

Touch Of Green And Gold

Battlelore

In the ancient woodland
Meet the oldest man
With a huge smile on his face
For joy and peace he stands

Boundaries of his green kingdom
Shall not be passed by the evil
Mastered with the might erstwhile
Meek is the stranger who crosses the line

Meet the maiden young and fair
Bearing beauty so rare
Even elves would praise her grace
Daughter of Bonfire Glade

Guards of birds, streams and herbs
Knock on their door disturbs
Blithe old gaffer and lovely maid
Share their hearty place

Iarwain Ben-adar
From the early days
Forgotten demigod
Or elder insane?

Pointy hat with feather
Bobbing around
Leather boots so huge
Colored with yellow

Jolly tunes and rhymes
Sang out loud
The whole entity
Cheer and mellow

Touch of green, touch of gold
That honest emotion
Through your heart,
Through your soul

Their purest devotion
Touch of green, touch of gold
Their dearest creation
Through your heart,
Through your soul
Their greenest carnation