

Children of the Realm

Little girls run barefoot, with garlands in their hair
Boys with boffer swords attack a knight
Older ones chase tourney dogs, go exploring in the woods
The smallest candle's flame may glow as bright *

Children of the realm, reaching out for us to hold them
Children of the realm, come dance with me
Children of the realm, in their eyes we are already what we wish to be,
Children of the realm.

Call them into court to receive favors from the Queen
Some are bold, and some are small and shy
Play at nine-man-Morris, sing a song for all at feast
The eaglets in the eyrie soar as high*

Children of the realm, reaching out for us to hold them
Children of the realm, come dance with me
Children of the realm, in their eyes we are already what we wish to be,
Children of the realm.

Look inside each child to see the lord or lady fair
That one day will appear when they are grown
Look inside ourselves to see the child that still lives there
Flowers of the seeds that we have sown

Children of the realm, reaching out for us to hold them
Children of the realm, come dance with me
Children of the realm, in our eyes they are already what we wish to
be,
Children of the realm, children of the realm.

written in the reign of King Steffan and Queen Twila

* the original lines are "The feathers of the Phoenix glow so bright" and

"The Feathers of the Phoenix make it fly"

These refer to the Children's Order of the Barony of the Sacred Stone, the Feather of the Phoenix

dedicated to my three sons, Ciarán (Matthew), Adam (who always beats me at Tablero), and Jeremy the Loud

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