

# Green Book Of Meditations Volume 6

## The Books of Songs and Poetry of the RDNA

### 2003 Introduction

Well, after noticing how many songs and poems were accumulating in various files for this edition, I thought it best to try and combine all of them into one easy to refer collection. Vol Zero is from Pt. 7 of ARDA 1, which is a collection from the Druid Chronicles (Evolved) and Vol. 1 & 2 were from Pt. 9 of ARDA, and were from the last years of my Archdruidcy at Carleton. Vol. 3 is a compilation of songs that were popular in the Carleton Grove's folksinging society "Pickin N Grinnin" in the mid 1990s. Vol 4 has songs from the Live Oak Grove's publication "Druid Missalany" in the 80s. Vol. 5 are some songs from the late 90s. Vol. 6 & 7 are from the internet Bardic contests run by [RDNAtalk@yahogroups.com](mailto:RDNAtalk@yahogroups.com) that I moderated. Vol. 8 is a shorty story by Irony, written in the Kingdom of Tonga during a Peace Corps deployment.

Enjoy them.

Mike Scharding  
Feb 24<sup>th</sup>, 2003  
Embassy of Japan

Drynemetum Press



# Table of Contents

## Introductory Materials - 315

Introduction  
Table of Contents

## Volume Zero 1976

### Book of the Bards - 319

2003 Introduction  
1996 Introduction  
Processional Hymn  
Do We With Songs and Rejoicing  
The Lady's Bransle  
The Host is Riding  
Oimeic Hymn  
The Rune of Hospitality  
Will Ye No Come Back Again?  
May Their Devil Take the Preachers  
Hymn to Hurry the Return of Spring  
Midsummer: The Turning of the Year  
Thanksgiving Grace  
The Falling Asleep of the Mother of Gods  
The 13 Days of Samhain  
The Woad Song  
The Gods of the West  
The Mystery  
Pagans Are We  
Be Pagan Once Again!  
A Celebration of Summer  
The Lord of the Dance  
I Fell In Love With the Lady  
She Was Here  
The Rising of the Druid Moon

## Volume One, 1993

### Mike's Poetry - 327

1993 Introduction  
Samhain Procession Hymn  
The Triples Song  
Moon Chant  
The Caring Song  
We All Come From the Goddess  
This is My Song  
Fur and Feathers  
Hymn to the Russian Earth  
Circle Chant  
Song of the Earth-Mother  
Eagle Chant  
Dawning Chant  
Morning Prayer  
Circles Song  
Oimeic Song for Brigit  
Oimeic Silly Song of Brigit  
The Thirteen Fold Mystery  
Chant to the Earth Mother  
The Old Bard  
The Desert  
Night's Things

Night's Things Revisited  
The Four  
The Dead Ghost  
Two Welsh Triads  
Three Things I Won't Tell  
A Winter's Poem for Heather  
The Sweat Lodge  
A Vision  
Return to the Lodge  
The Camel  
The Prairie Fire  
The Search  
Sonnet 1: The Would-be Bard  
The White Jewel  
Sine Ceolbhinn  
To Jean Sweetmusic  
A Poem to my Harp

## Volume Two 1994

### Friends of the Earth-Mother - 334

1993 Introduction  
Dark Clouds  
The Comet  
The Cruellest Joke  
The Friend of the RDNA  
The Search  
When I Grow Up  
A Handprint  
Dancing Winds  
Silverton  
The Rock  
Silence  
The End of Mother Nature  
HUE  
Mother Superior  
Untitled  
From Ben Nevis  
The Hill of Three Oaks  
Salutations  
Wood Carving  
Someone Said My Name

## Volume Three 1999

### Words from the Bards - 338

2003 Introduction  
Sir Gilbert De Veere  
Sounds of Silence  
The Earth is My Mother  
Honor the Earth  
Now is the Cool of the Day  
Solar Carol  
Prayer of St. Francis  
Old Time Religion  
Teach Your Children  
Catch the Wind  
God Bless the Moon  
Morning Has Broken  
The Sound of Music

Nowhere Man  
 Here Comes the Sun  
 May There Always be Sunshine  
 Hymn for the Russian Earth  
 I Circle Around  
 We Are the Flow  
 Turning Toward the Morning  
 Weave Me the Sunshine  
 River  
 Today  
 Turn, Turn, Turn  
 The Brandy Tree  
 What a Wonderful World  
 Lord of the Dance  
 Simple Gifts  
 Lord of the Dance  
 Circles  
 The Rainbow Connection  
 You Bash the Balrog  
 The Rattling Bog  
 Burden of the Crown

What is Courage Now? -----346

Rocky Mountain High  
 Boy of the Country  
 Spirit  
 Wind Song  
 Blowing in the Wind  
 Don't Think Twice  
 Mr. Tambourine Man  
 Too Much of Nothing  
 Watching the River Flow  
 With God on Our Side  
 A Hard Rain's Going to Fall  
 Bob Dylan's Dream  
 Box of Rain  
 Rosemary  
 Death is a Door  
 St. Stephen  
 Uncle John's Band  
 Mountains on the Moon  
 GIANT  
 Field Behind the Plow  
 Delivery Delayed  
 Mary Ellen Carter  
 Witch of the West Moreland

## Volume Four 1999

### Older Selections

#### Old NRDNA Magazines - 354

An Invocation Poem  
 O Danny Boy  
 The Lair of Great Cthulu  
 HUNTRESS  
 Winter  
 Goddess Gift  
 Winter's Ending  
 Lament of the Witch  
 Oimeic Hymn  
 Oimeic Blessing  
 Oimeic Poem

Let it All Happen  
 Goddesses, Goddesses  
 Love is Lord of All  
 Let the Spirit Come to You  
 We Are One Family  
 Lughnasadh Dance

#### Selections from the Missal-Any - 358

Erec, Erec, Erec  
 Vehicle Chant  
 Mount Cua  
 Hymn to the Three Brighids  
 Druid's Chant  
 Beannachadh Brathain  
 Quern Blessing  
 Oigma Incantation  
 Deidre Remembers a Scottish Glen  
 May-Time  
 Suibhne Wild Man in the Forest  
 Stock Market Crash  
 Mad Sweeney News  
 Furniture Rune  
 Cry of the Hobbit  
 Hatching Blessing  
 To the Sun  
 Cairoll Callaig  
 Hogmanay Carol  
 Calluinn a Bhuilg  
 Hogmanay of the Sack  
 Eolas an Deididh  
 Swift Chariots  
 Beltaine Fire Invocation  
 Emmon the Fildih  
 Give me a Hidden Rill  
 To Display Our Magic  
 Dearest Vivian  
 Bootlegged Concert  
 Samhain Vigil Song  
 The New Moon  
 A Ghealach Ur

#### Selections from Emmon - 366

The Mountain  
 October  
 To My Teacher  
 The Fairy Luring Song  
 A Phiuthrag 's a phiuthar  
 Clach Mhin Mheallain  
 Furich an Diugh  
 Oidhche 'n Fhoghar  
 Lughnasadh Night  
 An Coineachan  
 Mo Bhata, Boat Song  
 Talking With Trees  
 Mountain Streams

#### Poems of the Season - 369

Solstice  
 Nights of Winter  
 Walk Amongst the Trees

# Volume Five 2002

## Recent Songs

2003 Introduction

### Irony's Druidic Verses - 370

Sands of Time  
Hypnosis  
The Spring  
The Pilgrim's Lament  
Untitled  
Solitude  
On Wind Driven Raindrops  
Poems from Footprints  
Upper Arb, Spring 98

### MerriBeth's Druidical Poetry - 372

Sand Dreams  
Musings in a Colorado Hotel  
Northeast Stone  
The Storm  
Untitled  
Walking with Dad  
The Dance  
Circle Building  
Untitled  
Untitled  
Mississippi Mud

### The Poems of Chris - 374

Something to Look Forward To  
Untitled for Obvious Reasons

### The Poems of Brad - 374

The Seven Precepts of Merlin  
The Gorsedd Prayer  
Stolen Child

### The Poems of Corwin - 375

Utter Blackness  
Bear Me Up, O World  
Infinity, in an Open Plain  
Spent  
Transcendence

### Odd Selection of Current Works - 376

One  
The Wood Song  
Dalon's Daily Ditty  
The Existential Moment  
13 Fold Incantation  
Yankee Doodle Druid  
Blessing

### The Chronicle and the Ballad

### of the Death of Dalon Ap Landu - 378

### Rhiannon's Songs - 380

The Druid Prayer: Deep Peace  
Land, Sea & Sky  
Tall Trees

People of the Oak  
Flame Within  
Walk With Wisdom  
Invocation to Manawyddan  
Triad Invocations  
Honoring Mother Earth

### Mike's Selections

The Duty of the Heights  
The Well  
I Got the Feel of You With My Feet  
My Village Tonight  
Love's Colors  
Dathach a' Ghraidh  
A January Day  
The Hard Bend

# Volume Six 2002

## 2001-2002 Bardic Contest - 384

2003 Introduction, Rules & Winner

Love Oghams on the Stones  
The Druid's Lament  
Only Yew!  
Sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Back in the Old Grove Again  
While My Bagpipe Loudly Wails  
Old Druid's Hill  
Dreams  
Haiku Corner  
The Existential Moment  
Yule-time Caroling  
Pondering Celtic Clans  
Untitled  
I Told the Arch-Druid  
If I Had a Rich Grove  
Grief Stricken America  
I'm a Believer  
Silbury Hill  
Och, Baby, Baby, Yee're'n Cannie Bard  
Incipit Gestis Rudolphi Rangifer Tarandus  
Hrodulf the Red-Nosed Reindeer  
AMERICA ----- 392  
The Land of the Rising Sun  
Bard Arm  
Solitary Druid  
Only a Faery Song  
Fairylane City  
The Work of the Wee-Folk  
Killing Us Softly With His Rules  
The Ways, We are Reforming  
Romantic Songs for your Deity  
Celtic Goddess Chant  
R.D.N.A.  
Here We Are  
I am a Man of Constant Borrow  
Spring Time is on the Rise  
Don't Scry Out Loud  
Why Do Fools Join My Grove?  
Are You Sleeping?  
Are You Sleeping Tonight?  
I Can't Help Falling Asleep at Night  
May (in Minnesota)  
Mother Earth

# Volume Seven 2003

## 2002-2003 Bardic Contest - 400

2003 Introduction, Rules & Winner  
Unpronounceable Deity Chant  
I Will Survive  
Mabon  
Wild One  
Samhain  
Knockin' On Samhain's Door  
The Fallen Kelt  
I am the Very Model of a Modern ADF Druid  
A Million to One  
They Call Me Fluid Druid  
Reformed Druids  
I Am  
Healing  
The Netherworld  
Winter Window  
Minnesota  
Missionary's Song  
My Wishy Washy Faith  
Achy Breaky Heart Line-Dance  
Earth Goddess  
Under the Dolmen  
Solstice Song  
I've Got Friends in Stone Circles  
Friends in Stone Circles Line-Dance  
I'm Gonna Start a Grove  
One is the Loneliest Deity  
Like a Vigil  
Brigit Goldenhair  
Nobody Does it Simpler  
Crazy for You  
Bloodletting of War  
Ode to the RDNA Anthology  
Strong Yet Lost  
Secular Teaching  
My Lady  
Chalk upon her Hands  
Sister Druid  
Vigiler's Song  
Liturgy  
R-E-F-O-R-M-E-D  
Bible Belt Blues  
Something to Look Forward To  
Untitled For Obvious Reasons  
Gods Bless America  
God Out of Politics  
Have Yourself A Bonny Blithe Beltane  
I Can't Get No Ordination  
Dalon Ap Landu  
The Hidden Heart  
The Fire of the Soul  
Queen of the Night  
Spiral Dancers  
It's Ostara's Whole  
Beltane Spell

# Volume Eight 2003

## The Soul of Juliana Spring - 419

# The Book of Songs and Poetry Volume Zero 1976 The Book of Bards Formerly Miscellany in DC(E), Part 7 in ARDA

## 2003 Introduction

I moved this book from Part 7, in order to better consolidate all the scattered poetry in the new edition of ARDA.

-Mike Scharding  
Feb 1, 2003  
Embassy of Japan, D.C.

## 1996 Introduction

Of all the selections in the Miscellany, this is the one that has been added to the most by the Druid Chronicle magazine. Many of these selections were designed to be inserted into liturgies, and most were unknown to (or unused by) most Carleton Druids until 1986. Some of the songs, to the say the least, are anti-Christian in the sense that they call for revenge for the "Burning Times" of the Inquisition and Witch Hunts. I once found these songs disturbing, but I've grown to find an admirable fire of resistance in these songs. Others will say they fortify the singers in face of persecution.

Michael Scharding  
St. Cloud, MN  
April 6, 1996

## Publishing History

1976 1st Printing, Druid Chronicles (Evolved)  
1996 2nd Printing, ARDA  
2003 3rd Printing, ARDA 2

## Processional Hymn

*(Customs 2:1-3)*  
*Words by Kathie Courtice*  
*Music by Peter Basquin*

O Earth-Mother  
We praise thee that seed springeth,  
that flower openeth,  
that grass waveth.  
We praise thee for winds that whisper  
through the graceful elm,  
through the shapely maple,  
through the lively pine,  
through the shining birch,  
through the mighty oak.  
We praise thee for all things,  
O Earth-Mother, who givest life.

The words of the Chant were written by Kathie Courtice, now married to Peter Basquin, who wrote the music (to be found in *The Book of Bards*.) It was regularly sung as a part of the Services of Worship, usually as the Processional Chant. A note on the Hymn to the Earthmother at the start of the collection. Here is a letter that may be of interest to Druid musicians:

"At the time, I wanted to express through the notation as well as through the rhythm and melody the kinship that would bear to the musical systems of earlier peoples. True, a single line notation was not even invented until the last thousand year or so, but it seemed somehow more fitting than the modern staff and clef.

"At all events, I enclose here the melody as it would read in modern notation, albeit chant-notation. The rhythmic values are to be read as in modern notation generally, but with a somewhat flexible flow, as in most chant. The bar-lines represent pauses ends of phrases, breath marks of shorter or longer length according to the time and the inspiration of the group singing.

"The melody is a four-note chant, akin to the Medieval hypomixolydian mode (8th mode.) The note is written on the line "g" in the modern notation) is the recitation tone of the chant (the "tonic.") The step below it should certainly not be raised to the leading tone, on the contrary, it would be better sung slightly flatter than the modern notation suggest, so the two lower notes stand nearly in ratio of 6 to 7 in the overtone series. You may be interested to know that the author of the poem is now my wife. The Earth Mother has blessed us with a very happy and compassionate marriage. She would prefer to be credited with her then (maiden) name, Kathie Courtice, and I, simply as Peter Basquin."

O- Earth-Moth-er! We praise Thee that seed springeth, that flower  
openeth, that grass waveth. We praise Thee for winds that whisper thro  
the graceful elm, thru the shapely maple, thru the live-ly pine,  
thru the shin-ing birch, thru the mighty oak. We praise Thee for  
all things, O- Earth-Mother, Who givest Life.

## Now Do We With Songs and Rejoicing

*(A Processional Hymn)*  
*Words by David T. Geller (NRDNA)*  
*Sung to the traditional tune of:*  
*"Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence"*

Now do we with songs and rejoicing,  
Come before the Mother to stand.  
She has given forth of Her bounty  
And with blessings in Her hand,  
In the fields She walks  
And in the woods She walks;  
Our full homage to command.

At Her voice the wild wind is silent  
And the fox lies down with the hare.  
Every living creature before Her  
Sings Her praises to declare:  
Thanks to Thee for all,  
O thanks to Thee for All,  
Thanks to Thee, O Lady most fair!

## The Lady's Bransle

*(Pronounced "brall")*  
*Words by Hope*  
*Sung to the traditional tune of: "Nonesuch" (short version) and*  
*reprinted by permission from "Songs for the Old Religion"*  
*(Copyright 1973)*

O She will bring the buds in the Spring  
And laugh among the flowers.  
In Summer heat are Her kisses sweet;  
She sings in leafy bowers.  
She cuts the cane and gathers the grain,  
When fruits of Fall surround Her.  
Her bones grow old in Wintery cold;  
She wraps Her cloak around Her.  
But She will bring the buds in...  
(repeat freely)

## The Host is Riding

*(Poem by Yeats)*

The host is riding from Knocknarea  
And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;  
Caolte tossing his burning hair,  
And Niamh calling, "Away, come away:  
Empty your heart of its mortal dream  
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,  
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,  
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a gleam,  
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart,  
And if any gaze on our rushing band,  
We come between him and the deed of his hand,  
We come between him and the hope of his heart."  
The host is rushing 'twixt night and day;  
And where is there hope or deed as fair?  
Caolte tossing his burning hair,  
And Niamh calling, "Away, come away."

## Oimeic Hymn

*(for use during Communion)*  
*Words by Robert Larson (NRDNA)*

The days are short,  
the heavens dark  
the Mother sleeps.  
The trees are bare  
the north wind stalks  
the Mother sleeps.  
The nights are long  
and full of fright,  
the Mother sleeps.  
But the ewe gives birth,  
the ewe gives milk  
the Mother stirs.  
The Mother smiles  
with dreams of life  
She will return.  
And on that day  
will we rejoice  
when She returns.  
Long the day,  
bright the sky,  
when She returns.  
Green the trees,  
soft the breeze,  
when She returns.  
Short the night,  
our fires alight,  
when She returns!

(extra verses may be added by each Grove)

## The Rune of Hospitality

(A Medieval Charm)

I saw a stranger yestere'e'n.  
I put food in the eating-place,  
Drink in the drinking-place,  
Music in the listening-place.  
And in the blessed names  
Of the Holy Ones,  
He blest myself and my house,  
My cattle and my dear ones.  
And the lark sang in her song:  
Often, often, often,  
Go the Gods in the guise of strangers.  
Often, often, often,  
Go the Gods in the guise of strangers.

## Will Ye No Come Back Again?

*Words by Isaac Bonewits*  
*Sung to the traditional tune of:*  
*"Bonny Charlie's Now Awa"*

1  
In exile live our Olden Gods,  
Banished o'er the foaming main,  
To lands no mortal ever trods.  
Will They e'er come back again?

Chorus  
Will Ye no come back again?

Will Ye no come back again?  
Better love Ye canna be.  
Will Ye no come back again?

2  
Hills They walked were all Their own,  
Blest the land, from sea to sea;  
Till the clergy, with pious moan,  
Banished all the noble Shee!

3  
Sweet the chanting of the Druids,  
Lilting wildly up the glen,  
Pouring out the sacred fluids,  
As they sing Your songs again!

4  
Many a gallant Pagan fought,  
Many a gallant Witch did burn;  
Priest and Priestess, both have sought,  
To sing the prayers Ye canna spurn!

5  
Now with eagle and with dove,  
Sing we here our heartfelt plea:  
Come with thunder or with love,  
But come! Good Gods, we so need Thee!!

## May Their Devil Take the Preachers

*Words by Chwerthin*  
*Sung to the traditional tune of:*  
*"God Bless England" (the Irish version)*

1  
We'll sing you a tale of wrath and woe-  
Wack-for-the-diddle, diddle-di-do-day,  
For the men who laid our freedom low-  
Wack-for-the-diddle, diddle-di-do-day.  
May fear and famine be their share,  
Who've kept our land in want and care.  
May their Devil take the preachers  
Is our prayer!

Chorus:  
Wack-for-the-diddle, diddle-di-do-day.  
Hip hooray! So we say!  
Come and listen while we pray!  
Wack-for-the-diddle, diddle-di-do-day.

2  
Now when we were Pagan, fierce and free-  
Wack-for-...  
The Preachers went on a bloody spree-  
Wack-for-...  
Harshly raised us in their slime,  
And kept our hands from Heathen Crime;  
And sent us early to their Heaven  
Time after time!  
Wack-for-...

3  
Now our parents oft were naughty folk-  
Wack-for-...  
For swords and spears can sometimes poke-  
Wack-for-...  
At New Grange and at Tara Hill,  
We made the preachers cry their fill.

But, O the Saints! they "love" us still!  
Wack-for-...

4

Now Pagans all, forget the past-  
Wack-for-...  
And think of the day that's coming fast-  
Wack-for-...  
When we shall be Paganized,  
With guns and armor motorized!  
Oh WONT the preachers be surprised!!  
Wack-for-...

## Hymn to Hurry the Return of Spring

*(A poem by Mary Siegle)*

Greet the Goddess with bells and drum,  
Greet the God with laughter.  
This is the night the dawn begins  
The day to follow after.

Gather the old, the dead from the trees,  
Carry it in your arms.  
Bring it into the deep, deep woods,  
Away from the towns and the farms.

Build you a living fire tonight-  
Pile the branches high.  
And know that in the fire's glow,  
There's warmth to light the sky.

There's an old man cries the town tonight;  
Down wide streets and narrow;  
"Bring out, bring out, what you don't need,  
and toss it in my barrow."

"Throw out your chairs, your attic stairs,  
Throw out the butter churn.  
Whatever's there; what you can spare,  
As long as it will burn."

"Bring out your sister's gramophone,  
We'll throw it on the fire;  
And from your grandma's double bed  
Build Winter's funeral pyre."

Slip away to the woods tonight;  
Be children of the Moon.  
And rejoice that Spring has come at last;  
That Spring has come so soon.

You who complain of Winter's cold  
And shiver in the snow,  
Push back the shroud from the Mother's breast-  
See promised green below.

All skeptics that the Spring returns,  
All doubters that the fire still burns,  
Stand in the circle for tonight,  
And feel the heat and see the light,

The greet the God with reverence-  
Pour libations on the earth.  
This is the night the Mother proves  
Life's natural end is birth.

## Midsummer: The Turning of the Year

*(A Poem by Mary Siegle)*

My Father's strong today.  
The Earth awaits his dawn.  
Our Mother slowly turns in her dreaming sleep  
And, waking, finds him there to share her bed.

My Mother slowly turns,  
And, in turning toward her lover,  
Gives a day of playfulness and ease.

And all the stirrings in the womb shall cease-  
The ripening of the grain and labor in the fields shall pause.

The singing of the birds:  
The peep; the scratching from the egg-  
The grasses steady pushing from the earth-  
All will stop for one full day.  
The fullest of our year  
And meant for naught but love.

But if the God comes shining,  
And the sun beats down  
And Earth opens wide to receive her Lord,  
If this day lasts so long,  
Why can't it go on?

Why does the Mother turn now  
Not toward, but from;  
And turn more quickly every day from this?

Sisters, look how your own lover comes  
To lie down with you and love  
And love again.  
He asks a pulsebeat's pause,  
A moment yet of time  
for strength  
To begin again  
And spend the day.

## Thanksgiving Grace

*(A Poem by Mary Siegle)*

Oh Goddess, giver of the grain-  
Your rich rewarding of the rain-  
Our Father the Sun looked down and blest  
The fruits of your sweet Mother breast.  
The harvest done and to this end.  
We sit to meal with a cherished friend.  
And thanks be to the plants and the beast-  
For the offering of this bountiful feast.  
Our Father Who art in Heaven,  
We give to you one day in seven;  
And then to acknowledge Your Loving care,  
We give to you one day a year.  
Amen.

# The Falling Asleep of the Mother of God

*(A Poem by Mary Siegle for August 15th)*

*For the children, so that they will know what feast it is today,  
and how the ancient festival time came to be given to the virgin.*

She fell asleep today.  
The Mother of God-  
She who wept so-  
Madre Dolorosa!  
She fell asleep today.  
And the angels came.  
They bore her up on a breath of wind.  
A sky-blue cloak  
Of air against air against air-  
To heaven the fairies bore her up.  
She who wept so-  
On this day she was taken up.

Mother don't weep today.  
See, we'll take this festival for you.  
See, this feast is yours.  
Our Lady of the Harvest,  
The first fruits are yours.

## The 13 Days of Samhain

*Words by the Berkeley Grove  
Sung to the traditional tune*

On the first day of Samhain,  
the cailleach sent to me:  
a lios in County Tipperary.

On the second day of Samhain,  
the cailleach sent to me:  
two water-horses  
and a lios in County Tipperary.

Three Mor-Rioghna  
Four Pooks  
Five Silver branches  
Six pipers piping  
Seven harpers harping  
Eight hunters riding  
Nine Sidhe a-sighing  
Ten Druids scrying  
Eleven washer-women  
Twelve mortals dying  
Thirteen beansidhes crying.

## The Woad Song

*Authorship unknown  
(But obviously English!)  
Sung to the traditional tune  
of "Men of Harlech"*

What's the use of wearing braces,  
Hat and spats and shoes with laces,  
Coats and vests you find in places  
Down on Brompton Road?  
What the use of shirts of cotton,  
Studs that always get forgotten?  
These affairs are simply rotten-  
Better far is woad.

Woad's the stuff to show men-  
Woad to scare your foeman!  
Boil it to a brilliant blue  
And rub it on your chest and your abdomen!  
Men of Britain never hit on  
Anything as good as woad to fit on  
Neck or knee or where you sit on  
Tailors, you be blowed!

Romans came across the Channel,  
All dressed up in tin and flannel.  
Half a pint of woad per man'll  
Clothe us more than these.  
Saxons, you may save your stitches,  
Building beds for bugs in britches;  
We have woad to clothe us, which is  
Not a nest for fleas!

Romans, keep your armors;  
Saxons, your pajamas.  
Hairy coats were made for goats,  
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas!  
March on Snowdon with your woad on-  
Never mind if you get rained or snowed on-  
Never need a button sewed on...  
All you need is woad!!

## The Gods of the West

*Words by Chwerthin  
Sung to the traditional tune of  
"The Men of the West"*

1  
When you honor in song and in story  
The Gods of our old Pagan kin,  
Whose blessings did cover with glory  
Full many a mountain and glen;  
Forget not the Gods of our ancestors,  
Who'll rally our bravest and best,  
When Ireland is Christian and bleeding,  
And looks for its hope to the West.

Chorus:  
So here's to the Gods of our ancestors,  
Who'll rally our bravest and best,  
When Ireland is Christian and bleeding-  
Hurrah! for the Gods of the West.

2  
Oh the Shee hills with glory will shine then,  
On the eve of our bright Freedom Day;  
When the Gods we've been wearily waiting,  
Sail back from the Land of the Fey!  
And over Ireland rise the Druids,  
Awakening in every breast,  
A fire that can never be quenched, friends,  
Among the true Gaels of the West.

3  
Dublin will be ours 'ere the midnight,  
And high over ever town,  
Our Heathen prayers then will be floating  
Before the next sun has gone down.  
We'll gather, to speed the good work, our friends,  
The Heathen from near and afar,  
And history will watch us expel ALL

The preachers with feathers and tar!

4

So pledge us the Old Gods of Ireland,  
The Dagda and Lugh and Danu;  
Whose Return, with the trumpet of battle,  
Will bring hope to Their children anew!  
As the Old Gods have brought to Their feasting halls,  
From many a mountain and hill,  
The Pagans who fell, so They're here, friends,  
To lead us to victory still!

5

Though all the bright beauty we cherished,  
Went down 'neath the churches and woe,  
The Spirits of Old still are with us,  
Who NEVER have bent to the foe!  
And the Old Gods are ready whenever  
The loud rolling tuck of the drum  
Rings out to awaken the Heathen,  
And tell us our morning has come!

## The Mystery

*(A different version of Customs 10:1-3)*

I am a wind on the sea,  
I am a wave of the ocean,  
I am the roar of the sea,  
I am a hawk on a cliff,  
I am a dewdrop in the sunshine,  
I am a boar for valour,  
I am a salmon in pools,  
I am a lake in a plain,  
I am the strength of art,  
I am a spear with spoils that wages battle,  
I am a man that shapes fire for a head.

Who clears the stone-place of the mountain?  
What the place in which the setting sun lies?  
Who has sought peace without fear seven times?  
Who names the waterfalls?  
Who brings his cattle from the house of Tethra?  
What person, what God,  
Forms weapons into a fort?  
In a fort that nourishes satirists,  
Chants a petition, divides the Ogham letters,  
Separates a fleet, has sung praises?  
A wise satirist.

## Pagans Are We

*Words by Chwerthin  
Sung to the traditional tune of:  
"Soldiers are We"*

Pagans are we,  
Whose lives are pledged  
To this our land.  
Some have come  
From the Land Beyond the Wave.  
Sworn to the Shee,  
No more our ancient Heathen land  
Shall shelter the preacher or the slave.  
Tonight we guard the fairy-hill,  
In the Old Gods' cause,  
Come woe or weal.  
Mid Pukka's howl

And banshee's wail,  
We'll chant a Pagan song!

## Be Pagan Once Again!

*Words by Isaac Bonewits  
Sung to the traditional tune of:  
"A Nation Once Again"*

1

When Childhood's fire was in my blood,  
I dreamed of ancient freemen,  
Against the Church who boldly stood  
As Pagans and as free kin.  
And then I prayed I yet might see  
The Druids in the glen;  
And Ireland, long the churches' toy,  
Be Pagan once again!  
Be Pagan once again.  
Be Pagan once again.  
And Ireland, long the churches' toy,  
Be Pagan once again!

2

The Old Gods only sleep, you know,  
Although betrayed and slandered.  
They guarded us from every woe,  
And blest each crop and fine herd.  
Then Patrick, he drove the snakes away,  
And brought the churches in-  
'Twas a bloody poor bargain, I would say.  
Be Pagan once again!  
Be Pagan once again.  
Be Pagan once again.  
'Twas a bloody poor bargain, I would say-  
Be Pagan once again!

3

And ever since that wretched day,  
When first Ireland went Christian,  
We've suffered woe in every way,  
With Freedom made the Great Sin.  
They set us at each other's throats,  
To murder kith and kin.  
Too long we've been their starving goats-  
Be Pagan once again!  
Be Pagan once again.  
Be Pagan once again.  
Too long we've been their starving goats-  
Be Pagan once again!

4

Both Catholic and Protestant  
Led us round by our noses;  
Distracting from the deadly scent  
Of England's blooming roses!  
Hang EVERY preacher from a tree-  
Burn out their golden dens.  
It's the only way we'll ever be free-  
Be Pagan once again!  
Be Pagan once again.  
Be Pagan once again.  
It's the ONLY way we'll EVER be free!  
Be Pagan once again!!!  
Erinn go Bree!

## A Celebration of Summer

*(A Medieval Welsh Poem, suitable for Samhain)*  
taken, with one modification ("Peter" to "Pwyll")  
from Medieval Welsh Lyrics.

Summer, parent of impulse,  
Begetter of close-knit bough,  
Warden, lord of wooded slopes,  
Tower to all, hills' tiller,  
You're the cauldron, wondrous tale,  
Of Annwn, life's renewal,  
It's you, you are, source of singing,  
The home of each springing shoot,  
Balm of growth, burgeoning throng,  
And chrism of crossing branches.

Your hand, by the Lord we love,  
Know how to make trees flourish.  
Essence of Earth's four corners,  
By your grace wondrously grow  
Birds and the fair land's harvest  
And the swarms that soar aloft,  
Moorland meadows' bright-tipped hay,  
Strong flocks and wild bees swarming.  
You foster, highways' prophet,  
Earth's burden, green-laden garths.  
You make my bower blossom,  
Building a fine web of leaves.  
And wretched is it always  
Near August, by night or day,  
Knowing by the slow dwindling,  
Golden store, that you must go.

Tell me, summer, this does harm,  
I have the art to ask you,  
What region, what countryside,  
What land you seek, by Pwyll.  
"Hush, bard of praise, your smooth song,  
Hush, strong boast so enchanting.  
My fate it is, might feat,  
As a prince," sang the sunshine,  
"To come three months to nourish  
Foodstuff for the multitude;  
And when roof and growing leaves  
Whither, and woven branches,  
To Shun the winds of winter  
Deep down to Annwyn I go."

The blessings of the world's bards  
And their good words go with you.  
Farewell, king of good weather,  
Farewell, our ruler and lord,  
Farewell, the fledgling cuckoos,  
Farewell, balmy banks in June,  
Farewell, sun high above us  
And the broad sky, round white ball.  
You'll not be, king of legions,  
So high, crest of drifting clouds,  
Till come, fair hills unhidden,  
Summer once more and sweet slopes.

## The Lord of the Dance

*Modification by Isaac Bonewits of original words by Aidan Kelley  
to common tune of "Tis a Gift to be Simple," more or less.....*

1  
When She danced on the waters  
and the wind was Her horn,  
The Lady laughed and everything was born.  
And when She lit the Sun  
And the light gave Him birth,  
The Lord of the Dance then  
Appeared on the Earth!

Chorus  
"Dance, dance, wherever you may be,  
for I am the Lord of the Dance," said He.  
"I live in you, if you live in Me,  
and I lead you all in the dance so free!"

2  
I dance in the circle  
when the flames leap up high.  
I dance in fire and  
I never, never die.  
I dance in the waves  
on the bright summer sea,  
For I am the Lord  
of the waves' Mystery!

3  
I sleep in the kernel  
and I dance in the rain.  
I dance in the wind and  
through the waving grain.  
And when you cut me down  
I care nothing for the pain-  
In the spring I'm the Lord  
of the Dance once again!

4  
I dance at your meetings  
when you dance out the spell.  
I dance and sing that  
everyone be well.  
And when the dancing's over  
do not think I am gone;  
To live is to dance-  
so I dance on and on!

## I Fell In Love With the Lady

*words by Chwerthin  
Sung to "The Lady Came from Baltimore"  
by Tim Hardin*

1  
Her people came from off the moor,  
Live outside the law.  
Didn't care about rich or poor,  
Just the souls they saw.

Chorus:  
I was sent to kill Her people,  
For the Inquisition.  
But I fell in love with the Lady,  
I came away with none.  
I fell in love with the Lady,

And came away with none.

2

I crept into the woods one night,  
To spy upon their dance.  
I saw a happy, holy sight;  
And fell into a trance.

3

The Lady that I saw that night,  
She wore a robe of blue,  
And on Her head, a crown of stars-  
She stood upon the Moon!

4

I joined into the dancing then,  
And when the Grand Rite came,  
The Lady reached out with Her hand-  
She Called me by my name!

5

The Jesuits are after me;  
They know I've changed my side.  
But they can search from sea to sea-  
I know where I can hide!

Final Chorus:

I was sent to kill Her people,  
For the Inquisition.  
But I'm going back to the Lady,  
They'll come away with none.  
I'm going back to the Lady-  
They'll come away with none!

## She Was Here

*Words by Isaac Bonewits*

1

She was here before their Christ,  
And before their Satan too.  
And She'll be here when both their Gods  
Are dead and dust, 'tis true, 'tis true;  
Are dead and dust, 'tis true.

2

The Goddess... the Goddess...  
Spirit of life and of love!  
The Goddess... the Goddess...  
Ruler below and Ruler above!

3

Oh the Goddess Whom we worship,  
Is our Holy Mother Earth.  
We worship Her with love and joy,  
With gladness and with mirth!

4

Call Her Isis, call Her Nuit,  
Call Her Venus or Diane,  
Matier Sotier, Mother Savior,  
Goddess of all sea and land!

Repeat 1

5

Queen of Heaven, Queen of Hell,  
Mother of all Gods, and kin!  
We worship Her in beds and bowers,  
Though some might call it "sin."

Repeat 2

6

Man and woman, bodies merging,  
Thrusting, loving, prayers saying;  
Hark my friends, when Pagans love-  
We tell you we are praying!

Repeat 1, 2, 3

## The Rising of the Druid Moon

*Words by Robert Pennell & Isaac Bonewits*

*Sung to the traditional tune of:*

*"The Rising of the Moon"*

1

"O now tell me, Taliesin,  
Tell me why you hurry so?"  
"Hush, good Druid, hush and listen!"  
and his eyes were all aglow.  
"I bear news from the Archdruid,  
get you ready quick and soon-  
The Heathen must be together,  
by the rising of the moon!"  
By the rising of the moon,  
by the rising of the moon.  
The Heathen must be together,  
by the rising of the moon!

2

"Oh then tell me, Taliesin,  
where the gathering is to be?"  
"At the oak grove by the river,  
quite well known to you and me.  
One more word, for signal token,  
whistle out the Dagda's tune,  
With your sickle on your shoulder,  
by the rising of the moon!"  
By the rising of the moon,  
by the rising of the moon.  
With your sickle on your shoulder  
by the rising of the moon!

3

Out of many a magic circle,  
cones were rising through the night.  
Many an oaken grove was throbbing  
with that blessed Druid light.  
And the Heathen sang across the land,  
to the Banshee's fatal tune.  
And a thousand spells were chanted,  
by the rising of the moon!  
By the rising of the moon,  
by the rising of the moon.  
And a thousand spells were chanted,  
by the rising of the moon!

Throughout that pulsing Pagan night,  
 the Little people swarmed.  
 High above the chanting Druids soon,  
 a wrathful Goddess formed.  
 Death to every foe and traitor!  
 Pagans carve the fatal rune!  
 Cast all our spells together now-  
 'tis the rising of the moon!  
 'Tis the rising of the moon,  
 'tis the rising of the moon.  
 Cast all our spells together now-  
 'tis the rising of the moon!

The Goddess headed for the East,  
 across the sea's bright foam.  
 What glorious havoc She did wreck  
 in London and in Rome!  
 And the Archdruid he spoke to us,  
 upon the following noon:  
 "I think we got our point across,  
 at the rising of the moon!  
 At the rising of the moon,  
 at the rising of the moon.  
 I think we got our point across,  
 at the rising of the moon!

### Scharding's Note:

I suspect that the author of many songs in this collection,  
 Chwerthin, was a member of Hasidic Druids of North America,  
 or perhaps of the NRDNA.

# A Book of Songs and Poetry

## Volume One 1993

### Mike's Poetry

### 1993 Introduction

Compiled by Michael Scharding and Sine Ceolbhinn

This book is a collection of songs, chants and poems that I have heard used or composed that may be deemed suitable to Druidic usage (or maybe not...) It is in no way an exclusive or exhaustive collection. Feel free to add or delete to its contents with songs or poetry of your favorite writers or historical sources. Even better, include some of your own compositions.

As with the Dead Lake Scrolls, this volume was originally printed with amusing fonts, pictures and musical notation. This book was an attempt to capture all the poems and chants in use during my college days and to preserve some of my Bardic explorations. I don't think many other people read it.

The song notation (only in printed copies) that I've included is the best that my meager skills could provide. There are tonal inflections that sometimes cannot be conveyed in script. Use the music as a guide, not as a taskmaster. Many are in strange modal forms of the key of C, my favorite singing key (but perhaps not yours)

Mike Scharding  
 Day 81 of Samradh  
 Year XXXI of the Reform  
 (July 21st, 1993 c.e.)

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### Printing History

1st Printing 1993  
 2nd Printing 1996 (in ARDA, Pt 9)  
 3<sup>rd</sup> Printing 2003 (in ARDA 2, Pt 6 Green Book Vol. 6)

## Samhain Procession Hymn

By Michael Nov. 1, 1992

Thanks to the Earth for giving us birth.  
Thanks to the Sky, both wet and dry.  
Thanks to all creatures in between,  
Those that have bodies, and those unseen.

We of the oak groves here first arose,  
Praisin' you in song, thirty years long.  
Now comes the winter's cold, harsh test,  
When Sun and Earth are at their rest.

## The Triples Song

By Michael

I see the Moon and the Moon sees me  
Phases of the Goddess, numbered three:  
Maiden, Mother, Cro-ne  
Maiden, Mother, Crone.

I see the Sun and the Sun sees me  
Phases of the Sun God, numbered three:  
The dawn, no-on and du-sk  
The dawn, no-on and dusk.

## Moon Chant

By Michael  
(a round to the tune of "Rose, Rose")

Moon, Moon, Moon, Moon  
Will you shed your light on us?  
I will shed my light on you  
As - I - rise.

## The Caring Song

(Source Unknown)

The Earth is our Mother  
We must take care of her  
The Earth is our Mother  
We must take care of her.

Other verses:  
The Sky is our Father...  
The Animals are our pals...  
The Plants are our friends...  
All people are our race...

## We All Come From the Goddess

From Circle  
We all come from the Goddess,  
And to her we shall return  
Like a drop of ra-ain  
Flowing to the ocean.

We all come from the God,  
And to him we shall return  
Like a tongue of fla-ame  
Rising to the heavens.

## This is My Song

By Michael 6/22/93

The blue sky above me  
The green earth below  
The love of the spirits  
Where ever I go.

Chorus:  
So this is my song  
And this is my call  
To love the Earth-Mother  
And to love Be'al

We play in his forest,  
We dance in her fields,  
Eating their bounty  
They joyfully yield.

To be a Druid  
Is to be Aware  
That all paths are one,  
Wherever we fare.

## Fur and Feathers

Fur and Feather and Scales and Skin  
Different without but the same within  
Many the bodies but one in soul  
Through all creatures are the gods made whole.

## Hymn to the Russian Earth

If the people lived their lives  
As if it were a song for singing out of light  
Provides the music for the stars  
To be dancing circles in the night.

## Circle Chant

Circle  
We are a circle,  
We are one, we are one.

## Song of the Earth-Mother

O Earth-Mother!  
We praise thee that seed springeth,  
That flower openeth,  
That grass waveth.  
We praise thee for winds that whisper  
Thru the graceful elm,  
Thru the shapely maple,  
Thru the lively pine,  
Thru the shining birch,  
Thru the mighty oak.  
We praise thee for all things,  
O Earth Mother, Who givest life.

## Eagle Chant

Fly like the Eagle  
Fly so high  
Circle round the universe  
On wings of light

## Dawning Chant

He is the sun god!  
He is the one god!  
Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra!

## Morning Prayer

By Michael

I thank you for the morning with the sun shining bright.  
I thank you for last evening with the stars in the night.  
I thank you for tomorrow, may their days be without end.  
I thank you most of all for being my dear, close friend.

I thank you for my ancestors, the people of my past.  
I thank you for my kith and kin, may their love for me last.  
I thank for my children, may their numbers be without end.  
I thank you most of all for being my dear, close friend.

## Circles Song

Gwen Zak Moore (& Anne Cass)

In days gone by, when the earth was much younger  
Men wondered at spring, born of winter's cold knife  
Wondering at the games of the moon and the sunlight  
They saw there the Lady and the Lord of all life.

Chorus

And around, & around, & around turns the good earth.  
All things must change as the Seasons go by.  
We are the children of the Lord and the Lady,  
Whose mysteries we know, but will never know why.

In all lands the people were tied with the good earth  
Sowing and reaping as the seasons declared,  
Waiting to reap of the rich, golden harvest,  
Knowing her laugh in the joys that they shared.

Through Flanders and Wales and the green lands of Ireland  
In Kingdoms of England and Scotland and Spain  
Circles grew up all along the wild coastlines,  
To work for the weather with the sun and the rain.

Circles for healing and working the weather.  
Circles for thanking the moon and the sun.  
Circles for thanking the Lord and the Lady.  
Circles for dancing the dance never done.

And we who reach for the stars in the heavens,  
Turning our eyes from the meadows and groves  
Still live in the love of the Lord and the Lady:  
The greater the circle the more the love grows.

Verse DDGA/DDGD/DAGD/DAGD  
Chorus DAGD/DAGD/DAGD/DAGD

## Oimelc Song For Brigit

Sam and I wrote a song this Sunday for the Oimelc ritual. We had to work with some major imagery. We had to incorporate a song with new-born lambs, rising sap in trees and Brigit. Brigit is the Celtic goddess of fire, blacksmithing and poetry. She was christianized as St. Brigit. We're sure we had her rolling on the ground in mirth at our pathetic attempt at a song. Music: The Ash Grove

Lyrics: Feb. 1st, 1992 Michael Scharding and Samuel Adams

The Hammers are pounding, The new sound is sounding,  
The forge is resounding with promise of spring.  
The Good Earth is forming, the new leaves are forming,  
The birds are performing, the songs that they bring.

The New lambs are grazing, your song we are raising,  
Again we are praising you, now as before.  
Now Brigit enlighten me, strengthen and righten me,  
Sharpen and brighten me, now evermore.

## Oimelc Silly Song of Brigit

Now there are some poor verses worth reminding ourselves with.  
Writing is a learning process, and many ideas pop up. The only way to get rid of them is to work out the silly verses:

The Hammers are beating, the sheep they are bleating,  
It's soon we'll be eating, I brought my own fork.  
The Good Earth is warming, the sheep they are swarming,  
We bards are performing, but not very well.

The new leaves are budding, the pagans are rutting,  
We'll all go streak Nutting, and wave Hi to Skeech.  
Sam forded the river, its cold made him shiver,  
We don't like the winter, please take it away.

Oh gods we admire, we can't start this fire,  
It's raising our ire, Damn!, why won't it start?  
Now Brigit enlighten me, please do not frighten me,  
Or throw lightning at me or blast me to bits.

## The Thirteen Fold Mystery

Source: Ancient

I am the wind that blows upon the sea.  
I am the wave upon the ocean.  
I am the murmur of the willows.  
I am the ox of the seven combats.  
I am the vulture on the rocks.  
I am a beam of the sun.  
I am the fairest of plants.  
I am a boar in wild valor.  
I am a salmon in the water.  
I am a lake in the plain.  
I am a word of knowledge.  
I am the point of the lance of battle.  
I am the God who created in the head, the fire

Who is it who casts light upon the meeting on the mountain?  
Who announces the ages of the moon?  
Who teaches where couches the sun?  
-If not I?

## Chant to the Earthmother

By Norman Nelson '65 RDNA

O Earth-mother, we praise thee.

In all that we do we praise thee: In our getting up and in our lying down, in our sleeping and in our waking; in our eating and in our drinking: in our working and in our times of leisure; for we are alive only through thee and in our every act too we praise thee.

