

Heather Dale, The History Of Ealdormere: Part 1

First was the wolf and the wilds and the will
And the rule of the mid-realm king
Long was the night when the wolf pack was still
in their wait for the gathering spring

Soft was the face of the deep-hidden flower
that bloomed in the whispering wood
Strong was the sight of the heaven's red eye
when the dawn was the scarlet of blood

Then came the ship to the ice-ridden shore
that carried the northern star
Proud indeed was the banner they bore
that flew from the uppermost spar

Many a back built the citadel wall
that grew on the banks of the leer
Loud was the sounding of destiny's call
for those with the wisdom to hear

Up let the spark that that ignited the rain
of sententious flint and steel
Deep were the secrets the dwarf smith could name
and the cauldron of gold could reveal

Dear was their sister who guided the grails
in the lands of the easterly dawn
Steep were the banks of the river of years
when their duty was finally done

Strong is the pull of a name for your home
and a heritage all can share
Old was the wisdom the bard had once shone
who had founded the land of the hare

Thoughtful the moot and the future they saw
and the hope they agreed to declare
Gold and the pattern on history's loom
were the threads they were measuring there

So spread the dream like a hungering flame
over Ealdormere's towns and fields
Fated were they who would carry the name
and the weight of the champion's steel

But for the symbols in copper and hide
that encircled their necks like a wreath
Great was their promise as Ealdormere's pride
but their stewardship doomed to be brief

A warlord arose in the far southern land
that spoke of a northern threat
Artless the fall of his iron-clad hand
and the turns of their servitude set

Heavy the heart of the conqueror's son
the northerner's knew as a friend
Dark were the skies with a gathering storm
as he told them their freedom would end

Then with the heat came the summons to war
and they followed the warlord's son
Proudly they shouldered the burdens they bore
and the praise for the battles they won

Silent the war cries and tongue-less the bards
as they toiled in the sand and the mud
Loudly their discipline spoke of the land
that whispered its name in their blood

Still there were two who embodied the north,
champions in all but name
Low burn the embers of Ealdormere's hearth,
the seeds of a slumbering flame

Moved by her courage, they fought for the doe,
proudly they stood in her guard
Slow went that harvest and small was its yield
and for many the winter was hard

Heard for the south road the hills of the spring
with news of a tourney won
Many did wonder what summer would bring
with the conqueror's dynasty done

Solemn that dragon proclaimed in his heart
that the law of the land should read hence
That any who challenged the name of the north
would answer the steel of its prince.

And so was the title of Ealdormere's lord
assumed by the south run king
Great was the voice of the wolves of the north
who were given the freedom to sing

White were the blooms of the trillium flower
they gathered and raised in their hearts
Scarlet the bonfires that burned through the night
that were seen from the cities and farms