Heather Dale, Hawthorn Tree

Arthur's hall is mantled in the carded fleece of winter
Guinevere sits veiled in her own thoughts
Arthur laughs, but beneath the crown his hair is turning grey
And by the fire, Merlin spends his days

The portal opens and a maid as fair as apple blossoms
Enters in as all rise to their feet
These many knights stand in vain attempts to win her first attention
And by the fire, Merlin sits and waits

Hawthorn tree
Your body burns away the winter's cold
Stand by me
And shade me from the sun
My eyes are old, but still can see

Threading through as though they were the golden fields of summer
Maiden and sage meet within the light
'I have come for your power, and my name is Vivianne.'
And by the fire, Merlin knows his fate

From that day, no moment passed when they were not together
And she grew in strength, as waning his grew dim
Arthur's court wondered if love or enchantment held them bound
The strange desire of Merlin and the maid

Hawthorn tree
Your body burns away the winter's cold
Stand by me
And shade me from the sun
My eyes are old, but still can see

Then they left, as autumn's leaves upon the moving water
Camelot failed to solve the mystery
Seasons passed, and a woodsman came from distant Lyonesse
Who knew the fate of Merlin and the maid

He had seen a maid fairer still than apple blossoms
And an eldery man walking hand in hand
They embraced, and when they parted there was only Vivianne
And one more tree was standing in the glade

Hawthorn tree
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And shade me from the sun
My eyes are old, but still can see