**O Earth Mother we praise thee.**

In all that we see do we praise thee: in the sky and the sea, the hills and the plains; in the clouds and the stars, the moon and the sun; in the birds and the flowers, the butterflies and the myriad-colored fishes.

We praise thee with our admiration of the sunset and of the mountains, of the trees and of the streams. For thou hast made all things, and for all we see do we praise thee.

**O Earth Mother we praise thee.**

In all that we hear and smell and feel and taste do we praise thee: in the song of birds and the roar of the sea; in the perfumes of flowers and freshness of a summer rain; in the softness of a kitten and the coolness of a lake; in the sweetness of honey and the savor of fruits; for all that we hear and smell and feel and taste is of thee, and for all sensible do we praise thee.

**O Earth Mother we praise thee.**

For all that we love do we praise thee: for the love of our parents, and for the love of others; for the act and emotion of love is an act and emotion of praise, and in loving do we praise thee.

**O Earth Mother we praise thee.**

In our meditations and services do we praise and think upon thy works and power.

**O Earth Mother we praise thee.**

In all the whole world do we praise thee, from the east to the west do we praise thee and from the nadir to the zenith do we praise thee.

We praise thee in the day, and in the night, in all seasons of the year, and in the myriad of years.

We praise thee knowing and unknowing, believing and of little faith, for thou hast made all and art all, and we can praise and admire nothing without praising and admiring thee.

**O Earth Mother we praise thee.**

## The Old Bard

April 9th, 1992 by Michael Scharding

How good it would be to be an old bard,  
Back in the times when living was hard.  
I'd sit near the top of the table that's long  
And fill hungry minds with the meats of my song.

I'd pass their hours thru the longest winter.  
I'd take them away when the wind was bitter  
To the land of fruit and youth and pleasure  
Where none can die, and all have treasure.

I'd sing of tragedy, the deaths of lovers,  
Who cried in this world, and laughed in the Other.  
I'd praise the chieftain, whose valor and might  
Would bring us to vict'ry in all of our fights.

I'd tell of the Sidhe (SHEE,) whose palaces shine  
Within the hills since the start of time.  
I'd tell of the strength and the powers of oak,  
And the things that lurk under night's blue cloak.

I'd sing of our gods: Dagda and his harp,  
Ogmos of the tongue, Angus of the heart,  
Lugh of the crafts, Cuchulain the strong,  
Nuada silver hand, Bricriu who did wrong.

I'd play for the Clann the three Bardic airs:  
The songs that free those weighed down with cares,  
The songs of tears that brings them to weep,  
The lullaby that calms and soothes them to sleep.

I'd be the link that binds and gathers  
The youngest bairns to the oldest fathers.  
But I well know that this life cannot be  
While I'm still here on this side of the sea.

## The Desert

By Michael 10/5/91

Is it better to travel in the night or day?  
At night, the way is cool...but confusing.  
At day, the sun guides...but grinds you.  
Is it better to be lost than to suffer?

## Night's Things

By Michael Scharding 5/1/90 (My first Adult poem)

a supple tree by the lake shore  
swaying and calming  
servant to the whims of the wind

a moist-eyed deer on the forest's edge  
sensing and searching  
for the new place to call home

a green grassy field and Night 's cloak  
rolling and tossing  
like bed sheets of a sleeper

a bare-foot man sits on a knoll  
thinking and listening  
to the moon's whispering shadows

the speckled stone in the stream bed  
hard'ning and eroding,  
shaped by the sure passage of time.

## Night's Things Revisited

By Michael Scharding 5/1/92

a supple tree by the lake shore,  
swaying and calming  
to the whims of the Night's breeze.

a moist-eyed deer on the wood's edge,  
sensing and searching  
for the new place to call home.

a green grassy field in Night's dark,  
rolling and tossing  
like bed sheets on a sleeper

a young bard sits on a tall knoll,  
thinking and list'ning  
to the moon's whispering shadows

a stone in the unlit stream's depth,  
wearing and smoothing  
under the whetstone of time.

## The Four

By Michael Scharding May 27th, 1992

I listen to the music of my harp  
As fingers twist to a will of their own.  
I feel the pulsing of my living heart  
Measure the poems by its thunderous drone.

In the warm groves, I talk with the Good Folk,  
My toes rooted firmly in Mother Earth.  
How subtle the changes Time will invoke,  
Earth is ever-ready for a new birth.

I splash the water, rile it with my toes,  
But it always falls into shape again.  
Angry, rough seas pounding upon the coasts  
Their strident message is that of Earth's pain.

The desert air flickers with flames of heat  
And I look out upon the scorched lands.  
Could I survive long if I were set free?  
Or would I die and burn upon the sands?

## The Dead Ghost

By Michael Scharding April 9, 1992

A musical ghost haunts that hill,  
Most can't hear it, and I doubt Jean will.  
The phantom mourns love lost long ago  
And sadly sings about the lying foe  
Who stabbed him over a woman's false claim.  
That woman and I now share our last name.

## Two Welsh Triads

By Michael Scharding 3/7/92

*Three Things No One Knows:*

Where your soul was before you were born.  
What you should do during the short break.  
Where the greatest journey stops next time.

*Three Things I Won't Tell:*

What things lurk under my kilt and sporrán.  
Whose wife I call my lover in the night.  
How much I had to bribe the judge when I did tell the second in  
order to keep the first.

## A Winter's Poem for Heather

By Michael

In this season where all seems dead,  
And life's sleeping in snow's white bed,  
Know that nature's strong energy  
Will soon, in spring, bloom forth for thee.

## The Sweat Lodge

By Michael April 26th, 1992

We stood, clad, around the fire  
When will it start?  
Heartbeat so hard I can see it.  
Madonna songs waft in from a nearby bonfire party  
That is not us.

I look around at the faces  
People I know.  
Labmates, Roommates  
Friends I've eat Pizza with.  
Men and Women,  
Not Children.

Why are they here?  
Will we work together?

Gosh, what if I get a hard-on...  
And they see it?  
I won't, I hope.  
I'm mature. Control.  
Control.  
Stop beating so fast!  
Dry those hands.  
Still wet.  
The priestess disrobes and joins us.  
I try and not stare.  
They're bodies. Swallow.

The fire is judged hot.  
Glowing rocks hunted,  
Fished from the coals,  
Prodded with sticks,  
Herded into skillets,  
Transferred to the Lodge.  
Sparks and Activity  
Another portaged.  
How many more? A few.  
Time, you're slow.  
From fire to Lodge.

I built that lodge with them.

Things are progressing.  
It's all right.  
You're not a novice.  
cool down, Mike.  
Checklists.  
what if...  
They're done!  
It's starting!  
Straighten up!  
Clear away thoughts.  
They look nervous.  
I'm nervous.

She says were ready.

Right!

Clothes off! Clothes off!  
Damn laces!! Argh!  
Alright, that's done.  
Return to the circle.

Everybody is naked.  
Every body is naked.

Arms  
Legs  
Chests  
Bellies... Genitals..  
Wow.  
We really are...  
Different?

No.  
Mostly alike...  
Pay attention!  
Hum, Mike! Chant!  
Hummmm mmmmm  
Aahahaha! Hooooooo!  
His hand, her hand.  
We are a circle.

The waves settle.  
The mind softens.  
Armor straps loosen.  
Steel plates fall softly.  
Family.  
They see me.  
Aohhhhhm.  
The sky churns slowly.  
My breathing..  
    slows..  
    down.  
A vision!

## A Vision

Eagles and cranes  
Soar. SOARING.  
Owl is there.  
Feathers out stiff and feeling the  
Currents of air.  
A push here, an ebb there.  
I turn my head and look down.  
Wind rushes over my eyeballs.  
Sharp vision scans the running countryside.  
Galloping of veins in my head.  
Cross-current ruffles my feathers.  
I compensate.  
Pull the wings closer.  
Drop.  
    Drop.  
    Drop.  
    Extend.  
Push from gravity's embrace.  
Tree tops.  
Many types.  
Thin twigs.  
Strong arms.  
Flowing grass.  
Moonlit prairie.  
Flap.  
    Flap.

Flap.  
Pull the wings back.  
Stretch the legs out.  
Reach.  
Close the talons.  
Ground so close.  
Its legs churn.  
Eyes trying to reach safety from me.  
Its body slowing down its eyes.  
Close the talons.  
Sink them.  
Weight is added.  
Scoop up the rabbit.  
Its legs now useless.  
Torso twitches and thrashes.  
Cannot escape.  
Take it home.  
Flap.  
    Flap.  
    Flap.  
Kill it.  
Food.  
Time to leave.  
"Bye Owl."  
"Bye Owl-man."

## Return to the Lodge

Feathers to fingers.  
Branches to dirt  
Leaves to a plastic tarp.  
I am back.  
Voice strong.  
Heyah! Yah Hah! Ho! Hey!  
Lead them in mind.  
Mind's strong legs dance about the lodge.  
Body imitates by twitch.  
They also traveled.  
  
Steam is lessening.  
Keening and cries soften.  
Pull strength in.  
Channel to friends,  
  
People in torture far away,  
  
People without hope.  
  
We fold our weary wings.  
Ready? Yeah.  
"Grab a support Pole."  
One. Two. Three!  
Lift!  
  
The black sky rises and falls away.  
The sky churns above us.  
Heat goes, cold comes.  
Steam spreads.  
Cold rubs on us.  
Mist rises from bodies.  
We laugh!  
Dance!  
Shout!  
Hop about like frogs!  
Hug!  
It worked! Oh Gods! It worked!

## The Camel

By Michael April 6th, 1992

The Camel sails upon the desert  
It knows the way will be long & dry.  
The Camel sails upon the desert  
And only its rider can know why.

The Falcon soars with its outstretched wings  
It feels the ebbs and puffs of the air.  
The Falcon soars with its out-stretched wings  
On it's destination does it care?

The Salmon leaps o'er the churning falls  
Leaving the water it briefly flies.  
The Salmon leaps o'er the churning falls  
And reaching its birthplace, the fish dies.

## The Prairie Fire

By Michael April 6th, 1992

A boring biolab fieldtrip...  
How much longer?  
Smoke! Look, Smoke!  
What type of fire is that?  
Run to the cause.  
Branches dodge me.  
Emerge from the quiet woods.  
Roaring frames before me  
Rippling downwind.  
One spark started it.  
The spreading ring.  
Inside, all is burnt.  
The area of Change is thin.  
Outside, all fear it.  
The Change is painful.  
That-which-changes  
Can see but the pain.  
Should I jump through,  
Or let it catch me?

## The Search

By Michael Nov. 22, 1992

Do I aimlessly wander the silent hills?  
Are my sylvan prayers better spent in church?  
Can an Outsider cure the world's dark ills?  
Will I ever find That for which I search?

## Sonnet 1: The Would-be Bard

By Michael

My Muse, she gathers songs of man and elf,  
The moving ballad with feuds and flowers.  
Yet this is all to waste, just like my self,  
if we can't write a song by our powers.  
Knowledge, she knows what I attempt to say.  
Skill, he molds out my dreams (time pays his hire.)  
Wisdom, she pushes us onward when we tire.  
With the, the mind of the wise bard can sing.  
Och!, how I seek to obtain their prowess.  
Fain that I were the master of one thing  
Than the journeyman with twelve not of his!

There's more value in my crafted object  
Than the finest scale could ever detect.

## The White Jewel

By Michael Nov. 22, 1992

Some mock my lovely jewel,  
"She is merely a moon."  
She can move seas... Can you?  
Her light is scorned by lamps,  
"I can turn them on or off!"  
She leads women... Can you?  
She always will return.  
"She is in fixed orbit."  
She's eternal... Are you?

## Sine Ceolbhinn

By Michael April 8th, 1992

'Se Sine Ceolbhinn a tha an anam oirre!  
Seinn i an amhrainn sean agus an amhrainn og!

Tha thu mor clarsach beag agus mo caraaid fhior!  
Tha mo gaol bog ort, an drasda gu siorraidh!

## To Jean Sweetmusic

Jean Sweetmusic is the name that is upon she!  
She sings the ancient songs and those that crawl on knees!

You are my little harp and my most loyal friend!  
My soft love is on you now till the final end!

## A Poem to my Harp

When we go to Eire what will it be like?  
Will I explore on foot or ride on a bike?

Will I unpack you on a wind torn strand  
To play for dancing spirits of that land?

Will the Quiet Ones come from hidden doors  
To sit around us at Her heath'ry moors?

Will my chilled hands pluck random melodies  
While the streams sing of lands with golden trees?

Will Night's chorus join us in a sad tune  
With your strings backlit by a silv'ry moon?

Perhaps the Bardic Muse will whisper things  
That reveal stories of lovers and of kings.

Let's go, good companion, maybe this year,  
And see what wonders may to us appear.

# A Book of Songs and Poetry

## Volume Two 1994

### Friends of the Earth-Mother

#### 1993 Introduction

To the Readers,

Welcome to this collection of songs and poetry dealing with nature. All of the items were obtained from students, faculty, friends and staff of Carleton College. Our campus is beautiful and well representative of the marvelous beauties still extant in Nature.

Whether Christian, Jew, Muslim, Hindu, Neo-Pagan etc. the earth is our responsibility to take care of. Only when we truly feel the importance of the earth to our spiritual lives, will we override our short-sighted material greed to exploit it. Hopefully, in a small way this publication will help.

This was not officially a RDNA publication, but was published under a front name of the Friends of the Earth Mother at Carleton College (FOEMACC.) The only official Druids in the whole work were me, Dick Smiley and Matt Cohen. The rest of the people were friends of mine who had an interest in Nature poetry.

Please do not reproduce this book for monetary gain but only to give a copy to a friend. None of the authors have expressly given their assent for their work to be abused or reused.

Michael Scharding, Editor  
December 8th, 1993  
Goodhue Hall by Lyman Lakes

#### Printing History

1st Printing 1993

2nd Printing 1996 (in ARDA, Pt 9)

3<sup>rd</sup> Printing 2003 (in ARDA 2, Pt 6 Green Book Vol. 6)

## Dark Clouds

By Scott Stearns

Dark clouds roll over the land  
The quickly moving storm  
Devouring the light in its path

Lightning and thunder  
Signs of the gods displeasure  
Warning of the rains to come

The very air crackles  
with horrible anticipation  
of horrible things to come

Then comes the rain  
cascading, a sheet of water  
a torrent of angel's tears

All in its path are drenched  
The storm's sheer ferocity  
unmatched in Measured time

hopelessness fills my heart  
as I sit idle  
and watch the falling water

when of a sudden  
as quick as Hermes himself  
the black clouds roll past

Rays of light, less than nothing  
smash the clouds  
as if they were hammers

I wish I were an artist  
able to paint the sky  
for I would paint it as it is

Hope fills my heart  
light fills my eyes  
and a rainbow glows in the distance

Sir Isaac Newton:  
"So then the first religion was the most rational of all others, till the nations corrupted it. For there is no way (implied: without revelation) to come to your knowledge of a Deity but by the Frame of Nature." -**Yahuda Manuscript** 41, Fo. 7

## The Comet

By Matt Cohen

Chrome and copper  
the comet collided with the sky  
sliding sideways across the slight canyon of my sight.  
A screaming song. A  
sizzling,  
sputtering,  
sibilant  
serpent.

**Horace (65 - 8 b.c.e.):**

"Drive Nature off with a pitchfork, never the less, she will return with a rush."

## The Cruellest Joke

By Scott Stearns

The cruelest joke  
played by the gods  
upon man

is not a winter's day  
the sun shining like never before;  
yet the world is frozen  
and dead

Nor is it autumn  
when the leaves turn brilliant  
yet they soon die  
in splendid agony

Nor is it spring  
when the earth is being renewed  
yet storms do rip  
all the land asunder

Nor is it summer  
when the sun is nearest the earth,  
yet the heat does scorch,  
and all the land turns brown

No, the cruelest joke  
that not even the Trickster  
in all his malevolent mischief  
could surpass  
is life.

## The Friend of the RDNA

Words: Sam Adams, ArchDruid of St. Olaf.  
Tune: Ystwffwl (Welsh, in "English, Irish, Welsh & Scottish  
fiddle tunes" by Robin Williamson.)  
Here is a song I sang at a Mistletoe Rite of the Henge of Keltria in  
Minneapolis. It was more or less commissioned by Mec.

The Druids and Mages of earliest times  
Kept the Wisdom of Ages in memorized rhymes  
But they lost all their files when the System went down  
If they'd kept the hard copies, they'd still be around.

In the year '63 there were Druids again  
And they wasted no time putting paper to pen.  
They saw the Reform, and they thought it was good  
And they all started writing as fast as they could.

Epistles and Libers and Writs and Decrees  
By thirty years on they'd come up to our knees  
In the Carleton Archives there's shelf after shelf  
With half of them needed for Isaac himself.

But many were tattered and battered and lost  
To find and replace them would be of great cost  
But then came the grace of a well-lettered friend  
To make sure we'd not lose our Druids again.

Here's to David, and David, and Norman, and Tom  
And Richard, and Robert, and Isaac and Don  
And our love and our blessing and a hip-hip-hooray  
To Tony, the Friend of the RDNA.

(The men in the last Stanza were prominent early members of the RDNA (David Fisher, David Frangquist, Norman Nelson, Thomas McCausland, Richard Shelton, Robert Larson, Don Morrison and Tony Taylor of the Henge of Keltria. The regrettable lack of women is due to the regrettable sexism of the early RDNA; there were great women leaders throughout, but they did more ritual leading than Scripture writing. Which might just explain a few things about the Christian Bible.)

## The Search

By Mec 11/22/92

Do I aimlessly wander the silent hills?  
Are my sylvan prayers better spent in church?  
Can an outsider cure the world's dark ills?  
Will I ever find That for which I search?

## When I Grow Up

By Fer Horn

When I grow up,  
I want wings like a seagull,  
That ripple as I fly,  
Starting at the body  
And spreading to the tips.  
To soar low above the waves,  
To swoop up and then plunge  
Into the water  
And then bob up like a cork.  
To fly far and fast,  
Never touching the shore.

## A Hand Print

By Fer Horn

A hand print is an interesting thing  
To leave on the wall of a cave.  
What else so eloquently says,  
"I was here. I Am."  
To put your hand there  
And leave the mark of your passing.  
A hand, reaching out from the past  
To the people of the future,  
Who will come and think  
On those who Were before  
And touch their hand to yours.  
"Yes, we Are."

## Dancing Winds

By Fer Horn 10-1-91 Tuesday Queenscliff, Victoria

Storm driven winds howl through my mind.  
So like a stormy night at home.  
It sounds the same in different trees,  
Whistles in the alley, screams along the sea.  
It even has the same feel;  
Of power beyond control,  
Bringing creatures not seen  
Out to dance with the blowing trees.

## Silverton

By Fer Horn 10-29-91 Tuesday Silverton, NSW

Silverton is a ghost town located outside of Broken Hill, New South Wales. It used to be a mining town until the 1920s when the mines ran out and all the people moved away. There used to be a train that ran from Broken Hill to Silverton. The townspeople of Broken Hill would ride out to Silverton every Sunday in their Sunday-best for picnics. The only occupied buildings there are a tourist bar, a museum and a seasonal movie production facility.

A voice calling as the sun rose  
Pulls me out of sleep  
To stand dimly in the light of the sun  
Touching an empty town.  
Something wants my attention  
Wants me to do something.  
I wander the streets to listen  
As the sky turns to rose,  
Searching for that which calls me in dreams.  
The lived-in homes are silent now  
As is the levee that runs straight to the sky.  
Echoes of the train to Broken Hill  
Clatter briefly as I cross  
But fade away as I stop to listen.  
Finally, a small white building,  
Windows peaked in perpetual worry,  
Catches my gaze.  
The battered sign reads  
"Methodist Church 1880."  
Ornate black and red grillwork  
Bars the door a padlock seals.  
This place is unhappy.  
Churches should not be barred  
No matter how old  
Or that all their people are gone.  
Let the animals come to worship here  
If no one else remains.  
But the door remains locked and barred

So the tourists look but don't touch.  
I can do nothing to help this one  
But sit a while and keep it company.

## The Rock

By Fer Horn on 10-3-91 Thursday Port Campbell, Victoria

"It is very hard to speak to a rock; they have such an odd sense of time and priorities."

-Vanyel Ashkevron, Magic's Promise by Mercedes Lackey

Twelve Apostles standing in the waves.  
I count 8, maybe 10.  
I wonder if they are all named.  
Did someone say, "This is Peter,  
'The rock on which I shall build my church',  
And this is John, the Beloved,  
And Judas, 'He who would betray',  
Or maybe Paul, called on the road to Damascus."  
But Damascus is a long way from here,  
And John is an odd name for a rock.  
It seems silly to name a rock  
For a disciple of a man who lived  
Long ago and far away.  
Perhaps I should ask the rocks  
What they call themselves;

Surely they have wondrous names.  
I expect they will be a long time in answering.

## Silence

By Fer Horn on 10-22-91 Tuesday Silverton, New South Wales

I never realize how unusual  
Silence is until I hear it.  
Everywhere you go now,  
There are birds, or planes  
Or the hum of a distant highway  
Or the murmur of the people you are with.  
Today, for just a moment, I heard the silence of the Outback,  
Where, as hard as you listen,  
The only thing to hear  
Is the wind flowing through the bush.  
And I felt like I was standing  
On the edge of eternity.  
Looking out over the plain  
Imagining what it looked like  
To the first person to stand here.  
Probably very much the same.  
And it will probably be the same  
For a long time to come.  
This is a place that is hard to live in.  
What truly belongs is not much;  
Just the wind and the bush  
And the eternal silence.  
May there always be places like this.

## The End of Mother Nature

By Randel Lee Peck

Deep dark sky, which makes me write  
clouds filled with her cottony breath  
turning black and green with an evil beyond our control  
MOTHER IS PISSED!

For all we do is waste our water  
Pour pollutants into the sky  
And into our rivers and lakes; ruining the Earth;  
Destroying her soul!

She has one way of getting back.  
I understand you can't take it anymore  
You just can't take the pressure of man too much, too much.  
You break open your womb at your faults  
The earth is shaking.

I know you're crying, I almost drowned in your tears.  
And with one blow you can obliterate everything in your path.  
Lightning can stop anybody dead in their tracks.

Drying up our water, crops, and life itself,  
You almost baked everything away  
with your radiant first born son,  
or you can freeze us all, bone chilling frozen  
hard as a rock.

We've got to change and change now!  
Before it's too late!  
We have to protect this world, love it, and beautify it!  
I hope, have we still time?

We have to stop our government  
From having one chance to destroy it all.

The world's end and neutralization,  
For I fear it will happen.

But hopefully there will be somebody left on this earth  
And I will be one of them to survive.  
And to live on and teach our children  
The way things should be,  
Not, the way they are.  
Or were?.....

## HUE

By Randall Lee Peck

A ZOO WITH IN ZOO WITH IN A ZOO  
WITHIN THE 4 WALLS OF HUE.

AND A COLLEGE RUN BY ADMINISTRATIVE FOOLS

WITH A LYMAN LAKES NO CLEANER THAN A  
CESSPOOL

THICK, GREEN, ROTTING, ROTTING SLIME IS ALWAYS  
ON MY MIND!!!

## Mother Superior

By Randal Lee Peck

Here I sit on the poetry rock  
and mother starts to talk  
I'm Mother Superior  
and I might cry!  
There's too much pollution  
and I might die!  
I'm the biggest, deepest, coldest  
and I'm scared  
I wish for the last few years  
somebody cared

## Untitled

By Louise Wickenhauser in Earth Prayers From Around the  
World, ed. Liz Roberts and Elias Aniden 1991 Harper  
SanFrancisco. Used with permission

Sensuous during life  
do not deny me in death!  
Wash me with scent of apple blossom.  
Anoint me with essence of lilac.  
Fill my veins with honeysuckle nectar.  
Sprinkle me with perfume of purple violets.  
Envelop me in shroud saturated with fragrance of freshly  
mown meadow hay.  
Rest me in moss velvet earth.  
Cover me with soil exuding flavor of maple and oak leaves.  
Command a white birch to stand guard!

## From Ben Nevis

By Lawrence "Smiley" Revard

I came from the sea to the sky  
and burnt the blunt bridge of my nose  
to an itching red crisp,  
trekking to the jugged head  
of Ben Nevis. Later, I hiked

the valleys alone to the mountainside  
above Gray Mare falls and onwards;  
I saw only one shrew and a few fleeing  
field mice, and felt thousands of midges.

Along the way, I thought  
Scotland was half-dead with English blood.  
No bears, few eagles, few deer, no wolves,  
and a tide of tourists.  
In the unmountainous and untouristed scraggle  
of Oklahoma, I remembered crouching  
for a single half-hour and seeing six  
turkey-vultures and two marsh hawks  
ride updrafts past a sandstone crag.  
And I remembered hearing the deer  
rustle in the persimmon grove below.

Once, in the tower of London (where  
several well-attended but alternatively  
maniacal and derisive ravens nip popcorn  
from Italian or American or French  
fingers,) I heard an American ask  
a portly Beefeater guard how  
he liked being on a bottle of gin.  
Well, he said, when off-duty.

Atop Ben Nevis there was  
a monument to the young dead  
of World War I. There was also  
a peculiar and anonymous snow bird  
peeping low among the stones and  
the company of clouds was miles and miles.

From there I could see  
the dead land was far below  
in history, like the ruins at Ludlow  
where (so I'm told) a lord named Lawrence  
held his castle carefully at the brambled edge  
of Wales, where one Bertilak and one  
Morgan le Fey had their hide-out.  
But this was mostly imagination:  
there was little to hear since the last thunder of British cannon  
volleys mowed down the Scots.  
There was little to see since the trees  
had fed the ships that fended off  
imperial onslaughts of Spain,  
France, and, at last, Germany.  
And I knew that even half my ancestry  
had flew their native tongue  
and the empty, gray-green hills.

It is said that when the ravens  
in the Tower of London are dead,  
imperial England will no longer stand.

Those six days on the highland trails, I  
saw not even a rabbit carcass,  
and never did a carrion-black shadow  
cross my path.

## The Hill of Three Oaks: Midwinter 1964

A Haiku by Dick Smiley '66

When the wind blows cold  
on the Hill of Three Oaks  
the hearth fire is warm.

## Salutations!

Feb. 1, 1977 By Dale Fierbe

Salutations on this day of Oimecl!  
The Magnolias stand serenely in this winter wind.  
The pines shrug their branches  
Snow drops to the ground  
Unable to smother the spirit  
Of Evergreen.  
The Cedar whispers it's valiance  
The quiet sentinel while other  
Creatures and Flora  
Wait for the name of Spring to  
Brush past them, awakening them  
From their sleep.  
- Peace, Peace, Peace.

## Wood Carving

By Chris Markwyn

The wood couldn't begin to catch  
All of the light and life in its  
Sad poor-grained structure. The  
Polished flesh of some long-dead  
Oak, smoothly grainless, was  
Carved to artificial perfection by  
Some zealous artisan.

Not alone I stood in the shop,  
Clutching my saw and knife in  
An all too sweaty hand. I look  
At what lies before me, and tremble  
At its pathetic presumption of merit.  
Shaking, I turn to the light  
That pours in

Through the window, broken by  
The frame and the panes. I turn back  
To my creation to view it once more.  
Outside the sunlight, it lies dead and  
Cold, a lifeless bit of wood shaped  
Randomly into the face of a thing  
I do not know.

## Someone Said My Name

By Chris Markwyn

a name, subtly carved  
into the bark of some ancient oak,  
now warped and bent  
by the ravaging years

a name, engraved on a door  
deep in the dimly lit dungeon  
of my heart; a chamber sealed  
by the weight of years

a name, whispered in the dark,  
written on a crumpled page,  
spoken softly in the quiet  
hours of life's night

a name unheard for years

# A Book of Songs and Poetry Volume Three 1999

## Words from the Bards

### 2003 Introduction

Modern folk-singers, like the bards of the past have their wisdom to share. At Carleton since the early 70s, Druidism and Folksinging were overlapping interests for many people. I offer you some songs, copyrighted of course, for your benefit or hindrance. They were mostly taken from "Rise Up Singing: The Group Singing Songbook" ISBN 0-9626704-7-2 (1992) spiral binding, ISBN 0-9626704-9-9 paperback binding. It's a personal selection, but also one that other Carleton Druids have enjoyed over the years. This was assembled in 1999, but first published in ARDA 2 in 2003, when he added a few songs by various authors at the end.

-Mike Scharding

### Sir Gilbert de Veere

Sir Gilbert de Veere was a virtuous knight.  
He fought for the just and he fought for the right,  
But he cherished one dream with all of his might;  
He wanted a Dragon to fight.

He prayed all the night and he prayed all the day,  
That God would provide him a dragon to slay.  
God heard his prayers and considered a way  
To furnish Sir Gilbert his prey.

God considered it and soon made command,  
But having no genuine Dragons at hand,  
God whisked Sir Gilbert to an earlier land.  
With destrier and armor and Brand.

Then in the Cretaceous, Sir Gilbert de Veere  
Discovered a 40 foot carnosaur near.  
He dug in his spur and leveled his spear,  
And charged without flicker of fear.

The lance struck a rib and the shaft split in twain,  
Sir Gilbert slapped a hand to his hilt, but in vain.  
The dinosaur swallowed that valorous thane,  
And thus Sir Gilbert was slain.

But the armored apparel he wore for that ride,  
However was rough on that reptile's inside.  
The dinosaur presently laid down and died,  
And honor was thus satisfied.

But, Sir Gilbert was no longer around to care,  
So hesitate to disturb God with your prayer.  
For He might answer it and then how you fare  
Is yours and no other's affair.

## Sounds of Silence

Hello darkness my old friend  
I've come to talk to you again  
Because a vision softly creeping  
Left its seeds while I was sleeping  
And the vision that was planted in my brain  
Still remains- within the sounds of silence  
(Am-), G---/Am---/FC--/ /F----C-/Am-C G --Am---

In restless dreams I walk alone  
Narrow streets of cobblestone  
'Neath the halo of a street lamp  
I turned my collar to the cold & damp  
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light  
That split the night - & touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light I saw  
10,000 people maybe more  
People talking without speaking  
People hearing without listening  
People writing songs that voices never shared  
No one dared disturb the sound of silence

"Fools" said I "You do not know  
Silence like a cancer grows  
Hear my words that I might teach you  
Take my arms that I might reach you."  
But my words like silent raindrops fell  
And echoed in the well of silence

And the people bowed & prayed  
To the neon god they'd made  
And the sign flashed out its warning  
In the words that it was forming  
And the sign said "The words of the prophets are written on  
subway walls  
And tenement halls - & whisper in the sounds of silence.

-Paul Simon

## The Earth Is My Mother

The earth is my mother \* she's good to me \* (\*=echo)  
She gives me everything that I ever need  
Food on the table\* the clothes I wear \*  
The sun & the water & the cool, fresh air \*  
C9C) Dm (Dm) / FC GC (FC GC)://

Chorus:  
The earth is my mother and my best friend, too  
The great provider for and you (repeat)  
CEm FC/ FC GC ://

Her ways are gentle, her life is strong  
Living in tune like a beautiful song  
There's only one thing she asks of me  
I treat her as kindly as she treats me

-Carol Johnson

## Honor the Earth

Look at her face, walk in her fields  
Savor her mountains, her forest, her valleys  
Tasting her winds, washed by her tides  
Growing like flow'rs in her soil, in her water

Hear when she weeps! Hear with the heart  
Tuned by our senses aware of time passing  
Surely our flesh bleeds as she bleeds  
Surely our bones are her dust, are her mountains

Honor the earth & each other  
Honor the earth & each other  
Am--Dm/Dm6--E://Am Dm6 Am Dm / E7---/Am--Dm/Dm6--  
E/Am Dm Am Dm6/ AM Dm Am-

Locked in our cells of concrete and steel  
Choked by the papers, the clutter, the chatter  
Blinded by mind, harnessed by fears  
Deaf to the cries and the calls of the mother

Hear her at last! Know what we are  
Flesh that will die, but the death is no master  
Cherish the earth, silence that sings  
Touch the earth we give birth to the mother

Honor the earth & each other  
Honor the earth & each other

-Molly Scott

## Now is the Cool of the day

1. The lord he said unto me  
Do you like my **garden so fair?**  
You may live in this garden if you **keep the grasses green.**  
And I'll return in the cool of the day  
Am E A-/Em-A-/--EmA/E7-A-

Chorus:  
Now is the cool of the day (2x)  
O this earth is a garden, the garden of my Lord  
And he walks in his garden in the cool of the day  
Am E Am-/G-Am/--G Am/ ---- C- Am-

[Substitute these phrases into number 1]  
2. garden so pure? keep the waters clean  
3. pastures so green / feed all of my sheep  
4. garden so free / keep the people free

-Jean Ritchie

## Solar Carol

See the sun how bright it shines on the nations of the earth  
All who share this thing called life celebrate each day's rebirth  
D-AD (2x) //:DG-A D G A- DA DG DA://

Chorus:  
So-o-olar power, inexpensive energy (2x)  
Brother river, so you hear how the valley calls you down  
Send your rushing waters near, let the joyful hills resound

Sister wind we've heard on high sweetly singing o'er the plain  
And the windmills in reply echoing their glad refrain

How we love complexity when the answer's rather plain  
Join the sun in jubilee; sing with us this joyous strain

-W: Adam Austill, Court Dorsey, Charlie Kind, Marcia Taylor  
-M: "Angels we have heard on high"

## Prayer of St. Francis

Make me a channel of your peace  
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love  
Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord  
And where there's doubt, true faith in you  
D---/A-/-/----/- DA D-

Make me a channel of your peace  
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope  
Where there is darkness, only light  
And where there's sadness, ever joy

(Bridge) O master grant that I may never seek  
So much to be consoled as to console  
To be understood, as to understand  
To be loved, as to love with all my soul  
G-D-/A-D-/G-D-/E-A-

Make me a channel of your peace  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned  
In giving to all men that we receive  
And in dying that we're born to eternal life

-rewritten by Sebastian Temple

## Old Time Religion

Chorus:  
Give me that old time religion (3x)  
And that's good enough for me  
E-/B7 E-/A/EB7 E

We will pray to Aphrodite  
Even tho' she's rather flighty  
And they say she wears no nightie...  
**& that's good enough for me** (end of each verse)

We will pray with those Egyptians  
Build pyramids to but our crypts in  
Cover subways with inscriptions

O-old Odin we will follow  
And in fighting we will wallow  
Til we wind up in Valhalla...

Let me follow dear old Buddha  
For there is nobody cuter  
He comes in plaster, wood, or pewter....

We will pray with Zarathustra  
Pray just like we useta  
I'm a Zarathustra booster...

We will pray with those old Druids  
They drink fermented fluids  
Waltzing naked thru the woo-ids....

Hare Krishna gets a laugh on  
When he sees me dressed in saffron  
With my hair that's only half on...

We will pray to Loki  
He's the Norse god of Chaos  
Which is why this verse don't scan or rhyme...

I'll arise at early morning  
When the sun gives me the warning

That the solar age is dawning...

We will worship those old gods,  
Even though they call us clods  
Cause it gives us better odds...

## Teach Your Children

You who are on the road  
Must have a code that you can live by  
And so, become yourself  
Because the past is just a good-bye  
C F / C G ://

Teach your children well  
Their father's hell did slowly go by  
And, feed them on your dreams  
The one they pick's the one you'll know by  
And don't you ever ask them why - if they tell you,  
You'll just cry so, just look at them and sigh  
And know they love you  
C F / C G :// C F / C AM FG / C-

And you, of tender years  
Can't know the fears that your elders grew by  
And so, please help them with your youth  
They seek the truth before they can die

Teach your parents well  
Their children's hell did slowly go by  
And, feed them on your dreams  
The one they pick's the one you'll know by  
And don't you ever ask them why - if they tell you,  
You'll just cry so, just look at them and sigh  
And know they love you

-Graham Nash

## Catch the Wind

In the chilly hours and minutes of uncertainty I long to be  
In the warm hold of your loving mind  
To feel you all around me and to take your hand along the sand  
Ah but I might as well try and catch the wind.  
C F C F/C FG C G/ C F C F/ C FG CF C

When sundown pales the sky, I want to bide awhile behind your  
smile  
And every where I'd look your eyes I'd find  
For me to love your now would be the sweetest thing, 'twould  
make me sing  
Ah but I might as well try and catch the wind.

When rain has hung the leaves with tears I want you near to quell  
my fears  
To help me leave all my blues behind  
Standing near your soul is where I want to be, I long to be  
Ah but I might as well try and catch the wind.

-Donovan Leitch

## God Bless the Moon

I see the moon and the moon sees me  
God bless the moon and God bless me  
There's grace in the cabin and grace in the hall  
And the grace of God is over us all

ED E ED E//E-A-/B7- ED E

I see the moon and the moon sees me  
The moon sees the somebody I want to see  
God bless the moon and God bless me  
And God bless the somebody I want to see

-Jean Ritchie

## Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken like the first morning  
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
Praise for the springing fresh from the word  
C-Dm G F C/- Em Am D G-/ C F - C Am D/ G C F G C (FC)

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven  
Like the first dew fall on the first grass  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden  
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning  
Born of the one light Eden saw play  
Praise with elation, praise every morning  
God's re-creation of the new day.

-Eleanor Farjeon

## The Sound of Music

The hills are alive with the sound of music  
With songs they have sung for a thousand years  
The hills fill my heart with the sound of music  
My heart wants to sing every song it hears  
C-Em-/ Dm-FG/C-Em-/CF G C-

My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds that rise  
From the lakes to the trees  
My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies  
From a church on a breeze  
FG C/ FG C/ FG C/ D G

To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls  
Over stones on its way  
To sing thru the night  
Like a lark who is learning to pray.  
FG C/ FG C/ FG C/ D G

I go to the hills when my heart is lonely  
I know I will hear what I've heard before  
My heart will be blessed with the sound of music  
And I'll sing once more

-W: Oscar Hammerstein II

-M: Richard Rogers

## Nowhere Man

He's a real Nowhere Man sitting in his Nowhere Land  
making all his nowhere plans for nobody  
*Doesn't have a point of view, knows not where he's going to*  
*Isn't he a bit like you and me?*  
Ã C G F C/F Fm C -://

(Bridge)

Nowhere Man, please listen, you don't know what you're missing

Nowhere man, the world is at your command  
Em F Em F/ Em F - G

He's as blind as he can be, just sees what he wants to see  
Nowhere Man can you see me at all?

Doesn't have a point of view, knows not where he's going to  
Isn't he a bit like you and me?

(Bridge 2)

Nowhere Man, don't worry, take your time, don't hurry  
Leave it all till somebody else lends you a hand

-John Lennon and Paul McCartney

## Here Comes the Sun

Chorus:

Here comes the sun (2x) and I say/ It's all right  
G-Cmaj7 A7/ G CG D7

Little darlin' it's been a long cold lonely winter  
Little darlin' it feels like years since you've been hear  
G-C D7/ G-C D7

Little Darlin' the smiles returning to their faces  
Little Darlin' it feels like years since it's been here

Little Darlin' I feel the ice is slowly melting  
Little Darlin' it feels like years since it's been clear

-George Harrison

## May There Always be Sunshine

May there always be sunshine  
May there always be blue sky  
May there always be mama  
May there always be me

-W: Lev Oshanin/Thomas Botting

-M: Arkadi Ostrovsky

## Hymn for the Russian Earth

If the people lived their lives  
As if it were a song for singing out of light  
Provides the music for the stars  
To be dancing circles in the night

-Yuri Zaritsky and Eugene Friesen

## I Circle Around

I circle around (around, around) (2x)  
The bound'ries of the earth (the boundaries of the sky)  
Wearing my long-wing feathers as I fly (wearing...)

-Arapaho

## We Are the Flow

We are the flow, we are the ebb  
We are the weavers, we are the web  
Em - / EmC EM

-Shekinah Mountain Water

## Turning Toward the Morning

When the deer is bedded down and the bear is gone to ground  
And the Northern goose has wandered off to warmer bay and sound

It's so easy in the cold to feel the darkness of the year  
And the heart is growing lonely for the morning  
C-F-/ C-FG-/C-F-/CGFC

Chorus:

O my Joanie don't you know that the stars are swinging slow  
And the seas are rolling easy as they did so long ago?  
If I had a thing to give you, I would tell you one more time  
That the world is always turning toward the morning  
G-C-/C-FG-/C-F-/CGFC

Now October's growing thin and November's coming home  
You'll be thinking of the season and the sad things that you've seen

And you hear that old wind walking, hear him singing high and thin:  
You could swear he's out there singing of your sorrows

When the darkness falls around you and the North Wind comes to blow

And you hear him call your name out as he walks the brittle snow  
That old wind don't mean you trouble, he don't care or even know  
He's just walking down the darkness toward the morning

It's a pity we don't know what the little flowers know  
They can't face the cold November, they can't take the wind and snow

They put their glories all behind them, bow their heads and let it go  
But you know they'll be there shining in the morning

(Last Chorus)

Now my Joanie don't you know that the days are rolling slow  
And the winter's walking easy as he did so long ago?  
And if the wind should come and ask you "Why's my Joanie weeping so?"  
Won't you tell him that you're weeping for the morning?

-Gordon Bok

## Weave Me the Sunshine

Chorus:

Weave, weave, weave me the sunshine  
Out of the falling rain  
Weave me the hope of a new tomorrow  
And fill my cup again  
FGCAm/FGCAm/FGCAm/D-G-

Well, I've seen the steel and the concrete crumble  
Shine on me again  
The proud and the might, all have stumbled  
Shine on me again  
Am-Em-/FGCAm/Am-D-/G-G7-

They say that the tree of loving  
Shine on me again.  
Grows on the banks of the river of suffering  
Shine on me again.

If only I can heal your sorrow...  
I'll help you to find a new tomorrow...

Only you can climb the mountain...  
If you want to drink at the golden fountain....

-Peter Yarrow

## River

I was born in the path of the winter wind  
And raised where the mountains are old  
The springtime waters came dancing down  
And I remember the tales they told  
The whistling ways of my younger days  
Too quickly have faded on by  
But all of their memories linger on  
Like the light in a fading sky  
D-GD/--A-/D-GD/-AD- ://

Chorus:

River, take me along  
In your sunshine, sing me your song  
Ever moving and winding and free  
You rolling old river, you changing old river  
Let's you and me river run down to the sea!  
D Dmaj7 G A/ D Dmaj7 G A/ G-AD/ GDGD/GA-GD

I've been to the city and back again  
I've been moved by some things that I've learned  
Me a lot of good people and I called them friends  
Felt the change when the seasons turned  
I heard all the songs that the children sing  
And listened to love's melodies  
I've felt my own music within me rise  
Like the wind in the autumn trees

Someday when the flowers are blooming still  
Someday when the grass is still green  
My rolling waters will round me bend  
And flow into the open sea  
So here's to the rainbow that followed me here  
And here's to the friends that I know  
And here's to the song that's within me now  
I will sing it wherever I go

-Bill Staines

## Today

Today while the blossoms still cling to the vine  
I'll taste your strawberries and drink your sweet wine  
A million tomorrows will all pass away  
Ere I forget all the joy that is mine today  
C Am F G/C Am F G/C C7 F Fm/C Am Dm G - C (Am F G)

I'll be a dandy and I'll be a rover  
You'll know who I am by the song that I sing  
I'll feast at your table and sleep in your clover  
Who cares what tomorrow shall bring?

I can't be contented with yesterday's glories  
I can't live on promises winter to spring  
For now is my moment, today is my story  
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing

-Randy Sparks

## Turn, Turn, Turn

Chorus:

To everything -turn, turn, turn  
There is a season -turn, turn, turn  
And a time for ev'ry purpose under heaven  
A time to be born, a time to die  
A time to plant, a time to reap  
A time to kill, a time to heal  
A time to laugh, a time to weep  
G-C-/G-C-/G-C-/FGC-

A time to build up, a time to break down  
A time to dance, a time to mourn  
A time to cast away stones  
A time to gather stones together (Very druidic, eh?)

A time of war, a time of peace  
A time of love, a time of hate  
A time you may embrace  
A time to refrain from embracing

A time to gain, a time to lose  
A time to rend, a time to sew  
A time to love, a time to hate  
A time of peace: I swear it's not too late!

-W: Book of Ecclesiastes (adap. by Pete Seeger)

## The Brandy Tree

I go down to the Brandy Tree  
And take my nose and tail with me  
All for the world and the wind to see  
And never come back no more  
(capo up) Am Em/EmAm Em/ Dm Em/ FG Am

Down by the meadow marsh, deep and wide  
Tumble and Tangle by my side  
All for the westing wind to run  
And slide in the summer rain

*Sun come follow my happy way  
Wind come walk beside me  
Moon on the mountain, go with me  
A wondrous way I know  
C G/ C G/ Am Em/ FG Am*

I go down to the windy sea  
And the little gray seal will play with me  
Slide on the rock and dive in the bay  
And sleep on the ledge at night

*But the seal don't try to tell me how  
To fish in the windy blue  
Seal's been fishing for a thousand years  
And he knows that I have too*

When the frog goes down to the mud to sleep  
And the lamprey hides in the boulders deep  
I take my nose and tail and go  
A hundred thousand hills

*Sun come follow my happy way  
Wind come walk beside me  
Moon on the mountain, go with me  
A wondrous way I know*

Someday down by the Brandy Tree  
I'll hear the Shepherd call for me  
Call me to leave my happy ways  
And the shining world I know

*Sun on the hill, come go with me  
My days have all been free  
The pipes come dancing down the wind  
And that's the way I go  
That's the way for me*

-Gordon Bok

## What a Wonderful World

by Louis Armstrong

I see trees of green,  
Red roses too.  
I seem them bloom  
For me and you

I think to myself,  
What a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue,  
And clouds of white,  
The bright blessed day,  
The dark sacred night.

