

Sons of the Dragon

Garraed Galbraith (Tim Jennings)

The musical score is written in treble clef with a 7/8 time signature. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'In the days of legend and old, Three Sons did the Dra-gon first claim. The Gryphon of North-shield the strong. Each proved well the strength of the Wym. The Fal-con of Ca-lon-tir bold. The Wolf that gives Eal-dor-mere fame. In bat-tle, in deed or in song, Each grew to full strength in its turn. For we are the Sons of the Dra-gon What foe could stand fast 'gainst all three The Fal-con flies high. The Wolf prowls be-low, And the Gry-phon be-tween them roams free.'

In the days of legend and old,
Three Sons did the Dragon first claim.
The Falcon of Calontir bold.
The Wolf that gives Ealdormere fame.
The Gryphon of Northshield the strong.
Each proved well the strength of the Wym.
In battle, in deed or in song,
Each grew to full strength in its turn.
*For we are the Sons of the Dragon
What foe could stand fast 'gainst all three
The Falcon flies high. The Wolf prowls below,
And the Gryphon between them roams free.*

Of Calontir legends unveil
The fall of the bird from its nest.
Then the catch of the wind, like a sail,
'Neath the beat of its wing and its breast
To the glove it ne'er will return
Though the hills still echo its cry
For once given the freedom to sing
The Falcon must roam free or die!

*For we are the Sons of the Dragon
Together we ever shall roam
The Falcon that soars. The Wolf at the door.
And the Gryphon that guards fast the home*

Of Ealdormere history will tell
How the Wolf in its lair was chained
And the land into dread silence fell
Until finally it's freedom was gained

To the cage it ne'er would return
Though the hills still echo its cry
For once given the freedom to sing
The White Wolf must roam free or die!
*For we are the Sons of the Dragon
The Falcon flies free in the air
The Wolf wild runs in the woodland
And the Gryphon's grown fast in his lair*

Of Northshield the skalds have decried
The might of the Gryphon at war
As the youngest of brothers he came
But its strength has now come to the fore
To its brothers he has returned
And the hills still echo their cry
For once given the freedom to sing
The Gryphon must roam free or die!

*For we are the Sons of the Dragon
The Falcon flies free in the air
The Wolf wild runs in the woodland
And the Gryphon's grown fast in his lair*

*For we are the Sons of the Dragon
Together we ever shall roam
The Falcon that soar, the Wolf at the door.
And the Gryphon that guards fast the home*

*For We are the Sons of the Dragon
What foe could stand fast 'gainst all three
The Falcon flies high, the Wolf prowls below
And the Gryphon between them roams free.*