The Faery Rose

A warrior was injured sore upon the battlefield *
His hearts-blood stained the grass where he had bled * * *
Beside him grew a rosebush that a single bloom did yield *
Its petals were of deepest crimson red * * *

"O gentle knight I offer you my solace from your woe
Just gather up my petals and breathe deep"
And when he plucked the flower fair his blood no longer flowed
But the little rose began to softly weep

"I thank you for your noble gift, O rose beyond compare
But now ye are the one that is in pain."
He fashioned her a petal from his leather gauntlet there
And gave it to the rose to use again.

Then to his great amazement, a fair maiden did he see-
Her step was small, her hair as black as night.
They danced upon the village green the ancient melody
And he held her close beside him through the night.

Alas, do roses fade, and in the morning she was gone.
He thought perhaps he'd dreamt her visage fey.
But when he heard the echoes of her wild and lilting song,
His heart within was carefree now and gay.

Just once a year the faery rose does bloom upon the lea,
So drink its perfume deeply while ye might.
And dance once more upon the green the ancient melody
Hold close the maid with hair as black as night.

Notes: A good gentle named David gave me a leather rose as a present for a wonderful
*Pennsic, and inspired me to write this. *= beat*