

Heather Dale, White Rose

I'll tell you a tale of when time had no meaning,
When legend and history walked hand in hand,
When the swords of the mighty had bested the Dragon,
But the Elven still walked in the land.

White rose: queen of the summer,
White rose: queen of the fall,
White rose: the new guard will follow,
White rose: the old guard will fall.

The sun and the moon were fixed in the heavens.
The whole world grew weary as summer stood still.
A queen of great courage and the heart of the Dragon
Set her throne above the Elf Hill.

White rose: queen of the summer,
White rose: queen of the fall,
White rose: the new guard will follow,
White rose: the old guard will fall.

The queen on her throne called the Elven before her,
And said: look around you; time should march on.
I ask you to bow and make history the victor--
The day of the legends is gone.

White rose: queen of the summer,
White rose: queen of the fall,
White rose: the new guard will follow,
White rose: the old guard will fall.

The people approached her to offer their blessings,
And each brought red roses to lay at her feet.
But the Elven came forward to lay their last flowers:
White as the summer's defeat.

White rose: queen of the summer,
White rose: queen of the fall,
White rose: the new guard will follow,
White rose: the old guard will fall.

The cycles of time weave the world in their circles,
And the flower-crowned queen is among us again.
While the Elves have their place in the verses of legend
But not in the history of Man.

White rose: queen of the summer,
White rose: queen of the fall,
White rose: the new guard will follow,
White rose: the old guard will fall.