

"*Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh,*" everyone sang, with the exception of Harry, who was grinning delightedly, and Mrs. Weasley, who was scowling.

"*This one lesson you must learn, first you pillage then you burn..*" Ron sang out, not caring what he sounded like anymore.

Charlie leaned down, putting his head next to Ginny's, and together they added, *"Burn the castle and storm the keep... Hear the women wail and weep.."*

"*Kill them all but,*" all the Weasley men sang together, and then everyone shouted, *SAVE THE SHEEP!* and quite a few fists punched the air.

Mrs. Weasley finally raised her voice to nearly a shout. "Enough all ready!" She rounded on Harry. "Oh! For heaven's sake, Harry! Blow out the candles before they set the cake on fire!" Mrs. Weasley shouted over another round of the chorus. *"Hap-py Birth-day... Augh. Hap-py Birth-day... Augh.."*

Reluctantly Harry blew out his candles in one long breath, and everybody clapped and cheered. "Hey thanks, everyone that was terrific!" he said as Mrs. Weasley served the cake.

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Author's note:

*This is a play on an actual birthday song, the SCA Birthday Song known as The Birthday Dirge.*