

# 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 elderly 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  
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