

The Old Duke

Heather Dale

I laugh at those who call me old
Who think my age their best defence
For often fall the young and bold
Who fail to laud experience.
My sword and I are much the same:
Our actions swift and sure
Each scar I wear, each greying hair
The life I gave to her.

Throughout my life Ive led my men
Where King and Prince command
And always does my lady tend
To children, hearth and land.
My wife and I are much the same:
Our actions swift and sure
A husband fair, a home to share
The life I gave to her

To those who thought my lack of sons
Would end a warriors line
I laugh and toast my daughter
Who upon her throne does shine.
My child and I are much the same:
Our actions swift and sure
A privilege rare, a crown to bear
The life I gave to her

So every passing year reserves
Familiar rhythms and the new
And through it all I lead and serve
With joy as I was born to do.
My land and I are much the same:
Our spirits swift and sure
Each oath I swear, each shouldered care
The life I give to her