And I think to myself,  
What a wonderful world.

Bridge:  
The colors of the rainbow  
So pretty in the sky  
Are also on the faces  
Of people going by.

I see friends shaking hands  
Saying "How do you do?"  
They're really saying  
"I love you."

I hear babies crying,  
I watch them grow.  
They'll learn much more  
Then I'll ever know.

And I think to myself,  
What a wonderful world.

## Lord of the Dance

I danced in the morning when the world was begun  
And I danced in the moon & the stars & the sun  
And I came down from heaven & I danced on the earth  
At Bethlehem I had my birth  
D---/A---/D---/A-GD

Chorus:  
Dance, dance wherever you may be  
I am the Lord of the Dance said he  
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be  
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he  
D---/A---/D---/A-GD

I danced for the scribe & the Pharisee  
But they would not dance & they would not follow me  
I danced for the fishermen, for James & John  
They came with me & the dance went on

I danced on the Sabbath & I cured the lame  
The holy people said it was a shame  
They whipped & they stripped & they hung me high  
And they left me there on a cross to die

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black  
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back  
They buried my body & they thought I was gone  
But I am the dance & I still go on

They cut me down but I leaped up high  
For I am the dance that can never, never die  
I'll live in you if you'll live in me  
For I am the Lord of the dance, said he!

-W: Sydney Carter

-M: shaker hymn ("Simple Gifts")

## Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free  
'Tis the gift to come down where we ought to be  
And when we find ourselves in the place just right  
'Twill be in the valley of love & delight

When true simplicity is gained  
To bow & to bend we won't be ashamed  
To turn, turn will be our delight  
Til by turning, turning we come 'round right  
D-/A-/D-/A GD// DA D-/A/D-/A GD

-Traditional Shaker

## Lord of the Dance

(short version)

From a shaker tune, also known as "Simple Gifts"

Then she danced on the waters and the wind was her form  
The lady laughed and everything was born  
She lit the sun and the light gave him birth  
The lord of the dance then appeared on the earth

[chorus]

Dance, then, wherever you may be  
For I am the lord of the dance, said he  
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be  
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he

I danced in the morning when the world was begun  
I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun  
I was called from the darkness by the song of the earth  
I joined in the singing and she gave me birth

[chorus]

I dance at the sabbat when you chant the spell  
I dance and sing that every one be well  
When the dance is over do not think I am gone  
I live in the music so I still dance on

[chorus]

They cut me down but I leap up high  
I am the light that will never, never die  
I will live in you if you live in me  
I am the lord of the dance, said he

[chorus]

## Circles

Gwen Zak Moore, probably in mid 1970's.

Tune: Windmills, by Alan Bell

In days gone by, when the world was much younger,  
men wondered at Spring, born of winter's cold night;  
wondering at the games of the moon and the sunlight.  
They saw there the Lady and Lord of all life.

**Chorus:**

*And around and around and around turns the good earth.*

*All things must change as the seasons go by.*

*We are the children of the Lord and the Lady*

*Whose mysteries we know, but we never know why.*

In all lands the people were tied to the good earth  
Plowing and sowing as the seasons declared.  
Waiting to reap of the rich golden harvest, \\\nKnowing Her laugh in the joys that they shared.

**Chorus...**

Through Flanders and Wales and the green land of Ireland,  
in Kingdoms of England and Scotland and Spain,  
Circles grew up all along the wild coastline  
and worked for the land with the sun and the rain.

**Chorus...**

Circles for healing and working the weather,  
circles for knowing the moon and the sun,  
circles for thanking the Lord and the Lady,  
circles for dancing the dance never done.

**Chorus...**

And we who reach for the stars in the heavens,  
turning our eyes from the meadows and groves  
still live in the love of the Lord and the Lady.  
The greater the circle, the more the love grows.

**Chorus...**

## The Rainbow Connection

Why are there so many songs about rainbows  
And what's on the other side?  
Rainbows are visions, but only illusions,  
And Rainbows have nothing to hid.

So we've been told and some choose to believe it  
I know they're wrong, wait and see.  
Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection,  
The lovers, the dreamers and me.

Who said that every wish would be heard and answered  
When wished on the morning star?  
Somebody thought of that, and someone believed it,  
And look what it's done so far.

What's so amazing that keeps us stargazing  
And what do we think we might see?  
Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection,  
The lovers, the dreamers, and me.

Bridge:

All of us under its spell,  
We know that it's probably magic...

Have you been half asleep? And have you heard voices?  
I've heard them calling my name.  
...Is this the sweet sound that calls the young sailors?  
The voice might be one and the same.

I've heard it too many times to ignore it  
It's something that I'm s'posed to be...  
Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection,  
The lovers, the dreamers, and me.

Laaa, da daa dee da daa daa,  
La laa la la laa dee daa doo....

## You Bash the Balrog

By Lee Gold to the tune: Waltzing Matilda)  
From The Westerfirk Collection, Volume II, first printed in  
Alarums & Excursions

Once a jolly cleric, and a magic-using Elf  
And a mighty Dwarf with a sword plus three  
Left their native village, out to get their share of pelf  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.

[Chorus]:  
You bash the Balrog, you bash the Balrog,  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.  
[repeat last two lines of previous verse]

First they met a Goblin, with a fire-breathing Hound.  
They bashed, and they smashed, and they scragged him with glee.  
Afterwards they searched him, and a magic potion found.  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.  
[Chorus]

The low-wisdom Swordsman picked it up and drank it down.  
Changed to a wolf immediately.  
No one could dispel it, so they headed back to town.  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.  
[Chorus]

Then a loud voice bellowed, "Who has slain the Goblin King?"  
Round turned our heroes; what did they see?  
Swooping down upon them was a Balrog on the wing.  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.  
[Chorus]

"Help!" screamed the Cleric. "Ditto!" yelled the Elven Mage.  
The wolf whimpered low, and he tried to flee.  
The Balrog fell upon them, and his flames began to rage.  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.  
[Chorus]

They ran through the forest, seeking for a place to hide.  
Pursued by the Balrog so fierce to see.  
"Wait," cried the Elf-mage. "I have got a plan," he lied.  
"You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree."  
[Chorus]

Once a mighty Balrog slew a cleric and an elf  
And a smallish wolf who had teeth plus three.  
Skinned them and tanned their hides and kept them on a closet  
shelf.  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.

(alternative end verse for people who like, nay insist, on happy  
endings)

Once a mighty Balrog slew a jolly cleric and  
Skinned a smallish wolf who had teeth plus three.  
But the Elf got away, and he's living with a Dryad band.  
You bash the Balrog, and I'll climb the tree.

## The Rattling Bog

Traditional

[Chorus]:  
Ho Ro, the rattlin' bog  
The bog down in the valley-o  
Ho Ro, the rattlin' bog  
The bog down in the valley-o

And in this bog, there was a tree  
A rare tree, a rattlin' tree  
A tree, in the bog, (add lines here)  
And the bog down in the valley-o  
[Chorus]

A limb on a tree...  
A branch on a limb...  
A twig on a branch...  
A nest on a twig...  
An egg in the nest...  
A bird on an egg...  
A wing on a bird...  
A feather on a wing...  
A flea on a feather...  
A mite on a flea...  
A smile on a mite...

## Burden of the Crown

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 its weight.

This cap of burnished metal is the symbol of our land  
Supporting all we cherish, the dreams 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.

## What is Courage Now?

Lyrics: Leslie Fish

What is courage now?  
Is it just to go until we're done?  
Men may call us heroes when  
They can say we've won  
But if we should fail, how then?  
What is courage now?

Mountains to our side,  
Standing like a wall against the sky,  
Show no path to let us through  
But still we search and try  
Silver snow and stone cold blue.  
Mountains to our side.

River from the pines;  
We can hear your echo far away.  
To your banks our step must lead  
Help us on our way  
We who know you learned your speed.  
River from the pines.

Star above the world.  
Seeing down the ways that we must go  
Throw down light to guide a friend  
Or how else can we know  
If there's help where pathways end?  
Star above the world.

What is courage now?  
In the hope we know that holds us fast,  
Bear us to that final door  
And win us free at last  
Or we touch this world no more  
What is courage now?

## Rocky Mountain High

-John Denver & Mike Taylor

He was born in the summer of his 27th year  
Comin' home to a place he'd never been before  
He left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born again  
You might say he found a key to every door

When he first came to the mountains, his life was far away  
On a road and hangin' by a song  
But the sting's already broken and he doesn't really care  
It keeps changin' fast and it don't last for long  
C-FG/C-F-/CAmFG/C-F-

But in the Colorado Rocky Mountain High  
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky  
The shadows in the starlight are softer than a lullaby  
Rocky Mountain High -In Colorado (2x)  
FGC-/FGC-/FGCF-/C-F-/C-F-

He climbed cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds below  
He saw everything as far as you can see  
And they say that he got crazy once and tried to touch the sun  
And he lost a friend but kept his memory

Now he walks in quiet solitude, the forest and the streams  
Seeking grace in every step he takes  
His sight has turned inside himself to try and understand  
The serenity of a clear blue mountain lake

Chorus (You can talk to God and listen to his casual reply)

Now his life is full of wonder, but his heart still knows some fear  
Of the simple things he cannot comprehend  
When they try to tear the mountains down to bring in a couple  
more  
More people, more scars upon the land.

Chorus (I know he'd be a poorer man if he never saw an eagle fly)

## Boy of the Country

Words and music by Michael Murphy  
Sung by John Denver

Because he called the forest brother  
Because he called the earth his mother  
They drove him out into the rain  
Some people even said the boy from the country was insane

Because he spoke with fish in the creek  
He tried to tell us that the animals could speak  
Who knows, perhaps they do  
How do you know they don't  
Just because they've never spoken to you

Boy from the country, he left his home when he was young  
Boy from the country, he loves the sun  
He tried to tell us that we should love the land  
We turned our heads and laughed  
And we did not understand

Sometimes I think that the boy from the country  
Is the only one who sees  
Because the boy from the country  
Doesn't want to see the forest for the trees  
Boy from the country, he left his home when he was young

Boy from the country, he loves the sun

## Spirit

By John Denver

His spirit joined and so was formed  
Ten thousand years ago  
Between the Swan and Hercules  
Where even dark clouds glow.

To live with grace, to ride the swell,  
To yet be strong of will,  
To love the wind, to learn its song  
And empty space to fill.

Apollo taught me to rhyme,  
Orpheus taught me to play,  
Andromeda casts down her sign,  
And Vega lights my way.

Smoke rings in a galaxy,  
An endless flight through time  
Lyra gave her harp to him  
And left him free to climb.

A winter's journey from the moon  
To reach the summer sun,  
To rise again, to sing for you  
A song that's yet unsung.

Apollo taught me to rhyme,  
Orpheus taught me to play,  
Andromeda casts down her sign,  
And Vega lights my way.

## Wind Song

By John Denver & Joe Henry

The wind is the whisper of our mother the earth  
The wind is the hand of our father the sky  
The wind watches over our struggles and pleasures  
The wind is the goddess who first learned to fly

The wind is the bearer of bad and good tidings  
The weaver of darkness, the bringer of dawn  
The wind gives the rain, then builds us a rainbow  
The wind is the singer when sang the first song

The wind is a twister of anger and warning  
The wind brings the fragrance of freshly mown hay  
The wind is a racer, a wild stallion running  
The sweet taste of love on a slow summer's day

The wind knows the songs of the cities and canyons  
The thunder of mountains, the roar of the sea  
The wind is the taker and giver of mornings  
The wind is the symbol of all that is free

So welcome the wind and the wisdom she offers  
Follow her summons when she calls again  
In your heart and your spirit let the breezes surround you  
Lift up your voice then and sing with the wind

## Blowing in the Wind

By Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly  
Before they're forever banned?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows

That too many people have died?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist  
Before it's washed to the sea?  
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,  
Pretending he just doesn't see?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

## Don't Think Twice, It's All Right

By Bob Dylan

It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe  
It don't matter, anyhow  
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe  
If you don't know by now  
When your rooster crows at the break of dawn  
Look out your window and I'll be gone  
You're the reason I'm trav'lin' on  
Don't think twice, it's all right

It ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe  
That light I never knowed  
An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe  
I'm on the dark side of the road  
Still I wish there was somethin' you would do or say  
To try and make me change my mind and stay  
We never did too much talkin' anyway  
So don't think twice, it's all right

It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal  
Like you never did before  
It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal  
I can't hear you any more  
I'm a-thinkin' and a-wond'rin' all the way down the road  
I once loved a woman, a child I'm told  
I give her my heart but she wanted my soul  
But don't think twice, it's all right

I'm walkin' down that long, lonesome road, babe  
Where I'm bound, I can't tell  
But goodbye's too good a word, gal  
So I'll just say fare thee well  
I ain't sayin' you treated me unkind  
You could have done better but I don't mind  
You just kinda wasted my precious time  
But don't think twice, it's all right

## Mr. Tambourine Man

By Bob Dylan

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand,  
Vanished from my hand,  
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.  
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet,  
I have no one to meet  
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship,  
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,  
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels  
To be wanderin'.  
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade  
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way,  
I promise to go under it.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across  
the sun,  
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run  
And but for the sky there are no fences facin'.  
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme  
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,  
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're  
Seein' that he's chasing.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind,  
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves,  
The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach,  
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.  
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,  
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,  
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,  
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

## Too Much of Nothing

By Bob Dylan

Now, too much of nothing  
Can make a man feel ill at ease.  
One man's temper might rise  
While another man's temper might freeze.  
In the day of confession  
We cannot mock a soul.  
Oh, when there's too much of nothing,  
No one has control.

Say hello to Valerie  
Say hello to Vivian  
Send them all my salary  
On the waters of oblivion

Too much of nothing  
Can make a man abuse a king.  
He can walk the streets and boast like most

But he wouldn't know a thing.  
Now, it's all been done before,  
It's all been written in the book,  
But when there's too much of nothing,  
Nobody should look.

Say hello to Valerie  
Say hello to Vivian  
Send them all my salary  
On the waters of oblivion

Too much of nothing  
Can turn a man into a liar,  
It can cause one man to sleep on nails  
And another man to eat fire.  
Ev'rybody's doin' somethin',  
I heard it in a dream,  
But when there's too much of nothing,  
It just makes a fella mean.

Say hello to Valerie  
Say hello to Vivian  
Send them all my salary  
On the waters of oblivion

## Watching the River Flow

By Bob Dylan

What's the matter with me,  
I don't have much to say,  
Daylight sneakin' through the window  
And I'm still in this all-night café.  
Walkin' to and fro beneath the moon  
Out to where the trucks are rollin' slow,  
To sit down on this bank of sand  
And watch the river flow.

Wish I was back in the city  
Instead of this old bank of sand,  
With the sun beating down over the chimney tops  
And the one I love so close at hand.  
If I had wings and I could fly,  
I know where I would go.  
But right now I'll just sit here so contentedly  
And watch the river flow.

People disagreeing on all just about everything, yeah,  
Makes you stop and all wonder why.  
Why only yesterday I saw somebody on the street  
Who just couldn't help but cry.  
Oh, this ol' river keeps on rollin', though,  
No matter what gets in the way and which way the wind does  
blow,  
And as long as it does I'll just sit here  
And watch the river flow.

People disagreeing everywhere you look,  
Makes you wanna stop and read a book.  
Why only yesterday I saw somebody on the street  
That was really shook.  
But this ol' river keeps on rollin', though,  
No matter what gets in the way and which way the wind does  
blow,  
And as long as it does I'll just sit here  
And watch the river flow.

Watch the river flow,  
Watchin' the river flow,  
Watchin' the river flow,  
But I'll sit down on this bank of sand  
And watch the river flow.

## With God On Our Side

By Bob Dylan

Oh my name it is nothin'  
My age it means less  
The country I come from  
Is called the Midwest  
I's taught and brought up there  
The laws to abide  
And that land that I live in  
Has God on its side.

Oh the history books tell it  
They tell it so well  
The cavalries charged  
The Indians fell  
The cavalries charged  
The Indians died  
Oh the country was young  
With God on its side.

Oh the Spanish-American  
War had its day  
And the Civil War too  
Was soon laid away  
And the names of the heroes  
I's made to memorize  
With guns in their hands  
And God on their side.

Oh the First World War, boys  
It closed out its fate  
The reason for fighting  
I never got straight  
But I learned to accept it  
Accept it with pride  
For you don't count the dead  
When God's on your side.

When the Second World War  
Came to an end  
We forgave the Germans  
And we were friends  
Though they murdered six million  
In the ovens they fried  
The Germans now too  
Have God on their side.

I've learned to hate Russians  
All through my whole life  
If another war starts  
It's them we must fight  
To hate them and fear them  
To run and to hide  
And accept it all bravely  
With God on my side.

But now we got weapons  
Of the chemical dust  
If fire them we're forced to  
Then fire them we must

One push of the button  
And a shot the world wide  
And you never ask questions  
When God's on your side.

In a many dark hour  
I've been thinkin' about this  
That Jesus Christ  
Was betrayed by a kiss  
But I can't think for you  
You'll have to decide  
Whether Judas Iscariot  
Had God on his side.

So now as I'm leavin'  
I'm weary as Hell  
The confusion I'm feelin'  
Ain't no tongue can tell  
The words fill my head  
And fall to the floor  
If God's on our side  
He'll stop the next war.

## A Hard Rain's Going to Fall

By Bob Dylan

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?  
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains.  
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways.  
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests.  
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans.  
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard.  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's a hard  
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.

Oh what did you see, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?  
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it.  
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it.  
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin',  
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'  
I saw a white ladder all covered with water.  
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,  
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children,  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?  
And what did you hear, my darling young one?  
I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin',  
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,  
Heard one hundred drummers whose hand were a-blazin'  
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin',  
Heard on person starve, I heard many people laughin',  
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,  
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley,  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?  
Who did you meet, my darling young one?  
I met a young child beside a dead pony  
I met a white man who walked a black dog  
I met a young woman whose body was burning  
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,

I met one man who was wounded in love,  
I met another man who was wounded with hatred,  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?  
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a fallin',  
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest,  
Where the people are many and their hands all empty,  
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,  
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,  
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,  
Where hunger is ugly, where none is the number,  
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,  
And reflect from the mountain so all souls can see it,  
Then I'll stand on the ocean until start sinkin',  
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

## Bob Dylan's Dream

This song always reminds me of the joys of Druidism when I was a college student. I hope you find the song and learn to sing it.

While riding on a train goin' west,  
I fell asleep for to take my rest.  
I dreamed a dream that made me sad,  
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

With half-damp eyes I stared to the room  
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon,  
Where we together weathered many a storm,  
Laughin' and singin' till the early hours of the morn.

By the old wooden stove where our hats was hung,  
Our words were told, our songs were sung,  
Where we longed for nothin' and were quite satisfied  
Talkin' and a-jokin' about the world outside.

With haunted hearts through the heat and cold,  
We never thought we could ever get old.  
We thought we could sit forever in fun  
But our chances really was a million to one.

As easy as it was to tell black from white,  
It was all that easy to tell wrong from right.  
And our choices were few and the thought never hit  
That the one road we traveled would ever shatter and split.

How many a year has passed and gone,  
And many a gamble has been lost and won.  
And many a road taken by many a friend,  
And each one I've never seen again.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,  
That we could sit simple in that room again,  
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat  
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.

## Box of Rain

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Phil Lesh

Look out of any window  
any morning, any evening, any day  
Maybe the sun is shining  
birds are winging or  
rain is falling from a heavy sky –  
What do you want me to do,  
to do for you to see you through?  
this is all a dream we dreamed  
one afternoon long ago

Walk out of any doorway  
feel your way, feel your way  
like the day before  
Maybe you'll find direction  
around some corner  
where it's been waiting to meet you –  
What do you want me to do,  
to watch for you while you're sleeping?  
Well please don't be surprised  
when you find me dreaming too

Look into any eyes  
you find by you, you can see  
clear through to another day  
I know it's been seen before  
through other eyes on other days  
while going home –  
What do you want me to do,  
to do for you to see you through?  
It's all a dream we dreamed  
one afternoon long ago

Walk into splintered sunlight  
Inch your way through dead dreams  
to another land  
Maybe you're tired and broken  
Your tongue is twisted  
with words half spoken  
and thoughts unclear  
What do you want me to do  
to do for you to see you through  
A box of rain will ease the pain  
and love will see you through

Just a box of rain –  
wind and water –  
Believe it if you need it,  
if you don't just pass it on  
Sun and shower –  
Wind and rain –  
in and out the window  
like a moth before a flame

It's just a box of rain  
I don't know who put it there  
Believe it if you need it  
or leave it if you dare  
But it's just a box of rain  
or a ribbon for your hair  
Such a long long time to be gone  
and a short time to be there

## Rosemary

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Jerry Garcia

Boots were of leather  
A breath of [cologne](#)  
Her mirror was a window  
She sat quite alone

All around her  
the garden grew  
scarlet and purple  
and crimson and blue

She came and she went  
and at last went away  
The [garden was sealed](#)  
when the flowers decayed

On the wall of the garden  
a legend did say:  
No one may come here  
since no one may stay

## Death is a Door

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Death is only an old door  
Set in a garden wall;  
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk  
When the thrushes call.

Along the lintel are green leaves,  
Beyond the light lies still;  
Very willing and weary feet  
Go over that still

There is nothing to trouble any heart;  
Nothing to hurt at all.  
Death is only a quiet door  
In an old wall.

## St. Stephen

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Jerry Garcia

Saint Stephen with a rose  
In and out of the garden he goes  
Country garland in the wind and the rain  
Wherever he goes the people all complain

Stephen prosper in his time  
Well he may and he may decline  
Did it matter? does it now?  
Stephen would answer if he only knew how

Wishing well with a golden bell  
Bucket hanging clear to hell  
Hell halfway twixt now and then  
Stephen fill it up and lower down  
And lower down again

Lady finger dipped in moonlight  
Writing 'what for?' across the morning sky  
Sunlight splatters dawn with answers  
Darkness shrugs and bids the day goodbye

Speeding arrow, sharp and narrow,  
What a lot of fleeting matters you have spurned  
Several seasons with their treasons  
Wrap the babe in scarlet covers call it your own

Did he doubt or did he try?  
Answers aplenty in the bye and bye  
Talk about your plenty, talk about your ills  
One man gathers what another man spills  
Saint Stephen will remain

All he's lost he shall regain  
Seashore washed by the suds and the foam  
Been here so long he's got to calling it home  
Fortune comes a crawlin, Calliope woman  
Spinning that curious sense of your own  
Can you answer? Yes I can,  
but what would be the answer to the answer man?

High green chilly winds and windy vines in loops around the  
twining shafts of lavender, they're crawling to the sun  
Underfoot the ground is patched with climbing arms of ivy  
wrapped around the manzanita, stark and shiny in the  
breeze

Wonder who will water all the children of the garden when they  
sigh about the barren lack of rain and droop so hungry  
'neath the sky...

William Tell has stretched his bow till it won't stretch no  
furthermore and/or it may require a change that hasn't come  
before

## Uncle John's Band

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Jerry Garcia

Well, the first days are the hardest days,  
don't you worry anymore  
When life looks like Easy Street  
there is danger at your door  
Think this through with me  
Let me know your mind  
Wo-oah, what I want to know  
is are you kind?

It's a Buck Dancer's Choice, my friend,  
better take my advice  
You know all the rules by now  
and the fire from the ice  
Will you come with me?  
Won't you come with me?  
Wo-oah, what I want to know,  
will you come with me?

Goddamn, well I declare  
Have you seen the like?  
Their walls are built of cannonballs,  
their motto is Don't Tread on Me  
Come hear Uncle John's Band  
by the riverside  
Got some things to talk about  
here beside the rising tide

It's the same story the crow told me  
It's the only one he know –  
like the morning sun you come  
and like the wind you go  
Ain't no time to hate,

barely time to wait  
Wo-oah, what I want to know,  
where does the time go?

I live in a silver mine  
and I call it Beggar's Tomb  
I got me a violin  
and I beg you call the tune  
Anybody's choice  
I can hear your voice  
Wo-oah what  
I want to know,  
how does the song go?

Come hear Uncle John's Band  
by the riverside  
Come with me or go alone  
He's come to take his children home  
Come hear Uncle John's Band  
playing to the tide  
Come on along or go alone  
he's come to take his children home

## Mountains of the Moon

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Jerry Garcia

Cold Mountain water  
the jade merchant's daughter  
Mountains of the Moon,  
Bow and bend to me  
Hi ho the Carrion Crow  
Folderolderiddle  
Hi Ho the Carrion Crow  
Bow and bend to me

Hey Tom Banjo  
Hey a laurel  
More than laurel  
You may sow  
More than laurel  
You may sow

Hey the laurel  
Hey the city  
In the rain  
Hey, hey,  
Hey the white wheat  
Waving in the wind

20 degrees of solitude  
20 degrees in all  
All the dancing kings & wives  
assembled in the hall  
Lost is a long & lonely time  
Fairy Sybil flying  
All along the all along  
the Mountains of the Moon

Here is feast of solitude  
A fiddler grim and tall  
Plays to dancing kings and wives  
Assembled in the hall  
Of lost, long, lonely times  
Fairy Sibil flying  
All along the all along  
the Mountains of the Moon

Hey Tom Banjo  
It's time to matter  
The Earth will see you  
on through this time  
The Earth will see you on  
through this time

Down by the water  
The Marsh King's Daughter  
Did you know?  
Clothed in tatters  
Always will be  
Tom, where did you go?

Mountains of the Moon, Electra  
Mountains of the Moon  
All along the  
All along the  
Mountains of the Moon

Hi Ho the Carrion Crow  
Folderolderiddle  
Hi Ho the Carrion Crow  
Bow and bend to me  
Bend to me

## Giant

By Stan Rogers

Cold wind on the harbor and rain on the road  
Wet promise of winter brings recourse to coal  
There's fire in the blood and a fog on Bras d'Or  
The giant will rise with the moon.

'Twas the same ancient fever in the Isles of the Blessed  
That our fathers brought with them when they went west  
It's the blood of the Druids that never will rest  
The giant will rise with the moon.

So crash the glass down! Move with the tide!  
Young friends and old whiskey are burning inside.  
Crash the glass down! Fingal will rise  
With the moon.

In inclement weather the people are fey  
Three thousand year stories as the night slips away  
Remembering Fingal feels not far away  
The giant will rise with the moon.

The wind's from the north, there be new moon tonight  
And we have no circles to dance in it's sight  
So light a torch, bring the bottle, and build the fire bright  
The giant will rise with the moon.

So crash the glass down! Move with the tide!  
Young friends and old whiskey are burning inside.  
Crash the glass down! Fingal will rise  
With the moon.

## Watch the Field Behind the Plow

By Stan Rogers

Watch the field behind the plow turn to straight, dark rows  
Feel the trickle in your clothes, blow the dust cake from your nose  
Hear the tractor's steady roar, Oh you can't stop now  
There's a quarter section more or less to go

And it figures that the rain keeps its own sweet time  
You can watch it come for miles, but you guess you've got a while  
So ease the throttle out a hair, every rod's a gain  
And there's victory in every quarter mile

Poor old Kuzyk down the road  
The heartache, hail and hoppers brought him down  
He gave it up and went to town

And Emmett Pierce the other day  
Took a heart attack and died at forty two  
You could see it coming on 'cause he worked as hard as you

In an hour, maybe more, you'll be wet clear through  
The air is cooler now, pull you hat brim further down  
And watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows  
Put another season's promise in the ground

And if the harvest's any good  
The money just might cover all the loans  
You've mortgaged all you own

Buy the kids a winter coat  
Take the wife back east for Christmas if you can  
All summer she hangs on when you're so tied to the land

For the good times come and go, but at least there's rain  
So this won't be barren ground when September rolls around  
So watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows  
Put another season's promise in the ground

Watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows  
Put another season's promise in the ground

## Delivery Delayed

By Stan Rogers

How early is "Beginning"? From when is there a soul?  
Do we discover living, or, somehow, are we told?  
In sudden pain, in empty cold, in blinding light of day  
We're given breath, and it takes our breath away.

How cruel to be unformed fancy, the way in which we come –  
Overwhelmed by feeling and sudden loss of love  
And what price dark confining pain, (the hardest to forgive)  
When all at once, we're called upon to live.

By a giant hand we're taken from the shelter of the womb  
That dreaded first horizon, the endless empty room  
Where communion is lost forever, when a heart first beats alone  
Still, it remembers, no matter how its grown.

We grow, but grow apart –  
We live, but more alone –  
The more to see, the more to see,  
To cry aloud that we are free  
To hide our ancient fear of being alone.

And how we live in darkness, embracing spiteful cold  
Refusing any answers, for no man can be told  
That delivery is delayed until at last we're made aware  
And first reach for love, to find 'twas always there.

## Mary Ellen Carter

By Stan Rogers

She went down last October in a pouring driving rain.  
The skipper, he'd been drinking and the Mate, he felt no pain.  
Too close to Three Mile Rock, and she was dealt her mortal blow,  
And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low.  
There were five of us aboard her when she finally was awash.  
We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost.  
And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to proclaim  
That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again.

Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would they spend.  
She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end.  
But insurance paid the loss to them, they let her rest below.  
Then they laughed at us and said we had to go.  
But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock,  
For she's worth a quarter million, afloat and at the dock.  
And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would remain  
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

Rise again, rise again, that her name not be lost  
To the knowledge of men.  
Those who loved her best and were with her till the end  
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend.  
Three dives a day in hard hat suit and twice I've had the bends.  
Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are slow  
Or I'd never have the strength to go below.  
But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatch and  
porthole down.  
Put cables to her, 'fore and aft and girded her around.  
Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the strain.  
And watch the Mary Ellen Carter Rise Again.

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale.  
She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gale  
And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave  
They won't be laughing in another day...  
And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow  
With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go  
Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain  
And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

Rise again, rise again - though your heart it be broken  
And life about to end  
No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend.  
Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

## Witch of the Westmoreland

By Stand Rogers

Pale was the wounded knight, that bore the rowan shield  
Loud and cruel were the raven's cries that feasted on the field  
Saying "Beck water cold and clear will never clean your wound  
There's none but the witch of the Westmoreland can make thee  
hale and sound"

So turn, turn your stallion's head 'til his red mane flies in the wind  
And the rider of the moon goes by and the bright star falls behind  
And clear was the pale moon when his shadow passed him by  
Below the hills were the brightest stars when he heard the owl  
cry

Saying "Why do you ride this way, and wherefore came you  
here?"  
"I seek the Witch of the Westmorland that dwells by the winding  
mere"

And it's weary by the Ullswater and the misty brake fern way  
Til through the cleft in the Kirkstane Pass the winding water lay

He said "Lie down, my brindled hound and rest ye, my good grey  
hawk  
And thee, my steed may graze thy fill for I must dismount and  
walk,  
But come when you hear my horn and answer swift the call  
For I fear ere the sun will rise this morn ye will serve me best of  
all"

And it's down to the water's brim he's born the rowan shield  
And the goldenrod he has cast in to see what the lake might yield  
And wet she rose from the lake, and fast and fleet went she  
One half the form of a maiden fair with a jet black mare's body

And loud, long and shrill he blew til his steed was by his side  
High overhead the grey hawk flew and swiftly did he ride  
Saying "Course well, my brindled hound, and fetch me the jet  
black mare  
Stoop and strike, my good grey hawk, and bring me the maiden  
fair"

She said "Pray, sheathe thy silvery sword. Lay down thy rowan  
shield  
For I see by the briny blood that flows you've been wounded in  
the field"  
And she stood in a gown of the velvet blue, bound round with a  
silver chain  
And she's kissed his pale lips once and twice and three times  
round again

And she's bound his wounds with the goldenrod, full fast in her  
arms he lay  
And he has risen hale and sound with the sun high in the day  
She said "Ride with your brindled hound at heel, and your good  
grey hawk in hand  
There's none can harm the knight who's lain with the Witch of the  
Westmorland."

## A Book of Songs and Poetry

### Volume Four 2000

### Older Selections

#### An Invocation Poem:

Druid Chronicler, Dec 1978  
By Julia Vinograd

Use praise of the Goddess for the God  
Use praise of the God for the Goddess  
Only the Goddess can invoke the God  
Only the God can invoke the Goddess  
If they both come at once the worshippers get drenched  
There is only one God  
and He is whoever the Goddess is in love with at the moment  
There is only one Goddess  
and She is whoever the God is in love with at the moment  
Eternity has a lot of moments.

#### O Danny Boy

By David Geller, mid 70s.

O Danny Boy if words could e'er recall you  
To walk again 'neath Pagan Irish skies  
Then would I sing, 'til voice be taken from me  
And light and life be faded from my eyes.

Too long, too long, your blood's been wasted flowing  
To water seeds of wars that have no name  
Where brothers die for quarrels past recalling  
Nor caring aught for Ireland's agony and shame.

So turn again, the silver Stag is running  
With blooded eye in groves beneath the moon  
The songs of old still whisper through the oak trees  
Where ancient breezes pipe our long-forgotten tune

O Danny Boy, if words could e'er recall you  
to walk again 'neath Pagan Irish skies  
Then would I sing, 'til voice be taken from me  
And light, and life itself be faded form my eyes.

#### The Lair of Great Cthulhu

(Tune: Chattanooga Choo-Choo)  
By Larry Press, mid 70s

Pardon me' boy- Is this the lair of Great Cthulhu?  
In the city of slime,  
Where it is night all the time.  
Bob Hope never went  
Along the road to Great Cthulhu,  
And Tripple-A has no maps  
And all the Cho-Chos lay traps.  
You'll see an ancient sunken city where the angles are wrong.  
You'll see the fourth dimension if you're there very long  
Come to the conventicle.  
Bring along your pentacle;  
Otherwise you'll be dragged off by a tentacle.

A mountain's in the middle, with a house on the peak:  
'A gnashin' and a thrashin' and a clackin' of beak.  
Your soul you will be lackin'  
When you see that mighty kraken.  
Oo-oo! Great Cthulhu's starting to speak.  
So come on aboard,  
Along the road to Great Cthulhu.  
Wen-di'-gos and Dhols  
Will make Big Macs of our souls.  
Under the sea, ~  
Down in the ancient city of Rilyeh,  
In the lair of Great Cthulhu,  
They'll suck your soul away!  
(Great Cthulhu, Great Cthulu, Suck your soul! Great Cthulhu,  
Great Cthulhu)  
In the lair of Great Cthulhu, They'll suck your soul away.

(Here, there is an obligatory saxophone solo, a la Tex Beneke)

## Huntress by Paladin

A huntress is She.  
In virginal white She fares the pale of night  
With carnivore intent: All innocent  
Of praise or blame or any virtue bearing mortal name or  
measurable dimension....  
A moonlit mist-wrapp't rose is She, or so appears to be, Who  
Flowering, reveals some wild and iridescent thing  
that waits in coiled repose and quite conceals:  
Intention.  
—She'd seem to yield—a White Queen's gambit leading surely to  
checkmate.  
—And lo! springs forth some fool or hero glad to seize upon such  
bait  
He's lost! His heart  
'twill cost him, for:  
She feasts upon such things  
And mayhap, "Pass the Salt" She sweetly sings to one of Her  
exalted company the whiles She dabs Her dainty lips with  
samite spun of spider-silk  
She's of that ilk at very least that things the world a toy or shake  
they sky  
But it's Her special Joy, to  
Take whatever beast may catch Her Eye:  
Her taut bow bent like crescent moon,  
Swift arrows, then the boon, She grants, with glee A huntress is  
She.

## Winter

By Deborah Frankel Bender

Then you come before the old woman. Who is the true head of  
your coven. Blindfold, hands bound, naked, (It is lawful for  
me to tell you this, since You know it already) And she says  
to you "Please me."  
Women have a better chance of getting through it.  
We've had more practice  
Coping with unreasonable demands,  
Our resources always inadequate.  
Men get bad habits  
Dealing from strength:  
They tend to stick at the first step  
("Define the problem")  
Few come out of that room with their own bodies on them.  
You come before the old woman Who is the true head of your  
coven. Blindfold, hands bound, naked. She is waiting for  
you. Small talk, charm, and habits will not help you with

her. She has seen it all. She knows more than you do. She is  
easily bored.

You must come before the old woman  
Stripped naked,  
And she says to you,  
"You're back. What did you bring me?"  
What will you offer her? Clean hands? A pure heart? Hers are not.  
She is not. She is an old woman. She has seen everything  
done everything, endured everything. She is responsible for  
everything.  
Then your least fear is knowledge Of the whip by her hand.  
Witch, what was your training? Embrace everything. Use  
everything. Cherish everything. Fear nothing.  
So you come before the old woman and dance before her Made to  
improvise. Hobbled by the rope. Tough to keep your  
balance. Naturally she laughs. At you wobbling and  
whistling. She laughs, reminded of the juggler she loved  
once. She sends you out again.

## Goddess Gift —Joyce L. Baker

The bodies entwined appear as one,  
For this, indeed they are,  
The song of love escapes their lips,  
Is carried near and far  
On the wings of ecstasy,  
They rise and they do soar,  
This feeling it wit never end  
For love will e'er endure.  
Two bodies—God and Goddess are United perfectly.  
Their joy exposed, so openly,  
For all the world to see.  
Their feelings are eternal  
The same they'll always be,  
From dawn of time to man's demise  
United—Perfectly.  
The fire of Life flows through their veins  
Their voices rise and fall,  
Their ecstasy—adrift of Love  
From she who created all.

## Winter's Ending

-Jeffrey Andrew Young

Come the goat-man, man of Springtime,  
Savior of the Winter's ending.  
Come from mountains, come and enter  
This, the sad, stiff human figure,  
For his mind is numbed with Winter,  
Lain neglected since rememb'ring,  
And his hands are stiffened branches,  
Frozen bones that have no feeling.  
Strike the fire deep within him,  
Fire to melt this icy thinking.  
Passion sings within him somewhere,  
Laughter lies awake, awaiting  
Some necessity inside him:  
To awaken him from slumber.  
Now the dead man's mind grows restless,  
Fingers yearn for warmer flesh,  
Rememb'ring souls that once had touched him,  
Breathing bodies he was near to.  
Goat-man draw him ever onward  
Through the slush of dying Winter  
Where his memories await him  
In Spring's gentle restlessness.

## Lament of the Witch

—Morning Glory— Ohoyo Cjsh Chishba

I may not go to the festival...  
All this month I have sewn costumes.  
Gathered nuts and baked cakes.  
I have strung beads and berries for  
the children to wear.  
All this my people have taken from me  
And they have said: "It is good."  
I have borne children, I have woven mats  
'I have carved masks, I have washed clothing ,  
All this my tribe has taken from me and they have said: "It is  
good."  
But when the sea change comes, my body  
begins to flow. My woman spirit to  
gather power and force.  
Large drops of blood  
drip  
slowly and then gush forth.  
My magick is strongest, my feelings  
are deepest; my knowledge is surest..  
Now, more than ever I am  
A woman of power.  
All this my tribe has refused - and they have said: "It is bad."  
And when I touched my genitals to  
give myself pleasure,  
When I made images to call the spirits...  
When I refused the husband chosen for me...  
And every, every moon when my body know its bloody power...  
All this my tribe has refused me -  
My shadow pollutes, the rainbow serpent is angered, my lover  
shuns me,  
I am cursed, diseased, reviled. Men retch at my scent; avoidably  
footprints.  
Banished from my home, forbidden the festivities...  
I remember the medicine  
The man's words to me at my puberty ritual: "You must be as  
Mother Earth...  
Humble and fruitful.  
You must not touch any holy thing or a man's possessions.  
You are dangerous to yourself and to the tribe;. to bleed is to be  
sick...  
you must be set apart for your moon and give thanks to God that  
He has spared you life when you cease to bleed."  
Hog.  
So spoke the wise man.  
Old fool! I AM like Mother Earth, she who bleeds and does not  
die.  
Only for men in blood linked with sickness and death. I am a  
woman...  
my blood  
The sacred tools...our foremothers made them.  
Once the houses were ours...we built them.  
Once the rituals were ours...we wrote them.  
Once the moon hut was for our own seclusion...we sought it for  
privacy.  
Now, the tools are forbidden  
the houses belong to our fathers  
the rituals are led by men  
the moon hut is our prison  
and our bodies are the source of our shame.  
What has happened? Why did things change? How has this come  
to be?  
—Long ago—  
The old men say: Women were punished for their pollution...for  
their bleeding. They angered the Gods."

—Long ago— The old women say: "Men became jealous of our  
power, and they stole everything."  
We shared our bread, our fires, our homes, our tools, our magick,  
our knowledge, our bodies... We shared. -  
They had only one thing we did not give them; one skill we did  
not teach them. They had the use of weapons... and they did no  
share that. They turned it against us.  
The old women say: "Let us kneel down in the mud, crawling  
along!  
We leave it for them, for our Brothers,  
We leave the world for them  
for they want it that way."  
I will not sing this song, looking out through the window of the  
moon hut and hearing the songs and laughter of my people.  
I will not sing this song.  
I mark my cheeks with my  
Dark Blood.  
I will sing a song to the Goddess... who is stronger than the  
weapons of Men.  
I will sing a song to my sisters who are wiser than the lies of Men.  
I will sing a song to my daughter who will bear the future of Men.  
My song is a song about power, about loving, about sharing,  
about changing  
I will sing about the future I will weave a web of fate  
I will sow a seed of doubt I will tell a tale of tomorrow.  
  
I mark my forehead with my  
Dark Blood...  
...and I wait.

## Oimeic Hymn

*1979 Anodea and Selene lead Robert Larsen's -Oimeic Hymn" (to  
band 1, side 1 of "Durch die WustelDesert," by HANS JOACHIM  
ROEDELIIUS.) Hymn is done in plainchant style (leaders chant  
each line, all repeat):*

The days are short the heavens dark, the Mother sleeps.  
The trees are bare the north wind stalks, the Mother sleeps.  
The nights are long and full of fright, the Mother sleeps.  
But the ewe gives birth the ewe gives milk, the Mother stirs.  
The Mother smiles with dreams of life, She will return.  
And on that day will we rejoice, when She returns.  
Long the day bright the sky, when She returns.  
Green the trees soft the breeze, when She returns.  
Short the night our fires alight ,when She returns!

## Oimeic Blessing

*1979 -Selene Bonewits*

O Mother

Blend your milk with ours.

Give us nourishment  
To strengthen our spirits  
As well as our bones.  
As we drink  
From your breast  
Pour your light in

Through our hearts,  
To dance in our cells,  
To glow with our eyes.  
Through us  
Your light spirals & spreads  
Out our fingers

To all we touch  
And on...  
To heal the Earth  
And to heal the people of the Earth  
So that we may live & die

In harmony with your rhythm.

## Oimeic Poem

1979 by Ailean MacGregor

Music filling the magical air whirling motion of dancing spirals of  
energy flowing from within the centre point of flame  
Bleary eyed children of Brigid inebriated on the fruits of  
Dionysus celebrate Her mysteries around the cauldron fire  
The Mother's milk is raised in salute to Her myriad aspects as  
sister and brother revel in the warmth of Her smile  
Five times the magick point did merge into the star which  
illuminated the night while mushroom eating lovers huddled  
together and dreamt of the coming of the Spring

## Let It All Happen

By Anodea Judith

Let the water fall, Let the water fall  
Let the water fall on the earth  
Let the trees grow tall, Let the water fall  
Let the greenery grow on the earth.

Let the greenery grow, let the greenery grow  
Let the greenery grow on the Earth  
Let the trees grow tall, let the water fall  
Let the greenery grow on the Earth

Let the air blow clean...  
Let the water run clear...  
Let the seals swim free...

## Goddesses, Goddesses Song

By Anodea Judith

CHORUS: Goddesses, Goddesses, Got to have Goddesses.  
Got to have Goddesses roaming above.  
Goddesses, Goddesses, got to have Goddesses  
Got to have Goddesses ruling with love.

In the ancient days of old,  
Goddesses ruled the heavens I'm told  
That was known as the time of mirth  
When there were many who worshipped the earth.

When you're in need and you call on the Goddess  
Her strength will illumine your wisdom within  
The Goddess, she answers with laughter and dances  
As we on the Earth become Pagan again.

When you're in crisis, then just call on Isis  
Her silvery horns will take troubles away.  
We dance in the moonlight, the sunlight and starlight  
And know that the world will better someday.

All of the Earth is just one big home  
Where all the Gods and the Goddesses roam  
Look to the forest you'll see what I mean  
Love of the Goddess will keep the Earth clean.

## Love is Lord of All

Where gentle tides, go rolling by  
Along the salt sea strand  
The colors blend and roll as one  
Together in the sand  
And often do the winds entwined  
To send their distant call  
The quiet joys of brotherhood  
And love is lord of all

Where oat and wheat together rise  
Along the common ground  
The mare and stallion, light and dark  
Have thunder in their sound  
The rainbow sign, the blended flood  
Still hold my heart in thrall  
The quiet joys of brotherhood  
And love is lord of all

But men have come to plow the hide  
The oat lies on the ground  
I hear their fires in the field  
The drive the stallion down  
The roses bleed, both like and dark  
The winds do seldom call  
The running sands recall the time  
When love was lord of all.

## Let the Spirit Come To You

By Anodea Judith

Let the spirit come to you  
Through you renew you  
Let the love shine on to you  
Pursue you undo you  
Let the light shine above you  
Be of you that loves you  
Let the peace settle in you  
Within you, begin you.

## We Are One Family

We are the children of the Earth  
She is our Mother!  
Offspring of the Sun god's bright mirth  
He is our Father!  
We have our siblings in the air, on the land, in the sea...

