

***The sheet music is annotated with four bars of instrumental dedicated to a lute. The tone of this particular song is distinctly folk-ish, with the twang of country laced within it. It provides an air of longing nostalgia and a silent confession from the writer, accompanied by sentiments of firm respect.***

Running through the fields again...  
The bells begin to chime.  
They all say "Boy welcome back,

Grab a mug, ply your craft!  
Through the flowers,  
Home waits for you  
The valley's tale is far from through."

***There is a considerable instrumental here, serving to evoke the humble nature of Brennadam and The Valley in which it is situated, serving to paint a picture in the mind; though it grows dourer towards the end, leading into the next verse.***

Staring out,  
The window-sill...  
At all the lives they took,  
You'd think they'd know, just how war steals,  
Yet they turn to rebuild,  
Despite it all, somewhere they knew,  
The Valley's tale is far from through.

***There is another instrumental, smaller than the last, no more than two counts of four; yet it builds with hopeful implication.***

And though steel and flames took those we loved,  
we'll rise from the dust,  
Wounds, they'll fade, just like they do...  
The Valley's Tale is far from through...

***A smaller segment of instrumental accompanied by whistling occurs here, mellowing the song out towards its end.***

The Valley's Tale is far from through.

***The song concludes with another count of eight and gentle humming.***

The sheet music and lyrics for this ballad can be found and purchased in most libraries or musical equivalents for fifty copper.

A footnote by the composer, 'The Rose of Boralus': "Brennadam, The Valley? For myriad reasons, you'll linger in my heart. Some that prove elating, others mournful. I suppose I should make a point to say hello more often. I'd certainly like to, at any rate. It is a beautiful place, and I do believe no other will ever truly be known as "home" in the same way it is."



To my dear readers: "There's a little flower-shop down by the river, near the bridge in Brennadam. I entreat you to do a Rose proud and purchase the buds that bloom there. Be it for your lovers, your friends, your fathers, your mothers- I imagine many would come to appreciate the things that are born from tenderness even in the face of adversity. I certainly know I would."

**(OOC NOTE: I claim no ownership over the lyrics this adaption is based on. All credits go to Gregory Alan Isakov's 'Time will tell' and this edit for RP will be taken down if ever requested. Hope you enjoy it!)**

**Original Song Link: [\(1\) Time Will Tell - YouTube](#)**