

Griffin Rider
River Driver Canadian folksong
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“Lyt Chware”

I was but a little child when I first saw the sky.
After six years hard training, my home I realized:
But not some binding hovel of cedar, mud, or stone.
For I'm a griffin rider, and I call the sky my home.

chorus (after every verse)

I'll fly when I am hungry, and it rains when I am dry,
My griffin's ever-ready as days go by and by,
And if the Fall don't kill me, the higher I must go,
For I'm a griffin rider, and I call the sky my home.

So many towns and villages will claim us with their gold
As escorts, scouts, or warriors; all titles we enfold.
Yet coin will never be the draw know any who have flown,
Know all the griffin riders who call the sky their home.

My griffin is my family, for whom I'd gladly die.
I raised it through the early years, all when it couldn't fly,
And now I see it's taught me how Fate is sealed and sewn,
For I'm a griffin rider, and I call the sky my home.

Each height a separate freedom as we come eye to eye.
Impossible to conquer, so I let out a cry
As we gain the heavens, whose mystery I condone,
For I'm a griffin rider, and I call the sky my home.

Swiftly darkening weather may call us up on high:
Lightning, snow, and twisters won't make us question why
The fury wild within us can have no limits known,
Within the griffin riders, and who call the sky their home.

Nothing here can scare me, the least of all to die,
For spirits of the Fallen are with us when we fly.
They say, “The skies are silent” who think that flesh and bone
Make all the griffin riders who call the sky their home.