Chorus: We are one family.  
We are one family  
Kin to the whale and the dove.  
We are one family.  
We are one family.  
Joined by the strength of our love, of our love,  
Joined by the strength of our love.

The dolphin so free and alive  
She is our sister!  
The wolf who must kill to survive  
He is our brother!  
We are the cousins of the eagle who soars in ecstasy...

Sequoia and bristlecone pine  
They are ancestors!  
The cactus and mushroom divine  
We are related!  
The D.N.A. that runs through us all is the key...

Throughout all of time and of space  
Life has been granted!  
Every intelligent race  
We have been planted!  
And those who have sown the seed now await patiently...

## Lughnasadh Dance

Lyrics by: Gwydion Pendderwen  
Recorded on: "Songs for the Old Religion," Gwydion  
Pendderwen, 1975; "Once Around the Wheel," Ian Corrigan,  
1987 ([Association for Consciousness Exploration](#), 1643 Lee Rd  
#9, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118)  
Subject: Sabbats - Lughnasadh  
Lugh the light of summer bright clothed all in green  
Tailtu his mother true, rise up and be seen

Chorus:  
At your festival sound the horn, calling the people again,  
Child of Barleycorn, newly summerborn, ripening like the grain.

Lugh grew tall from spring to fall, and sought to find a wife  
But Balor came and made his claim and vowed to take his life

The two did fight from morn 'till night and Lugh did strike him  
one;  
And Balor's eye flew in the sky and there became the sun

Lugh was wed and made his bed with Erinn in the north,  
And there they lay through many a day and soon a child came  
forth

The child grew tall from spring to fall, Setanta was his name,  
And then at length, by honor's strength, CuChulainn he became!

## Selections from the Missal-Any

### Erec, Erec Erec

Erec, Erec, Erec,  
Mother of Earth  
Hail to thee, Earth,  
Mother of men!

Be fruitful in  
God's embrace  
Filled with food  
For the use of men.

### Vehicle Chant

This was written down in the Lech book circa 950 A.D. in  
England. It is the ancient Indo-European Earth Mother and Sky  
Father, despite five hundred years of Christian influence. March  
1982 Druid Missal-Any

Vehicles have figured in Paleo-pagan literature, and I was  
surprised to come across the trade name in the middle of some old  
Norse material. (Spring Equinox, 1983, Tom Cross)

Wotan went down  
To the Underworld  
There to revive the Volvo...

Han San went to  
Cold Mountain,  
Received the Magic  
Melon in a dream, and  
Took the sacred Citroens  
From the throne  
Of the Divine King

Buddha in his Lotus sat  
The Mayan War god  
Had his Jaguar  
Hera rode a Silver Cloud  
(R.R. of course)  
Aphrodite prized her Opel  
But remember  
Robin held the Ford.

### Mount Cua

Sliabh g'Cua.  
Haunt of Wolves  
Rugged and Dark  
The wind wails  
About its glens  
Wolves how 'round  
Its chams.  
The great brown stag  
Bells there in autumn  
The crane screams  
Over its craigs

(Ninth Century Bardic)

## Hymn to the Three Brighids

Verse for Oimelc by Thomas M. Cross  
Alternative Syllabic Verse in English

Brighid brought us the burning coals  
Bright mistress of hearth warmthness  
Blessed midwives and milk-cows  
Barrenness banished from us.

Blessed Brighid, Queen of Nature  
Daughter of the Dagda comes.  
On Oimelc we salute thee  
Feeding kindling in fire.

Three Brighids as the winter breathes  
Three nights and three heroes born.  
On the three hills high fires burn.  
Shall we bring our new offering?

(Brighid is pronounced Breed or Breej for proper rhythm)  
Oimelc 1985

## Druid's Chant

Great voice that calls us in the wind of dawn,  
Strange voice that stills us in the heat of noon,  
    Heard in the sunset,  
    Heard in the moonrise  
And in the stirring of the wakeful night,  
    Speak now in blessing,  
    Chide us no longer,  
Great voice of love, we will not grieve thee more.

-Donated by Willow Oak, who is a Millay fan found this in a book , Collected Poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay where it is designated as a previously unpublished poem. It was written for a Tree Ceremony at Vassar College in 1915. So the "greatest American lyric poet" remembered the "Oak-Men," as one derivation of "Druid" holds it to mean. Printed in Spring Equinox 1985

## Beannachadh Brathain

Blessing for Bannock Bread

Oidhch Inid  
Be feoil againn  
'S bu choir 'uinn sin  
Bu choir 'uinn shin

Leth-cheann circe,  
'S da ghreim eorna,  
'S bu leoir 'uinn sin  
Bu leoir 'uinn sin.

Bi bin againn,  
Bi beoir againn,  
Bi fion againn,  
Bi roic againn.

Meilc is marrum,  
Mil is bainne,  
Sile fallain,  
Meall dheth sin,  
Meall dheth sin.

Bi cruic againn,  
Be clar againn,  
Bi dus againn,  
Bi das againn;  
Bi saltair ghrinn,  
Nan teuda binn,  
'S bi fairchil, righ'nn  
Nan dan againn,  
Nan dan againn.

## Quern Blessing

On Ash Eve  
We shall have flesh,  
We should have that  
We should have that.

The cheek of hen,  
Two bits of barley,  
That were enough  
That were enough.

We shall have mead,  
We shall have spruce,  
We shall have wine,  
We shall have feast.

We shall have sweetness  
Honey and milk,  
Wholesome ambrosia,  
Abundance of that,  
Abundance of that.

We shall have harp,  
We shall have harp,  
We shall have lute,  
We shall have horn.  
We shall have psaltery  
Of the melodious strings  
And the regal lyre,  
Of the songs we shall have  
Of the songs we shall have.

Fall Equinox, 1985

## Oghma Incantation

Here is an incantation to an Oghma like figure of "Sun-like Countenance" from the Scottish oral folk tradition. The Preceptor has used it and gives testimony of its utility.

"The litigant went at morning dawn to a place where three streams met. And as the rising sun gilded the mountain crests, the man placed his two palms edgeways together and filled them with water from the junction of the streams. Dipping his face into this improvised basin, he fervently repeated the prayer:"

Ionnlaidh mise m'aodann  
'S na naodh gatba greine  
Mar a dh'ionnlaid Moire a Mac  
Am bainne brac na breine.

Gaol a bhi 'na m'aodann  
Caomh a bhi 'na m'ghnuis,  
Caora meala 'na mo theanga,  
M'annail mar an tuis.

Is dubh am bail ud thall,  
Is dubh daoine th'ann;  
Is mis an eala bhan,  
Banruinn os an ceann.

Falbhaidh mi an ainme Dhe,  
An riochd feidh, an riochd each,  
An riochd nathrach, an riochd righ:  
Is treasa lion fin na le gach neach.

I will wash my face  
In the nine rays of the sun,  
As Mary washed her Son\*  
In the rich fermented milk.

Love be in my countenance,  
Benevolence in my mind,  
Dew of honey in my tongue,  
My breath as the incense.

Black is yonder town,  
Black are those therein,  
I am the white swan,  
Queen above them.

I will travel in the name of God,  
In likeness of deer, in likeness of horse,  
In likeness of serpent, in likeness of king:  
Stronger will it be with me than with all persons.

\*A later introjection which does not rhyme. Yule 1985

## Deidre Remembers a Scottish Glen

Glen of fruit and fish and pools,  
Its peaked hills of loveliest wheat,  
It is distressful for me to think of it—

Glen of bees, of long-horned wild oxen.  
Precious is its cover to every fox;  
Glen of wild garlic and watercress,  
Of woods, of shamrock and flowers, leafy and twisting-crested.

Sweet are the cries of the brown-backed dappled deer  
Under the oakwood above the bare hill-tops,  
Gentle hinds that are timid,  
Lying hidden in the great-treed glen.

Glen of the rowans with scarlet berries,  
With fruit fit for every flock of birds;  
A slumberous paradise for the badgers  
In their quiet burrows with their young.

Glen of the blue-eyed vigorous hawks,  
Glen abounding in every harvest,  
Glen of the ridged and pointed peaks,  
Glen of blackberries and sloes and apples.

Glen of the sleek brown round-faced otters  
That are pleasant and active in fishing;  
Many are the white-winged stately swans,  
And salmon breeding a long the rocky brink.

Glen of the tangled branching yews,  
Dewy glen with level lawn of kine;  
Chalk-white starry sunny glen,  
Glen of graceful pearl-like high-bred women.  
-A Druid Missal-any Oimeic 1986

## May-Time

May-time, fair season, perfect is thy aspect then; blackbirds sing a full song, if there be a scanty beam of day.

The hardy, bushy cuckoo calls, welcome noble summer! It calms the bitterness of bad weather, the branching wood is a prickly hedge.

Summer brings low the little stream, the swift herd makes for the water, the long hair of the heather spreads out, the weak white cotton-grass flourishes.

...The smooth sea flows, season when the ocean falls asleep; flowers cover the world.

Bees, whose strength is small, carry with their feet a load reaped from the flowers; the mountain allures the cattle, the ant makes a rich meal.

The harp of the wood plays melody, its music brings perfect peace; colour has settled on every hill, haze on the lake of full water.

The corncrake clacks, a strenuous bard; the high pure waterfall sings a greeting to the warm pool; rustling of rushes has come.

Light swallows dart on high, brisk music encircles the hill, tender rich fruits bud...

...The hardy cuckoo sings, the speckled fish leaps, mighty is the swift warrior.

The vigour of men flourishes, the glory of great hills is unspoiled; every wood is fair from crest to ground, fair each great goodly field.

Delightful is the season's splendour, winter's rough wind has gone; bright is every fertile wood, a joyful peace is summer.

A flock of birds settles...; the green field re-echoes, where there is a brisk bright stream.

A mad ardour upon you to race horses, where the serried host is ranged around; very splendid is the bounty of the cattle-pond, the iris is gold because of it.

A timid persistent frail creature sings at the top of his voice, the lark chants a clear tale - excellent May-time of calm aspect!

Irish, author unknown, ninth-tenth century  
Beltaine 1986

## Suibhne Wild Man In The Forest

Little antlered one, little belling one, melodious little bleater,  
sweet I think the lowing you make in the glen.

Home sickness for my little dwelling has come upon my mind,  
the calves in the plain, the deer on the moor.

Oak, bushy, leafy, you are high above trees; hazel, little branchy one, wisdom of hazel nuts.

Alder, you are not spiteful, lovely is your colour, you are not prickly where you are in the gap.

Blackthorn, little thorny one, black little sloe bush; water-cress, little green-topped one, on the brink of the blackbird's well.

Saxifrage of the pathway, you are the sweetest of herbs; cress, very green one; plant where the strawberry grows.

Apple tree, little apple tree, violently everyone shakes you; rowan, little berried one, lovely is your bloom.

Bramble, little humped vine, you do not grant fair terms; you do not cease tearing me till you are sated with blood.

Yew, little yew, you are conspicuous in graveyards; ivy, little ivy, you are familiar in the dark wood.

Holly, little protector, door against the wind; ash-tree, baneful, weapon in the hand of the warrior.

Birch, smooth, blessed, proud, melodious, lovely is each entangled branch at the top of your crest.

Aspen, as it trembles from time to time I hear its leaves rustle and think it is the foray...

It is on my lonely journey I were to search the mountains of the dark earth, I would rather have the room for a single hut in great Glenn mBolcain.  
 Good is its clear blue water, good its clean stern wind, good its cress-green watercress, better its deep brooklime.  
 Good its pure ivy, good its bright merry willow, good its yew yew, better its melodious birch...  
 -Irish; author unknown; 12th Century.  
 Beltaine 1986

## Stock Market Crash

In the old Legends  
 Fairie gold turned back to withered leaves  
 The next day. It shoe and lured  
 Only in Elfland.  
 And by enchantment.  
 Money is like that.  
 On the stock market the climbing numbers  
 Increase and multiply and now  
 Nothing but paper,  
 Fit only to write a poem on the back.  
 Elfland. Wall Street.  
 Wherever we believe and then  
 No longer believe.  
 All over the country the experts are saying  
 It's a matter of faith:  
 Clap your hand  
 And Tinker bell will get well  
 And the economy will get well,  
 And well, we'll see.  
 Money has always been strange.  
 It's only real when you don't have it.  
 Even the sparechanger with a handful of coins  
 Is never sure.  
 They might refuse to serve him.  
 They have before.  
 The Dow Jones  
 Is just another Jones to feed.  
 Everyone needs money to eat  
 But on one can eat paper.  
 Where did all this paper come from?  
 Withered leaves,  
 Fit only for burning

By Julia Vinograd

From her latest book, Graffiti, Zigeist Press. Write 2500 Druant, Suite 409, Berkeley 94704

Published in Samhain 1988

## Mad Sweeney News

**Welsh; John Ceiriog Hughes; 1833-87.**  
 -Published A Druid Missal-Any #4, Spring Equinox 2001

Mountain stream, clear and limpid, wandering down towards the valley, whispering songs among the rushes—oh, that I were as the stream!

Mountain heather all in flower—longing fills me, at the sight, to stay upon the hills in the wind and the heather.

Small birds of the high mountain that soar up in the healthy wind, flitting from one peak to the other—oh, that I were as the bird!

Son of the mountain am I, far from home, making my song; but my heart is in the mountain, with the heather and the small birds.

## Chapter of Not Having to Move Furniture in the Other World

Whoso knows this spell will have all his weekends free in Amenta.

May I not be forced to move furniture in the other world. That which is large, awkward, and extremely heavy, with sharp corners – may I not be forced to lift it.

The sofa – “I break your back” is its name; it does not fit through any door. I shall not carry the sofa; I shall not lift one end of the sofa.

The chest of drawers – “I fall on your foot” is its name. I shall not move the chest of drawers; I shall not carry even one drawer.

The pile of book boxes – it towers unto the ceiling; “pyramid of Khufu” is its name. I shall not carry one box; I shall not carry one book.

The waterbed – of myriad pieces is it made; no man knows their number. I shall not carry one piece; I shall not attempt to fit two pieces together.

I shall not move furniture in the other world, and all my weekends will be my own, for millions of years.

-Obscure Chapter of the Egyptian Book of the Dead.  
 - Samhain 1986 Druid Missal-Any

## Hatching Blessing

Bu tu fein an deagh nabaidh agus an caraide caomh. Ma's a h'e agus gun ruig thu null fearann do dhuthchais agus duthaich do bhreith, agus gum feumair thu tilleadh a nall dh'an fhoann-sa rithist, that mise cur mar bhoid agus mar bhriathar ort, agus mar naoi riarache nam bana-sith, thu dhol gu ruig Cladh Michell ann an Ormacleit, an Uibhist, agus thu thoir as a sin thugam-sa deannan beag urach a churar air clar mo chridhe-sa la mo bhais.

I will rise early on the morning of Monday,  
 I will sing my rune and rhyme,  
 I will go sunwise with my cog  
 To the nest of my hen with sure intent.

I will palce my lef hand to my breast,  
 My right hand to my heart,  
 I will seek the loving wisdom of Him  
 Abundant in grace, in broods, and in flocks.

I will close my two eyes quickly,  
 As in blind-man's bluff moving slowly;  
 I will stretch my lef hand over thither  
 To the nest of my hen on yonder side.

This is a hatching spell peculiar to this egg-time of year, from the Scottish Highlands, circa 1800. In the Gaidhlig introduction by the collector, Alexander Carmicheal, there is a quote from the 102 year old lady from whom he collected this and other runes. In it she tells of the customs, purely pagan, of placing a bit of the native soil on the breast of a corpse before

burial. This is a custom I have heard from many sources in the Neo-pagan community, and from my Celtic relatives as a child. However, this is the first “academic” reference or precedent I have been able to uncover. It may have been a part of the Ancient Druid funeral rites, or from an even older Pagan stratum. I have heard it called the “releasing soil” now-a-days. It could well be incorporated into N.R.D.N.A. traditions. We would appreciate any feedback anyone out there has on this.

From the Carmina Gadelica  
-Oimeic 1987 Druid Blessing

## To The Sun

Greeting to you, sun of the seasons, as you travel the skies on high, with your strong steps on the wing of the heights; you are the happy mother of stars.

You sink down in the perilous ocean with harm and without hurt, you rise up on the quiet wave like a young queen in flower.

-Scottish Gaelic; traditional prayer.

## Cairoll Callaig

Nis tha mis air tighinn dh'ur duthaich  
A dh'urachadh dhuibh na Callaig;  
Cha leig mi leas a dhol ga innse,  
Ban I ann ri linn ar seanar.

Dirim ris an ardorus,  
Teurnam ris an starsach,  
Mo dhuan a ghabail doigheil,  
Modhail, moineil, maineil.

Caisean Callaig 'na mo phoca,  
Is mor an ceo thig as an ealachd.

Gheibh fear an taighe 'na dhorne e,  
Cuiridh e shorn anns an teallach;  
Theid e deiseil air na paisdean,  
Seachd ar air bean an taighe.

Bean an taigh is i is fhiach e,  
Lamh a riarach oirnn na Callaig,  
Sochair bheag a bhlat an t-samhraidh,  
Tha mi'n geall air leis an arain.  
-Gaidhlig Original  
From the Carmina Gadelica

## Hogmanay Carol

I am now come to your country,  
To renew to you the Hogmanay,  
I need not tell you of it,  
It was in the time of our forefathers.

I ascend by the door lintel,  
I descend by the doorstep,  
I will sing my song becomingly,  
Mannerly, slowly, mindfully.

The Hogmanay skin is in my pocket,  
Great will be the smoke from it presently.

The house-man will get it in his hand,  
He will place its nose in the fire;  
He will go sunwards round the babes,

And for seven verities round the housewife.

The housewife it is she who deserves it,  
The had to dispense to us the Hogmanay,  
A small fist of the bloom of summer,  
Much I wish it with the bread.

-English Translation  
From the Carmina Gadelica

## Calluinn a Bhuilg #63

Calluinn Ho! This rune is till repeated in the Isles. Rarely, however, do two persons recite it alike. This renders it difficult to decide the right form of the words. The walls of the old houses in the West are very thick –from five to eight feet. There are no gables, the walls being of uniform height throughout. The roof of the house being raised from the inner edge of the wall, a broad terrace is left on the outside. Two or three stones project from the wall at the door, forming steps. ON these the inmates ascend for purposes of thatching and securing the roof in time of storm.

Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Calluinn a bhuilg  
Buail am boicionn,  
Buail am boicionn.  
Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Calluinn a bhuilg  
Buail an craicionn,  
Buail an craicionn.

Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Sios e! suas e!  
Buail am boicionn.

Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Sios e! Suas e!  
Buail an craicionn.

Calluinn a bhuilg,  
Calluinn a bhuilg.

-Yule 1988 Druid Missal-any  
From the Carmina Gadelica

## Hogmanay of the Sack

The “gillean Callaig” carolers or Hogmanay lads perambulate to the townland at night. One man is enveloped in the hard hide of a bull with the horns and hoofs still attached. When the men come to a house they ascend the wall and run around sunwise, the man in the hid shaking the horns and hoofs, and the other men striking the hard hide with sticks. The appearance of the man in the hide is gruesome, while the din made is terrific. Having descended and recited their runes at the door, the Hogmanay men are admitted and treated to the best in the house. Their performance seems to be symbolic, but of what it is not easy to say, unless of laying an evil spirit. That the rite is heathen and ancient is evident.

Hogmanay of the sack,  
Hogmanay of the sack,  
Strike the hide,  
Strike the hide.

Hogmanay of the sack,  
Hogmanay of the sack,  
Beat the skin,  
Beat the skin.

Hogmanay of the sack,  
Hogmanay of the sack,

Down with it! Up with it!  
Strike the hide.  
Hogmanay of the sack,  
Hogmanay of the sack,  
Down with it! Up with it!  
Beat the skin.  
Hogmanay of the sack,  
Hogmanay of the sack,  
  
-Yule 1988 Druid Missal-any  
From the Carmina Gadelica

## Eolas an Deididh

The teeth of ancient human skeletons found in stone coffins and other enclosures and without enclosures are usually good and complete. This is in marked contrast to the teeth of modern human remains, which are generally much impaired if not wholly absent. But there must have been toothache and even artificial teeth in ancient times, as indicated by the mummies in Egypt and the toothache charms and toothache wells in the Highlands. One toothache well is in the island of North Uist. It is situated 195 feet above the sea, at the foot of a hill 757 feet high, and nearly three miles in the moorland from the nearest townland. The place is called "Cuidh-airidh," shieling fold, while the well is variously known as "tobar Chuidh-airidh," well of the shieling fold," "Tobar and deididh," well of the toothache, "tobar na cnoidh," well of the worm, and "tobar cnuimh fhiacail," well of the tooth worm, from a belief that toothache is caused by a worm in the tooth.

The General name of the well is "tobar Chuidh-airidh," well of the shieling fold, to distinguish it from other healing wells throughout the Isles. The pilgrim suffering from toothache must not speak, nor eat, nor drink, after beginning the pilgrimage till after three draughts of the well of Cuidh-airidh are drunk in the name of God, and in name of Christ, and in name of Spirit. Some persons profess to derive no relief, some profess to derive partial relief, and some profess to derive complete relief from toothache after drinking the water of the well of Cuidh-airidh.

Ob a chuir Bride bhoidheach  
Romh ordag Mathar De,  
Air mhir, air lion, air chorcaich,  
Air chnoidh, air ghoinmh, air dheud.

Achnoidh a rinn domh deistinn,  
Air deudach mo chin,  
Ifrinn teann da m'dheud,  
Deud ifrinn da mo theinn.

Deud ifrinn da mo theann;  
Am fad's is maireann mi-fein  
Gu mair mo dheud am cheann.

Doighean eile:  
Air mhir, air chir, air chnodaich.  
Air mhuir, air chuan, air chorsa.  
Air li, air lionn, air liogradh.

## TRANSLATION

The incantation put by lovely Bride  
Before the thumb of the Mother of God,  
On lint, on wort, on hemp,  
For worm, for venom, for teeth.

The worm that tortured me,  
In the teeth of my head,  
Hell hard by my teeth,  
The teeth of hell distressing me.

The teeth of hell close to me;  
As long as my teeth last in my head.

Variants:  
On lint, on comb, on agony.  
On sea, on ocean, on coast.  
On water, on lakes, on marshes.

-Spring Equinox 1989 Druid Missal-Any  
From the Carmina Gadelica.

## Swift Chariots

Swift Chariots  
And horse that carried off the prize  
Once I had plenty of them:  
A blessing on the king who granted them.

My body seeks to make its way  
To the house of judgement;  
When the Son of God thinks it time,  
Let him come to claim his loan.

My arms when they are seen  
Are bony and thin  
Dear was the craft they practiced,  
They would be around glorious kings...

I envy nothing that is old  
Except the Plain of Femhen;  
Though I have donned the thatch of age,  
Femhen's crown is still yellow.

The Stone of the Kings in Femhen,  
Ronan's Fort in Bregthon,  
It is long since storms first reached them,  
But their cheeks are not old and withered...

I have had my day with kings,  
Drinking mead and wine;  
Today I drink whey and water  
Among shriveled old hags...

The flood-wave,  
And the swift ebb;  
What the flood brings you  
The ebb carries from your hand.

Happy is the island of the great sea,  
For the flood comes to it after the ebb;  
As for me, I don not expect  
Flood after ebb to come to me.

Beltane 1989 Druid Missal-Any

## Beltaine Fire Invocation

Bhríde  
Firedancer  
In the many hued arms of flame  
Daggers of light contained in the chalice of the sky,  
Overflowing with stars  
Bright with the song of a thousand souls.  
Dance with us, our lives would in a glistening threads  
Above the spokes of the universe,  
Braided into the umbilical cord of the navel of the Earth.  
Teach us to kindle our inner fire,  
And dance our lives in the weavings of flame,  
The fire that enkindles the heart into spiraling song.

Bhríde  
Firesinger,  
Voice leaping with the strength of many deer  
Into the gates of starlight  
Where the ancient flames soar.  
Sing with us, our lives as the weavings of song  
On the loom of the many stringed sky  
Reflected in the inner sky of the spirit.  
Teach us to light our inward flame,  
And sing our lives into rising smoke  
The fire that burns behind the eyes of all souls  
And laughs in the cosmic dance of the universes' music.

May 1989 by Blue Moon Eagle.

## Emmon the Filidh

With Apologies to Elizabeth Barrett's Husband

Go crazy along with me!  
The best is yet to see.  
The outer reaches of the mind,  
For which the mundane brain was made  
To work and keep us fed.  
Who saith: "A whole I planned."  
A Sea of Holes, to other realms  
Sanity is but a closet.  
Trust in your Gods: see all,  
Nor be afraid.

-Samhain 1989 Druid Missal-any

## Give Me a Hidden Rill

Give me a hidden rill  
A house free of noise and distraction  
Birds help me to sing  
Overhead white clouds for neighbors  
Nobody asking the fate of this or that noble family  
Just this Hazel tree, now-a-days  
Starting up from beside its spring  
For how many years?"

-Circa 10<sup>th</sup> Century  
Samhain 1989

## To Display Our Own Magic

Druidical druthers, they cave be so clean  
Your wizard works hard to not ever be seen  
Moving the novels to remove their dust  
And wiping the shelves more free of their lust  
We cudgel our brain  
Till his answers lie bare  
In the drolleries chapter  
That describes why we care.

Fletch Dewly  
Yule 1989 Druid Missal-any

## Dearest Vivian

Lady of the Lake she walks before me  
Controlling each image I happen to see  
Vibrant her wish that the magic may spring  
Our minds further out and deep within  
Her veil and her dress both flow to command  
That the book that she holds  
All must understand  
Pages with spells and others with prayers  
Or so they're defined  
By our mind's many layers.

Fletch Dewly  
Yule 1989 Druid Missal-any

## The Boot Legged Concert

Some time in the first or second or such centuries C.E., Rorey Mor, a filidh, had become a woods-hermit in the tradition of Mad Sweeney or Finn the Elder, and he no longer played the harp or sang in the great courts. He had been reputed to be the best harper in the provinces of Connaught and Munster, and the local chieftain of the area to which he had retired determined to get him to play for his court. No entreaties or bribes availed, so the chief and some of his Druids hatched a plan. They sent an invitation to Rorey saying that Conal, the then most acclaimed harper in Erin, was coming to play for the chieftain, and asking Rorey, since he no longer played, to join them in listening to the great bard. The chieftain's Druids knew that Rorey did not attend feasts any more, but they also surmised that he would be curious about what his old rival was composing and would not refuse to come and listen. They were right.

Rorey was shown into the hall where a fine fire was lazing and on the table was a harp of willow wood of the finest crafting, which Rorey assumed to be Conal's. Beside it stood a silver flagon of wine and the benches all around were covered with white fleeces. Rorey was left alone. He waited and waited, but no harper or festive crowd arrived. Meanwhile, the chieftain and his court had hidden themselves behind a wicker partition that curtained off the far end of the hall.

"I'll just see what sort of harp strings the great bard has gotten himself now." Thought Rorey, and picked up the harp and brushed his fingers over the strings. What he heard was wonderful. He dipped a finger into the wine and tasted a drop. It was marvelous. (Wine in those days was an import from Roman traders, exotic and used only rarely.) He sipped the wine and his old songs came flooding back to him. He began to play and was soon lost in the calling of his art. The chieftain and his court had never heard such wonderful sounds. All listened on and on, entranced, until, at an interval in his playing, Rorey tipped the flagon to his lips and—nothing--! No more wine came out.

“Aye me! What a mischief I have done! I have drunk up all of the bard’s wine!”

They heard him put down the harp. They heard the window shutter open. Before the chief or any of his men could leap up and push aside the partition, Rorey had bounded out of the window and across the court yard and off toward his favored woods.

“Take my two best horses and fetch him back at once!” the chieftain shouted. But it was too late. The retainer searched and searched but he couldn’t find the hermit and had to return alone, we with the morning dew.

-Oimeic 1990 Druid Missal-any Author unknown.

## Samhain Vigil Song

Dawning into darkness  
Oldest of nights

Chorus:  
‘S Tu mo leannan  
Leannan og  
‘S Tu mo leannan  
Leannan og

I came to love you  
I came to grieve  
Chorus

Strong chains  
Won’t bind this love  
Chorus

For I am a climber  
And I am a thief  
Chorus

Strong chains  
Won’t bind me  
Chorus

What bird sings in darkness?  
Longest of nights  
Chorus

Stone walls  
Can’t hold this love  
Chorus

Dancing through darkness  
Waiting the light  
Chorus

Sunset over Marsco  
Cuchullain in sheets  
Chorus

These shades of McLean’s words  
‘Round us like spirits, released

Chorus  
Strong Chains  
Can’t bind this love  
Chorus

This ode for the Samhain night vigil was written by Rorey MacDonald of South Uist, Scotland. He performs with the popular Scots’ folk-rock group, RunRig, whose tapes are available through Ridge Records, Ganton House, 14-22 Ganton St., London W1V 1LB. None of the tapes, however, include this song which may be a bit too controversial for High Presbyterian Scotland. This is from a “broadside” and the editor has heard a private recording made at a concert.

‘S tu It is you (familiar)  
mo my  
leannan Love, beloved  
og young  
McLean Scotland’s greatest modern poet, Rorey McLean

(It’s taken four plus years to get permission to print this. Transatlantic communication at the speed of the Nina, the Pinta and the Santa Maria.)

## The New Moon

In Cornwall the people nod to the new moon and turn silver in their pockets. In Edinburgh cultured men and women turn the rings on their fingers and make their wishes. A young English lady told the writer that she had always been in the habit of bowing to the new moon, till she had been bribed out of it by her father, a clergyman, putting money in her pocket lest her lunar worship should compromise him with his bishop. She naively confessed, however, that among the free mountains of Loch Etive she reverted to the good customs of her fathers, from which she derived great satisfaction!

Ma’s math a fhuair thu sinn an nochd,  
Seach fearr gum fag thus sinn gun lochd,  
A Ghealach gheal nan trath,  
A Ghealach gheal nan trath.

If well thou hast found us to-night,  
Seven times better mayest thou leave us without harm,  
Thou bright white Moon of the seasons,  
Bright white Moon of the seasons.

-Carmina Gadelica.  
Oimeic 1991 Druid Missal-Any

## A Ghealach Ur

This little prayer is said by old men and women in the islands of Barra. When they first see the new moon they make their obeisance to it as to a great chief. The women curtsy gracefully and the men bow low, raising their bonnets reverently. The bow of the men is peculiar, partaking somewhat of the curtsy of the women, the left knee being bent and the right drawn forward towards the middle of the left leg in a curious but not inelegant manner. The fragment of moon-worship is now a matter of custom rather than of belief, although it exists over the whole British Isles.

May thy laving luster leave us  
Seven times still more blest.

O moon so fair  
May it be so,  
As seasons come,  
And seasons go.

-Carmina Gadelica.  
Oimeic 1991 Druid Missal-Any

# Emmon's Selections

## The Mountain

By Emmon Bodfish, 1990s

From the thick grass  
On the Mountain  
I see this will be a  
Rich year.  
The last two  
Were poor years.  
And no amount of worry  
Or effort of the will  
Will make any difference.

I choose to pick and eat  
This wild lettuce  
And not that one.  
How random it is: (Death)  
Without any connection  
To the moral character  
Of either herb.

NO BLAME, then  
when Nature gathers me.

It is always cold  
On the Mountain,  
Not just this year.  
Jagged scarps, forever fogged in.  
Ferns in the dark gorges  
Steep ravines  
Unimaginably rugged...

I am afraid,  
If I settle long  
On Messieur Mountain,  
I would not go back.  
[will]

## OCTOBER

-By Emmon Bodfish, 1980s

A thousand hills covered  
With bleached grasses,  
Ten thousand tangled paths,  
But no sign of who made them.  
Every day, just this,  
And sometimes the sound of wind blowing  
Against the pane

## To My Teacher

Ryokan from "Dewdrops on a Lotus Leaf" translated by John Stevens

An old grave hidden away at the foot of a deserted hill,  
Overrun with rank weeds growing unchecked year after year;  
There is no one left to tend the tomb,  
And only an occasional woodcutter passes by.  
Once I was his pupil, a youth with shaggy hair,  
Learning deeply from him by the Narrow River.  
One morning I set off on my solitary journey  
And the years passed between us in silence.  
Now I have returned to find him at rest here;  
How can I honor his departed spirit?  
I pour a dipper of pure water over his tombstone  
And offer a silent prayer.  
The sun suddenly disappears behind the hill  
And I'm enveloped by the roar of the wind in the pines.  
I try to pull myself away but cannot;  
A flood of tears soaks my sleeves.

## The Fairy Luring Song

"It is more than once a maiden of the Hebrides has been lured away from the mortal world by a fairy lover. And it is said that at the meeting of day and night, yon some wee lover-being can be seen on a Fairy-knoll, singing his luring song, to a tune that would put even the strongest of us under his spell" – Kenneth McKeller

The song was first written down in the last century, but the air and Gaelic fragments are much older.

Why should I sit and sigh  
Plough and Bracken  
Why should I sit and sigh  
On the hillside dreary.

When I see the plover rising  
Or the curlew wheeling,  
Then I draw my mortal lover  
Back to me a'stealing.

Chorus  
Why should I sit and sigh  
Plough and Bracken  
Plough and Bracken  
Why should I sit and sigh  
All alone and weary.

When the day wears away  
Sad I look for her down the valley.  
Ilka sound, way up and down,  
Sets my heart a'thrilling.

Chorus  
Oh, but there is something wanting.  
Oh, but I am weary.  
Come my blighe and bonny lass  
Come o're the knoll to cheer me.

Why should I sit and sigh  
Plough and Bracken  
Plough and Bracken  
Why should I sit and sigh  
Hark to me, my dearie.

## A Phiuthrag's a Phiuthair (Little Sister)

In the Gaelic speaking districts of Scotland one can still find hundreds of fairy tales and not a little actual belief in the fairies, mermaids, seal women, and other supernatural beings of the Celtic imagination. The song on this record is a cry of a girl who has been spirited away by the fairies and who calls on her sister for help.

A phiuthrag's a phiuthair,  
Hu ru  
A ghaoic, a phiuthair,  
Hu ru  
Nach truagh leat fhein  
Ho hala leo  
An nochd mo chumha?  
Hu ru

Nach truagh leat fhein  
An nochd mo chumha  
'S mi 'm bothan beag  
Iseal cumhann?

'S mi 'm bothan beag  
Iseal cumhann,  
Gun lub siamain,  
Gun sop tughaidh.

Translation:

Little sister, sister  
My Dear sister  
Do you not pity  
Tonight my lament

Do you not pity  
Tonight my lament  
And I in a little hut  
Low and narrow?

And I in a little hut  
Low and narrow,  
Without loop of straw rope  
Without wisp of thatch!

## Clach Mhin Mheallain

(Rune against Hail)

The Gaelic runes, which preserve both pagan and Christian elements, healed and protected, cursed and blessed the people. Many survived in use until about a century ago.

Clach mhin mheallain  
'San tobar ud thall,  
Clach mhin mheallain  
San tobar ud thall,  
Am buachaille bochd  
Ri sgath nan cnoc  
'S a bhata fo uchd  
'S a dhealg 'na bhroit  
'S e 'g iarraidh air Dia  
Turadh is grain a chur ann.

Translation:

Smooth hailstones  
In yonder well;  
The poor heard

In the Ice of the hills,  
With his stick under his chest,  
And his pin in his bosom,  
Praying the gods  
To send dry weather and sun.

## Furich and Diugh (Weaving Song)

In this song, perhaps one discovers the ironic attitude of the weaver towards his painstaking work or, hears the echoes of some lost incantation.

Wait today until tomorrow  
Until I spin you a skirt  
The loom is in Patrick's wood;  
The flax has been sown and has not grown.

The milkmaid is unborn to mother;  
The Queen has the bobbin;  
And the wool is on the sheep in the wilderness;  
And the King of France has the shuttlepin.

Fuirich an diugh gus am maireach  
Gradh air eiteagan arainn hu ru  
Gus an sniomh mi leine 'n t-snath dhuit.

Refrain

Bun a choib air a choib  
Bun a ruid air an ruid  
Ian beag air a noid  
Seinnidh e lamh riut  
Seinn dubh seinn dubh  
Ohoro lunn dubh

Tha bheairt-fhighe 'n coille Phadraig;  
Grad air eiteagan arainn hu ru  
Chuireadh an lion 's cha do dh'fhas e.

Refrain.

## Oidhche 'n Fhoghar

Eho hao ri, o  
Eho hao ri, o  
Nochd a' chiad oidche 'n Fhoghar.

Eho hao ri ri o hog o  
Eho hao ri ri a hi a bho a dhiu ru.  
Raoir a chuala mi 'n othail.

Eho hao ri o  
Eadar Ceann a Bhaigh 's an Fahdhail.

Eho hao ri ri o hog o  
Eho hao ri ri a hi a bho a dhiu ru  
Cha ghuth gallain 's cha ghuth gadhair  
Guth na mna 's 'm barr a meadhail.

O 'si fhein a rinn an taghadh;  
Ghabh I'n diughaidh's dh'fhag I roghainn;  
Ghabh I'n t-oigeir seolta seaghach.

Fai il eileadh hao o eileadh  
Coisich agus faigh dhomh ceile  
Fail il eileadh ho ro I

## Lughnasadh Night

(translated by Emmon Bodfish)

Eho! Ho! A king oh!  
Eho! Ho! A king oh!  
Last night was the first night of Fomhar.

Eho! Ho! To a king of a youth, oh!  
Eho! Ho! To a king. Oh Heifer of them of the Rue Flower  
Last night I heard the tumultuous delight.

Eh! Ho! A king oh!  
Between the head of the Bay and the ford.

Eho! Ho! To a king of a youth, oh!  
Eho! Ho! To a king. O Heifer of them of the Rue flower.  
Not the sound of baying, and not the voice of hunting dogs,  
the voice of woman at the height of her joy.

Eho! Ho! To a king oh!  
Oh! Indeed, she made the choice; she took the unfortunate  
one and left the choice one.  
She took the wise, ingenious boy.

Ring, of Plenty, Folding  
Ho! Folding, plaiting...  
Come and get me a husband.  
Wreath, Plenty, Folding, Braiding.  
Ho! Of the Braiding.

Notes: The line of the Heifer is archaic spelling and uncertain meaning. The unfortunate one could refer to the god, Lugh's, death at Lughnasa or may have even older allusions to the Corn King tradition, and the sacrifice of the incarnate god.

## An Coineachan

Ho-bhan, ho-bhan, Goiridh og O,  
Goiridh og O, Goiridh og O;  
Ho-bhan, ho-bhan, Goiridh og O,  
I've lost my darling baby O!

I left my darling lying here,  
A-lying here, a lying here;  
I left my darling lying here,  
To go and gather blueberries.

I've found the wee brown otter's track,  
The otter's track, the otter's track;  
I've found the wee brown otter's track,  
But ne'er a trace of baby O!

I found the track of the swan on the lake,  
The swan on the lake, the swan on the lake;  
I found the track of the swan on the lake,  
But not the track of baby O!

I found the track of the yellow fawn,  
The yellow fawn, the yellow fawn;  
I found the track of the yellow fawn,  
But could not trace my baby O!

I've found the trail of the mountain mist,  
The mountain mist, the mountain mist;  
I've found the trail of the mountain mist,  
But ne'er a trace of baby O!

## Mo Bhata, Boat Song

Ho, my bonnie boatie,  
Thou bonnie boatie mine!  
So trim and tight a boatie  
Was never launched on brine.  
Ho, my bonnie boatie,  
My praise is justly thine  
Above all bonnie boaties  
Were builded on Loch Fyne!

Ho mo bhata laghach,  
'S tu mo bhata grin;  
Ho mo bhata laghach,  
'S tu mo bhata grin.  
Ho mo bhata laghach,  
'S tu mo bhata grin:  
Mo bhata boidheach laghach,  
Thogadh taobh Loch Fin.

To build thee up so firmly,  
I knew the stuff was good;  
Thy keel of stoutest elm-tree,  
Well fixed in oaken wood;  
Thy timbers ripely seasoned  
Of cleanest Norway pine  
Well cased in ruddy copper,  
To plough the deep were thine!

Ho mo bhata etc.

How lovely was my boatie  
At rest upon the shore,  
Before my bonnie boatie  
Had known wild ocean's roar.  
Thy deck so smooth and stainless,  
With such fine bend thy rim,  
Thy seams that know no gaping,  
Thy masts so tall and trim.

Ho mo bhata, etc.

## Talking With Trees

She looks in the house and she nobody sees.  
We go up to his room and his rug's full of leaves,  
And all his new trousers have pitch on the knees.

Chorus:  
Out in the woods is he, talking with trees!  
Talking and walking and stalking with trees  
Up in the high hills catching the breeze,  
Out in the woods is he, talking with trees!

It's late in the night he should be cuttin' "zzz's"  
He's out of the window by shadowy leas  
Down in the Wild wood where nobody sees,

Chorus.

All alone by the circle of stones by the sea,  
At night by the light of the moon on the leaves,  
You can see him go dancing on magical knees,

Chorus

Aunt Hann, she comes down with her baskets of cheese,  
Of cookies and cakes to tempt and to tease,  
To try and to teach him some sense if you please, [But]

Chorus

## The Mountain Streams

With my robe and staff through the purple heather  
One evening it was I took my way.  
I met a lass, she was tall and slender.  
Her eyes entreated me a while to stay.

“Oh Roving Droï, Do you know I love you?  
Tell me your name and your dwelling also.  
Excuse my name, but you'll find me dwelling  
by the Mountain streams where the Moorcocks grow.

If my parents cause me to wed a farmer,  
I'll be tied for life to one plot of land.  
You're a roving Droï, Let me go with you,  
And I'll give you my hand.

Ah, but if your parents knew that  
You love a rover,  
I fear that would be my overthrow.  
So I'll bide alone, love,  
For another season,  
By mountain streams where the Moorcocks grow.

And in the turning of another season,  
We'll meet again in yon woodland vale.  
And I'll sit you down, love,  
All on my knee, then,  
And listen to your lovesick tale.

And it's False Solomon's Seal  
We'll go a gathering  
In the woods and the valleys below.  
Where the linnets sing their songs so sweetly  
By the mountain streams where the Moorcocks grow.”

With my robe and staff through the purple heather  
One evening it was I took my way.  
I met a lass, she was tall and slender.  
Her eyes entreated me a while to stay.

# Poems of the Season

From our Server, Susan Press of Live Oak Grove  
Received 2002 From Stacey, but the date of authorship is  
uncertain.

## Solstice

Winter has come, The song has been sung, The days have  
been white and cold.

The dark has been deep, The earth was asleep, Dreaming a  
dream of old.

Now hear Her blood drum, For the time has come, For the  
days to grow long and warm.

For the dark becomes light, And the earth will take flight,  
Greeting the Sun's return.

## Nights of Winter

In deep of winter,  
In the middle of the night,  
Jack Frost paints your windows  
With nary a light.  
Look thru his icy artwork, Know each to be unique, You'll see a  
starlit world revealed,  
A world that some would seek.  
A world that is within, without, A fragile world of wonder and  
glitter  
A world that from his paintbrush flows, In the deep, dark nights  
of winter.

## Walk Amongst the Trees

-Published Druid Missal-any 2, Winter Solstice 2000

Murmuring softly, Father Winter walks amongst the trees,  
gently easing them into sweet white slumber. He stops to rest with  
those who keep vigil during the long winter, the Holly, the  
Mistletoe, & the Evergreen.

They are old, old friends & pass the long white winter  
sharing tales & talking of things they have seen & heard  
throughout their long lives.

Go walk amongst the trees. Be quiet and still, listen for their  
voices & then for their wisdom.

Share with them your dreams, your wonders & your woes,  
for they will become the substance of tales told in the  
future.....the knowledge & wisdom of the trees.

# Book of Songs and Poetry Volume Five 2002 Recent Songs

## 2003 Introduction

Well word spread about my ambitious attempt to collect more materials for ARDA 2 and Stacey's Druid Missal-Any magazine, so those little Druids in Carleton and Berkeley recently were quite busy and have been writing lots of songs and poetry. So busy in fact, that I began the Bardic contests in the Fall of 2001. Here is a selection of those works.

-Mike Scharding

## Irony's Druidic Verses:

These are the druidically inspired poems of Irony Sade, Archdruid at Carleton 1996-1999.

### Sands of Time

By Irony Sade

I met a man in Mittengrad  
While walking down a street.  
The snows of several winters gone  
Were swirling round his feet.  
His cloak showed signs of recent rains,  
Its tattered edge told tales  
Of nights spent 'neath the starlit sky,  
And bramble ridden trails.  
He nodded as he greeted me,  
And quirked an eyebrow to;  
As if to say in some strange way,  
'I think that I know you.'  
"We've met before, now haven't we?"  
He spoke the tongue I knew,  
Then vanished while I stood and stared.  
And soft the cold wind blew.  
I met myself in Mittengrad,  
A thousand years removed.  
The Sands of Time had bleached my hair  
And left some wrinkles smoothed.  
My scowl faded clean away,  
A knowing mien he wore.  
What source of surcease had he found,  
Through what unopened door?

## Hypnosis

By Irony Sade

Light and shadows ever-mixing  
Twisting turning and betwixing  
Stone and sky from which the rain comes  
Falling steaming hissing screaming;

I am walking through a valley, being tripped by fallen angels.

While beneath the ground is shaking  
Bouncing bounding laughing quaking  
Fires leaping trees are creaking  
All around a voice is speaking;

I am walking through a valley, being tripped by fallen angels.

And above the sky is turning  
Swaying praying clouds are burning  
Hawk and Phoenix both are slaying  
Close behind the hounds are baying;

I am walking through a valley, being tripped by fallen angels.

