

# 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 in 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  
Coloured with yellow  
Jolly tunes and rhymes  
Sang out loud  
The whole entity  
Cheer and mellow  
Touch of green, touch of gold  
Their 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

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