

# The Iron Wolf

Folkearth

In the days of yore  
The royal hunt was on

Loud bayed the hounds  
As Gediminas set forth  
In the holy woods  
Of old Sventaragis  
He laid down to rest  
Beneath an ancient oak  
And dreamt as only dream  
The men who would be kings!  
He saw the iron wolf  
Ride monstrous on the hill  
He heard the iron wolf  
Howl like hundreds of it's kin!  
Tearing from the veils of sleep  
His heart was a wild drumbeat

He sought the counsel of the gods  
Through Lizdeika's wise words:  
"What is destined for thee, let it be!  
Great Duke, unite thy people and be king!"

Fear not the iron wolf  
He shall be thy fort!  
And in him shall dwell  
All the rulers of thy line  
And the glory of their deeds  
Shall resound like wolf-song  
Throughout the ancient world!