

# 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