Straight ahead the Elves are singing  
Clear their voices high and ringing  
On the hills a storm is climbing  
In my ears a bell is chiming;

I am walking through a valley, being tripped by fallen angels.

## The Spring

By Irony Sade

The flowers shine like ivory upon the forest lawn  
The sky is lightly tinged with pink before the early dawn  
The trees are black and high they raise their lofty towering crowns,  
And in the stream there is a pool in which all worry drowns.

The larks and nightingales sing of restfulness and sleep  
The lilies on their lily pads are floating on the deep  
The pebbles show their colors and the trees are dripped with green  
The waterfall it plays a song of notes not heard but seen.

The ivy creeps it's way around and up the trunks of trees  
The flowers dance a reel to the buzzing of the bees  
The butterflies they sit and fan themselves with jeweled wings  
The stream it parts around a rock on which the wood nymph sings.

## The Pilgrims Lament

By Irony Sade

If the world is only illusion,  
Just the fabric of Maya wherein nothing is real,  
If the soul of the all is the only existence,  
Why does it hurt so much?

If the seeker has thrown off temptation,  
If desire is stifled and pain is repealed,  
If the peace that we've found is worth all that we've given,  
Why do I feel this loss?

The gods of my peoples are too many,  
The truths of the ones I see here too few.

If the gods cannot offer the keys to our heavens,  
What can the soul look to?

I look to myself I see only confusion.  
When I look to the world I see heartache and pain.  
I look to the god's- I see nothing but silence.  
What is there to gain?

Yet the sunset still offers me beauty,  
Caresses still fill me with love.  
The ground at my feet is still there when I'm weary...  
Need we find aught above?

What if there's naught above?

## Untitled

By Irony Sade

Gorbeling his gillertthumbs,  
The Glabberbeast of Gallermums  
Spied a lazing Olgerumph  
Upon the forest floor.

Passing through the Pumplefronds  
He pounced upon her tumblemonds.  
"Dear sir!" She squeaked, "You're squiggling  
My oomtingles with your zore!"

## Solitude

By Irony Sade 25.4.98

No more questions.  
No more stories.  
Ask of me no songs.  
No more oak leaves drifting in the stream beside the moon,  
Nor lightning without thunder in the April muted hills.  
And let there be no bitter wood-smoke seeping through the rain.  
For there is no more wanting in me.  
Nor fear.  
Nor any love of challenge.

But give to me a single petal from which a drop of dew has fallen  
and another has yet to form-

For there is some desire in me still for which I have no name.

## On Wind Driven Raindrops

The rains from the skies  
are the tears that my eyes  
never shed...

While the leaves in the stream  
are the drops that my heart's  
never bled....

All the words that I've read-  
All the songs in my head-  
All the pain that I dread....  
For the ghost in my bed.....

What am I weeping for?

## Poems from Foot Prints

The German times; August and September, 1997

Irony Sade

### I

Delighting in life the lark flits above me  
Where the rain drips down through the boughs of the  
pines,  
Delighting in the rain the grasses run silver,  
Their laughter the wind as it rustles my hair.  
Delighting in the wind the pines shiver slowly-  
The goddess is washing the dust from their beards.  
Delighting in the goddess the deer leap before me-  
But the ground has since sunk on the grave of the king.

### II

The forests have buried the barrows of others  
And webs are now woven where tapestries hung.  
The spider stands sucking the life of her mate  
On a hill o'er a cairn, o'er a pile of bones.  
The bones of the deer now litter the forest  
Where the timid folk wander on pathways of stone.  
The wander watches the death of the grasses  
Ground up in their greens by a growling machine-  
But the heather grows green on the grave of  
the king.

### III

Now buildings are build where the badger once burrowed  
And the lark 'lights no longer where the lumberjacks  
lean.  
Now bricks are laid over the green growing grasses,  
And the Oak is hewn down for the imported corn.  
Now the ships are of glass and the soul of the sailing  
Is nailed to the mast of the scorekeepers dome.  
Now the rain runs in rivers through the sewers of cities  
And the forest, forgotten, frowns over the wall-  
But someone burns candles on the grave of the king.

\* \* \* \* \*

The candles in their candle-sticks are hanging on the wall.  
The jacket and the dripping jeans are hanging in the hall,  
The clouds are hanging in the sky, the rain is on the stone,  
And I am at the table slouched, drinking tea alone.

## Upper Arb, Spring 98

By Irony Sade

The summertime was dying  
And the autumn grasses sighing.  
The drifting leaves were lying  
Like the waves upon the sea.

I was in a field standing  
When I felt my soul expanding  
And I heard a voice commanding  
That I call it back to me.

And I thought I saw a glitter  
As of eyes both glad and bitter.  
There was mist upon the litter  
That was lying next to me...

# Merri's Druidical Mumblings in the Form of Poetry

## Sand Dreams

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 1998

Dusk  
At the edge of the world,  
Dust  
Wild round me swirled,  
Sand  
Beneath me sank,  
Silence  
As deep I drank,  
Voice  
Called out my name,  
"Who?"  
I cried, insane.  
Answer  
I was never told,  
Tongue  
So strange and old,  
"Tell!"  
I plead in tears.  
Veil  
Thin between the years.  
Silence.  
And I wake.

## Musings in a Colorado Hotel

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 1998

Who am I on this precipice,  
This cliff above the world,  
Looking out o'er this great expanse,  
This majesty unfurled?  
What eyes are these, to survey so  
The trials of beasts and men?  
What lips have I to speak so of  
These things beyond my ken?  
Am I so wise a knowing thing  
To explain with proverbs grand,  
To nod sagely and lisp along  
As though I understand?

## Northeast Stone

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 1998

Silently in death I lay  
That death before the birth,  
From nothingness, from there I came  
I prepare now for earth  
Sleeping, floating, pondering  
The silence of the spheres  
Inside are placed my gifts  
And my allotted years  
This memory sings to me  
When I'm asleep at night  
I listen, rapt with wonder,  
Till I'm touched by morning's light  
Now I find myself again

At the point within my dreams  
Where I must prepare myself  
To cross uncharted streams  
This is a rebirth for me  
A time for me to choose  
Who I wish to be and  
What path I wish to use

## The Storm

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 1998

It stormed, thunder and lightening crackling in the sky,  
and in the air.  
I ran through the rain, leaping and dancing,  
like a young wild thing discovering for the first time  
what rain is.  
I stood in streams of water, drinking from the sky,  
atop the Center Stone.  
With each crack and flash I felt the power growing,  
within me and without of me,  
until they both were one.  
The breeze was my breath and the thunder my heartbeat.  
I lifted up my open hand to the heavens  
in exultation of this life,  
and the sky cracked.  
My other hand came up to join the first,  
and it cracked and rumbled again.  
My laughter was lost in the wind, became part of the storm.  
The circle spun around me,  
Alive.

My love, my love.  
Lost in my reverie, we found a rift between us.  
Later, under the raindrops, his words brought forth an anger.  
A strength within me rose.  
A woman I didn't recognize.  
She brought him to the church and spoke with him.  
She sees clearly.  
Her thoughts are sound.  
God's words may pass her lips,  
she fears them not.  
Roles reversed, they converse, until he leaves the scene.  
And all in awe I venture forth, into the chapel dark.  
The pews are empty but hymns are heard,  
humming from the walls.  
I kneel in prayer before my Lord and ask to understand.

## Untitled

By MerriBeth Weber, c.1998

The silence broken only by the sound of falling snow,  
the forest holds its breath.  
Standing cloaked in my calmness,  
I wait.  
The sun, a silver disk,  
strains through the clouds,  
whiter than angels' wings.  
The world's face softened by a snowy veil,  
the quivering bride of winter  
stands with me  
in silence broken only by the sound of falling snow.  
The forest and I hold our breath.  
Chill fingers reach to caress my eyelids.  
The Mother's arms are open,  
her child falls grateful into her warm embrace.

Stillness.  
The silence broken only by the sound of falling snow,  
the forest holds its breath.

## Walking With Dad

By MerriBeth Weber, c.1999

Swaggering across hummocks of grass,  
Man style.  
Delicately balanced in one hand,  
A structure of a diminutive nature.  
Blackbird, he says.  
Only the ash have survived the swamp.  
You can tell them by their bark.  
Memory rests for a moment in childhood.  
Regrettable that the walks were solitary.  
Learning waits till now.  
Now that I am woman grown.

## The Dance

By MerriBeth Weber, c.1999

There is a dance within my soul  
A Dance A Dance  
Throbbing in my head, beating in my heart  
A Dance A Dance  
Moving in my limbs, the rhythm  
A Dance A Dance  
I dance dance a dance dance catlike,  
slow, controlled, the rhythm beats  
faster, the power grows numbing, exhilarating  
Dance Dance Dance  
Who's is this? Stop.  
A knowledge, a knowing, to be gained in the dance.  
From Whom?  
dance dance Dance Dance DANCE!  
I'm walking, I'm avoiding  
I won't dance dance dance  
I don't know yet, I'm not certain of this  
dance dance dance  
Of the Father or the dark one is this  
dance dance dance  
What knowledge? This knowledge. What knowledge?  
Dance Dance  
In the meadow, in the forest, by the stones  
Dance Dance  
I must dance dance dance. I must know.  
  
Sister, if I go astray  
Please keep all the rest away.

Dance.

## Circle Building

By MerriBeth Weber c.1999

Mother, am I doing right?  
Does this soothe your pain?  
I'm lining stars up in the night  
And wondering if I'm sane.  
Mother, is this path I tread  
Leading me to hell?  
I cleared away those lying dead.  
Am I doing well?

There is a focus in this place,  
A power swelling deep.  
But now and then the Father's face,  
It haunts me in my sleep.

## Untitled

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 1999

Dragonflies are droning in the dreary dusk of day,  
Heralding the harper who in Faerie's halls will play.  
Bellowing and trumpeting the bullfrogs bounce along.  
Fairies find their fellows as the harper starts his song.

' Remember rolling meadows  
And grasses wet with dew.  
Nights black as black  
And skies of pure blue.  
Remember golden silence.  
Remember waters clear.  
The world we knew is fading  
The end is drawing near. '

Elven cries of anguish echo eerie in the wood.  
Cries that carry farther than the fairies thought they could.  
Unwitting I was walking when wails were wailed aloud  
And the satyrs' song slipped my mind from its mortal shroud.

## Untitled

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 2000

The morning sun sifts through my window.  
I watch the light and shadows playing on the wall.  
Quietly wondering why I am allowed such contentment.  
Can it be that this peace is what is intended  
And the rest is all dreams and folly?

## Mississippi Mud

By MerriBeth Weber, c. 2000

Moonlight on naked flesh  
Rain on the river  
Laughter rippling  
Young voices cut the night  
So good to be young, to be free  
Living my dance  
Dancing alone  
Feet sure between the stones  
Water yielding and supporting  
The way is open  
The road so long and  
Traveled so quickly  
Standing a'tremble  
The droplets beaded on my skin  
Only the moon to light my path  
And the clouds come and go

# The Poems of Chris

Chris Middleton was an odd quiet sort of Druid who enjoyed mummery and plays and eccentric little talks with puppets at night.

## Something to Look Forward to

By Chris Middleton, Carleton, c.1999

I was eating a rather bland breakfast  
When suddenly  
I died  
Moments later my spirit was wheeling from the experience  
My vision blurred as the room about me spun into a crazed mix of colors  
A blender full of the rich hues of every fruit  
Every berry.  
Soon all reality and the bowl of oatmeal below me dipped and sank into the thick syrupy afterlife  
My spirit was now sticky with the great beyond-  
Tastes like blueberries-  
Then a darkness, more liquid than coffee, washed over me as I ascended to the light  
Could this be death I wondered as I drew my hands through a stream of caffeinated Hereafter  
I thought of all the orange slices, the Mandarin, Naval, and Tangerine  
I recalled the Grapefruit and Melons  
Those distinct memories of Kiwis, Sandpears and Mangos  
All those times I had feasted  
Those times when I had refused to take a single citrus section  
It was there that I came to a Toast Point  
I landed gracefully near a sea of tranquil raspberry jam  
Along the toasted beach, the waves kicked up a froth of pancakes  
People wandered in bedclothes holding hands and holding newspapers  
I knew I had reached the land where breakfast never ended  
And sighed deeply, turning to English muffin thoughts, and knowing that I'd never have to go to early morning Spanish again.

## Untitled for Obvious Reasons

By Chris Middleton, Carleton c.1999

Three men are seated at a table in Purgatory  
They are silent  
Around them are thousands of silent, caged, parrots  
Just as in heaven, just as in hell

In heaven the parrots learn words and continue the conversations  
When the people are silent  
In hell the parrots learn words and  
Interrupt whoever speaks  
In Purgatory the parrots learn words,  
But are always silent  
The three men in Purgatory  
Do not know this

# The Poems of Brad

10/20/98  
Dear Irony,

Your letter inurted me to send anything of interest to you, the enclosed facsimile copies are the nicest things (to me) I've seen on Druidism, Hope they are of interest.

Sincerely, Brad Norris

## The Seven Precepts of Merlin

Strive for knowledge, for it is power  
Seek virtue, for it brings peace  
Abhor vice, for it brings evil on all  
Obey those in authority in all just things, so virtue may be exalted  
When in authority decide reasonably, for thy authority may not last  
Bear with fortitude the ills of life, remembering that no mortal sorrow is eternal  
Cultivate the social virtues, so that thou shall be loved by all men

## The Gorsedd Prayer

Grant, o Duw, thy protection  
And in protection, strength  
And in strength, understanding  
And in understanding, knowledge  
And in knowledge, the knowledge of justice  
And in that knowledge of justice, the love of justice  
And in that love of justice, the love of all existence's  
And in that love of all existence's, the love of Duw  
Duw and all goodness

## Stolen Child

Where dips the rocky highland  
Of sleuthwood in the lake,  
Lies a leafy island  
Where flapping herons wake  
The drowsy water rats  
There we've hid our faerie vats  
Full of berries  
And of reddest stolen cherries

(Chorus)  
Come away, oh human child  
To the water and the wild  
With a faerie hand in hand  
For the world's more full of weeping  
Than you can understand

Where the wave of moonlight glosses  
The dim grey sands with light  
By far off furthest crosses  
We foot it all the night  
Weaving olden dances  
Mingling hands and mingling glances  
Till the moon has taken flight  
To and fro we leap  
And chase the frothy bubbles  
While the world is full of troubles  
And is anxious in its sleep

(Chorus)

Where the wandering water gushes  
 From the hills above Glencar  
 In pools among the rushes  
 That scarce could bathe a star  
 We seek for slumbering trout  
 And whispering in their ears  
 Give them unquiet dreams  
 Leaning softly out  
 O'er ferns that drop their tears  
 Over the young stream

(Chorus)

Away with us he's going  
 The solemn-eyed  
 He'll hear no more the lowing  
 Of the calves on the long hillside  
 Or the kettle on the hob  
 Sing peace unto his breast  
 Or see the brown mice bob  
 Round and round the oatmeal chest  
 For he comes the human child  
 To the waters and the wild  
 With a faerie hand in hand  
 For the world's more full of weeping  
 Than he can understand

W.B. Yeats

## The Poems of Corwin

### Utter blackness

By Corwin, c. 2002

Utter blackness  
 Just a second  
 When bright light winked out.  
 But in that second,  
 I could see nothing.  
 The world was gone.

All too soon,  
 A spot of light emerges,  
 And the world returns.  
 But I always know  
 That for a second,  
 It was gone.

### Bear Me Up, O World

By Corwin, c. 2002

Bear me up, O world.  
 Bear me up, support my weight with your lightness.  
 In your silence, I can sing;  
 Your cold envelops me,  
 And stillness is my loyal companion.  
 Your tiny rain is my ambrosia;  
 The scent of the grass, the seeds, the decaying leaves—  
 All your smallness feeds me.  
 Your immensity, your grandeur, gets more praise,  
 But your little, secret ways—  
 The soft rhythm of crunching snow  
 The midnight pale brightness of a snow field  
 A single star pushing through the clouds—  
 Lovingly linger with me,  
 Always waiting, just for me to notice.  
 You give me everything  
 But that I could know it all!  
 Bear me up, O world  
 Let me be another tiny, forgotten  
 Lovely thing.

### Infinity in an Open Plain

By Corwin, c. 2002

I am so used to walls,  
 Trees and Horizons  
 I have never stood upon an empty plain  
 Gazing out into wide forever  
 Without anything to hold me up  
 Beside or above, just the ground below.  
 I look from out this train window;  
 I wonder—without this steely guardian  
 Without cities, walls, and dams,  
 In a world without  
 Man's constructed obstruction  
 Would I be borne up by infinity  
 Stretching my limbs and my sight  
 As far as they could go,  
 Or would I, alone, isolated,  
 Be crushed by its weightlessness?

## Spent

By Corwin, c. 2002

Another CD  
 Another thing  
 Another, another, and another  
 Why must I buy  
 It sounds  
 It tastes  
 It feels and looks  
 So good  
 So why has my life—my energy—  
 Gone? following those  
 Measly little bills?  
 I am drained  
 I feel sick.  
 You can buy happiness,  
 But like rich food  
 If you take too much  
 It is vomit, diarrhea;  
 Disgust.  
 I enjoy not spending,  
 I enjoy frugality,  
 Taking little, and only cheaply.  
 This lettuce and celery joy  
 Gave way to that of mousse and steak.  
 I feel ill; I mustn't eat.  
 Later I shall eat slowly,  
 Rich or poor,  
 And avoid this sickness worse than hunger.

## Transcendence

By Corwin, c. 2002

I feel her  
 I feel through her  
 I can feel the back of her neck  
 Yet I face her front,  
 And feel that too.  
 I?  
 We feel.  
 Where does I end and she begin?  
 I am not sure.  
 I am not I  
 I stretch beyond my form  
 And these beautiful, loving bodies  
 Fall to pieces  
 Of universe.

## Odd Selection of Current Works

These are just a few more published poems submitted to the most recent Druid Missal-Any magazines before the Bardic Contest was begun.

### One

From [Shane.Saylor@verizon.net](mailto:Shane.Saylor@verizon.net), Sept. 2001

As the soot and dirt and ash rained down,  
 We became one color.  
 As we carried each other down the stairs of the burning building,  
 We became one class.  
 As we lit candles of waiting and hope,  
 We became one generation.  
 As the firefighters and police officers fought their way into the inferno,  
 We became one gender.  
 As we fell to our knees in prayer for strength,  
 We became one faith.  
 As we whispered or shouted words of encouragement,  
 We spoke one language.  
 As we gave our blood in lines a mile long,  
 We became one body.  
 As we mourned together the great loss,  
 We became one family.  
 As we cried tears of grief and loss,  
 We became one soul.  
 As we retell with pride of the sacrifice of heroes,  
 We become one people.

We are  
 One color  
 One class  
 One generation  
 One gender  
 One faith  
 One language  
 One body  
 One family  
 One soul  
 One people  
 - author unknown

## The Wood Song

Taught to Mike by Sam Adams

You don't have to live in a forest to have a Yule log, just a saw, a car, and a nearby park with some dead or fallen wood. But what kind of wood do you want. Here's a song that's been around awhile and should help you:

Source: <http://www.earthspirit.com/twnls.html>

Recorded on: "This Winter's Night," Mothertongue, 1998 ([earthspirit@earthspirit.com](mailto:earthspirit@earthspirit.com), EarthSpirit Community, P.O. Box 723-N, Williamsburg, MA 01096)

Oaken logs will warm you well, That are old and dry;  
 Logs of pine will sweetly smell, But the sparks will fly.  
 Birch logs will bum too fast; Chestnut, scarce at all.  
 Hawthorn logs are good to last, Burn them in the fall.

Holly logs will burn like wax, You may burn them green;  
Elm logs, like to smouldering flax, No flame to be seen.  
Beech logs for the winter-time, Yew logs as well.  
Green elder logs it is a crime, For any man to sell.

Pear logs and apple logs, They will scent your room.  
Cherry logs across the dogs Smell like flowers of broom.  
Ashen logs, smooth and grey, Burn them green or old;  
Buy up all that come your way, Worth their weight in gold.

## Dalon's Daily Ditty

By Michael Scharding

I've been intrigued by Gospel music lately, despite never hearing any. This is his new take on liturgical gospel. As you know, I'm obsessive about Carleton, and I know every bend of the trail and every forested corner of its 800 acres. Like the Navajo and Tibetans, it is a deeply sacred landscape, filled with memories, legends, gods and lessons. I hope you enjoy it, works best with a side-shuffle and rocking back and forth, I believe. Choral work could improve it. A map of Carleton is available at <http://www.acad.carleton.edu/campus/arb/> Feel free to adjust the lyrics or make your own.

I am nothing special just a simple Druid,  
Seeking my awareness though the Earth Mother,  
And life's lessons.

But, I'm filled with doubts, and deep confusion  
What can I do to release these chains?  
Make a journey!

CHORUS:

*Take me on up., Lord (i.e. Dalon,) take me on down.  
Take me on over to the ho-oly gro-oves  
Of Carleton!*

The road is hard, black, long and winding  
With Bright-eyed Dragons spitting fire and smoke.  
Lord guide me.

I'm goin' down to the Cannon River,  
Gonna wash away all my ignorance  
And dogma's blight.

Through lonesome prairie and swamps of passion  
In the uncertain floodplain I learn a lesson  
The Lower Arb

Matriculate past the dean of admission,  
To enter the ranks of those holy students  
And faculty.

It's the Land of Youth on an ancient mission  
Lifting the torch of inquiry both wide and far  
Through long study.

The price of learning is a high tuition  
One that must be paid back for many years;  
To my pupils.

Drink at the twin lakes of knowledge and wisdom  
Filled by the creek of experience  
That's Lyman Lakes.

Proceed on to the tower of inspiration  
Whose fair white walls call out to me  
That's Goodhue Hall.

On seldom trod paths of contemplation  
with barbed sarcasm and rocks of Irony  
The Upper Arb

I'll climb up that steep, green, holy mountain  
Where so many before have found Awareness  
Hill of Three Oaks

There I'll pray & vigil in jubilation  
Between my green mother Earth and starry Pa  
And go on home.

The world will've changed with those revelations  
The simple will be hard and the hard simple.  
Can I teach this?

But questions will arise despite my education  
So, what can I do to solve them all?  
Make a new trip!

## The Existential Moment (1997)

by K.D. Bennett or Spring Child of Berkeley

'Tis a cold, dark night as all seem to be  
Melancholic, morbid, romantic characteristically  
One such as I who penned these words, being all entwined in me  
Can gaze out into this night and, nomadic, free  
Give thanks unto myself for quietude; night's hush  
Feels me flush 'gainst dream, feeling, thought; plush  
Is the plenty of leafy tree's rustling rush  
And the mystical chirping of dark friend cricket in that brush.

It's a little dark and depressing, but I hope all my brothers and sisters will understand that that is the way I have felt so much of my life. Darkness is only one side of the darkness/light equation of course, and not really to be dwelled upon excessively. Under the waning gibbous moon, as we head off into winter now, I hope that you are all in good spirits, and wish you well in all that you do.

Blessed be, All eternal love in spirit,

Kevin David Bennett

## Blessing

By Mike

Thanks to the Earth  
For Giving us Birth  
Thanks to the Sky  
Both wet and dry.  
Thanks to all creatures in between  
Those that are solid & those unseen.

## 13 Fold Incantation

By Mike Scharding, 2001

I am a Washington in revolution.  
I am a Franklin in wit.  
I am a Jefferson in wisdom.  
I am a Monroe towards neighbors.  
I am a Lincoln in debate.  
I am a Bull Moose in the wilderness.  
I am a Taft at dinner.  
I am a Wilson in study.  
I am a Roosevelt in hard times.  
I am an Eisenhower in battle.  
I am a Kennedy in charisma.  
I am a Carter on the farm.  
I am a Clinton in virility.  
I am a Bush in having smart friends.  
I am a Gore to the environment.  
Who is it who leads the people?  
Who comforts us in our crises?  
Who takes the credit for success and failure?  
If not I?

## Yankee Doodle Druid

By Mike Scharding, 2001

I'm a Yankee doodle Druid.  
Here in Washington D.C.  
A real strange Druid with a loud bagpipe  
Playing tricks and full of whiskey.  
I love my dear sweet earth-mother,  
She's my Yankee Doodle joy.

Yankee doodle went to Wiltshire  
Just to view that Stonehenge!  
I am a Yankee Doodle boy.

I laugh at all those silly Druids,  
Tied up in red-tape, they don't need.  
Give me a one page constitution, PLEASE!  
So I don't go blind, trying to read.  
I love our simple, clever humor,  
I'll follow it till the day I die.

Yankee doodle went to Wiltshire  
Just to view that Stonehenge!  
I am a Yankee Doodle guy.

-Mike Scharding, 2001

## The Chronicle and the Ballad of the Death of Dalon ap Landu

In 1999, the Hazelnut Grove, in a period of isolation and frustration with no reading material on Dalon Ap Landu (a God only known to the RDNA, apparently we discovered him in 1963) decided to replace him with the much better documented "Hu Gadarn," who has a history running back to 1703 when Iolo Morganwg discovered him.

The reason for the ballad about the battle is that the AD wanted to just ditch Dalon Ap Landu because he couldn't find any literature on him, and he was afraid that we would be laughed out of the room by those for whom we did demo rituals. He did, however, find literature on Hu Gadarn. Well, as always in the Reform, there were those of us who rebelled and felt that Dalon Ap Landu should not be just unceremoniously dumped like a bad date. And it hit me one Friday night during our Druid Think Tank meeting. If DAL must die, let him die as any Celt would want to, in battle. So, I wrote the chronicle and the ballad.

We figure that he was a thought form created by the founding fathers of the Reform, because still being Christians, they felt uneasy about calling up any real Pagan deities. It is my personal belief that by now as a result of having been called upon for 30 plus years, he is at least an eggcore by now, and one day could attain true godhood. And in ritual, whenever Hu Gadarn's name is mentioned, we whisper Dalon Ap Landu's name that it may remain a mystery to the multitude.

## The Ballad of the Death of Dalon ap Landu

Long were his locks of shining copper hue  
Stormy also his eyes of Mananan's own blue  
Tall was he and mighty were his thews  
Shoulders broad as the spreading drier  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

His spear was of the deadly yew  
His targe of oak that near it grew  
He armored himself as all warriors do  
But that could not stop the death of Dalon ap Landu  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

Long had the scholars toiled to find his name so true  
But where he'd come from no tome knew  
So finally with teeth gnashing and weeping anew  
They signed a death warrant for young Dalon ap Landu  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

His only crime was that he was new  
For six and thirty years he throve and grew  
But of the books and tomes none knew  
Of the paltry existence of Dalon ap Landu  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

Scholars did find as Lord of the Groves, one Hu  
Gadarn his surname and stories about him grew  
Druids called on him to give a blessing to  
Their offerings of leaves and potent brew  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

Only six and thirty years had he, as a god, that's pretty new  
There were those who thought to kill a god one wouldn't do  
E'en a youthful god had merit they'd softly coo  
As the Druid said the Lord of the Grove, whose name was Hu  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

They came together, a clash of arms, Dalon and Hu  
In the trees thunder, in ground a tremor grew  
Dalon brandished his spear made of deadly yew,  
And landed first blow on Hu's mighty thew  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

Then came the spear of the Lord of Groves, named Hu,  
Long, straight, and also made of deadly yew  
The thrust was great and pierced Dalon right through  
He struggled manfully in his dying, the son of old Landu  
O youths and maids shed a tear for the death of Dalon ap Landu

And still we sing of the death so long and cruel  
He died and went to the land of great Pwyll  
A death occurring in a great duel  
I hope you think my song adequately cool  
O youths and maids sing a song for the death of Dalon ap Landu

Tegwedd Shadow Dancer  
Co-Co-Archdruid of the Hazelnut Mother Grove  
New Reformed Druids of North America  
August 21, 1999

## The Death of Dalon ap Landu (prose chronicle version)

And in those days a great cry went up from those of the cross traditional circles that a ritual shall be held to show the multitude what the Druids of the Reform did in their worship. In the writing of the ritual for the common worship, the scholars and Druids had pored through tome after tome in the Arch Druid's (Stefan) great Celtic library, but could find no reference for the name Dalon ap Landu, or even of his progenitor Landu, and much did the ArchDruid fear the ridicule of the scholars of the cross traditional circles. But a name did come up. One Hu Gadern was the Lord of the Groves for the ancient Cymry, and so his name replace that of Dalon ap Landu.

But there were those in the Grove who mourned the passing of Dalon ap Landu. To them, even a young god was a fit deity who should not be cast aside as a worn shoe. Long did they whisper whenever the name of Hu Gadern was mentioned the doughty name of Dalon ap Landu. To some it did seem as an in-joke, and to others a mystery.

But there was one who gathered her courage to speak onto the ArchDruid, "If he is to be dead, let him die a fit death for a Celtic deity. Let him die in battle."

And behold, the ArchDruid objected not.

Long had Hu Gadern slumbered under the barrows of the honored Celtic dead. But as gods will often do, Hu Gadern stirred when he heard his name being called. Lo, did they call upon his name to bless the sacrifice of life and the libation. And when he stirred, he knew that there was another god he must face in combat for the privilege of being called upon to bestow the blessings. And

behold did he know this, because when his name was called, the other's name, Dalon ap Landu, was whispered softly.

And when that name was called, be it ever so softly, Dalon ap Landu did hearken onto his name, even as so youthful a god was he, did hearken onto his name. He knew he must face his nemesis in open combat, in a duel to the death. He armed himself with a spear made of the deadly yew, and armored himself with a targe of solid oak and armor of oaken bark; for after all was he not Lord of the Groves? His shining copper locks were held back by a strip of under-bark, and his blue eyes flashed in the sun.

When the two came together, thunder roared among the boughs of the trees and the ground under them shook. Dalon ap Landu struck first a blow upon Hu Gadern's mighty thew. But that did not even slow Hu Gadern down, and he, with his spear also of deadly yew, ran Dalon ap Landu's noble chest through. All the youths who were looking on wept bitter tears for the death of the young and doughty Dalon ap Landu. Manfully did he struggle with Death. But the Caileach did scoop up her charge and sped away with Dalon ap Landu.

But even now in the rites when the name of Hu Gadern is called upon, the name of Dalon ap Landu is ever whispered by some, and so shall it continue to be a mystery onto the multitude.

Tegwedd Shadow Dancer  
Co Co ArchDruid and Chronicler for the Hazelnut Mother Grove  
August 21st, 1999

\*\*\*\*\*

Mike wrote in May 2001

Not too worry, I have it on good counsel, that Dalon ap Landu, faked the encounter with Hu (being old drinking buddies) to "save face," and that Dalon ap Landu is down in the Florida Everglades or Keys, knocking back screwdrivers (aka "Whang.") Apparently he is on the Divine Witness Relocation Program, for "Gods on the Run," which has been very successful in renaming European Gods into Christian Saints. He is not upset at all, "We vegetation gods are used to dying off every year! No problems here, dude, cheers!" he reports. In fact, he considers it a rather nice vacation after 36 years of hard work, and is lifting weights on the beach and doing some spear-training with the US Javelin team for a rematch at the "West-Coast Lord of the Groves" title. He can be contacted as needed by the usual means (i.e. invocation,) but do respect that he is now operating on East Coast time. About that lack of documentation, Dalon bashfully admits, "The worst thing about this whole situation, is I never learned to read and write! Hopefully with Laura Bush's help, even a silly God like me will be able to write my memoirs!" If you have further questions, contact your nearest tree or consult a whisky bottle.

(Now the story is further expanded by Tegwedd in June 2001,)

I also think that Stephen will get a kick out of what you said about Dalon Ap Landu. The reason for the ballad about the battle is that he wanted to just ditch Dalon Ap Landu because he couldn't find any literature on him, and he was afraid that we would be laughed out of the room by those for whom we did demo rituals. He did, however, find literature on Hu Gadern. Well, as always in the Reform, there were those of us who rebelled and felt that Dalon Ap Landu should not be just unceremoniously dumped like a bad date. And it hit me one

Friday night during our Druid Think Tank meeting. If DAL must die, let him die as any Celt would want to, in battle. So, I wrote the chronicle and the ballad.

Please tell him (Dalon Ap Landu) that never did I intend him any ill will. He could live forever, as far as I'm concerned. We figure that he was a thoughtform created by the founding fathers of the Reform, because still being Christians, they felt uneasy about calling up any real Pagan deities. It is my personal belief that by now as a result of having been called upon for 30+ years, he is at least an egregore by now, and one day could attain true godhood. And in ritual, whenever Hu Gadern's name is mentioned, we whisper Dalon Ap Landu's name, that it may remain a mystery to the multitude.

## Rhiannon's Songs

Here are some songs and prayers we use at Druid Heart Spirit, I wrote some of them and some are triad invocations in a version we use. I wish I could send the melodies music notation but with this old computer it's not possible, sorry.

### Deep Peace (An Old Druid Prayer)

Deep peace of the running wave to you  
Deep peace of the silent stars  
Deep peace of the flowing air to you  
Deep Peace of the quiet earth.  
May peace, may peace, may peace fill your soul  
Let peace, let peace, let peace make you whole.

### Land, Sea & Sky

By Rhiannon Hawk

Land, sea, and sky, eye ee eye  
Land, sea, and sky, eye ee eye  
Land, sea, and sky, ae eye oh

There is a place in our world  
We are everywhere, in our space  
There is a time, in our place  
Where there is no-time and really no-space

Land, sea, and sky, eye ee eye  
Land, sea, and sky, eye ee eye  
Land, sea, and sky, ae eye oh

There is a leaf that is not a tree  
But it grows in trees and is a healing  
Of our vision, a quickening  
Hangs from a tree, Otherworldly

Land, sea, and sky, eye ee eye  
Land, sea, and sky, eye ee eye  
Land, sea, and sky, ae eye oh

Hail to the force of the Awen  
We are reborn with the land.  
Praise to the beauty of nature  
In this light we are pure.

### Tall Trees

Tall trees, warm fires, strong winds, deep waters  
I feel you in my body, I feel you in my soul  
Between the worlds,  
We're in a circle,  
Everlasting, universal  
We are filled with spirit power  
Into the fires, complete the cycle

## People of the Oak

We are the people of the Oak  
Gathered at the sacred well  
Joined here the old ones to invoke  
So to weave our magic spell

We are the people of the wood  
Standing in a faerie ring  
Here, where the shining ones stand  
Praises to the gods we bring

## Flame Within

Burn bright, flame within  
Kindled of eternal fire  
Of the people I do be  
And the people part of me  
All one in many parts  
A single fire of flaming hearts

(repeat entire song a few times)

## Walk With Wisdom

Walk with wisdom, from this hollowed place  
Walk not in sorrow, our roots shall ever embrace  
May strength be your brother, and honor be your friend  
And luck be your lover, until we meet again

(repeat entire song a few times)

## Invocation to Manawyddan

Manawyddan we call to thee  
To cross over to our homeland  
And set your sails free  
To part the veil that is between  
The Otherworlds and ours  
So that we may  
Commune with the Shining Ones,  
Many blessings there shall be.

Manawyddan, opener of every gate  
You are brother to Bran and Branwen  
Father of Pryderi and lover to Rhiannon  
Bring them across the seas  
So we may join with the Shining Ones and offer our love to thee.

## Triad Invocations

Ancestors  
Spirits of the past, spirits of ancestors  
We call to you now.  
Spirits of the waters of the strongest oceans  
The waters that is the soothing rains  
I bid you enter into this water that we your kindred  
May be blessed by our communion with you

(3 times)

Nature Spirits  
Spirits of the land, spirits of the forest  
We call to you now.  
Sacred and ancient trees  
Earth, water, wing and fire  
We call you into this sacred soil.  
We bid you enter into this soil that we you kindred  
May be blessed by our communion with you

(3 times)

Shining Ones  
Spirits of the Otherworld, Spirits of the Shining Ones,  
We call to you now.  
Bringers of peace, Beings of love,  
We call you into this sacred smoke.  
We bid you enter into this smoke that we your kindred  
May be blessed by our communion with you.

(3 times)

## Honoring Mother Earth

Oh Earth Mother! We praise thee!  
That seed springeth,  
That flower openeth,  
That grass waveth,  
We praise thee!  
For winds that whisper,  
Through the shining birch,  
Through the lively pine,  
Through the mighty oak,  
We praise thee! For all things,  
Oh Earth Mother, who givest life.

# Mike's Selections

I had meant to include these originally in Green Book Volume 2, and have regretted not including these delightful bi-lingual poems from Scotland's Gaidhealtachd in "Nuadh Bardachd" (New Bardry.)

## THE DUTY OF THE HEIGHTS

(George Campell Hay/Deorsa Mac-Ian Deorsa pg 136)

The dark mountain under the downpour,  
exposed as an anvil to the tempest,  
the wind ever blows about its summit,  
the mist ever drifts about its sides;  
difficult under the feet  
are its dripping paths through the rocks;  
tranquil about its base  
are houses, corn-plots, and garden.

Often a few have assented to trials  
so that others should taste  
the happiness that was won  
in the face of Powers and tempest  
the scream of the wind on the crest;  
not a breath is heard on the straths:  
it's the buffeting of the Heights  
that gives tranquility to the little glen.

Youth of my country,  
is it to be the tranquility of the Plains, then,  
the Peace and slumber of the low valleys,  
sheltered from the rough blast?  
Let your step be on the summit,  
and your breast exposed to the shy.  
For you the tearing wind of the pinnacles,  
lest destruction come on us as a landslide.

## THE WELL

( by Derrick Thomson pg 142)

In the middle of the village is a little well,  
with the grass hiding it,  
the green luscious grass closely thatching it.  
I heard of it from an old woman,  
but she said, 'The path is covered with bracken,  
where often I walked with my cogie,  
and the cogie itself is warped.'  
When I looked in her lined face  
I saw the bracken growing round the well of her eyes,  
and hiding it from seeking and from desires,  
and closing it, closing it.

'Nobody goes to that well nowadays,,  
said the old woman, 'as we went once,  
when we were young,  
though the water is lovely and white.  
And when I looked in her Yes through the bracken  
I saw the sparkle of that spring  
that makes whole every hurt,  
till the hurt of the heart.

'And will You go for me,'  
said the old woman, 'with a thimble even,  
and bring to me a drop of that clear water  
that will bring colour to my cheeks?'

I found the well at last  
and though her need was not the greatest,  
it was to her I brought the treasure.

It may be that the well  
is only something I saw in a dream  
for when I went to seek it to-day  
I found nothing but bracken and rushes,  
and the old woman's eyes are closed,  
and a film has come over their merriment.

## I Got The Feel of You With My Feet

( by Derrick Thomson/ Ruaridh MacThomais pg 160)

I got the feel of you with my feet  
in early summer;  
my mind here in the city  
strives to know, but the shoes come between us.  
The child's way is difficult to forget:  
he rubs himself against his mother  
till he finds peace.  
I felt the rough side of you and the smooth  
and was none the worse of it,  
the two sides of the grass and two grips on the barley,  
Peat-fibre and moss,  
and since the world we knew  
follows us as far as we go  
I need not wash away that mud  
from between the boy's toes.  
And now, in middle age,  
I am going in to warm myself,  
with my bare feet on a peat beside the hearth.

## My Village Tonight

(Ian Chrichton Smith from "Bailtean")

You are my village tonight,  
remarkable your lights,  
warm glow in the moor's bleakness.  
High above Shore Street  
your other streets rise -  
streets like a soft carpet -  
and my hands will feel your paths  
and my heart your heart.  
Woodland and tree between the ways,  
they will rise on the summits  
and the knolls will be soft with moss  
and the moss with dew.  
You are the resplendent village,  
little village by the wave,  
secret village of my love,  
tidal village and earth village,  
village of the soft breasts,  
village that will ease from self  
and keep us folded as one.  
When you lift your summer skirt  
I will dance on your meadow,  
and we will ascend the steps  
up from the edge of the sea  
until we are above the world,  
and I see you lying below me  
like a diamond in the kyle.

## Love's Colors

(pg 24 of Nuadh Bardach)

Drowsy village surrounded  
by brown moor  
to the horizon, to the Harris mountains.  
There was a creel on the hillocks,  
a creel no longer living.  
But does it matter  
who inherits this symbol,  
if there is love in the heart?  
And does it matter  
for the English and those from Europe?  
The heart must grow  
with each day's decease, the sun rising and setting  
on the purple fens.  
Would it matter if there were no Gaels -  
would the heather wither?

In another island - in Mull -  
the moor blossoms yet,  
with a few natives watching  
it growing with the strangers.  
A tear or two will not deter their joy -  
perhaps like the joy of the first Gael  
on seeing Ben Tala and Ben More  
with their virgin winter coat.

This land also saw,  
bare though it is,  
death and life,  
until it is today  
silent,  
smooth to the horizon  
like a brown inscrutable poem.

2

I hope you did not believe the lie,  
the lie foisted on us by education,  
that love is uncomplicated  
and that it does not matter who gives it.  
For love is multi-coloured  
and the heart above the moor,  
high and multiform above it.

There are many loves in the heart  
and many languages.  
What colour is your love? -  
the love outlasting the moor,  
love woven with the language  
forever, if one wishes.  
If the moor does not hear our joy  
there will be a music lost to earth  
and one of the colours of love.

### Dathach a'Ghraidh ("Love's Colours")

(Scots Gaelic pg 25 of Nuadh Bardach)

1

Tha am baile cadalach, donn  
am monadh timcheall air  
a' sineadh gu faire,  
gu beanntan Na Hearadh-  
Bhitheadh cliatbh air na tuim,  
cliabh nach eil beo an-diugh.  
Ach a bheil e gu diofar

c6 gheibh sealbh air an t-samhla seo,  
ma tha gradh anns a' chridhe?  
'S a bheil e gu diofar  
airson Shasannach is Eurpach?  
Cha sheachain an cridhe fas  
le siubhal gach latha,  
a' ghrian ag eirigh 's a' laighe  
air na faithean purpar.  
De ged nach biodh Gaidheal idir ann -  
an tigeadh seargadh air an fhraoch?

Ann an eilean eile - ann am Muile -  
tha am monadh dosrach fhathast  
agus corra Ghaidheal ga fhaicinn  
a' fas ris na strainnsearan.  
Cha bhris deur no dha an aoibhneas-san -  
Is docha mar aoibhneas a' chiad Ghaidheil  
a' faicinn Beinn Tala is Beinn Mor  
le cota oigheil a' gheamhraidh.

Chunnaic am fearann seo cuideachd,  
lom 's gu bheil e  
iomadach beatha is bas,  
gus a bheil e 'n-diugh  
samhach,  
comhnard gu faire  
mar dhan donn do-thuigsinn.

Tha mi an dochas nach do chreid thu a' bhreug,  
a' bhreug a sparras foghlam oirn,  
gu bheil an gradh aon-fhilit  
Is nach eil e gu disfar co bheir e.  
Oir tha an gradh ioma-dhathte  
agus an cridhe os cionn a' mhonaidh,  
Ard, iomadach os a chionn.

Tha iomadh gradh anns a' chridhe  
agus iomadh canan.  
De an dath a th'air do ghradh? -  
an gradh as buaine na am monadh,  
air a thasgadh anns a' chanan  
'Is mi thogras sinn gu brath.  
Mur cluinn am monadh ar caithream  
birth ceol air chall air thalamh  
agus aon de dhathan a' ghraidh.

### A January Day (a poem in an old manner)

pg 44 of Nuadh Bardachd

On a January day  
the untamed wind  
will be smoothing things  
amidst the trees.

On a strange day  
waves will rise  
like chequered embers  
out from the headland.

The impetuous clouds will blow,  
white and grey splendour,  
like feathers plucked  
from a plump cockerel-

The promontory will be misty,  
and the subtle sun  
will shine through clouds  
on the deceptive slopes.

I like a January day  
somewhat windy  
with the horizon invisible  
with a lime-coloured haze.

Purple by the sea's edge,  
blue further out,  
blue-grays so colourful  
and white coals in the Kyle.

A promise of spring in the air;  
although it is still cold,  
people and earth  
are aware of a green spirit.

## THE HARD BEND

pg 29 of Nuadh Bardach

Silent Moon  
We  
in the wood.  
Above it the sun,  
above it the moon.  
Moon world,  
sun world,  
the one burning,  
the one wan.  
The moon is pale  
in the same sky  
in which the leaves are failing.  
If I should catch the pale moon  
the sun would fall  
if I should catch the leaf.

Mud smell  
in the brown path,  
the leaf failing  
according to nature's laws,  
and dying.  
It will fall forever,  
dispersing, uniting.

The pale leaf  
in the mud,  
the white swan on tile wave  
and the sun without light.

What town is this  
that is so silent?  
For God's sake  
say something  
about unity, about scattering.

The leaf broke in a thousand pieces.  
The moon was silent.

# Book of Songs and Poetry Volume Six 2002

## Songs from Archie D. & the Servers

### The 2001-2 Bardic Contest

In the Time of Sleep between Samhain 2001 and Beltane 2002, the RDNA had a bi-weekly Bardic filk contest wherein the members took popular tunes and wrote new lyrics. We had over 40 entries during these 25 weeks, and I hope that they provide use in liturgies, festivals and late night bonfire sing-a-longs. Please check with the original authors, regarding use of copy-right materials.

