

All Roses Are Red

By Oengus mac GillaDubain

(anapestic tetrameter, composed for Castle Wars 2018)

We were born from the sleight of a usurper's hand,
When the first blood was drawn in Plantagenet land.
By the time all the insult and inj'ry were borne,
The Rose White was deflower'd by the Red Rose's thorn.

Our red rose is a symbol of enmity borne
To the White Rose of York who in fealty were sworn
To the Lancaster king, and until his last breath,
But instead they rebelled and so face certain death.

So, we'll fight the good fight, and our prowess will show
That all roses are red when the blood starts to flow.

When we meet on the fields with our swords and our shields,
We'll give all that we've got until one of us yields,
And by drop after drop the Rose Red will grow tall,
Til at last the White Rose shall not vex Us at all.

Lo, no quarter is asked and so none will be given
To bring to an end what the White Rose has riven.
When the last petal falls, then comes peace to our land
Through the rightness of rule by Lancastrian hand.

So, then we'll fight the good fight, and our prowess will show
That all roses are red when the blood starts to flow.