

The Burden of the Crown

By: Derek Foster

The battlefield is silent, the shadows growing wan
Though I may view the sunset, I'll not live to see the dawn
The leaves have ceased to rustle, the birds no longer sing.
All nature seems to wonder at the passing of our king.

And now you stand before me, your father's flesh and blood
Begotten of my sinew and the woman that I love.
So difficult the birthing, the mother died that day
And now you stand before me to bear my crown away.

The hour is fast approaching, when you come into your own,
When you take the ring and scepter and you sit upon the throne.
Before that final hour, when we each must meet our fate
Pray gaze upon the Royal Crown and marvel at it's weight.

This cap of burnished metal is the symbol of our land
Supporting all we cherish, the dream for which we stand.
The weight, you'll find, is nothing, when you hold it in your palm
The burden of the crown begins the day you put it on.

See how the jewel sparkles when you gaze at it again;
Each facet is a subject whose rights you must defend,
Every point of light a burden you must shoulder with your own,
And mighty is the burden of the man upon the throne.

My waiting now is over, my limbs are growing cold
I can feel the angels waiting to receive my passing soul.
Keep well for me my kingdom when my memory is dead,
And forgive me for the burden I place upon your head.