### The Rules of the Contest

You, and your friends & enemies, are hereby invited to participate in the First Annual Winter Bardic Song-Writing Contest of the RDNA 2001/2002:

1. Prize: Bard of the Year XXXIX designation.
2. The Reason: A desire to further one's technical skills and attune one's muse
3. O.K., The Real Reason: Winter is boring. Rituals don't work well enough to bother with. Raw Ego and Pride
4. Participants: Anyone gifted by the gods can join in. We hope to have 10 or more bards involved by completion of the project. Please register with the Judge [nozomikibou@hotmail.com] at any time.
5. The Theme: Druidism, of course, (RDNA, Celtic, British, Hassidic, Humanistic DNA, etc..) must be either sad, poignant, sarcastic, patriotic (you can choose the country) or funny (or at least you think so.) Can't think of something? Try a theme, like; seasonal, related to search for awareness or wisdom, mocking other organizations, grove problems, vigiling, perverseness, love of spirits (alcoholic and otherwise,) struggle for simplicity, strange accidents, mythic-oriented, grove-politics, unusual members, life-cycles, urban paganism, gardening, etc.
6. The Basic Rules:

1. You have to write the words (or at least most of them)
2. Collaboration is tolerated, but upon winning, those team members must devise a contest or duel to devise a final single winner.
3. Preferably in English (Ancient English, Saxonese, Jutish, Scots, Brogue, or Middle English are acceptable, too)
4. Has to be good enough to admit that you wrote it.
5. You must use the music or tune from an existing established song (i.e. "Filk it," but if you're the only one who knows some arcane tune of 1734, no one else will appreciate it, and you will lose, so try to keep it popular.

Indicate the song & original authors with the lyrics-submission.

6. Preferably, make the lyrics available to the Public Domain, or at least give us permission to publish them in our newsletter or ARDA 2. After all, you were not going to make any real money anyway, right?, and neither will we.
7. Under 30 verses, please.
8. Multiple entries (of different songs, that is) are encouraged, and raise your chances of winning.
9. No using tricky curses to hinder other participants.
10. There is no rule 10.

7. Battleground: Possibly in A Druid Missal-any's issues, but if too many entries come in (which is a good thing,) a special Bardic edition may be made.

8. The Contest's Judge: The judge will be Nozomi Kibou, AD of Akita, [nozomikibou@hotmail.com]

She has volunteered to be the perfect impartial observer as

1. she has no Bardic ability,
2. fights with Pat frequently,
3. doesn't understand English well.

She will use divination to select the winner, such as counting junk-mail on successive days to judge each participant's favor with the gods.

She also notes that bribes are accepted and appreciated. :)  
You may write to Nozomi and give you opinions about various entries.

## Contestants

Pat Haneke 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 13  
 Mari Ceolmhor 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12  
 Sine Ceolbhinn 1  
 Mike Scharding 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 13  
 Rhiannan Hawk 3, 10  
 Ian Friesland 3  
 K.D. Bennet 3  
 Shane Saylor 4  
 Gayla Paul 5  
 Martin Victor 5  
 Phillip Chapman Bell 5  
 Arm Wrath 6  
 Tegwedd 9  
 Nozomi Kibou 12  
 Donald Edwards 13

## The Winner

The Winner was Tegwedd's "Celtic Goddess Chant" from the Bardic Salvo #9: March 1st, 2002 because it was easy enough for Nozomi to understand, and rather useful at services for her, and she liked it.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Love Ogham on the Stones

By Patrick Haneke Akita Grove, RDNA 2001  
For the Public Domain.

Based upon "Love Letters In The Sand"  
*Words by Nick and Charles Kenny and Music by J. Fred Coots*  
Written in the 30's, but made famous by Patty Boone in the 50s.  
<http://www.smickandsmodoo.com/aaa/1957/loveletters.htm> for  
MIDI music

On a day like today,  
We passed the time away  
Carving love oghams on the stones

It's been some years since you died,  
Yet my thoughts gently glide  
To those love oghams on the stones.

### CHORUS

We made a vow that we'd meet in the next world  
Those dear thoughts now caught in lines straight and curled.

Now my lonely heart aches  
With every dawn that breaks  
Over love oghams on the stones

(whistling) Now my lonely heart aches  
With every dawn that breaks  
Over love oghams on the stones

## The Druid's Lament

By Mairi Ceolmhor, DC Grove of the RDNA 2001  
For the Public Domain and use at Funerals & Memorials  
Based on the "Streets of Laredo" in 1876 by Francis Henry Maynard  
Online Midi music files available at  
<http://www.wildwestweb.net/camp.html>

As I walked out in the woods with my laddy-o,  
As I walked with my laddy-o one day,  
I spied an old Druid in a robe of white linen,  
Wrapped up in white linen and her hair was all gray.

"O beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly;  
Skirl the bagpipes as you carry me along.  
Take me to the green valley and pile the rocks o're me,  
For I'm an old Druid and this is my last song."

"I see by your outlook that you are a Druid."  
These words she did say as I boldly stepped nigh.  
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;  
I'll soon be at rest and I know I must die."

"My friends and relations, they'll live on without me.  
They've learned from my deeds, both the good and the wrong.  
Please, mourn but a short time, and continue your journeys.  
The living must accept death, both the weak and the strong."

"I've spent all my life in the study of Nature  
And drank deep of life; including the dregs.  
I hope that you'll explore the same paths as I did,  
For they've taught me well, and I have few regrets."

"Go gather around you a grove of young Druids,  
And tell them the lessons of this world, which are great.  
Sisters and brothers, learn of our Earth-Mother,  
Please, share Her wild wisdom before it's too late."

"Get six brawny young lads to construct my grave mound;  
Get six witty young lasses to sing me a song.  
For when I come back, it'll be my turn to bury them.  
I'll visit the next world, but I won't stay there long."

"Go bring me a cup, a cup of warm whiskey,  
Those bright waters-of-life," the old druid said.  
Before I had returned, the spirits had left her.  
And gone to the far west - the Druid was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly;  
And solemnly piped as we bore her along.  
For all loved our comrade, so brave, wise, and gentle.  
We all loved that Druid and still sing her songs.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #2: Nov. 14<sup>th</sup>, 2001

### Only Yew!

Filked by Patrick Haneke, Akita Grove  
Year 2001. For the Public Domain.  
Original "Only You" By the Platters  
See <http://www.niehs.nih.gov/kids/lyrics/onlyyou.htm> for music  
file. Excellent Yew article  
<http://www.indigogroup.co.uk/edge/oldyews.htm>

Spoken Intro by William Watson:

Old emperor Yew, fantastic sire,  
Girt with thy guard of dotard kings  
What ages hast thou seen retire  
Into the dusk of alien things?

"Start doo-wopping"

Only yew is found near every church.  
Only yew will neither lean nor lurch.  
It grows a hard, tight grain,  
Makes bow staves both straight and true.  
It fills my heart with awe for only yew

Only yew can live o'er four thousand years  
Only yew can outlast our worst fears.  
Only yew and yew alone  
Laughs at the passage of time.  
Whose name is famed and so easy to rhyme

Only yew can guard the graves at night.  
Only yew's leaves can kill with just one bite.  
I understand the magic that you do  
Making dreams come true.  
Yes! The one and only yew.

## Sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks

By Mairi Ceolmhor, D.C. Grove, Nov. 2001  
For the Public Domain (whether they want it or not!)  
Dedicated to Sister Sine, for dragging me out there onto the Hill  
in 1992.

Recorded by: Ottis Redding, 1960s  
<http://www.duchessathome.com/music/dockofthebay.html>

Sitting in the evening sun  
I'll be sitting when the morning comes  
Watching the fires burn down,  
Then I pile on the dry logs again,

yeah I'm...  
{Refrain}  
Sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Watching the stars spin around  
I'm just sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Vigiling time

I left my home in New York  
Headed for Minnesota  
'Cause I need beliefs to live by  
And looks like the Earth's gonna be my Ma.

So I'm just...  
{Refrain}  
Sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Watching the stars spin around  
I'm just sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Vigiling time

Look like my life's gonna change  
And yet seems to remain the same  
I won't believe what people tell me to do  
So I guess I'll play my own game.

Yes, I'm sittin' here burning some wood  
And this loneliness will do me some good  
It's two thousand miles I roamed  
Just to make this hill my home

Now, I'm just...  
{Refrain}  
Sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Watching the stars spin around  
I'm just sitting on the Hill of Three Oaks  
Vigiling time

{Whistle}

## BACK IN THE OLD GROVE AGAIN

By Mairi Ceolmhor, D.C. Grove, 2001  
For Public Domain  
Dedicated to Mike for taking me with him on his last trip.  
Apologies to Gene Autry; "Back in the Saddle Again"

I'm back in the old grove again  
Out where a friend is a friend  
Where we camp out every night  
Where the only law is "right"  
I'm back in the old grove again

Walking those woods once more  
Lovin' the view out of doors.  
Where the long-cloaked students play  
While the lovely prairie sways.  
I'm back in the old grove again

Whoopy-ti-yi-yo  
Swaying to and fro'  
I'm back in the old grove again

Whoopy-ti-yi-ya  
This is just my way  
I'm back in the old grove again

\*\*\*\*\*

### Bardic Salvo #3: Dec 1<sup>st</sup>, 2001

#### While My Bagpipe Loudly Wails

By Patrick Haneke, Akita Grove, Nov 30, 2001  
In honor of George Harrison's Passing  
Modeled, obviously on, "While My Guitar Sadly Weeps"  
Listen to it at <http://www.radiobroadcast.net/midi/beatles/>  
<http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Frontrow/9990/>

I think of your songs and the truths that they're hailing,  
While my bagpipe loudly wails.  
I look at the clouds and I see that they're sailing,  
While my bagpipe loudly wails.

From the moment you stepped on stage  
Your message hasn't aged.  
How can your songs' impact be gauged.  
Your words can't be caged.

I look at Mother Earth and I notice it's turning  
While my bagpipe loudly wails  
With every season, old ways' wisdom we'll be learning  
Still my bagpipe loudly wails...

We should've known a god had aired,  
His soul bared too,  
A new world view that was shared,  
How you cared, Lugh.

I think of your songs and the truths that they're telling,  
While my bagpipe loudly wails.  
I look at the clouds.....  
Still my bagpipe loudly wails.

Oh, oh, oh  
oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
oh oh, oh oh, oh oh  
Yeah Lugh yeah Lugh  
yeah Lugh yeah Lugh

### Old Druid's Hill

By Mike Scharding, DC Grove  
For the Public Domain, Nov 2001  
Original Artist Fats Domino's "Blueberry Hill"  
For the music, see <http://www.christeen.net/midi.html>  
And choose Blueberry Hill (#6)

I cast my spell on Old Druid's Hill  
On Old Druid's Hill when I called Lugh  
The moon stood still on Old Druid's Hill  
And lingered until my dreams came true.

The wind in the willow played  
A haunting melody  
And all of those vows I made  
Were made seriously.

Tho' I've moved on, a part of me's still  
In those winds so shrill, on Old Druid's Hill.

### Dreams

By: Rhiannon Hawk of "Druid Heart Spirit Grove"  
Year 2001 For the Public Domain  
Original title was "Dreams" by: Fleetwood Mac  
<http://pws.prserv.net/ggaynor/zmidi2x.htm> to hear the tune.

we are the Shining Ones  
we are the children of Danu  
remembering who we are  
celebration is past due

being of the Otherworld  
our feet softly on the ground  
we are the one  
we are each a shining star

we are twin soulmates  
see the lightning in our eyes  
it can pierce right through  
illusions in disguise  
behind your eyes  
there is no disguise

(chorus)  
we are the winds on the oceans wave  
we are the sparkly in the crystal cave  
we are the wings of a hawk in flight  
we transform beings that have gained the sight

we gaze upon the Seers pond  
what in the water did we see?

now it's all green  
as if I'm flying through the trees  
now I'm back and the vision remains in me

I get up off the ground  
and we circle round and round  
we each can see that our  
feet are up off the ground  
they make no sound  
up off the ground

(chorus)  
we are the winds on the oceans wave  
we are the sparkly in the crystal cave  
we are the wings of a hawk in flight  
we transform beings that have gained the sight

## Haiku Corner

By Ian Friesland, Ice Floe Grove  
Ok, all you Asian aficionados out there-  
here's the first ever known Antarctic Haiku (5-7-5 poem)

South-pole's Mid-Summer  
No trees, no birds, no rivers.  
And it is still cold.

Leaves swept in river's flow,  
Many colored, tossed and tumbling.  
This is retirement?

## The Existential Moment (1997)

By K.D. Bennett or Spring Child of Berkeley

'Tis a cold, dark night as all seem to be  
Melancholic, morbid, romantic characteristically  
One such as I who penned these words, being all entwined in me  
Can gaze out into this night and, nomadic, free  
Give thanks unto myself for quietude; night's hush  
Feels me flush 'gainst dream, feeling, thought; plush  
Is the plenty of leafy tree's rustling rush  
And the mystical chirping of dark friend cricket in that brush.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #4: Dec 15<sup>th</sup>, 2001

### Yuletide Caroling

By Sine Ceolbhinn, D.C. Grove

Strangely enough, Christmas is one of the few times of the year that we feel like singing with our neighbours outside of a karaoke bar. Easter songs? A few. Groundhog Day songs? Not likely. We all want to sing, but trip over the uncomfortable lyrics, right? I decided to but together a little list of songs that a pagan could use in company with their monotheistic friends.

I few hours of scanning the internet has given me a collection of popular songs that didn't dwell on babies in food troughs, righteous crowns, deceased people with bird wings, and ecstatic shepherds hearing voices in the dark (won't even go there.) I prefer my own improbable stories (grin.) Just change "Christmas" to "Yuletide" and most are okay. Santa Claus is rather unavoidable, but he's nearly pagan, and so I let him slide. Many of the songs on the list below have on-line free music-files & lyrics at:

<http://www.chebucto.ns.ca/~ai251/xcarol.html>

Auld Lang Syne  
The Christmas Song (Chestnuts roasting)

Deck the Halls  
Do They Know its Christmastime at All?  
Frosty the Snowman  
Grandma Got Hit by a Reindeer  
The Grinch's Theme Song  
Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas  
Here Comes Santa Claus  
Holly Jolly Christmas  
Home For The Holidays  
I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus  
I'll Be Home For Christmas  
It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas  
It's the Most Wonderful Time of the Year  
Jingle Bells  
Jingle Bell Rock  
Jolly Old Saint Nicholas  
Let It Snow  
O Christmas Tree  
Rocking Around the Christmas Tree  
Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer  
Silver and Gold  
Silver Bells  
Sleigh Ride  
That Christmas Feeling  
Up on the Rooftop  
We Wish You a Merry Christmas  
White Christmas  
Winter Wonderland

## Pondering Celtic Clans

old castles where once the breath of life was strong  
reminds my of my slaughtered ancestors  
living in peace, joy, and strength  
gathering their children for the telling of tales  
now nothing but graveyards remain  
castles turned to funeral pyres  
and no one left to weep for them  
who were there first, and reeled  
at the beautiful bounty they experienced in nature  
a small candle, a sputtering torch  
a pile of dead wood gathered for the fire  
a fresh mug of herbal tea and a wan smile  
waking bleary eyed in the fog  
tending horses for their journeys  
who were not merely servants, but friends  
now thinking that all things must come to their ends  
and knowing ends for what they truly are  
new beginnings  
my that sounds pleasant  
but it doesn't do a thing for them  
my ancient ancestors of yore  
---kdbennett

## Untitled

I loved them dearly, I loved them strong  
How we all used to get along  
In the sun and coming together  
In the rain light as Eagle's feather  
There, where the stone meets the sky  
A fire kept sealed in my mind's eye  
Which has seen stranger things  
Waits to behold what the future brings  
Patiently  
For the most part.  
---kdbennett

## I Told The Arch Druid

(A.K.A. "I told the Witch Doctor" or A.K.A.  
"Ooo-ee Ooo-ah ah, ting tang, walla walla, bing bang)  
By Mike Scharding, DC Grove, 2001  
Copyright not claimed. For the Public Domain.  
<http://www.geocities.com/ohtoad/WitchDoctor.html>

I told my Arch Druid  
This grove just can't be right.  
I told my Arch Druid  
I sun-worship at night!  
And then the Arch druid  
She told me where to go:

**Chorus**  
She said that;  
N.R.D.N.A, H.K., O.B.O.D., E.D.,  
B.C.U. & B., T.D., B.D.O., O.B.D.,  
E.D.O., U.A.O.D., I.O.D., B.C.D.,  
D.C.S.G, A.D.F., May B O.K. 4 U.

I told my Arch Druid  
Your site's not cool at all.  
I told my Arch Druid  
Your rocks are just too small  
And then the Arch Druid  
She told me where to go:

### **Chorus**

I told my Arch Druid  
I want a group more wise  
I told my Arch Druid  
Those robes don't match my eyes.  
And then the Arch Druid  
She told me where to go:

### **Chorus**

SPOKEN POETIC INTERLUDE #1  
You've been trying  
to 'void me  
Just like I was a big jerk,  
And I'll admit  
I wasn't very smart.  
So I went out  
And found myself  
A **real** group whose magic **works**;  
Cuz you eagerly  
Showed me where to start.

I told my Arch Druid  
Let's draw a pentagram,  
I told my Arch Druid  
And call Gods from Viet-nam.  
And then the Arch Druid  
She told me where to go:

(Actually, she was at a loss for words.)  
(But after a pause, this is what I heard)

### **Final Chorus**

### Other Possible verses:

SPOKEN POETIC INTERLUDE #2  
(You've been worshipping  
the Earth in  
forests, wide plains and desert,  
but I prefer  
sky-clad on a full-moon;  
But only indoors,  
With big crystals,  
Cuz I'm allergic to chills & dirt;  
So let's postpone  
Beltane until late June.)

I told my Arch Druid  
I sacrifice pickles.  
I told my Arch Druid  
A boomerang's my sickle.  
And then the Archdruid  
She told me where to go:

### **Chorus**

(And then she really told me where to go....)

(By the way, if you're curious:  
New Reformed Druids of North America, Henge of Keltria, Order  
Bards Ovates & Druids, Ecole Druidique, British Circle of the  
Universal Bond, (James Bond?.) Temple of Danaan, British Druid  
Order, Order of British Druids, Enchanted Druid Order, United  
Ancient Order of Druids, Insular Order of Druids, Bandarach  
College of Druids, Divine Circle of the Sacred Grove, Ar  
nDraiocht Fein)

(Couldn't fit these in:  
Druidic Craft of the Wise, Celtic Traditionalist Order of Druids,  
Dalriada, An Druidh Uileach Braithreachas, Order of the White  
Oak, Reformed Druidic Wicca, Missionary Order of The Celtic  
Cross, Order of the Mithril Star, IMBAS)

## If I Had a Rich Grove

By Patrick Haneke, Akita Grove, RDNA  
Dedicated to Isaac Bonewits & all of us out there with no liquid  
reserves.  
September 2001 For the Public Domain.  
[http://www.broadwaymidi.com/shows/fiddler\\_on\\_the\\_roof.html](http://www.broadwaymidi.com/shows/fiddler_on_the_roof.html)

[http://www.hamienet.com/Broadway\\_Musical/F/Fiddler\\_on\\_the\\_Roof/more2.alex](http://www.hamienet.com/Broadway_Musical/F/Fiddler_on_the_Roof/more2.alex) (choose the longer one 4:55 version)

Spoken introduction:  
"Dear Gods, you made many, many poor priests.  
I realize, of course, that it's no shame to be poor.  
But it's no great honor either!  
So, what would have been so terrible if I had a small fortune?"

If I had a rich grove  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum  
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum  
If I had a wealthy grove.

I wouldn't have to work hard  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum  
If I had a biddy bidy rich  
Deedle daidle deedle daidle grove.

I'd build a big tall henge  
With stones by the dozen  
Placed in a million-acre wood,  
A fine green hill with a burial mound below.  
There could be one long labyrinth just going up  
And one even longer coming down  
And one more leading  
Nowhere just for show!

I'd fill my grove with trees,  
Protect endangered wildlife,  
For the world to come and see,  
Filled with beauty and a campground.  
A peaceful place, no strife,  
Pollution or roads;  
Our woods like an island in the sea,  
If I had a wealthy grove.

If I had a rich grove  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum  
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum  
If I had a wealthy grove.

I wouldn't have to work hard  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum  
If I had a biddy biddy rich  
Deedle daidle deedle daidle grove.

I see my school, my college,  
Looking like a rich church's school,  
With a proper faculty  
Researching Dru'dry to our heart's delight.  
I see us drawing students  
All shuffling in baggy robes  
Oy! What a happy place we'd be,  
Singing at the bonfires day and night!

If I were paid I'd have the time I lack  
To sit in the hill-top tow'r and pray  
And maybe have a seat by the eastern wall  
And I'd discuss the holy books  
With the learned folk  
Seven hours every day.  
That could be the sweetest thing of all.

The most important folk in town  
Will come down to our woods.  
They will ask me to advise them  
Like old King Connor the wise;  
"If you please Arch Druid,  
Pardon me Arch Druid"  
Posing problems that would cross  
An Ollamh's eyes.

Draoi, Draoi, Draoi, Draoi, Draoi, Draoi, Draoi, Draoi.

And it won't make one bit of difference  
If I answer right or wrong.  
When you're rich,  
They think you really know.

If I had a rich grove  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum  
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum  
If I had a wealthy grove.

I wouldn't have to work hard  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum

If I had a biddy biddy rich  
Deedle daidle deedle daidle grove.

If I had a rich grove  
Daidle deedle daidle deedle daidle dum  
Gods help me reach these noble dreams,  
Yes, no matter how hard it seems.  
I'd even steal a dragon's treasure trove,  
How I want a wealthy grove!

## Grief Stricken America

By Shane A. Saylor 11.30.2001

Old Glory flaps in the wind, soaked with [the] tears of the slain.  
The tears keep coming down in buckets, with end in sight.  
And yet, our own tears are mixed with theirs here on the  
ground. The ground is soaked with both blood and tears. And as  
I gaze at the hills above I wonder when the land will slide down  
And bury us in our grief. Our grief can smother us if we let it.  
But how do we fight something that comes in waves? That can  
come at unexpected times? How do fight something that is  
akin to quicksand? It threatens to pull us down, to weaken  
our resolve. Our morale has suffered a large wound. The time it  
will take to heal is immeasurable. America is wounded. And it is  
lashing out at our oppressors like a wounded animal. Yet I fear  
that this wounded animal will, with time, turn on its allies before  
it falls dead, its heart filled with vengeance and its soul filled with  
grief.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #5: Jan 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002

### I'm a Believer

Copyrighted Parody by Gayla Paul of Corn Grove, Iowa, 2000  
Original by Neil Diamond, copyright song "I'm a Believer" 1966  
Made famous by "The Monkees" & "Shrek"  
Colgems-EMI Music, Inc. (ASCAP) and Stonebridge Music  
[www.midihaven.addr.com/midi/monkees1.html](http://www.midihaven.addr.com/midi/monkees1.html) for music

I thought Druids only lived in fairy tales  
Magic everywhere but not for me  
Life was out to get me  
That's the way it seems  
Then it came together like a dream

I found sacred space  
Now I'm a believer  
Not a trace  
Of doubt in my mind  
I'm a Druid  
And I'm a believer  
I couldn't leave Her if I tried

Earth-Mother blesses me with many things  
Laughing Be'al makes my heart feel light  
Now I walk in wonder  
In awe of everything  
Better even than my wildest dreams

I found sacred space  
Now I'm a believer  
Not a trace  
Of doubt in my mind  
I'm a Druid  
And I'm a believer  
I couldn't leave Her if I tried.

## Silbury Hill

Filked by Dagda O'Flatterme Dagda  
Copyright 2001 by Martin Bernard Victor.

The Fortunecity.com site I found the lyrics at did not list a copyright date.

<http://tinpan.fortunecity.com/riff/11/frame/b5.html>

But there is something I neglected to list. Satchmo only recorded the song. It was made most popular, by the cover made by Fats Domino. It was penned by Al Lewis, Vincent Rose, and Larry Stock. It is possible that the song has passed into the public domain by now. The writers may be dead, and I doubt that their estate bothered to renew the copyright. For the music, choose Blueberry Hill (#6) at

<http://www.christeen.net/midi.html>

[ See Mike's version of Blueberry Hill in Bardic Salvo #3]

I found my thrill...on Silbury Hill  
On Silbury Hill...When I found you  
The moon stood still...on Silbury Hill  
And remained until...our magick came true.

The winds in the oaks sang...Arwen's harmony  
And our hearts did pang...for our will to be

And in my heart...it gives me a chill  
When I think of it still...of Silbury Hill  
I found my thrill...on Silbury Hill  
You were dressed in blue...when I found you  
We were awed...before the Gods  
And gave them our will...on Silbury Hill

The wind in the oaks did play... our heart's melody  
And the troth we pledged...is fore'er to be

And in my heart...it gives me a chill  
For you are my thrill...on Silbury Hill.

## Och, Baby, Baby, Yee're'n Cannie Bard

Pat Haneke, Akita Grove (with his worst Scots accent, apologies to all) Allegedly based on "It's a Wild World" by Cat Stephens.  
For the Public Domain, made in January 2001

Dedicated to Sine Ceolbhinn, may you one day learn to scat your lyrics better. :) (Do not show this to a real Scotsman! He'd just tear apart my grammar and leave me bleeding for the insult after a good drumming on the noggin. )

[catstevens.com/discography/songs/00102.html](http://catstevens.com/discography/songs/00102.html) for MIDI tune

Noo tha' I've gied ev'ry sang tae you  
Ye say ye wanna sing sometin' new  
An' it's breekin' me hert's you'se roamin'  
Aye Lass, I'm gloamin'  
Bit, gin ye wilna stey, tak guid care  
Howp ye hae muckle braw claes tae weir  
Bit than a muckle braw (t)hings birl ill oot thar

*Och, baby, baby, yee're'n cannie bard  
Tis sair tae mak do jist aboun ain sang  
Och, baby, baby, yee're'n cannie bard  
I will ayeweys mind ye lik tae traivel, lass*

Ye ken I've larned muckle o aw thar warld dow dae  
An' tis breekin' me hart in twa  
'kis I nivver wunta see ye dowie, lass  
Dinna be camsteerie, lass.  
Bit gin ye will nae stay, tak guid care  
Howp ye meit in wi cantie freen oot thar  
Bit jist mine ye thar's muckle orra gowk fur shair.

Chorus

Lassie, I luve ye  
Bit, gin ye wilna stey, tak guid care  
Howp ye hae muckle braw claes tae weir  
Bit than a muckle braw (t)hings birl ill oot thar

Chorus

## Incipit gestis Rudolphi rangifer tarandus

An Old English Poem by [Philip Chapman-Bell](#) written in 1996  
Copyright © 1996 Philip Chapman-Bell; All Rights Reserved.  
Used with permission. Suggested by Lee Fugat.  
For usage, please contact: [chapbell@crocker.com](mailto:chapbell@crocker.com)

Hwæt, Hrodulf readnosa hrandeor –  
Næfde þæt nieten unsciende næsðyrilas!  
Glitenode and gladode godlice nosgrisele.  
Ða hofberendas mid huscwordum hine gehefigodon;  
Nolden þa geneatas Hrodulf næftig  
To gomene hraniscum geador ætsomme.  
þa in Cristesmæsseæfne stormigum clommum,  
Halga Claus þæt gemunde to him mædelode:  
"Neahfreond nihteage nosubeorhtende!  
Min hroden hrædwæn gelæd ðu, Hrodulf!"  
Ða gelufodon hira laddeor þa lyftflogan –  
Wæs glædnes and gliwdream; hornede sum gegieddode  
"Hwæt, Hrodulf readnosa hrandeor,  
Brad springð þin blæd: breme eart þu!"  
*Explicit*

## Hrodulf the Red-Nosed Reindeer

(Modern English translation)

Here begins the deeds of Rudolph, Tundra-Wanderer  
Lo, Hrodulf the red-nosed reindeer –  
That beast didn't have unshiny nostrils!  
The goodly nose-cartilage glittered and glowed.  
The hoof-bearers taunted him with proud words;  
The comrades wouldn't allow wretched Hrodulf  
To join the reindeer games.  
Then, on Christmas Eve bound in storms  
Santa Claus remembered that, spoke formally to him:  
"Dear night-sighted friend, nose-bright one!  
You, Hrodulf, shall lead my adorned rapid-wagon!"  
Then the sky-flyers praised their lead-deer –  
There was gladness and music; one of the horned ones sang  
"Lo, Hrodulf the red-nosed reindeer,  
Your fame spreads broadly, you are renowned!"

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #6: Jan 15<sup>th</sup>, 2002

### AMERICA

Filk is written by Mike, DC grove.  
With inspiration from Pat Haneke, Akita Grove  
January 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original is "America," written (& copyrighted) by Neil Diamond  
1980 Stonebridge Music (ASCAP)  
<http://www.neildiamondhomepage.com/> for more on this bard.  
<http://members.tripodnet.nl/roontje10/alpha2.htm> choose  
Diamond's America (4:01) although it's hard to pick up the tune  
unless you are familiar with the original song.

Some people have called the Middle East; the Holy Land.  
Perhaps it once was especially so, but many people who have  
resided there haven't acted that way, nor have most others who've  
been through there in the last 3 millennium. For this new  
millennium, I don't think that we need look any further than the  
dirt under our feet and the eyes of our neighbors to find the true  
Sacred. While we look to the British Isles and Europe for  
inspiration from the past, we take sustenance from the variegated  
soil of America for the future. I believe, the "America" song will  
be prominent at the Olympics.

Free...  
Only want to be free  
We huddle close  
Hang on to a dream

In the towns and in the wood  
In mountain and plains of America  
Making religion that's good  
It's possible in America

The Gods don't seem so far away  
We're out searching night and day  
Oh yes, we've been warned.  
Borne the brunt of their scorn.

Home, is a green and a fertile land  
Plant our groves, trees rise tall and grand.  
Beltane's fire burning warm  
Samhain's fire burning warm

Everywhere throughout the Earth  
We're reaching for Awareness.  
Old and New mix in rebirth;  
A strong faith, but with kindness.

Got a dream to take us there  
The holy lands of America  
Got a dream we've come to share  
The holy lands of America

Reformed Druids of America  
Reformed Druids of America  
Reformed Druids of America  
Reformed Druids of America  
*The morn, the noon, the eve, the night, the dawn!*

Our Mothers lie below!  
*Let's Pray*  
Our Fathers high above!

*Let's Pray*  
Our friends around!  
*Let's Pray*  
Our hopes abound!  
*Let's Pray*

### The Land of the Rising Sun

By Patrick Haneke, Akita Grove  
Transcribed by Nozomi  
January 2001, for the Public Domain  
Original "The House of the Rising Sun" by the Animals  
Sung by Dylan and Baez often.  
<http://celine-sa.hypermart.net/bd-midi.htm> for MIDI music

For those who don't know it, Japan is known as the  
birthplace of the Sun and its mythology credits the Sun  
(Amaterasu) as giving birth to the Imperial Line and also all the  
people of Japan. They are the most advanced non-monotheistic  
country in the world, proving you don't have one god to be clever  
or rich. I wrote this to counter Mike's patriotism, and reassert the  
value of other countries. Perhaps we should say "We Cherish the  
Earth" more than "God Bless America," since "it's better to give  
than to receive"

The Chords from the Original:  
(Intro) Am . C/g . |D/f# . F . |Am . E . \*|Am . . .  
Am C/g D/f# F  
There is a house down in New Orleans  
Am C/g E  
they call the rising sun  
Am C/g D/f# F  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl  
Am E Am  
and me, oh God, I'm one.

There is an island way out East  
They call the "Rising Sun"  
And it's seen the start of every long day.  
And Gods adore this one.

Tall forests carpet the mountainsides.  
Islands fringe the long coasts  
A land filled with lush greenery,  
Legends, faeries & ghosts.

It's a proud polytheistic land  
And so it's reaped great wealth.  
And because they eat their vegetables  
They enjoy the best of health.

They practice hundreds of ancient arts  
And each is a life-style.  
They learn skills both fine & practical  
Growin' wiser all the while.

A warm sun above and lava below  
A cool sea stretched around  
The people celebrate each passing season  
In city, village & town.

They say there's a god in every rock;  
Seven in a grain of rice.  
And there's many methods to reach out to them  
Mixing some faiths can be nice.

There's many a land that is still free:  
China, India, Vietnam  
But if you'd like to see a pagan paradise  
Go join the J.E.T. Program.

There is an island way out East  
They call the "Rising Sun"  
And it's seen the start of every long day.  
And Gods adore this one.

## Bard Arm

March 25, 2000. Copyright 2000  
I am Arm Wrath, bard of my people's tree. A member of Ancient Circle's Grove located in upstate New York. My Archdruid, Inion An Daghdha has asked me to submit a poem to your contest. My God, Ogma has given onto me many a word, it is some of these that I wish to share with you now.

If I - was to stand and sing,  
Of all that I saw and heard,  
People listen from the crowd,  
Come forth - for I will bring.

Words and songs of old,  
Stories yet begun,  
Take a seat - for I will tell,  
Heroes actions all retold.

Long ago - we wandered here,  
Strung out - all the way,  
Getting lost - some of us,  
Separated thru the years.

Life seemed better - way back then,  
Once - I remember - long ago,  
Merry - we were - in our place,  
Till the others came - like a wind.

Alive we must - keep our way,  
Turmoil swept our land,  
Running - fighting - hiding there,  
Gathering - moving - I dare say.

Hold on - we tried to keep it tight,  
Time of passage - has it's way,  
One by one we stood and fought,  
People - ways - lost in sight.

At times - I thought I saw,  
Of whom - I knew before,  
Wishing - sometimes in the way,  
Backwards - before the times of raw.

Many of us - young and old,  
Warriors strong - thru and thru,  
Taught in ways - I can recall,  
Protect thy people - die or do.

Here I am - before you now,  
Thinking - of what has come and gone,  
Descendants you - of what is left,  
Brought forth together - I see not how.

One says this - another that,  
Why not old - why not new,  
Together - you should come,  
Form your tribe to be exact.

I am Bard of my people's tree,  
Nothing is easy in all of life,  
Memories past the ancestors speak,  
For thou - I bring - our history free.

## Solitary Druid

By Mairi Ceolbhor, D.C. Grove  
January 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original "Sentimental Journey" by Bud Green, Les Brown & Ben Homer in 1944. Copyright 1944 by Morley Music co., Inc. 31 West 34<sup>th</sup> St., NY., NY 10019. Renewed 1971.  
<http://members.tripod.com/~RoseMcK/sentimental-journey.mid>

The vocal was sensitively done by Doris Day, despite unfounded fears of the extreme vocal ranges required. Some in the band first thought that the song was not going to connect with the kids, but at it's debut in the Hotel Pennsylvania's Cafe Rouge the kids went crazy!

Gonna be a Solitary Druid  
Gonna choose my very own path  
Gonna be a Solitary Druid  
And renew ways from the past.

Got my harp, got my bottled whiskey  
Spend some time in the deep forest  
Like a child on a magical journey  
I long to learn more before I rest.

Bridge:  
**Wisdom... that's the thing I look for, wisdom.  
And with knowledge will come freedom  
Learnin' every day a new lesson from  
Trees, birds, moon and sun.**

Never thought my life could be so fluid  
Will I e'er rejoin a grove?  
Gotta be a solitary Druid  
Solitary Druid for now.  
Solitary Druid.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bardic Salvo #7: Feb 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002

## Only a Faery Song

By Mairi Ceolmhor with Sine Ceolbhinn, DC Grove  
November 2001, for the Public Domain  
Original "Only a Northern Song" by George Harrison  
[http://www.mainengineering.hispeed.com/ys\\_sounds.html](http://www.mainengineering.hispeed.com/ys_sounds.html)

If you're looking for the truth  
You may think there is no perfect faith  
Then you're right.  
The Gods made it like that.

When you're vigiling late at night  
You may see a group of white dancing lights  
And they are.  
They just tease us like that.

It doesn't really matter how fast you go,  
What things you know or where you grow up at  
As it's only a faery dance.

It doesn't really matter what clothes you wear  
Or if you're bare or if your hair is blond;  
When it's only a faery dance.

If you think the harmony  
Is a little odd and out of key,  
You're correct,  
They're not using our rules.

You look again, there's no body there...

## Fairyland city

Spoofer By Patrick Haneke, Transcribed by Nozomi, Akita Grove

December 2001, for the Public Domain

Original "Paradise City" by Axel Rose of "Guns & Roses"  
on the 1986 Album; "Appetite for Destruction"

6 minute long MIDI music file at with long intro & interverse riffs at

<http://www.spaceports.com/~midi/MidiMania/metalmidis.html>

This was written after reading some of the stories of O'Carolan and other great blind harpers (many from Small Pox,) but others from "mysterious" causes. It's a hell of a lot of fun to sing.

### Head thrashing, gyrating circles and long intro music, then:

Seeking Faeries  
Livin' under the mound.  
They're a small race  
That're rarely found.  
I'm your average bard  
Who by my oaths will be bound  
I'll pay you back another time  
Whatever the cost, it'll be fine.

Ragz to riches or so they say  
Ya gotta-keep playin'  
For the fortune and fame  
It's all a god's gift  
But what a great game!  
Ya must strum the harp with music divine,  
Mused songs must be bound in rhymes!

### Chorus Repeats Twice:

Take me down  
To the Fairyland city  
Where the trees are green  
And the elves are pretty.  
Take me home!

Sitting in the throne  
Of the host's gilt chamber.  
How I'm here I can't quite remember.  
The Fairy General says  
It's hazardous to view.  
I'd have another audience;  
Then, I couldn't see.  
Tell me if you're gonna believe.

### Chorus Twice:

Take me down  
To the Fairyland city  
Where the trees are green

And the elves are pretty.  
Take me home!

Mystic Bridge Chorus:  
So far away  
So far away  
So far away  
So far aw---ay!

All my senses were torn apart  
No, I'm a famed minstrel  
With a guided heart  
One day-  
They'll come around and  
Take me back to that Court  
Could I be losin' my mind-  
"Am I blind?!"  
Well, which world are we looking at!?

Chorus repeats on and on, with interspersed groans and cries!

Note: The live version often uses  
"(Oh, won't you please) Take me home" in the chorus

## The Work of the Wee-Folk

By Mike Scharding, DC Grove

January 2002, for the Public Domain

Original was "The Work of the Weavers" a classic Scottish song.

For chords and lyrics see

<http://www.hcs.harvard.edu/~celts/songbook.shtml#>

<http://www.hcs.harvard.edu/~celts/songbook.shtml>

You've surely met the fairies, but just didn't see.  
They're in ev'ry rocky brook and are found within the trees.  
There's little that would come to good, I'm sure you'll agree  
If it wasn't for the work of the wee folk

### The Chorus

If it wasn't for the wee folk what would ye do  
You wouldnae hae the food that is in your stew  
You wouldn't hae the leather for your coat or shoe.  
If it wasn't for the work of the wee folk

There's soldiers and there's sailors and glaziers and all  
There's doctors and there's ministers and them that live by law  
And our friends in South America though them we never saw  
But we ken all need the work of the wee folk

Chorus

They whisper advice'n songs in our ears at night.  
They tend to our livestock when they wander out of sight  
And raise crops so they grow up straight, strong and right.  
So we'll drink to the health of the wee folk.

Chorus

If wee folk's around we never can tell  
So it's best we heed their aid and reward them well  
They love a tune, crumbs, a dram or a shiny bell  
Now let's drink to the wealth of the wee folk!

Chorus

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #8: Feb 15. 2002

### Killing us Softly with His Rules.

By Patrick Haneke, Jan 2001, Akita Grove, for the Public Domain  
Original "Killing me softly with his song" by Roberta Flack or  
Charles Fox, 1970s, and dedicated to you know who.

MIDI file at <http://www.clinton.net/~sammy/rflack.htm>

Dedicated to all the Isaacs and Mikes out there who are too busy-  
bodied and make organization and systems way too easy to  
achieve. Back to the Mystery!:-)

We heard he ran a good grove.  
We heard he had a style.  
And so we asked for his help,  
To lead us for a while.  
And there he was, this young man,  
A leader in our eyes.

Chorus:

*Being too strong in his methods  
Muffling our group with his thoughts  
Killing us softly with his rules,  
Killing us softly, with his rules,  
Drowning our old ways with his words  
Killing us softly, with his rules....*

At first everything went smoothly  
Our finances made a rebound.  
But our dynamism came to a halt  
Unable to break new ground.  
I prayed that he'd slow down  
But he just kept right on.

Chorus

He ruled as if a business,  
He prayed through a script  
Bound this flower up with red tape.  
Those files were a crypt  
Too careful, afraid of mistakes.  
Blindly spinning a shroud.

Chorus

### The Ways, We are Reforming.

By Mike Scharding, DC Grove of RDNA  
(Based on Dylan's "The Times, They are a-Changin'")  
January 2002, for the Public Domain  
<http://celine-sa.hypermart.net/bd-midi.htm> choose #2 version  
4/4 Moderately

Dm/A	G/A	Gm/A	A									
	: Dm7	G	C	F	Dm7	G	Am	Am	Dm7	G	C	E
Am	F	G	C	Am	D/F#	G	F	C	F	Bb	Bb	
2. | A | A :|| 3. | A G/A | A ||

Come gather 'round Druids  
Wherever's your grove;  
And admit that old beliefs  
Must continue to grow.  
And accept our paths will split  
Into dozens of kinds.  
If wisdom to you

Is worth learnin',  
Then you better start searchin'  
And get off your behinds.  
**For your ways, we are reformin'.**

Come preachers and ministers  
Who hold tight to your flock.  
Who discourage free inquiry,  
Hide in churches made of rock.  
Y'all drop the long tirades  
Step out and see the sky;  
For the students of Nature  
Don't need conformin'.  
Let'm think for themself,  
And always ask "why?"  
**For your ways, we are reformin'.**

Come Senators, Congressmen  
Please protect that wise wall  
Between the church and state  
That protects the faith of all.  
I elected you to govern,  
you do not need to preach.  
I don't want to see greedy  
Churches' lobbyists swarmin'.  
Tell them to go home,  
And just let the schools teach.  
**For their ways, we are reformin'.**

Come Sisters and Brothers  
Throughout this great land  
And don't criticize  
What you don't understand.  
For if it doesn't work,  
Then it's time to adapt.  
Don't be too afraid to get lost  
Or think it's alarmin'.  
For it's one way of many  
And the divine isn't all mapped  
**For the ways, we are re-formin'.**

We don't have all answers  
We don't claim to be best.  
But our system is flexible,  
And simpler than the rest.  
Stretch your leaves to the sun,  
Don't let dogma take root.  
Yes, our wry, witty ways  
And customs are charmin'.  
But for numbers and fame  
We don't give a hoot.  
**For our ways, we are re-formin'.**

EXTRA VERSE  
(at no charge, please insert before last verse)

Rights are no use on paper  
If you're not free in your head  
If it's your way "or else"  
Well, then I'd rather be dead.  
Go on freely with your faith  
And let me go with mine  
I don't need your saving  
It works just fine.  
Tell me, can mortals judge  
The will of the Divine?  
**For the ways, we are re-formin'.**

## Romantic Songs for your Deity

By Mairi Ceolmhor

I've thought how easily so many romantic songs are and how religious many of them become after you replace the thought of your Lover with the God of your choice. This is all very Sufic, or in a way, Khalil Gilbran-esque. Classic examples are "You light up my life," "I will always love you." and so on. Of course, if the lyrics are too physical (i.e. "Baby's got back,") it requires a greater metaphysical leap to appreciate the symbolism. Go through your favorite love songs, and see if they could be used liturgically.

-Happy Valentine's Day  
Mairi

\*\*\*\*\*

### Bardic Salvo #9: March 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002

#### Celtic Goddess Chant

From Tegwedd

Here is my entry for the next Bardic. It is based upon a very popular Pagan chant. My friend Tyroch Windtraveler didn't care for it because it didn't have any Celtic Goddesses in it, so I came up with one which is *all* Celtic Goddesses. When you post it, say that it's based on *Isis, Astarte*...author unknown.

Brigid, Cerrydwen, Morrigan, Arianrhod  
Macha Bludewedd, Rhiannon

#### R.D.N.A.

Filked by Mike Scharding, DC Grove  
February 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original "YMCA" by Village People, 1970s  
[www.niehs.nih.gov/kids/lyrics/ymca.htm](http://www.niehs.nih.gov/kids/lyrics/ymca.htm) for words & music!  
The RDNA began about April 17, 1963. We begin "Year or Worship" XL (i.e. 40) and will celebrate our 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary on May 2003, next year of course. This song is dedicated to all those who've given us the chance to make it possible.

Young One, just take a look around  
I said, Young One, you know you come from the ground  
I said, Young One, see that life-giving brown  
There's no need to be unhappy.

Young One, there's places you should know  
I said, Young One, when you're tired of sin & woe  
You can pray there, and I'm sure you will find  
Many ways to have a good life.

Chorus Part 1:

**It's good to pray with the R.D.N.A.**  
**It's fun to play with the R.D.N.A.**  
**You have everything in the world to learn from**  
**You can have religious freedom.**

Chorus Part 2

**It's good to pray with the R.D.N.A.**  
**It's fun to play with the R.D.N.A.**  
**You can make yourself whole**  
**You can have a good drink**  
**You can try whatever you think**

Young one, are you listening to me?  
I said, young One, what do you want to be?  
I said, Young One, you can make real your dreams,  
But you've got to know this one thing...

No faith, knows it all by itself  
I said, Young One, put your dogma on the shelf  
And just go there, to the R.D.N.A.  
I'm sure it will turn out okay.

Chorus Pt. 1 & 2

Young One, I was once in your shoes  
I said, I was down and out with the blues  
I felt, no church would accept my views  
I felt there was nothing to choose.

That's when something came over me  
And said "Young One, take a walk in the woods,  
There's a grove there, called the R.D.N.A.,  
They can start you back on your way."

