

Dragonland

"T The Inn Of Eamon Bayle"

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Half a week wandering on foot through the dale
Our weary eyes gaze through a veil
Deep in the mist is a fluttering frail
from the fires of old mon Bayle

Highwaymen, scoundrels and elves from the vale
All roar and shout the same tale

All the mead and all the ale
men can drink is here for sale
vast as the sea and deep as the dale
the barrels of ale at the inn of mon Bayle

"Man from the island and elf from the vale"
is the greeting from old mon Bayle

"To pass through the southlands into elven dale
this fine black mare shall be your avail!

But now you are weary from days on your trail
join us and shout this old tale"

All the mead and all the ale
men can drink is here for sale
vast as the sea and deep as the dale
the barrels of ale at the inn of mon Bayle

Ride the steed to elven vale
And with this mount we shall not fail
Black as the night and swift as the gale
The black mare speeds from the inn of mon Bayle

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