

Hail to Sacred Stone

Hail to the warriors brave and bold,
 valiant in war as the heroes of old
And hail to the archers, keen of eye,
 long may their arrows rain from the sky
Hail to the yeomen who scout through the night
 to help rout our enemies all to flight
And hail to the swordmen with rapier steel,
 Their skill and their courtesy in equal zeal

CHORUS: Hail, hail Sacred Stone
 Barony fair I call my own
 High overhead does the Phoenix soar
 Land of my heart forever more

Hail to the scribes with their pens in hand
 who bring us the finest scrolls in the land
And hail to the merchants hawking their wares
 who garb us and armor us at their fairs
Hail to the cooks and the scullery maids
 hail to the nobles in fine silk brocades
Hail to the dancers and drummers so fine
 hail to the vintners making their wine CHORUS

Hail to the children who run through the room
 and hail to the heralds with voices that boom
Hail to the bards singing harmony
 Hail to our Coronets, gracious They be
Hail to the Falchon and hail to the Dunn
 And hail to the Crois Brigitte of Sacred Stone
Hail to the Middlegate and Charlesbury men
 And hail to the good folk of Salesberie Glen CHORUS

*Notes: these are the original lyrics with the older cantons
(Hail to the Falchon and hail to the Dunn
 And hail to the Guardians of Sacred Stone
Hail to the Wood where the Hawk flies forth
 Hail to the Drakken who dwell in the north)*