Chorus Pt. 1

**R.D.N.A.**  
**It's good to pray with the R.D.N.A.**  
**It's fun to play with the R.D.N.A.**  
**Young One, Young One, you don't need complex rules**  
**Young One, Young One, those are just for the fools.**

**R.D.N.A.**  
**Just try out the R.D.N.A.**  
**Young One, Young One, Take ideas from the past.**  
**Young One, Young One, mix new thoughts to make it last.**

**R.D.N.A. R.D.N.A. R.D.N.A. R.D.N.A.**

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### Bardic Salvo #10: March 15<sup>th</sup>, 2002

#### Here We Are

By Rhiannon Hawk, Druid Heart Spirit Grove  
March 2002. Copyright reserved.  
I really haven't figured out if there is another tunes melody this would fit into, but here it is.

from the blackness like night  
through the coldness of winter  
you push with might  
into glowing embers  
your dreaming ancestors  
willing a future of light  
are here now  
stirring a cauldron so bright

So, here we are again  
going our separate ways  
on paths that come back again  
learning to find our ways

Green, the freshness of Earth  
your bare feet in the springtime  
you've walked this path beginning, no end  
the fire's burning a beat so quickening  
no more advise  
the fire's where it all starts

So, here we are again  
trying to become One  
when we have won  
we learn we are all one

In nature now  
lies an energy so hot  
from the Earth it bursts forth  
energy balls to the top  
releasing from the Earth's core  
healing rays that wont stop  
then rushes up as before,  
the red dragon flies up

Above in the trees voices are singing  
of the freedom you'll find  
when you find yourself there  
so clear as the stars  
your vision unfolds  
your true self inside the heart holds

## I Am a Man of Constant Borrow

By Mairi Ceolmhor, DC Grove  
Feb 2002, for the Public Domain  
Soggy Bottom Boys---I Am A Man Of Constant Sorrow Feat.  
Dan Tyminski taken from the "O Brother Where Art Thou"  
musical 2001, which is an Appalachian version of The Illiad and  
the Odyssey. Soundtrack is marvelous. This song won a grammy  
for blue-grass, I believe. Long beard optional. Sorry for sexist  
"man," but, feel free to add "grrl" or whatever one-syllable word  
defines you.  
History at <http://www.bobdylanroots.com/sorrow.html>  
Music & Vocals at  
[http://artists.mp3s.com/artist\\_song/1275/1275296.html](http://artists.mp3s.com/artist_song/1275/1275296.html)  
Dylan snippet: <http://www.bobdylan.com/songs/sorrow.html>  
Tables: <http://www.ezfolk.com/bgbanjo/introtab/man-bg/man-bg.html>

(INTRO CHORUS In constant borrow through his days )

I am a man of constant borrow  
I've found wisdom in most faiths  
I bid farewell to Minnesota  
The place where I was taught and raised  
(CHORUS: The place where he was taught and raised)

For twelve long years I've been at study  
Much over-lap here on earth I found.  
Though, in this world I'm bound to ramble  
I have the gods to guide me now.  
(CHORUS: He has the gods to guide him now.)

It's fare thee well my old beliefs  
You won't see me again in your church

But, I'm bound to glean from religions  
Until I die, I must still search.  
(CHORUS: Until he dies, he must still search)

I've been to deep ocean, hill and valley  
Not knowing just where my path lay  
But I'll keep my ear to the Earth-Mother  
Cause sky, fish n' trees have a lot to say.  
(CHORUS: Cause sky, fish n' trees have a lot to say.)

Maybe your priests think I can't get stranger  
My faith is well think to the core  
But it is quite simple in its tenets  
Some times less really is a lot more.  
(CHORUS: Sometimes less really is a lot more.)

## Spring Time is on the Rise

By Patrick Haneke, Akita Grove  
February 2002, for the Public Domain  
**Original "Time Is On My Side"** by Norman Meade  
[www.geocities.com/Athens/Forum/4713/midis/timeisonmyside.midi](http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Forum/4713/midis/timeisonmyside.midi)  
Or <http://home.swipnet.se/~w-35264/lyrics/time.html> for words &  
MIDI

This would be an excellent invocation for a Druid Ritual, note  
that "Spring" in the chorus doesn't scat well, so you have to fit it  
into the following drawn out "time" on the upbeat.

Spring Time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
Spring Time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
Now the Gods knows that we hate to be cold.  
So spring'll come skipping back, it'll come running back  
It'll come blazing back to us.

Yeah, Spring Time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
Spring Time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
You're searching for good times, but just wait and see  
It'll come blazing back...

Go ahead, baby, go ahead. Go ahead and set up the plough  
And baby, plant anything your heart desires  
Remember, it'll always be back again  
And I know like the Gods told you so many times before  
Spring's gonna come back  
Yeah, it's gonna come back, baby  
Shinin', yeah, shinin' right in the grove, yeah!

Spring Time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
Spring Time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
Cause it's got the real warmth, the kind that we need  
It'll come blazing back...

Spring, time, time time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
I said, Spring time, time, time is on the rise (Yes it is)  
I said, Spring time, time, time is on the rise

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #11: April 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002

### “Don’t Scry Out Loud”

Mairi Ceolmhor, D.C. Grove  
March 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original was “Don’t Cry Out Loud” –Sung by Melissa Manchester  
Words by Carol Bayer Sager and Music by Peter Allen  
Music at :  
[www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/8678/dontcryoutloud.mid](http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/8678/dontcryoutloud.mid)

Baby cried the day the new priests came to town  
‘Cause she didn’t want the courts to start accusing her  
So she put her ash on her head and wore a burlap gown  
Then she joined that convent in the briars  
I know a lot about ‘er ‘cause, you see  
Baby is an awful lot like me.

Chorus Twice:  
Don’t scry out loud  
Just keep it inside, learn how to hide you talent  
Fly high and proud  
And if you should tell, remember the divine has changed names.

Baby saw when they pulled that big tree down  
They burnt-up all her dreams during that winter  
The different kind of god now wore a frown  
There was nothin’ left but sawdust and some splinters.  
But baby can’t be broken ‘cause you see  
She had the precious acorns –from that tree- which told ‘er

Chorus Thrice

### Why Do Fools Join My Grove?

(Why Do Fools Fall in Love?, Beach Boys Version)  
by Mike Scharding, D.C. Grove  
2001 for the Public Domain

Doom Bopa Doom Bopa Doom Bopa Doo Dut  
Ooh wah ooh wah ooh wah

Why do fools join my grove?  
Why do most refuse t’pay?  
Vig’lers fall ‘sleep at the break of day?  
Why do fools join my grove?

Why is Beltane snowed on from above,  
So cold I must wear gloves?  
Where’s our Gods’ joyful love?

Why can’t my bard write even simple rhymes?  
Why do our rituals take so much time?  
Tell me why, why.  
Why did I start this grove?

Why do fools fall in wells?  
Why can’t we work a spell?  
Moon doesn’t come up at night?  
Why can’t things work out right?

Why is Beltane snowed on from above,  
So cold I must wear gloves?

Where’s our Gods’ joyful love?

Tell me why, why  
Why can’t we be tax free?

Tell me my, why  
Why do I still bother?

\*\*\* \*\*

## Bardic Salvo #12: April 15<sup>th</sup>, 2002

### Are You Sleeping?

By Nozomi Kibou, Akita Grove  
Jan, 2002, for the Public Domain.

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping,  
Brother (or Sister) \_\_\_\_\_?  
Boozing Dru’ds are snoozing.  
Boozing Dru’ds are snoozing.  
One more cup?  
Yea, One more cup!

### Are You Sleeping Tonight?

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove,  
Nov. 2001, for the Public Domain  
In memory of Nozomi’s First Vigiling Attempt.  
Original Lyrics By Roy Turk/Lou Handman sung by Elvis  
“Are You Lonesome Tonight?”  
Music at <http://www.christeen.net/midi.html>

Are you sleepy tonight?  
Do your eyes feel tight?  
Are you sorry you drifted asleep?  
Does your memory stray to a bright Beltane day,  
When you laid with him(her) in the forest deep?  
Do the rocks in the grove site seem pointy and hard?  
Do you gaze at the campfire and wish to be a bard?  
Are your eyes filled with sand?  
Do faeries walk the land?  
Tell me dear, are you sleepy tonight?

SPOKEN IN A SULTRY VOICE:  
I wonder if you’re sleepy tonight.  
You know staying up gets harder with age.  
And each of us plays a role.  
Fate has me waiting in the woods while you’re in the grove  
Part One you lit the fire  
It burnt bright at first light  
I shared some thoughts, so sincere, and never missed a cue  
Then came Part Two  
Your armor chinked, you went to think  
And sigh..., I should’ve known  
Honey, you lied when you said you’d rested today  
But I had no cause to doubt you  
Now the fire’s gone out and I’m standing there  
In the rosy rays of dawn’s light.  
So, if you just can’t stay awake,  
Then we can try another night.

SINGING  
Is your head filled with rest?  
Would next ev’ning be best?  
Tell me, dear, are you sleepy tonight?

## I Can't Help Falling Asleep at Night

By Mairi Ceolmhor, DC Grove  
Nov. 2001, for the Public Domain  
Original song "I Can't Help Falling in Love"  
Which was written by Perettil with Weis & Elvis Presley  
For the tune: <http://www.christeen.net/midi2.html>

Wise men say don't drink much wine  
But I couldn't help falling asleep at night  
And don't lean up against that pine  
'Cause I can't help falling asleep at night

Like the river flows  
Flowing to the sea  
Darling so time goes  
Some tries weren't meant to be

Take my hand, I can't stand-up right  
'Cause I can't help falling asleep at night.  
No, I can't help falling asleep at night.

\*\*\*\* \* \* \* \* \*

## Bardic Salvo #13: May 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002

### May (in Minnesota)

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove. October 2001  
Based on the classic song "Stay, Just a Little Bit Longer"  
No copyright is claimed, for the Public Domain.

Seductively spoken intro:

*"Oh baby, let's go and play in the field,  
and see what treasures they may yield,  
I know there's frost on the grass at dawn,  
But, I pray that the Gods'll hear this song."*

(start "Doo-wopping!")

May, ahhhh!, be a little bit warmer!  
Please, please, please, please, please,  
Tell me that you will warm-up.

Now the rain I don't mind,  
And the wind I don't mind,  
If we have a nice warm day, ya,  
Just one more time.

Oh, won't Beltane be, just a little bit warmer,  
This cold saps all our youthful ardors.

Won't you place your sweet lips to mine,  
Won't you say you love me 'spite frost & rime.

Oh, ya, just a little bit warmer,  
Please, please, please, please, please,  
Tell me that you will warm-up.

Come on, come on, come on, May,  
Come on, come on, come on, May, in Mi-nne-so-ta.  
Come on, come on, come on, May, May, May, May  
Come on, come on, come on, May.

## Mother Earth

By Donald Edwards, 2001, for the public Domain.  
Currently composing music, but feel free to make your own  
tune or give me a call and I'll sing it for you.

The morning dew lays upon the grass,  
As golden rays shed first light,  
The songbirds sing in the beginning,  
And help chase away the night.

A gentle breeze softly blowing,  
Each little blade and stem,  
And whispering among the trees,  
And sway each Bardic Hem.

Her breath as sweet as heather,  
Her touch as soft as fine sand,  
Her essence breathing new strength,  
To all across the land.

Praise the loving Druids,  
Who tend her with such care,  
For they do know the love she gives,  
And her gifts she does willing share.

HEAR THESE WORDS OF THE DRUIDS,  
FOR ALL YE LEND AN EAR,  
OUR GREATEST LOVE IS OUR MOTHER EARTH,  
WITHOUT HER, WOULD YOU BE HERE?

The shouting is intended to fill the world with awareness of  
all Mother Earth does for them.

# A Book of Songs

## and Poetry

### Volume Seven 2003

## The 2002-3 Bardic Contest

### 2003 Introduction

In the Time of Sleep between Samhain 2002 and Beltane 2003, the RDNA had a bi-weekly Bardic filk contest wherein the members took popular tunes and wrote new lyrics. We had over 40 entries during these 25 weeks, and I hope that they provide use in liturgies, festivals and late night bonfire sing-a-longs. Please check with the original authors, regarding use of copy-right materials.

### Rules of the Contest

I cordially invite the reader to pass the winter doldrums away by writing poetry, stories, songs and chants. You need not submit (we are not "Islam,") but I strongly urge you to pay off the karma of avoiding those forest walks, because you're afraid of freezing your tootsies off in the cold.

Last year we had 15 competitors, and despite Mairi's departure, I hope that everyone will get over their shyness and share their thoughts. Due to a resounding lack of competitors for judgeship, I will oversee the contest. I will be impartial as necessary. Send them to me, Eric Powers, at [ericpowers229@hotmail.com](mailto:ericpowers229@hotmail.com)

### Standards

1. Poems, songs, chants, short stories are accepted. About 2 or 3 will be published at [www.geocities.com/mikerdna/bard2.html](http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna/bard2.html) every 2 weeks starting November 1st until May 1st (inclusive.)
2. We are not responsible for lost compositions or your local weather.
3. We do not recompense the author, and the top three selections (chosen at then end by me and a dart board) will only receive slim praise and a metaphoric warm pat-on-the-back.
4. The words must be your own, but paraphrasing and spoofing is fine.
5. You may borrow pre-existing tunes (i.e. "filk" them) or send original music files with a simple tune (no vocals, perhaps, to save space) plunking out the melody.
6. All submissions are assumed to be without copyright and internet published as Book of Songs and Poetry without profit to anyone, unless the poster indicates otherwise.
7. Overtly racist, sexist, genderist, and other nasty stuff will be nixed, but if you're clever enough to do so subvertly, congratulations.
8. No bribes under \$1000 will be accepted. We must have our principles.
9. Non-seasonal topics are accepted (you can write summer poems for December) and this is no preferred bias for humor or depressive tones.
10. There is no #10.

### Participants

Anonymous #1  
Pat Haneke #1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12  
John #1, 2, 7, 13  
BrightMirage #1, 2, 3, 8  
Nebraskan Druid #2  
Keith Deem #2  
Cheeky RDNA Druids #2  
Mike Scharding #3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13  
Danae Jett #4  
Nozomi Kibou #4  
Eric Powers #4, 5, 10  
Rachel #5  
Missouri Druid #6  
Shane #7  
Sweetfaery #8  
Caroline Boston #9  
Various Authors #10  
Chris Middleton #11  
Mairi Ceolmhor #11  
Victoria Dunseith #13  
Oriana Lewallen #13  
Jeanette Randal #13  
Vanessa Sanders #13

### The Winner

The winner was Bright Mirage's "I Am" in Bardic Salvo #3 on Nov. 28<sup>th</sup>, 2002. Eric thought that although Mike and Pat should get award for sheer output, his favorite submission was Mirage's. Her work was a powerful example of the questing spirit common in the Reform and should strike a chord on the heart strings of all the Druids. He also thought she would make a capital poet, despite using only lower case.

### Bardic Salvo #1: Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>, 2002

#### Unpronounceable Deity Chant

From Anonymous, July 2002  
Sung to "Isis Astarte"  
Public Domain

"I thought it would be nice to add my own version to the award winning spoof from last year. Here you go."

Camaxtli, Canzotz, Tlaloc, Tlazolteol,  
Hunapu, Itzamna, Xochipilli

#### I Will Survive

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove, June 2002  
"I Will Survive" by Gloria Gaylor in the 70s  
For the Public Domain

[www.superseventies.com/midjukebox/iwillsurvive.mid](http://www.superseventies.com/midjukebox/iwillsurvive.mid) Music  
"Okay, it's a bit over the top, and I'm really not this bitter, but some people are, and this song is for them. Keep up the good fight."

At first I was afraid I was petrified  
Kept thinkin' I could never live  
Without your God by my side  
But then I spent so many nights

Thinkin' how YOU did me wrong  
And I grew strong  
And I learnt how to get along  
I know your belief system is corrupt  
I just walked in to find you here  
With that flock of sheep to back you up  
I should have made you read other books  
I should have made you love diversity  
If I'd've known for just one second  
You'd be back to bother me.

Go on now, go walk out the door  
Just turn around now  
(Cause) you're not in charge anymore  
Weren't you the one who tried to  
Hurt me with the "good" book  
Did I crumble  
Did you think I'd kneel down and cry?

Oh no, not I. I will survive  
Oh as long as I know how to think  
I know I'll stay alive;  
I've gone and joined a Druid group  
To my sick soul they're chicken soup, and  
I'll survive,  
I will survive. Hey hey.

[Interlude]

It took all the strength I had not to scratch n' chafe  
Kept trying hard to mend the pieces  
Of my broken faith  
And I spent oh so many nights  
Just feeling sorry for myself  
I used to cry  
But now I hold my head up high  
And you see me with new gods  
I'm not that chained up little person  
Like all you silly clods  
And so you feel like droppin' in  
And just expect me to recant,  
Now I'm savin' all my prayin'  
For some gods who aren't tyrants.

Go on now, go walk out the door  
Just turn around now  
(Cause) you're not in charge anymore  
Weren't you the one who tried to  
Hurt me with the "good" book  
Did I crumble  
Did you think I'd kneel down and cry?

Oh no, not I. I will survive  
Oh as long as I know how to think  
I know I'll stay alive;  
I've gone and joined a Druid group  
To my sick soul they're chicken soup, and  
I'll survive,  
I will survive. Hey hey.

[Repeat various verses and choruses and fade away....]

## Mabon

By John Odencrantz, Aug. 2002  
Original poem/song. Copy Right Reserved

"A Nov. 1 contest date could be a little late for the topic, but here goes, anyway. Lots of obscure allusions to Welsh stories and, yes, I'm a Dylan Thomas fan. I may send more stuff later."

A dog, a deer, a bird were half the reasons  
for sun and seasons, balancing their light,  
sent raving roving fools beatific visions  
of trees blown half ablaze from crown to root.

The light and shadow thrashing in the leaves,  
the pruning knife that splits and joins the wood,  
the corn and hazelnuts affirm "My love's  
a raven in the snow, three drops of blood."

Eagle and owl, unlucky love-birds! Black-  
in-white-in-black or white-in-black-in-white  
of bird-in-eye-in-bird, this deadly pact  
is scribbled in a folded beam of light.

A sooty hen among her milky barley  
reverts to woman's shape to give it birth.  
Where midnight sea waves rock the Bardic boy  
her moon's egg hatches out a universe.

## Wild One

By BrightMirage, Bamboo Grove, Summer/Fall 99  
Original Poem, so if anyone should choose to use any of it, please  
have them contact me at [psyche@udel.edu](mailto:psyche@udel.edu)

...  
i am the wild one  
she of the midnight black hair  
streaked with shimmering gold,  
flowing in the breeze  
...  
the one with the wild glance  
untamed, feral  
whose silver laughter  
glistens in the  
morning mist and evening fog  
...  
the night breeze whips around my face  
invigorating, tantalizing, enticing.  
wings of phantom fire  
spread as i take flight  
...  
a spring into the air, and i am  
in my element  
soaring above the grey,  
silent, bleak world  
...  
light as Hawk's feather  
strong as Spider's silken strand,  
i take this time to nourish my Soul  
...  
the Earth below me  
Rain clouds above  
Fiery wings upon my back  
Air upholding me  
...  
True freedom is found,  
Peace comes in a fleeting moment  
to rest in my Soul

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #2: Nov. 13<sup>th</sup>, 2002

### Samhain

By John Odencrantz, July 2002  
Original Poem.

Samhain This mask foretells a vulture silence  
and skeleton. Do apples grow  
in gardens on the mermaids' islands?  
We feed our devils money now.  
Our gape engulfs the creatured ocean,  
a bag of SUVs our goad.  
Facing-Three-Ways, with her question,  
is seated by a forking road.  
Thunder crackles in a reed.  
For morning's children, bird and leaf,  
a lantern head will nurture seed  
or clock wheels grind our fears to grief.  
In time the Washer at the ford  
reclaims her shamed or honored sword.

### Knockin on Samhain's Door

By Anonymous RDNA Druid from Nebraska  
Nov 2002, For the Public Domain  
Original Lyrics from Bob Dylan's "Knockin on Heaven's Door"  
1967  
<http://bobdylan.50g.com/BD-BDYLAN-Knockin%20On%20Heaven's%20Door-1.mid> for music.

Server, take these ribbons from me  
I can't use them anymore  
It's getting too dark to see  
Feel I'm knocking on Samhain's door

Chorus:  
Knock, knock, knockin' on Samhain's door (x4)

Server, put the whiskey away.  
We won't use them anymore  
Winter's here with sober days  
I feel I'm knockin' on Samhain's door.

Chorus:  
Knock, knock, knockin' on Samhain's door (x4)

[Repeat final quartet as needed.]

### The Fallen Celt

By Keith Deem ([keithdeem@theriver.com](mailto:keithdeem@theriver.com))  
Original Poem  
October 2002 Copyright reserved  
"I am not a Reformed Druid of North America, but consider myself practiced in the Bardic arts, and loyal to the concepts of Druidry. My name is Keith Deem. My poem is a desperate and sad warning to use our resources wisely, and listen to those who try to preserve them. Here is my poem. Sincerely: Keith"

The warrior poet arose before the dawn of time,  
Ascending against evil within the soul of man,  
Searching for balance and steadfast truth,  
Love and memories from the heart,  
Struggling to overcome the self,  
That greed that destroys all,  
The diverse existence,  
Lamenting despair,  
Always hoping,  
Until,  
All has perished,  
Dreams of evermore,  
All has faded to extinction,  
When not even the fittest survive,  
There can be no survival of the fittest,  
The desire of the few consuming all there is,  
All that will ever be, wasted, fading, falling, marching  
Over the earth's trampled tears and poet's broken heart,  
Into the endless void of ebb and flow, the deep sleep of time

### I Am the Very Model of a Modern A.D.F. Druid

By Some Cheeky Reformed Druids ,  
Original "I am the very model of a modern major-general"  
For the Public Domain, Oct 2002  
<http://math.boisestate.edu/gas/pirates/p13.mid> for music.  
"Apologies tendered in advance to A.D.F., but the muse has spoken."

#### SENIOR DRUID

We are the very model of the ADF syndicate  
Completed all the paperwork in 501-c triplicate  
My documents have stated that I really can go hug a tree  
As long as all the hugging will reflect the proper P-I-E  
Although the Druids didn't live in parts of southern Pakistan  
The ADF has told me go ahead and be one if I can  
If Dumezil has said its so then ADF law it shall be  
Who cares if it is Celtic because memberships are all we need

#### ALL

Who cares if it is Celtic because memberships are all we need  
Who cares if it is Celtic because memberships are all we need  
Who cares if it is Celtic because memberships are all we really  
really need

#### SENIOR DRUID

We are a church because the state says so categorical  
With a dozen staff involved in matters financ-i-al  
Our seminary program was first and really quite radical

Even though the grading staff has gone on a sabbatical  
ALL Our seminary program was first and really quite radical  
Even though the grading staff has gone on a sabbatical

#### SENIOR DRUID

I know our mythic history from Celtic to Indo-Iranian  
I can cite the gods from Nordic lands to Peloponesian  
I spend my nights in libraries with ancient texts thick in dust  
I have not time for trees since for Druids study is a must

We're the fastest growing religion with lots of new improvements  
Unfortunately our numbers are dropping due to poor recruitment  
We've given up that Wiccan bunk and moved up since R.D.N.A.  
We've dropped such colorful excesses and instead chose a dismal  
grey

ALL  
They've stopped such colorful excesses and instead chose a  
dismal grey  
They've stopped such colorful excesses and instead chose a  
dismal grey  
They've stopped such colorful excesses and instead chose a  
dismal grey

SENIOR DRUID  
Then I can write a washing bill in old Irish on birch ogham sticks  
And tell you how a high culture was preserved by some illiterate  
hicks  
When we say "Why not excellence?," our ego, please do not  
suspect  
For to play along with the Big Boys you must first earn their  
respect.

ALL  
When we say "Why not excellence?," our ego, please do not  
suspect  
For to play along with the Big Boys you must first earn their  
respect.

SENIOR DRUID  
In fact, when I know what is meant by "Robbie Burns" and "La  
Tene urns"  
When I can tell at sight a Valkirie from the thunder god Perkon.  
Producing such accomplished priests is our proud specialty  
Why, in fact, in twenty years we've produced about two or three.

When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern  
theology  
When I know more of dogma than a novice in organic chemistry  
In short, when I've finally mastered the world's longest liturgy  
You'll say a better modern Druid priest has never touched a tree.

ALL  
You'll say a better modern Druid priest has never touched a tree.  
You'll say a better modern Druid priest has never touched a tree.  
You'll say a better modern Druid priest has never touched a tree.

SENIOR DRUID  
For our religious knowledge, though we're pluck and adventury,  
Tries to merge modern life with one back Thirty century  
No four quarters, our's is divided into the earth, sky and fluids  
We are the very model of the modern A.D.F. Druids

ALL  
No four quarters, our's is divided into the earth, sky and fluids  
We are the very model of the modern A.D.F. Druids

## A Million to One

By Bright Mirage  
Original Poem  
Summer 98, Copyright  
"Here are a few of my poems...each starts at the -title- (just stating  
the obvious.) thanks! all should be credited to BrightMirage as the  
author. if anyone should choose to use any of it, please have them  
contact me at [psyche@udel.edu](mailto:psyche@udel.edu) Thanks!"

...  
hope beyond hope  
can there be some  
miracle  
to beat the odds  
a million to one...  
heavy words  
...

what about the one?  
whispery-winged hope  
fluttering beyond the  
bondage of probability  
and sour reality

...  
fly free  
come to me tonight  
give me hope that  
it is possible to  
scorn the gray  
bleakness of the world  
and soar in the  
azure and brilliant silver  
sky

...  
i want to fly above  
the grey rain clouds  
dance above the mundane...  
exist in a world of  
emotion passion soul and spirit  
free and unchained

\*\*\*\*\*

Bardic Salvo #3: Nov. 28<sup>th</sup>, 2002

## They Call Me Fluid Druid

By Pat Haneke  
Oct 2002 For the Public Domain  
Original Song "Mellow Yellow" by Donovan 1966  
Music at

[www.geocities.com/CapeCanaveral/Cockpit/1344/midi/Mellow.midi](http://www.geocities.com/CapeCanaveral/Cockpit/1344/midi/Mellow.midi)

I'm just mad about rock rings  
Green trees give me a thrill  
I think deep on most things  
Sip long nights on a hill

{Refrain}  
They call me fluid druid  
(Quite rightly)  
They call me fluid druid  
(Quite rightly)  
They call me fluid druid

I'm just mad about triples,  
Wales, Gaul, Ireland  
I'm just mad about sickles  
World in a grain of sand

{Refrain}

Past ideas behind follow  
Forward new unknown road  
Heard ways broad and narrow  
Tending seeds that I sowed

{Refrain}

(So fluid, he's so druid)

Eclectical religion  
Is gonna show us some new ways  
Eclectical religion  
Is bound to be growing these days.

{Refrain}

Rock rings, yeah,... ..  
Green trees give me a thrill  
I think deep on most things  
Sip long nights on a hill

{Refrain}

(Oh so fluid, oh so druid)

{2nd verse, Refrain, 3rd Verse. Refrain, 4th Verse, Refrain, etc. to fade}

## Reformed Druids

By Mike Scharding, Digitalis Grove  
Nov 2002, Public Domain  
Based on "New York, New York" by Frank Sinatra  
Right-click below to open a new window to listen to the sing-a-long music at <http://users.cis.net/sammy/newyork.htm> Yet another pro-RDNA anthem. (^o^)/

[Short musical prelude]

Winds blowing off leaves, I'm seeking a new way  
I want to be a part of those Reformed Druids  
These vagabond shoes, are longing to stray  
Right through the many mysteries, Reformed Druids

I want to grow out in a new faith, that doesn't cringe  
And find I'm not that bad off - here on the fringe.

Those little mind blues, are melting away  
I'm gonna make a brand new start of it - with the Druids  
If I can find truth there, I'll find it everywhere  
I'll walk with you - Reformed Druids.

(Musical interlude)

Re---formed Dru---ids  
I want to grow out in a new faith, that doesn't cringe  
To find one way, yea, one way among many  
Jump through the fires and with hardly a singe

Those little mind blues, are melting away  
I'm gonna make a brand new start of it - with the Druids  
If I can find truth there, I'll find it everywhere  
I'll walk with you - Reformed Druids.

-I am-

By BrightMirage  
Original Poem  
Spring 1999  
Here are a few of my poems...each starts at the -title- (just stating the obvious.) thanks! all should be credited to BrightMirage as the author. if anyone should choose to use any of it, please have them contact me at [psyche@udel.edu](mailto:psyche@udel.edu) Thanks!

a whirlwind spirit  
dancing thru the flames  
leaping into the clouds  
touching the crystal rain  
reaching for the sun

...  
striving to belong  
as the eagle on the wind  
as the porpoise in the sea  
as the tiger in the forest

...  
seeking a higher light  
a ray of hope  
a purpose and meaning  
in the madness of life

...  
seeking a peace  
that will soothe the pain  
that lurks in my soul  
behind the bright smile  
and pretty eyes

...  
seeking to fill  
the void in my soul  
that aches for love  
with a love that will  
reach beyond  
the limits of Time  
...  
seeking true wisdom  
tried and true  
something to guide me

in the confusion of  
the multitude of answers for sale  
in this world

...  
seeking to believe  
in something higher than myself  
to trust and believe  
with all of my heart ...

## Healing

By BrightMirage  
Original Poem  
Spring, 1999  
Here are a few of my poems...each starts at the -title- (just stating the obvious.) thanks! all should be credited to BrightMirage as the author. if anyone should choose to use any of it, please have them contact me at [psyche@udel.edu](mailto:psyche@udel.edu) Thanks!

heart of darkest midnight  
arms reaching out for comfort

...  
grey mist swirls upwards  
cloaking, concealing,  
comforting

...  
hide me away in your heart  
Mother Gaia  
let me rest awhile  
from the weary world  
...  
free me of the pain that  
throbs thru my mind and being

...  
bless me with  
the joy that resides in the spring  
the freedom of the eagle in the air  
the patience of the tiger on the prowl  
the playfulness of newborn cubs  
the wisdom of the owl  
the delight of the dolphins riding the waves

...  
nourish me and care for me  
in my time of weakness and pain

...  
heal me with  
the gentle murmur of the breeze  
the renewal of the rain  
the everlasting power of the waves  
the silent power of the rocks  
the freshness of growing things  
the gentle warmth of the sun  
the cool caress of the moon

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #4: Dec. 11th, 2002

### The Netherworld

by Danae Jett a.k.a. "Jade Wolf"  
Oct 2002 For the Public Domain  
Original Song "Mellow Yellow" by Donovan 1966  
Right-Click below and open a new window to listen to the music  
<http://www.smickandsmodoo.com/aaa/lyrics/margaritaville.htm>  
Here's something I composed about 2 years ago. It pretty much  
summed up my confusion as a newbie back then.

Sittin' on my front porch, playing with my Quija board,  
Trying to find someone to make sense of it all.  
I called up Gerald Gardner to be my magickal partner.  
He just said, "Hey, woman, leave me alone!"

Wasting away again in the Netherworld.  
Searchin' for my lost Tarot cards.  
Some people claim that there's a Christian to blame,  
But I know it's nobody's fault.

Tried to read Crowley, but he's kind of scary.  
That damned LaVey gave me the wrong kind of advice.  
But, Laurie tried to help me, and Scott never left me,  
But what they said, I don't understand at all.

Wasting away again in the Netherworld.  
Searchin' for my lost Tarot cards.  
Some people say that there's a Jew to blame,  
But I know, hell, it could be my fault.

Don't know the reason I stay here all season.  
I have nothing to show but this magickal name.  
But it's kinda pretty, and a wee bit silly.  
What It means I haven't a clue.

Wasting away again in the Netherworld.  
Searchin' for my lost Tarot Cards.  
Some people claim that there's a Hindu to blame,  
But I know it's my own damn fault.

## Winter Window

By Nozomi Kibou, Akita Grove  
December, 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original Poem.

All is good here  
The snow is deep,  
Lots of warm beer  
Earth is asleep.

## Minnesota

By Mike Scharding & Eric Powers, Digitalis Grove  
Nov, 2002, for the Public Domain,  
Original: Shenandoah is a traditional song.  
Right-Click below and open a new window to listen to the music  
at <http://tinchicken.com/songs/country/shenan.htm>  
What a beautiful MIDI, it's almost hymn like. You can change  
Minnesota to California or whatever mystical destination you'd  
like.

Oh Minnesota, I long to see you.  
Way hey, you fields & forest  
Minnesota, I long to see you.  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Potomac [or any large  
river or mountain range]

O Minnesota, I love your autumn  
Way hey, you fields & forest  
Your falling leaves, say snow will soon come  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Potomac

O Minnesota has frightening winters  
Way hey, you fields & forest  
Her fierce cold wind, make snowmen shiver  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Potomac

Seven Years, I went to Carleton  
Way hey, you fields & forest  
Seven more, a lonely quest  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Potomac

Oh Minnesota, I must now depart  
Way hey, you fields & forest  
But you remain in mind & heart  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Potomac

Oh Minnesota, now over mountains  
Way hey, you fields & forest  
Minnesota, you're wisdom's fountain  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Potomac

## Missionary's Song ("It's Not Unusual")

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove RDNA,  
August, 2002 for the Public Domain  
Lyrics: "It's not Unusual" by Tom Jones  
Right-Click below and open a new window to listen to the music  
[http://www.heavenlywebs.net/midis/oldies/itsnotunusual\\_tjones.mid](http://www.heavenlywebs.net/midis/oldies/itsnotunusual_tjones.mid)

NOTE: Please do not throw underwear at the author.

It's not unusual to worship a jealous desert god  
It's not unusual to have theology that is too hard

But when I see you worshipping nature like some clod  
It's not unusual to hear me cry, "Oh I hope you fry!"

It's not unusual to deny all the gods, but one,  
So, I hate to see you dance and prance praising the sun  
If your god fails, she's fake, but with mine, it's a mystery  
It's not unusual it'll happen soon some day, no matter what you say.

So, We pull it off nearly all the time  
Folk just never do what I want them to  
Why can't this crazy crowd be mine?

It's not unusual to undercut other faiths  
It's not unusual to say that they're unsafe  
But if I ever find that you've weakened at anytime  
It's not unusual to find I'm trying to convert you.  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh

## My Wishy-Washy Faith

By Mike Scharding, Digitalis Grove  
December, 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original by Billy Ray Cyrus (c.1995) "Don't Tell My Heart (My Achy-Breaky Heart)" "Goodness, but this is a catchy beat. I had a great deal of trouble considering what I'd do if someone dis'ed my faith (if that's what it is,) and the most violent comeback I could think of, was a careful examination of their own idiosyncrasies from an outside perspective (i.e. mine.) Hope you enjoy it. By the way, wasn't Dis (Pater) one of the Gods that Caeser said the Celts worshipped? If so, dis-ing is in our nature too!"  
[http://captain-dave.com/music\\_factory/achybrky.mid](http://captain-dave.com/music_factory/achybrky.mid)

You can say our group is just eclectic soup  
That we have no plan for when life ends.  
You can say our church will leave us in a lurch  
And we won't go to heaven with your friends.

Yes, we love our trees, so don't cut them down please  
They clean your air and shade your city streets  
You can keep your high walls, we'll answer nature's call  
And yes our fashion's just two tied bed sheets.

But don't dis my faith,  
My wishy-washy faith,  
I know you think we're just some fools;  
And if you dis my faith,  
My wishy-washy faith,  
You might hear yours judged by our own rules.

You can say you're pure, boast dogma's fine allure  
And morals chiseled in ancient days,  
We have our own codes, that we've picked up on the road  
We all can disagree and that's okay.

You can stay that stones, plants, animals alone  
Will never fill our soul's deepest needs  
But we can think ourself, or read books from the shelf  
We have a garden where you see only weeds.

But don't dis my faith,  
My wishy-washy faith,  
I know you think we're just some fools;  
And if you dis my faith,  
My wishy-washy faith,  
You might hear yours judged by our own rules.

[Repeat final chorus 6 or so times]

## ACHY BREAKY HEART LINE DANCE

CHOREOGRAPHER: Irene Groundwater  
COUNT: 32 TYPE: 4 Wall Line Dance LEVEL: Beginner  
MUSIC: Achy Breaky Heart by Billy Ray Cyrus

GRAPEVINE TO THE RIGHT WITH A TOUCH  
1-2 Right foot steps Right, Left crosses behind Right  
3-4 Right foot steps Right, Left touches beside Right

LEFT FORWARD, RIGHT SLIDES TO LEFT, REPEAT 3  
TIMES 5-6 Left foot forward, Right slides to Left  
changing weight onto Right  
7-8 Left foot forward, Right slides to Left foot changing weight  
onto Right  
9-10 Left foot forward, Right slides to Left foot changing weight  
onto Right  
11-12 Left foot forward, Right slides to Left foot changing weight  
onto Right

GRAPEVINE TO THE LEFT WITH A TOUCH  
13-14 Left foot steps left, Right crosses behind Left  
15-16 Left foot steps left, Right touches beside Left

3 STEPS BACK WITH A TOUCH  
17-18 Right steps back, Left steps back  
19-20 Right steps back, Left touches beside Right

LEFT FORWARD, RIGHT SLIDES TO LEFT, LEFT  
FORWARD, TOUCH RIGHT BESIDE LEFT  
21-22 Left steps forward, Right slides to left foot changing weight  
onto Right  
23-24 Left steps forward, Right touches beside Left

(1/4 TURN RIGHT) RIGHT FOOT FORWARD TO RIGHT,  
TOUCH LEFT TO RIGHT  
25-26 Right foot faces to the right (1/4 turn right,) Left touches  
beside Right

(1/2 TURN LEFT) LEFT FOOT FORWARD TO LEFT, TOUCH  
RIGHT TO LEFT  
27-28 Left foot faces to the left (1/2 turn left,) Right touches  
beside Left

GRAPEVINE TO THE RIGHT, FINISH WITH WEIGHT ON  
LEFT FOOT  
29-30 Right foot steps Right, Left crosses behind Right  
31-32 Right foot steps Right, Left closes to Right

REPEAT DANCE PATTERN AGAIN AND ENJOY

\*Choreographed for South Granville Seniors Center Line Dance  
Class for "Galaxy of Stars" Event  
Note: This step description may be freely copied and distributed,  
but may not be altered or re-written without the  
permission of the choreographer. All rights reserved.  
From: [aiground@attcanada.ca](mailto:aiground@attcanada.ca) (Irene Groundwater)

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #5: Dec. 26th, 2002

### Earth Goddess

By Eric Powers, Digitalis Grove, RDNA  
Nov. 2002 for the Public Domain  
Original "Teen Angel" by Mark Dinning  
Music at <http://www.garyrog.50megs.com/midi/teenangel.mid>

#### INTRO:

Earth Goddess, Earth Goddess, Earth Goddess, ooooooh....

That Samhain night, the door was closed  
The hand reached from the crack  
We rushed to you, but we were late,  
Carried away, but looking back

#### CHORUS:

Earth Goddess, can you hear me?  
Earth Goddess, are you near me?  
Are you somewhere down below?  
In Spring, will you let the new plants grow?

What was it you were looking for,  
When he took you that night?  
They say they found a pomegranate  
Clutched in your fingers tight.

#### Chorus

Just six long months that you'll be gone  
They'd taken you away.  
I hope to drink your waters again  
On that joyous warm May Day.

#### Chorus

Earth Goddess, Earth Goddess  
Answer me, please...

### Under the Dolmen

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove, RDNA  
December, 2002 for the Public Domain  
Originally "Under the Boardwalk" by the Drifters  
Music [www.discoverynet.com/~ajsnead/allsongs\\_1/bdwalk.html](http://www.discoverynet.com/~ajsnead/allsongs_1/bdwalk.html)

[Sidhe is pronounced "Shee"]

Oh when the sun beats down and burn the flowers on the heath  
And your head get so hot you wish you were ten feet beneath  
Under the dolmen, down with the Sidhe, yeah.  
On a tartan with my lassie is where I'd be.

From the road you hear the haunting sound of wee bag pipe  
Mm-mmm, you can taste the apples which are always ripe  
Under the dolmen, down with the Sidhe  
On a tartan with my lassie is where I'd be.

#### Chorus:

(Under the dolmen) out of the sun  
(Under the dolmen) we'll be havin' some fun  
(Under the dolmen) people working above  
(Under the dolmen) we'll be making love  
Under the dolmen (dolmen!)

[break]

Oooh, under the dolmen, down with the Sidhe, yeah  
On a tartan with my lassie is where I'd be.

Chorus

### Solstice Song

By Rachel  
July 17, 2002/07/29  
(Adapted from the popular Christian song "Shine Jesus Shine")  
Music [home.att.net/~icu8/midis/christian/shinejesusshine.htm](http://home.att.net/~icu8/midis/christian/shinejesusshine.htm)

This came to me at about 1am last night as I was trying to sleep...ah well. A belated Solstice song, but it might work for other holidays as well. Guitar chords might be on TabCrawler someplace, but the search function is down and I don't know who wrote the song, which is the only way to find songs at the moment. It works as an a capella tune in the meantime.

Shine, Be'al, shine,  
Fill this land with your Solstice blessings  
Blaze, balefire, blaze,  
Purify us tonight  
Flow, chalice, flow  
Let the Waters-of-Life be blessed  
Send forth the Sun, Bel  
And celebrate the light!

### I've Got Friends in Stone Circles

By Mike Scharding, Digitalis Grove in D.C.  
December 2002, Public Domain  
Original song by Garth Brooks, "I've got Friends in Low Places"  
Music at [http://captain-dave.com/music\\_factory/friends.mid](http://captain-dave.com/music_factory/friends.mid)

[Short intro music]

I upset those elites  
I showed up in sheets  
And ruined their interfaith prayer  
The rest had one god  
I looked like a clod  
I was barefoot with flowers in my hair  
I saw the surprise  
And concern in their eyes  
When I did a wild ritual dance  
They might not call  
Me to their winter ball  
But I don't mind if there's no chance.

'Cause I've got friends in stone circles  
Where the whiskey flows, and the sickles  
cut my blues away  
And I'll be okay  
I'm not big on dogma's shackles  
Think I'll stick close to those natural cycles  
Oh, I've got friends in stone circles

Well, I guess I did wrong  
I just don't belong  
Perhaps, it was my sacrifice?  
I guess its no good  
I should stay in the woods  
And just three escorts should suffice (oof!)  
Hey I didn't mean  
To cause a big scene  
Just gimme an hour out there and then

Well, I'll be as high  
As that place in the sky  
That you're so desperate to go in

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #6: Jan. 15th, 2003

'Cause I've got friends in stone circles  
Where the whiskey flows and the sickles  
Cut my blues away  
And I'll be okay  
I'm not big on dogma's shackles  
Think I'll stick close to those natural cycles  
Oh, I've got friends in stone circles

[Repeat chorus twice or until the end]

Optional 2nd Verse:

Well, I guess I did wrong I just don't belong  
Perhaps, it was my sacrifice?  
I guess its no good  
I should stay in the woods  
And just three escorts should suffice (oof!)  
Hey I didn't mean  
To cause a big scene  
I thought you'd like diversity  
Be dull, if you please  
I'll head back to the trees  
And resume my own ministry

### “Friends in Stone Circles” LINE DANCE

CHOREOGRAPHER: Unknown  
DESCRIPTION: 4 Wall Line Dance  
LEVEL: Beginner  
COUNTS: 24

By the way, CCW="Counter Clock wise"

COUNTS / STEP DESCRIPTIONS

ROCK STEPS:

1-4 Weight on left foot, begin with right foot rock forward then return weight to left foot.

Step right foot back to rock backward, then return weight to left foot.

1-1/4 PIVOT TURNS - 3 LEFT PIVOT TURNS AND STOMP/CLAP:

5-12 Step forward on right foot then change weight to left foot and make a 1/2 turn CCW.

Step forward on right foot then change weight to left foot and make a 1/2 turn CCW.

Step forward on right foot then change weight to left foot and make a 1/4 turn CCW.

Stomp with Right Foot, then clap and hold for last count while shift weight to left to get ready for the Raggae steps.

RAGGAE RIGHT - STEP RIGHT, WIGGLE, BRING LEFT NEXT TO RIGHT:

13-16 Step Right Foot to side for two beats, wiggle,  
Bring Left Foot beside right on third beat, wiggle/hold on 4.

RAGGAE LEFT TWICE - STEP LEFT, WIGGLE, BRING RIGHT NEXT TO LEFT:

17-20 Step Left Foot to side for two beats, wiggle.  
Bring Right Foot beside Left, wiggle/hold on 4.

21-24 Step Left Foot to side for two beats, wiggle.  
Bring Right Foot beside Left, wiggle/hold on 4.

BEGIN AGAIN!

### I'm Going to Start A Grove

By Mike Scharding, DC Grove, RDNA  
Dec. 2002 for the Public Domain  
Original "I'm in the mood for love" by Dorothy Fields  
Right-Click below and open a new window to listen to the music  
at <http://www.piano-bar.com/pages/moodlove.htm>

I'm going to start a grove  
Simply, because they're near me.  
Funny, when Druids're near me  
I'm going to start a grove.

When birds fly in the skies,  
Bright as the stars we're under  
Oh, is it any wonder  
I'm going to start a grove?

Why stop to think of whether  
This little dream might fade?  
We've followed paths together  
Now we are one, we're not afraid.

If there's a cloud above,  
If it should rain, we'll let it.  
That too's wisdom, we'll get it.  
I'm going to start a grove.

### One is the Loneliest Deity

By Anonymous RDNA Druid in Missouri  
Jan. 2003 for the Public Domain  
Original "One is the Loneliest Number" by Three Dog Night  
Music at <http://www.geocities.com/lavaskye/one.mid>

(Music start)

One is the loneliest deity that you'll ever have  
Two [or three] can be as bad as one  
It's the loneliest pantheon since the number one

(Music)

"Mono" is the saddest experience, I've ever known  
"Uno," is the dullest experience, to play alone  
'Cause one is the loneliest system that just will not grow.  
When you've the loneliest deity, it won't let you go.

