

Year 6 English – Ryan’s Trojan Battle Song



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.