Year 6 English – Ryan's Trojan Battle Song





ength

- (not d) = when chord/note to be played E Eb 0 If I could sing, I would sing about this... Watching, waiting, the fire ants crawling [est] Each tower watching, waiting sung E For the death of many a man They watch over the preparation (slow down) Swig 6+66 Each side filled with frantic fury, ferocity, tenacity

Common charact H Soldiers hating prowling waiting C# munor chard+ 7th Until one morning when dawn woke. Com (Hom C C# C# C# CALANGE PROPERTY STATE PROPERTY up stare est Pouring crowd of penetrating people Face to face and eye to eye

Face to face and eye to eye

The forces collide chain reaction Godord Gom Congued, white lipped Sing highest note played spread White-haired, frightful foam frothing Son of Poseidon, the panther is Emmor Conner Vulnerable to no sword no spear no strike Slicing down the array no mercy LON GAL A plough cutting through and through But another hunts to challenge the cutter Heart in turmoil growls and leaps sentited up This is Achilles, fame-seeking, blood-quenched Death-prophesised, smooth skin sweating
Springing, bounding, an unstoppable lion same. relation Endless ruthlessness, completely unfaceable ELEAPS to the ground facing Cygnus

Leaps to the ground facing Cygnus

F + Spear thrown, clatters down to the ground

Humiliated, Achilles brandishes his sword

Ripped armour, unscathed body...

Cygnus knocks the lion over

Revenge strikes not with weapon but with shield

Cygnus dead, now the victor shrieks with laughter

Frozen Trojans gaze in horror

By Company dead, now the victor shrieks with laughter

Frozen Trojans gaze in horror

The Battle Song

By Ryan 6C

If I could sing, I would sing about this...

Watching, waiting, the fire ants crawling
Each tower watching, waiting
For the death of many a man
They watch over the preparation

Each side filled with frantic fury, ferocity, tenacity
Soldiers hating prowling waiting
Until one morning when dawn woke

Gates fling open savagery gathers

Pouring crowd of penetrating people

Face to face and eye to eye

The forces collide chain reaction

Cygnus, white-skinned, white-tongued, white lipped
White-haired, frightful foam frothing
Son of Poseidon, the panther is
Vulnerable to no sword no spear no strike

Slicing down the array no mercy

A plough cutting through and through

But another hunts to challenge the cutter

Heart in turmoil growls and leaps

This is Achilles, fame-seeking, blood-quenched
Death-prophesised, smooth skin sweating
Springing, bounding, an unstoppable lion
Endless disaster, completely unfaceable

Leaps to the ground facing Cygnus

Throws spear, clatters down to the ground

Humiliated, Achilles brandishes his sword

Rips armour, unscathed body...

Cygnus knocks the lion over

Revenge strikes not with weapon but with shield

Cygnus' dead, now the victor shrieks with laughter

Frozen Trojans gaze in horror

But the swan floats up flies up.