

The History of Ealdormere, Part 2

Heather Dale

The last of the Southron, the Otter and Briar,
Saw Ealdormere prove its worth
Sagely they called for a tournament grand
To determine the Prince of the North
A new Knight defeated the Champion of old
With Prowess both nimble and sure
Certain they were upon seeing his face
That the Line of the North was secure.

Singing they joined in the thundering host
That fought for the Midrealm Kings
Fearless the might of the Wolfpack at war
With the valor that leadership brings
Sharp were the blades of the triple-edged flower
That struck its foes down where they stood
Fierce was the light of the Heaven's red eye
When the fields were the scarlet of blood.

Upon this foundation their arms would reach wide
And the Northrealm would leave its mark
Powerful Monarchs would sail with the tide
And would shine like a flame in the dark
Ealdormere's people were giving and Kind
Each head of pavilion or hall
Had no greater pride for a stranger or friend
But to give them their best and their all.

So Ealdormere grew to a thoroughbred's strength
From the first eager steps of a colt
The needs of a Kingdom were pondered at length
And none could find Ealdormere's fault
Officers, artisans, wisdom and youth
And nobles of every degree,
Women and men full of chivalry's grace
Who could lead them in war and in peace.

Like bees in the summer, the fever took hold
For much there was yet to be done
The newest of nobles joined Shirefolk of old
In their dreams of a future to come
The humblest peasant stood equal to Peer
As the shape of their work was revealed
Surely the mightiest keep had been built
From the stones that were found in the field.

And so came the day when the doors were thrown wide
To the wondrous hall they built
Drawn like a river they gathered inside
'Til the greatest of chambers was filled
Eyes were drawn upward and whispers were hushed
At the sight of the scarlet-draped throne
Their dream in fruition, the moment at hand
For a King and Queen of their own.

In song-softened silence the populace stood
And the will of the land intoned
Sweet was the harvest that grew from the past

When the seeds of the future were sown
Soft was the shining of Ealdormere's eyes
Who gathered to witness a birth
Bright was the legacy's circle that passed
From the first to the last to the first.

And so,
First is the Wolf,
And the Wilds,
And the Will
And the Rule
Of the Northrealm King.