It's just no good anymore since They went away  
Now I spend my days, just seeking ways, trying to pray  
One is the loneliest deity  
One is the loneliest deity  
One is the loneliest deity that you'll ever know  
One is the loneliest, one is the loneliest  
One is the loneliest deity that you'll ever know

It's just no good anymore since They went away

Number  
One is the loneliest  
Number  
One is the loneliest  
Number  
One is the loneliest deity that you'll ever know  
(Repeat in various forms)

## Like a Vigil

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove, RDNA  
September, 2002 for the Public Domain  
Based on "Like a Virgin" by Madonna  
[www.beautifulmadonna.com/midi/likeavirgin.mid](http://www.beautifulmadonna.com/midi/likeavirgin.mid) is hipper.

I went into the wilderness  
Somehow I made it through  
Didn't know how lost I was  
Until I found you

I was beat, incomplete  
I then cried, I was dyed black and blue,  
But I found my god  
Yea, I found my god  
Dalon ap Landu

Like a young god (Hey!)  
Invoked for the very first time  
Like a young god.  
When your winds talk  
Back to me

Gonna give you all my prayers, Dal  
My fears are fading fast  
Been saving them all for you  
'Cause only truth can last

You're so fine and you're mine  
I'll grow strong, yeah, I'll be divine  
Oh your way unleashed  
Yea, your ways unleashed  
Me from fears and lies.

Like a young god (Hey!)  
Invoked for the very first time  
Like a young god.  
When your winds talk  
Back to me

Oooh, oooh, ooohh

As a sign, I'll build a shrine  
I love your whiskey, (and not His wine.)  
'Cause it makes me feel  
Yeah, it makes me feel  
Like a fire that shines.

Like a young god  
Invoked for the very first time  
Like a young god.  
When your winds talk  
Back to me

Like a young god, ooh, ooh  
Like a vigiler  
So much truth inside  
When I hear you, and you wind blows, and you join me

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Ooh, Dalon  
Can't you please join with me in the dance of time?

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #7: Feb. 2nd, 2003

### Brigit Goldenhair

By John Odencrantz  
Jan 17, 2003, for the Public Domain  
Original was "Sister Golden Hair Surprise" by America  
Music at <http://www.siennabasenjis.com/sisterg.mid>

If you try to worship Sunday you will get too damned depressed.  
They may turn their light on one day, but for now just let them rest.  
Plant a tree at nature's altar, cycle plastic, write a rhyme.  
Just to stew in darkness sure would be a crime.

Others never think about her, Brigit Goldenhair. You try,  
But you just can't live without her, though it's hard to say just why.  
Every day you're more despondent, hope is too too hard to find.  
That's when Brigit blows her flame into your mind.

When the year's in winter's middle, when the snow is in the air,  
When the icicles are brittle then you know that Brigit's there.  
Try to fake it, I don't mind sayin' it just won't make it.

Others never think about her, Brigit Goldenhair. You try,  
But you just can't live without her, though it's hard to say just why.  
Every day you're more despondent, hope is too too hard to find.  
That's when Brigit blows her flame into your mind.

When the year's in winter's middle, when the snow is in the air,  
When the icicles are brittle then you know that Brigit's there.  
Try to fake it, I don't mind sayin' it just won't make it.

### Nobody Does it Simpler

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove  
January 2003, for the Public Domain  
Original "Nobody Does it Better" by Carley Simon  
("The Spy Who Loved Me")  
Music at <http://www.geocities.com/lavaskye/noboddoesbet.mid>

Nobody does it simpler  
Among many, you're just one way  
Nobody does it with such good humor  
Druids, . . . you're okay.  
I wasn't lookin'  
But somehow you found me  
I tried to hide from your fire's light  
But like ravens above me  
The Gods who love me  
Are teaching all their secrets through the night

And nobody does it simpler  
Though sometimes I wish someone could  
Nothing fills me quite the way you do  
From my bare-feet up to my hood.  
The ways that you told me  
Whenever you told me  
There's some kind of magic inside you  
That keeps me from runnin'

So just keep them comin'  
How can I learn to do those things you do?

No one does it simpler  
Among many, you're just one way  
Nobody does it with such good humor  
Druids  
Druids  
Dalon, you're o-kay  
Druids you're o-kay  
Druids you're o-kay

## Crazy For You

By Pat Haneke at Akita Grove  
December 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original "Crazy for You" by Madonna from "Vision Quest"  
Music at <http://www.sequinsbyeileen.com/midi/crazyforyou.mid>

(music prelude)

Swaying trees as the warm wind blows  
Druids watching the mixed whiskey's flow  
Four directions, now linked, become one  
We can see you through the smoky air  
What kind of lesson will you now share?  
You're so close, but still a world away  
What I'm dying to say, is that

CHORUS:

I'm crazy for you  
Teach me once, and I'll seek what's true  
I never wanted any faith like this  
It's all old yet new,  
I'm crazy for you,  
I'm crazy for you

Trying hard to direct my soul  
Insight's arrival is beyond control  
In the woods we meet, no words at all.  
Slowly, now as I leave my youth,  
Every breath, I'm deeper into truth  
Soon we both are dancing free in time  
If you read my mind, you'll know

CHORUS:

I'm crazy for you  
Teach me once, and I'll seek what's true  
I never want any faith like this  
It's all old yet new,  
I'm crazy for you,  
I'm crazy for you

*LAST PART (fade out):*

*It's old and yet new,  
I'm crazy for you  
And I must seem a fool  
I'm crazy, crazy for you*

## The Bloodletting of War

By Shane A. Saylor January 21, 2003

The shell hits the ground exploding with a thunderous clap.  
Spraying sand and earth everywhere, it hides the gross reality  
of war for only a small time. The hallowed eyes of the dead  
stare unendingly at the soldiers as the march by, always staring,  
never blinking. The eyes of the dead have the unique power of  
stirring the soul of even the most cold hearted soldier.

The soldiers trek from one battle to another, trying not to let  
their emotional and physical fatigue show through their  
hardened exterior. But they cannot fight it much longer. The  
constant swing of adrenaline rushes is taking its toll on them.  
And they wonder how much longer until allies are enemies and  
somebody dies of a avoidable mistake.

The generals keep sending them out, hoping the next battle  
will bring an end to this gruesome conflict. Too many have  
died in this holy war against terrorism. Grudge matches have  
no place on the battlefield. And this is exactly what the Iraq  
confrontation is. A grudge match to end all grudge matches.  
And there are no victors in a grudge fight.

The hatred in the air is as thick as bile, and just as foul tasting.  
The hatred blinds all to the reality that war makes no heroes,  
no great people. It only creates loss of life, loss of hope for  
peace. In the beginning and the middle of any war, there is  
no hope, only despair. It hangs over all like a blanket of eternal  
sadness, offering no escape.

And what of the children, the official of the war-torn country  
wonder. What about the children slain in this unholy  
conflagration??? What about the children who have lost their  
kin to this war? Who will feed them, care for them? Who is  
willing to reach out and offer hope to those without hope?  
Who will answer, answer the cries of the children in the night?

What embargos and tariffs do the beaten face? Who decides  
whether or not our victims deserve our help after we have  
devastated their homeland? After we have nearly destroyed  
all remnants of their culture? And do we idly sit by and wonder  
when they will visit on us the harsh lessons we have taught them?  
Or do we take action to help them?

But ponder this as you view the children dying in the streets  
of their hometowns, a town they thought safe. What price are  
we going to pay in the future for our actions? With each child,  
we take away their future. Who are we to decide their fate?

-----  
What is life? It is the flash of a firefly in the night. It is the breath  
of a buffalo in the wintertime. It is the little shadow, which runs  
across  
the grass and loses itself in the sunset. - Crowfoot, Native  
American  
warrior and orator (1821-1890)

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #8: Feb. 15th, 2003

### Ode to the RDNA Anthology

By sweetfaery\_hm@msn.com January 2003  
Sung to the tune of "This is the song that never ends"

This is the book that never ends  
It just goes on and on my friends,  
Some Druids started writing it  
Not knowing what it was.  
And they'll continue writing it forever just because  
This is the book that never ends...

### Strong, Yet Lost

A poem by Maryann (aka BrightMirage)  
(7.27.02 nearing midnight)

...  
I have courage in my heart  
yet I am lost  
A bright soul, seeking chances  
to open doorways towards fresh new possibilities  
...  
I want to cradle tiny sea turtle hatchlings  
in my hands, filled with love  
and watch them make a run for the ocean  
...  
I have so much life in me...  
I want to make changes to stop  
the ravagings of our human race  
upon the sacred Earth and her creatures  
...  
I want to see the world, breathing in  
the exhilarating air of adventure in Australia,  
plunging into the waters of the Pacific,  
swimming with wild dolphins on their own terms  
...  
I want to walk in a hushed, sacred forest  
where my brothers, sisters, and cousins of the wild  
still roam free and unhindered by Man  
Where the cycle of life moves and flows perfectly  
...  
All I lack is the key...  
The key that will open up the doorways  
to these sacred, exhilarating, awe inspiring moments  
...  
For my sanity, for my soul, for my spirit to fly,  
I must believe that someone such as I,  
bursting with vitality and life  
will not be denied the chance  
to shine, to make a difference  
for the wild ones...for myself  
...

## Secular Teaching

Parody by Mike Scharding  
Original Lyrics by Marvin Gaye "Sexual Healing."  
Music  
[http://www.geocities.com/midiruxpin/sexual\\_healing.mid](http://www.geocities.com/midiruxpin/sexual_healing.mid)  
More politically laden lyrics from Mike in D.C.

at

Baby, School's hot just like an oven,  
Don't like my coven  
And baby, I can't stand it much longer  
Bigotry's stronger and stronger

And when I hear that preaching I want secular teaching  
Secular teaching  
Teach nothing divine  
Just educate our minds.  
Secular teaching baby, is good for me  
Secular teaching is something that's good for me.

Whenever school vouchers are rising  
And my public taxes' supporting religious scripts  
There is something I can do  
I can get on the telephone and call my school board  
Honey, you know I'll be there to support them  
'Cause they have to deal with all that venom  
If you don't know how to stop school preaching  
I can tell you darling that it's secular teaching

Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up  
Let's make cause today  
Get up, get up, get up, get up  
Don't let 'em have their way

Baby, I got news this morning  
A sea is storming all around us.  
Our wise policy's capsizing  
Under a wave of proselytizing.

And when I hear that preaching  
I want secular teaching  
Secular teaching, is good for me  
Teach nothing divine, learn that at church  
Just educate our minds, and its good for us  
Secular teaching baby is good for me  
Secular teaching is something that's good for me

And it's good for me  
And it's good for me.  
My baby  
Ohhh

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #9: Mar. 1st, 2003

### MY LADY

A poem by Caroline Boston January 2003

O Radiant Queen! My Lady in blue,  
Flowing white veil around your head.  
What was your name? Not one person knew.  
Whyfore a Moon on which you tread?

Seven stars encircling in Night Sky,  
The Pentacle held within your hands.  
Thoughts that often made me cry,  
Of forgotten Time, and forgotten Lands.

O how I searched for you, My Queen,  
I knew that I'd known you at the Start.  
I knew in my Past, your sweet face I'd seen,  
I knew that I knew you, deep down in my Heart.

You have graced my life these past two years.  
You knew I would find your Name.  
You watched me face my deepest Fears,  
And you loved me just the same.

And didst thou guide me, Beauteous One,  
When Ancestral Clan I sought?  
I found a cousin, I had not known,  
So the Journey was not for nought!

I am content with who I am in this Life -  
Descendant of Samuel 1783,  
Of a Shoe Making clan of Worksop Town -  
'Tis good enough for me!

But take my hand, and again let us tread,  
On Lands where I have been.  
Let me remember all that was said,  
Arianrhod, my Heavenly Queen!

### Chalk Upon Her Hands

By Caroline Boston January 2002

A child so fair, with palest of skin  
Travails upon the Land  
Child of flowing, moonlit hair,  
With chalk upon her hands.

Billowing shift of pure white cloth,  
Flutters in the breeze.  
Her name is softly whispered  
By the Spirits of the trees.

Travails the child, beside her Clan,  
No wavering from the Course,  
White with chalk from the Land,  
She forms the Great White Horse.

Stands she now on Berkshire Downs,  
Knowing that this sight,  
Will please her God and Goddess,  
And aid them in their flight.

### Sister Druid

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove, RDNA  
January 2003, for the Public Domain  
Original Song was "Sister Christian," 1980s by Ranger Night  
MIDI music can be heard at  
<http://members.tripod.com/~ellisbell/Sisterch.mid>

[Introductory piano music]

Sister Druid, oh the time has come  
And you know you're the only one to say, OK  
Where you going, what you searching for?  
You know those guys don't want to play by the rules.  
It's true.

You're wavering  
How much till you fight?  
Defending all your rights,  
Let's make a stand tonight.

Friend, you know you're growing up so wise  
And yet we're worrying that you won't realize, your fate is here.  
Sister Druid, there's such crap in life  
Don't you give up on it till the strife, is through.  
It's true, it's true yeah.

You're standing firm  
Now you've seen the light  
You've got goals in your sights  
And planning through the night

[Refrain thrice]

Sister Druid, oh the time has come  
And you know that you're the only one to say, enough.  
But you're protesting  
Yeah, standing firm.

### Vigiler's Song

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove, RDNA  
Sep 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original "Memories" by Webber from the musical "Cats"  
Music at  
<http://www.angelfire.com/me4/midis/Midifiles/Memories.mid>

Midnight – not a sound from the forest  
And the moon's lost in the clouds.  
I am sitting alone.  
By the campfire, the withered leaves collect at my feet,  
And the wind begins to moan.

Vigiling – all alone in the moonlight.  
I have read of the old days,  
It was more simple then.  
I remember the first time I knew what Reform was.  
Let those memories live again.

Every religion seems to give only dire warnings  
Threats are muttered and the campfire sputters  
But soon it will be morning

Daylight, I must wait for the sunrise.  
I must think of a new life,  
And I mustn't give in.  
When the dawn comes, I will work for Dalon ap Landu  
And a new job will begun.

Burnt out ends of smokey logs  
The strange cold smell of morning.  
The campfire dies, another night is over,  
Another day is dawning.

Touch Her, it's so easy to ignore her.  
All alone with the Earth-Mother  
All my days in the sun.  
If you touch Her, you'll understand what Druidism is.  
Look, a new day has begun.

## Liturgy

By Mike, Digitalis Grove, RDNA  
January 2003, for the Public Domain  
Original "Memories" by Webber from the musical "Cats"  
Music at [www.angelfire.com/me4/midis/Midifiles/Memories.mid](http://www.angelfire.com/me4/midis/Midifiles/Memories.mid)

Mid-day, not a gust from the four winds  
Has the rite lost its potency?  
I try to improvise  
On the altar, the scribbled pages burn in a flash,  
And the winds begin to moan.

Liturgies, fixed praises in the sunlight  
We can relive the old days  
It was radical then  
I remember the way we ran free in the woods  
Let those actions live again.

Every season seems to bring clichéd repetition  
Something muttered and the green leaves flutters,  
And soon it is tradition.

Dogma, unexamined old beliefs  
Can choke out a group's life force,  
So we mustn't give in.  
When the rite ends, this rite must be a memory too.  
And a new view will begin

Burnt out thoughts and  
The stale cold smell of structure  
The muse's lamp dies, another creed is started

Reach out, it's so easy to mouth words,  
All the priests know that this is true  
During days in your grove  
If you feel them, you'll understand what devotion is,  
And for new days, choose new words.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bardic Salvo #10: Mar. 15th, 2003

### R-E-F-O-R-M-E-D

By Eric Powers, Digitalis Community  
For the Public Domain, August 2002  
Based on Aretha Franklin's "R-E-S-P-E-C-T"  
[http://rock.mididb.com/20021108/Franklin\\_Aretha/Respect.mid](http://rock.mididb.com/20021108/Franklin_Aretha/Respect.mid)

(ooh) What you want  
(ooh) Baby, I got  
(ooh) What you need  
(ooh) Don't you know I got it?  
(ooh) All I'm askin'  
(ooh) Is for a little respect when you live here (just a little bit)  
Hey baby (just a little bit) when you live here  
(just a little bit) mister (just a little bit)

I ain't gonna do you wrong if you're good  
Ain't gonna do you wrong (ooh) 'cause I don't wanna (ooh)  
All I'm askin' (ooh)  
Is for a little respect when you live here (just a little bit)  
Baby (just a little bit) when you live here (just a little bit)  
Yeah (just a little bit)

I'm about to share with you all my seas and lands  
And all I'm askin' in return, understand,  
Is to follow my tenets  
When you live here (just a, just a, just a, just a)  
Yeah baby (just a, just a, just a, just a)  
When you live here (just a little bit)  
Yeah (just a little bit)

Ooo, your fortunes (ooh)  
may be heaven blest (ooh)  
And guess what? (ooh)  
So is my harvest (ooh)

Ooo, your achievements (ooh)  
They're amazing (ooh)  
And guess what? (ooh)  
My temperature's raising (ooh)  
All I want you to do (ooh) for me  
Is change your ways when you live here (re, re, re ,re)  
Yeah baby (re, re, re ,re)  
Give it to me (reform, just a little bit)  
When you live here, now (just a little bit)

R-E-F-O-R-M-E-D  
Change your ways to live with me  
R-E-F-O-R-M-E-D  
Fix' em, A.S.A.P.

Oh (sock it to me, sock it to me,  
sock it to me, sock it to me)  
A little reform (sock it to me, sock it to me,  
sock it to me, sock it to me)  
Whoa, babe (just a little bit)  
A little respect (just a little bit)  
I get tired (just a little bit)  
Keep on tryin' (just a little bit)  
You're way overpollutin' (just a little bit)  
And I ain't lyin' (just a little bit)  
(re, re, re, re) 'formed  
When you live here (re, re, re ,re)  
Or you might wake up (reform, just a little bit)

And find out I'm mad (just a little bit)  
I got to have (just a little bit)  
A little reform (just a little bit)

## BIBLE BELT BLUES

By Various Authors at RDNAtalk  
Oct, 2002.  
Pick any bluesy rhythm.

### By Tegwedd

#### 1st Verse

I live in a Bible belt town  
Here even JW's & Unis get put brutally down  
I just wanna talk about Druidy stuff  
Hope you guys think I'm Pagan enough

#### First Chorus

Oh, it's the Bible Belt blues  
It's the Bible Belt blues  
Makes me feel so alone,  
Can't even talk Druid on the telephone

#### 2nd Verse

Those folks just go Bible thumpin' along  
If you listen you can hear their Jesus song  
I just wanna hear the wind through the trees  
Somebody help me, talk Druidry please!

#### First Chorus

Oh, it's the Bible Belt blues  
It's the Bible Belt blues  
Makes me feel so alone,  
Can't even talk Druid on the telephone

### By johnness44@hotmail.com

#### 3rd Verse

From tent meeting to watering hole  
They're all worried about my soul  
You know it's for the best they say  
Think I'll move to Califon-I-A

#### 2nd Chorus

Got the bible belt blues  
Way down south  
Got the bible belt blues  
Been told to shut my mouth

### By she\_of\_the\_storm@yahoo.com

#### 4th Verse

Wanted to walk me down the aisle  
Wanted to show that I'm God's child  
Didn't think about what's on my mind  
Didn't see that I'm the Nature kind

#### 2nd Chorus

Got the bible belt blues  
Way down south  
Got the bible belt blues  
Been told to shut my mouth

#### 5th Verse

I just wanna hear the wind through the trees  
I just wanna feel an evening breeze  
Isn't there someone who can help me out?  
Any Druid stuff that we can talk about?

2nd Chorus  
Got the bible belt blues  
Way down south  
Got the bible belt blues  
Been told to shut my mouth

### By Gandalf

#### 6th Verse

I was raised by Southern Baptists  
They wanted me to be a preacher  
I couldn't accept their faith tests  
The Goddess, I had to meet her

#### 2nd Chorus

Got the bible belt blues  
Way down south  
Got the bible belt blues  
Been told to shut my mouth

### By Tegwedd

#### 7th Verse

Outlander remembers says I understand  
I bet he had his trouble with the good ole preacher man  
Preacher man says do as the Bible done told  
I just want to enjoy nature as I grow old

#### 3rd Chorus

Yeah, I'm stuck in the Bible Belt way down south  
Where all the women got to shut their mouths  
But on this list I got my say,  
It's good to live the Druid way

#### 8th Verse

I was raised by the Baptists  
Got myself wrapped in  
a born again cocoon  
What the hell happened?

#### 9th Verse

All I wanted was to  
Play in the forest  
Romp through the meadows  
Listen to the breeze  
Talkin' to the trees

#### 3rd Chorus

Yeah, I'm stuck in the Bible Belt way down south  
Where all the women got to shut their mouths  
But on this list I got my say,  
It's good to live the Druid way

### By brightmirage ;)

#### 10th Verse

Autumn leaves are falling down,  
Wondrous rustles as my feet touch the ground.  
Nature kisses my very soul,  
Why can't these Bible thumpers FEEL what I KNOW

#### 3rd Chorus

Yeah, I'm stuck in the Bible Belt way down south  
Where all the women got to shut their mouths  
But on this list I got my say,  
It's good to live the Druid way

\*\*\*\*\*

## Gods Bless America

### Bardic Salvo #11: April 1st, 2003

#### Something to Look Forward to

By Chris Middleton, Carleton, c.1999

I was eating a rather bland breakfast  
When suddenly  
I died  
Moments later my spirit was wheeling from the experience  
My vision blurred as the room about me spun into a crazed mix of  
colors  
A blender full of the rich hues of every fruit  
Every berry.  
Soon all reality and the bowl of oatmeal below me dipped and  
sank into the thick syrupy afterlife  
My spirit was now sticky with the great beyond-  
Tastes like blueberries-  
Then a darkness, more liquid than coffee, washed over me as I  
ascended to the light  
Could this be death I wondered as I drew my hands through a  
stream of caffeinated Hereafter  
I thought of all the orange slices, the Mandarin, Naval, and  
Tangerine  
I recalled the Grapefruit and Melons  
Those distinct memories of Kiwis, Sandpears and Mangos  
All those times I had feasted  
Those times when I had refused to take a single citrus section  
It was there that I came to a Toast Point  
I landed gracefully near a sea of tranquil raspberry jam  
Along the toasted beach, the waves kicked up a froth of pancakes  
People wandered in bedclothes holding hands and holding  
newspapers  
I knew I had reached the land where breakfast never ended  
And sighed deeply, turning to English muffin thoughts, and  
knowing that I'd never have to go to early morning Spanish  
again.

#### Untitled for Obvious Reasons

By Chris Middleton, Carleton c.1999

Three men are seated at a table in Purgatory  
They are silent  
Around them are thousands of silent, caged, parrots  
Just as in heaven, just as in hell  
  
In heaven the parrots learn words and continue the conversations  
When the people are silent  
In hell the parrots learn words and  
Interrupt whoever speaks  
In Purgatory the parrots learn words,  
But are always silent  
The three men in Purgatory  
Do not know this

By Mairi Ceolmhor, DC Grove, RDNA  
October 2001, for the Public Domain  
Original "God Bless America" by Irving Berlin 1918, & 1938  
Patriotic Music can be heard at  
[www.geocities.com/god\\_bless\\_america\\_lyrics/godbless.mid](http://www.geocities.com/god_bless_america_lyrics/godbless.mid)

Drum Roll Spoken Introduction:

"While the Ozone fades thin all across the globe  
Let us swear a strong oath as we don our robes.  
Let us all be grateful for the lands so fair  
And pour forth our efforts in a solemn prayer."

Gods Bless America,  
Both North and South,  
Africa, Asia  
Europe, Australia  
And all that lies in between

From the mountains,  
To the prairies  
To the oceans,  
And deep loam.

Gods Bless our Ecosphere, our tight-linked home.

[Repeat song]

#### God Out of Politics

By Mike, Digitalis Grove, RDNA  
December 2002, for the Public Domain  
Original "God Bless America" by Irving Berlin 1918, & 1938  
Patriotic Music can be heard at  
[www.geocities.com/god\\_bless\\_america\\_lyrics/godbless.mid](http://www.geocities.com/god_bless_america_lyrics/godbless.mid)

Drumbeat accompanied Spoken Introduction  
"While the Far Right gathers to push through their plans  
Let us all remember the promise of this land  
Let us all be grateful for private liberty  
And stop official religiosity."

God Out of Politics  
The state is not your church  
You may guide her,  
Not override her  
Constitutional liberties!

Heed the crusades  
And the abuses  
And civil wars  
That soon flower.

God out of politics, keep them apart.

[Repeat song]

\* \* \* \* \*

## Bardic Salvo #12: April 15th, 2003

### Have Yourself a Bonny Blithe Beltane

By Mike Scharding, Digitalis Grove, RDNA  
August, 2002, for the Public Domain  
Music and original lyrics at  
[www.geocities.com/ohtoad/xmas/HaveMerryXmas.html](http://www.geocities.com/ohtoad/xmas/HaveMerryXmas.html)

“Have yourself a bonny blithe Beltane  
Let the fires burn real bright  
Go collect some flowers  
In the morning light.

Have yourself a bonny blithe Beltane  
Bake the sun-burst bread  
When you drink whiskey  
It'll go to your head

Here we are as in olden days  
Happy golden days of yore,  
Faithful friends who are dear to us  
Gather near to us once more.

Through the years  
We all will be together  
If the Fates allow,  
Swing a ribbon fair  
From the highest pole  
And have yourself  
A Bonny blithe Beltane, now.

### I Can't Get No Ordination

By Pat Haneke, Akita Grove, RDNA  
November, 2002, for the Public Domain  
Lyrics: I Can't Get No) Satisfaction (Jagger/Richards)  
Music at :  
<http://www.sharonkay.com/midi/icantgetnosatisfaction.midi>

I can't get no ordination, I can't get no ordination  
But I try and I try and I try and I try  
I can't get no, I can't get no

When I'm walking in the woods with the ArchDruid of the Grove  
He's tellin' me more and more about some useless information  
Supposed to fire my imagination.

I can't get no. Oh, no, no, no. Hey, hey, hey  
That's what I say  
I can't get no ordination, I can't get no ordination  
'Cause I try and I try and I try and I try  
I can't get no, I can't get no

When I took their study course and new research made it worse  
Sayin' how the druids should be  
But I can't join that grove, 'cause it doesn't hold  
The same true dogma as me.

I can't get no. Oh, no, no, no. Hey, hey, hey  
That's what I say  
I can't get no ordination, I can't get no ordination  
'Cause I try and I try and I try and I try  
I can't get no, I can't get no

Now I've surfed sites 'round the world, and I'm doin' this and  
I'm payin' that  
And I'm tryin' to join some group, who tells me  
Brother, better come back maybe next life  
Cause we don't do that with our knife.

I can't get no. Oh, no, no, no. Hey, hey, hey  
That's what I say. I can't get no, I can't get no  
I can't get no ordination, no ordination  
No ordination, no ordination

\* \* \* \* \*

## Bardic Salvo #13: May 1st, 2003

### Dalon Ap Landu

By Mike, Digitalis Grove  
Feb 2003, for the Public Domain  
Original was the “Scooby Doo” Theme.  
Music at [www.geocities.com/EnchantedForest/3607/scoobyd.mid](http://www.geocities.com/EnchantedForest/3607/scoobyd.mid)

Dalon ap Landu, who are you?  
We gaze up at your green boughs.  
Dalon ap Landu, what are you?  
We need to hear from you now.  
Come on Lord of Groves, you see our sacrifice is green and  
perfect  
If you don't answer me, come from your tree, we'll just have to  
pause and reflect.  
You know we've got a ritual to do, so Lord of Groves please help  
us stay on track!  
Don't hold back!  
And Lord of Groves if you come through you're going to have  
yourself a whiskey dram!  
Not a scam!  
Dalon ap Landu, here are you.  
We're ready. Are you willing?  
If we can count on you, Dal'n 'p Landu, I know it'll be fulfilling.

### The Hidden Heart

By Victoria Dunseith

Upon the land of Eire, green  
there is a pretty lass.  
Her lovely hair is bright and fair,  
her love it did not last.

She brings her love to those that care,  
and she to the land casts life.  
Her love was not noble or kind,  
he left her with a bit of strife.

Her pain was great and so was shared,  
the lass's shredded heart.  
Wound ripped open for all that cared,  
healing was long to start.

She sat at the edge of a pond,  
weeping for what was lost.  
She missed the one that she was fond,  
her friend she had almost tossed.

Unknown, another's heart did love.  
The warrior walked by.  
He noticed her shuddering head,  
and ached to see her cry.

So much noise come from the lass that  
she did not hear him there.  
He stood by her side for a while,  
so lost she was she did not care.

"What's wrong?" he finally asked her.  
"I give but not receive."  
"You would see with eyes open all  
the love that will always achieve."

What you seek is in front of you.  
Shared, it will always be,  
my heart ready for you to clasp,  
waiting for you to see.

For him she looked inside and saw  
what she'd had all the time.  
His love it would last forever.  
Her happiness would climb.

She once more brought love to the land.  
Magic would soon appear,  
with very small waves of her hand,  
for love she no longer fear.

## The Fire of Her Soul

By Oriana Lewallen

Groping through the misted, clouded blackness  
in the dark I find her  
I clutch to her skirts  
wrapping them fully around  
until they envelop me  
in her safety and warmth.  
I am empowered by her closeness.

The gentle radiating heat,  
from the fire of her soul  
sparks my own.  
Beginning my quest within  
for understanding and knowledge  
while I am comforted in her presence.

I turn inward, learning  
from the inside out  
that which will help me endure  
all my life, all the year through.  
And in the spring I will emerge...  
new, fresh and naive as the crocus.

## Queen of the Night

By Jeannette Randall

This is my entry for whatever it's being entered into at this moment. :) It's a poem, I wrote it in.. er.. 1998 or 1999, don't rightly recall which, and it is, in fact, all original to me.

Wondrous beauty, blazing bright  
In the shadows of the night  
Shine down on me here  
Shine true, bright and clear  
Whisper softly your words so dear  
The truth of your wisdom I must hear  
Whisper softly, my words of light,  
Unto you, queen of the night.

## Spiral Dancers

By Vanessa Sanders

My first attempt here, it's sort of a Druid anthem, I guess.

Original tune 'Tiny Dancer' Elton John

Music at <http://members.aol.com/timvp3/tinydanc.mid>

Always dreamers  
Oracle readers  
Worshipping the land-

Reading the runes,  
To Bardic tunes,  
Writing Ogham in the sand.

Druid dreamers -  
You must have seen us  
Bearing sigils on our vans.

Jesus Freaks out in the streets  
Handing tickets out for God.  
Taken aback we just grip our staff,  
They've never heard of Arianhrod.

Calling the Green Man with all we can  
Oak leaves we will burn,  
We carry on with magickal songs  
As the days grow short and nights grow long.

But oh, how we walk the wheel  
From day to day and year to year  
I wilderness where they can't hear  
The chant so softly---slowly

Chorus:  
Invoke the Gods, oh Spiral Dancers  
In the groves of Oak and Ivy,  
Laugh and dance with wild abandon  
The Solstice is today.

## It's Ostara's Whole

Parodied by John Odencrantz  
Original: "Heart and Soul" by Huey Lewis and the News

Twelve o'clock this morning  
A springtime wind came roaring  
And in a dream blew winter on its way.  
This season when birds are nesting  
Ostara bestows her blessing  
And autumn seeds are sprouting in the clay.  
You see, she plants what she wants.

(REFRAIN)

It's Ostara's whole  
It's hot and cold  
It's got it all her darkness and her light

Can't you see her standing there?  
See how she looks, see how she cares  
Who wakens life and turns night into day.  
Six o'clock this morning  
New seedtime came a dawning  
A red egg glowing in the morning rays  
And so you plant what you want.

(REFRAIN)

It's Ostara's whole  
It's hot and cold  
It's got it all her darkness and her light

## Beltane Spell

Parodied by John Odencrantz  
Original was Rebel Yell by Billy Idol  
Music available at <http://idol.execnet.com/>

[Music]

Last night a little dancer came dancing through the fire.  
Last night the logs were burning and the hares jumping higher.  
The fairy queen said "Baby I got a license for love  
But if it expires pray help from above!"

In the midnight hour life cries "More! More! More!"  
In a Beltane spell life wants More more more  
In the midday hour, Bel- More more more  
In a Beltane spell- More more more  
more more more

Throw off those winter's shackles, life won't sit and beg.  
The hobby-horse is whirling and the Queen her Jack's wed.  
Some tumble in the umbels, some are laughing in the trees.  
Spring's set you free. I need you here by me.  
Because

In the midnight hour life cries "More! More! More!"  
In a Beltane spell life wants More more more  
In the midday hour, Bel- More more more  
In a Beltane spell- More more more  
more more more

Bel sits in his own heaven  
Discussing the meaning of fate with Bran's raven:  
A ribbon, a tangled-up maypole-like affair.  
But Betty's ways are Betty's. Fate won't mess Betty's hair.

[music]

I searched the world for you, babe,  
Nine lonely months for you,  
Ten thousand miles for you, babe,  
A hundred blizzards, too.

I'd visit Dis for your sake  
For summer to spend with you,  
Caer Sidi-zen for your sake  
Justa, justa, justa, justa have you here by me  
Because

In the midnight hour life cries "More! More! More!"  
In a Beltane spell life wants More more more  
In the midday hour, Bel- More more more  
In a Beltane spell- More more more  
More more more

We're living. This is Beltane.  
We want more  
More, more, more  
More, more, more, more, more

We're living. This is Beltane.  
We want more  
More, more, more  
More, more, more, more, more

# Volume Eight 2003

## The Soul of Juliana Spring

# The Soul of Juliana Spring

By Irony Sade  
© November 2000

## Chapter One

### 2003 Introduction

As most of you know Irony Sade was one of the Archdruids at Carleton from the Spring of 1996 to Spring of 1999 and is talented in many areas. He is the author of *Sociology of the Reformed Druids* (Pt. 7 of ARDA,) he is the Patriarch of the Order of the Volcano (Pt. 3 of ARDA,) the History of the Legitimacy (Pt 9 of ARDA,) several epistles (Pt. 2 of ARDA) and a talented poet and harper in his own right. Irony spent two years from the summer of 1999 to Summer 2001 in the Peace Corps on a small island in the Kingdom of Tonga out in the Pacific Ocean, where he founded the Volcano Grove. This story was written mid-way through that tour of duty and reflects much on his character, experiences, and views of Reformed Druidism. There is also a chance that this may be produced into a independent film in the new future. He welcomes any assistance you might be able to provide into getting published.

Sincerely,  
Mike Scharding  
Embassy of Japan, D.C.  
April 22nd, 2003

#### Printing History

1st Printing A Druid Missalany (Beltane-Samhain 2003)  
2nd Printing ARDA 2, 2003

It was the eve of Beltain when I first heard of Juliana Spring. The Maypole was being danced for the sixth or seventh time while the tall piper and the boy on the fiddle churned out complementary versions of *Kati Barri's Wedding*. A crowd of brightly colored folks was clustered around the long table bearing our potluck feast and there were flowers everywhere, for it was the festival of spring.

I noticed the young man when he arrived, standing uncertainly on the edge of the clearing, too curious to pass by, too hesitant to join in the revels. He was short, sandy haired, and serious looking. I marked him as an undergraduate from the university nearby. A voluptuous lady with violets in her hair called to him to join us and eat. He came, smiling suddenly, and they were soon conversing freely. I smiled too, at the pleasure of a new face- then I forgot him, for it was time to crown the King and Queen of the May.

The lad stayed on, late into the fire lit night, and sipped the honeyed wine as it was passed from hand to hand. People sang and told stories as the stars yawned back to life, and I watched the couples snuggle together for warmth, wondering idly how many would carry the festivities on into the privacy of the forest or bedroom. When my turn to speak came I rolled out the old yarn of the boy from Cork who fell in love with a harp he could not play. The longing tormented him so much that his mother offered her soul to the Druid if he would give her son the gift of music. The sandy haired lad watched me closely as I spoke, pitching my voice low to the slow crackle of the beech logs. It was an old and beautifully chilling tale that I told, not one entirely appropriate for Beltain. It may have snapped him out of the festive mood. He seemed distracted from then on, and kept peering at me through the flames as the night progressed. Eventually he rose for a mug of mead, and, upon returning, sat down to my left in the spot just vacated by a delightfully tipsy nymph.

Silence stretched between us with the expectant air of impending conversation. At last he turned to me, head to one side.

"Are you really a druid?" His voice was soft and low.

The focus of the group had shifted to the far side of the circle. I considered the flames and reviewed the dozen-odd debates for a pair of slow breaths. There were too many ways to respond to that question, but it had been a day of laughter, and I was in no mood for an argument.

"Yes," I replied.

The answer seemed to satisfy him. He too stared into the coals, rolling a warmed mug between his hands. Eyes always gravitate towards fire at night. I have always wondered why.

"This is silly," he remarked at length, still regarding the flames. "I am supposed to be a medical student. I don't even know why I showed up tonight."

The lad hesitated, uncertain, and I took a sip of my own mead. Suddenly he was facing me.

"Can you really sell your soul?"

I glanced at him, startled.

"What I mean," he stammered, "is if someone wanted something they couldn't have so badly that they were willing to sell their soul to get it, could you give it to them?"

I continued peering. His shoulders squirmed.

"Like that story you just told," he trailed off. His eyes were still on me, embarrassed, but determined.

"Are you serious?"

He nodded, sucking his lip.

I stared away into the stars between the swaying leaves. Laughter from the lingerers drifted through the night.

"If someone you know, or you yourself, wanted something badly enough to sell their soul for it, then I would certainly be willing to talk to that person."

"It isn't me," he said quickly. "It's my girlfriend. She... She would probably rather tell you herself."

"Do you want me to talk to her?"

"Yes, I do."

"When?"

"As soon as possible."

I considered this.

"Could she meet me at the Bubble and Squeak for lunch on Tuesday?"

"I'll tell her," said he, breathing heavily. "I can't believe I'm doing this. My name is Sam, by the way." He grinned. "I guess everyone knows who you are."

I forced a dry chuckle.

"Pleased to meet you Sam. You should smile more often- you look old when you are serious."

Sam laughed and turned back to his wine. The cluster across the flames thundered their giggling way into a final chorus of *The Rattlin' Bog*, and I stared off into the stars above the treetops. They winked back, which was all they ever did, leaving me to guess at the meaning.

## Chapter Two

The Bubble and Squeak was a friendly little café not far from the university. It had been established by a widowed British matron who had cheerfully wedged her way in between the clothing stores and simply out-baked the competition. She employed a small clan of students and mothers, kept university hours, and was willing to cook anything one cared to name. They really did serve bubble and squeak, if you could order it with a straight face.

Juliana Spring found me at my table by the wall. She greeted me by name and I stood, surprised to find her so tall.

"Miss Spring, hello."

"Sam told me all about you," she began as we sat, and I grinned, imagining that conversation.

"Are you hungry?"

Her pale face shook slightly.

"Not really."

Long fingers fidgeted with something at her neck as we sat, her eyes staring, jumping away when she saw me see them. I watched her hands and realized they held a crucifix.

I leaned forward, speaking gently. "I do not bite."

Juliana started and blushed faintly.

"It's not that. I just don't know how to begin a conversation like this. I feel like Faust!"

"Faust sold his soul to the Devil," I smiled. "I am just an ordinary man."

"Then how can you buy mine?"

I looked away to the budding maples outside.

"What did Sam tell you?"

"That you were a druid, that people seemed to trust you. He told me about the story you shared on Saturday and said he thought you might be for real." She was looking straight at me now, a question perched upon her eyebrows.

"Have you slept since he told you?"

Her dark hair rippled as she shook the head beneath it.

"Then you should definitely have some food in you."

We ordered and she told me about herself. She was twenty, a sophomore at the university, and had loved dancing as a child. Her father delivered sermons at the Revivalists Center a few hours south and wanted her to become either a teacher or a nurse. She relaxed as we ate, and a bit of color emerged in her heart-shaped face.

"And what is it you want?" I asked when only her coffee was left.

Juliana's body straightened and she looked me in the eye.

"I want to play the harp."

I blinked.

"Do you have one?"

"My grandmother gave me one when I left for college," she nodded. "Dad wasn't going to let me keep it, but I told him I was dating a medical student and taking English classes." Her eyes dropped. "He doesn't know we're living together."

"Have you got a teacher?"

"No. People have shown me different things, and I have all sorts of books, but to hire a teacher you need money. My father will only help pay for what he sees on the tuition forms, and I'm working half time already to cover the rest. I practice all the time though..."

"How much?"

"Whenever I can. I have to pass my classes, or Dad will have me home, and I have to work to pay for them, but I still play a bit every day."

"Then what do you need me for?"

"Because, you see. I don't just want to play. I... I want to be the best in the world."

On the walk out front students passed in threes and twos, giggling or serious, free and careless. Discoursing passionately on things they would forget completely a few months hence. They had all their options open, these people outside; there was not an irrevocable commitment amongst them. None of them were ready to sell their souls.

"Why?" I asked Juliana quietly.

"It's what I've always wanted."

"Since when? You are twenty."

"My whole adult life- since I was ten years old."

"Why?" I repeated softly. Her eyes were hazel and very clear.

"When I was ten I heard a record of harp music at somebody's birthday party, maybe in the adults room, I don't know. I don't even know what piece was playing, only that it was the most beautiful thing I had ever heard. That night I started dreaming music. It was so lovely, and I knew it was harps. I thought I was listening in on Heaven. In the morning I could still remember some of it, but there is no way to describe music like that, and nothing I could do to reproduce it. I told my Dad, and he said it was a vision sent from God to urge me on to a good life. I told him I wanted to play like the angels I'd heard. He said that that was foolish arrogance and that I could be damned for even thinking such a thing.

"I tried to stop wanting it, to do what he told me, but the dreams just kept coming. Sometimes it's as if I don't even sleep, but just lie awake listening all night long. In church sometimes I

would forget to pay attention and just sit remembering the music, smiling. I told my father once when he asked what was so funny. He got so mad he hit me. He doesn't understand."

"Do you still dream like that?"

"All the time. It's what keeps me sane, even if it is maddening. I used to think that all I needed was a harp and that then I could play like that. Then I got one at last and realized it was harder than I'd imagined. After six months I realized it would take my whole life to play the way I wanted to, even if I did nothing but practice. After a year and a half I figured even that wouldn't be long enough. I finally decided it was impossible, and that God was just torturing me with the dreams. I nearly killed myself, it hurt so much. Sam is the only reason I didn't. Then we heard about you, and I thought... I'm almost afraid to hope."

"Where was your mother in all this," I asked when she fell silent.

"She left." Her face was masked. "When I was ten."

I digested that without expression.

"What made you think of selling your soul?"

"I thought of it a long time ago, actually, but I didn't really believe it was possible. I also had no idea how to do it. It's not exactly the sort of thing you advertise for."

My head was swimming. I glanced down at the tea in my hands. It was cold.

"Even if you did, there would be no quick fix. You would still have to practice, live in the world, pay bills, deal with your father."

Juliana tossed her head impatiently.

"I know... But I want this."

"It's your soul, girl! Can't you think of anything less drastic?"

"I came to you for help, sir. Are you going to help me, or are you going to try and talk me out of it?"

There was steel in those hazel eyes. I saw suddenly why it was Sam loved her.

"I just want you to know what you are getting into. Otherwise there can be no bargain."

"I know what I am getting into."

"Are you certain?"

She glared back defiantly.

I swirled my cold tea.

"You, Juliana Spring, want to sell your soul to me in exchange for the chance to play the music you hear in your dreams, here on earth, alive, and to be the best harpist in the world?"

"Yes."

"Are you willing to do whatever I deem necessary to make that happen, however difficult or painful it happens to be, to live your life by my word so far as regards the playing of the harp?"

"I am."

"And do you undertake this obligation freely, without mental reservations, and in full knowledge of the consequences?"

She bit her lip.

"I do."

"Then give me your hands and open your mind to me. Close your eyes when you are ready."

I leaned forward and took her long white hands in mine. I wondered suddenly if anyone was listening.

Her eyes closed, and I spoke a very few, swift, syllabant words.

Her hands clenched in mine. Her eyes flickered open.

Juliana Spring shuddered.

"Is that it?" She gasped.

"That is it."

Juliana shifted her eyes cautiously about the café, her gaze darting to the diners, the window, the sky, the trees outside, and me. There was a peculiar intensity to her study, as though she had never seen a world like this before. She flexed her long boned fingers, fascinated by their supple movement.

"What happens now?" She asked me.

"Go back to Sam and get some sleep. Tomorrow morning at ten meet me in the park behind campus, on the bench beneath the bur oaks. Bring your harp."

She nodded.

"What about... What about my soul?"

"Do not worry about it," I smiled gently. "That is my concern now."

I stood, smiling down at her trembling eyes. There was a light in them that I had not observed before. I wondered what she was thinking.

"Lunch is on me," I said.

## Chapter Three

And so it began. We met beneath the oaks the next day on a hillside overlooking fields and meadows creeping slowly back to wild. A brook danced its nearly inaudible way along the foot of the hill. Too far away to really be a presence the red brick buildings of the university dorms glowed in the morning light. Juliana wore long tan pants that made her look even taller, and a dark light sweater against the chill of the wind. She looked willow thin against the trees, and strode along with the cased harp as if it weighed nothing. She sat down on the end of the bench. I folded my coat across my knees. For a long time there was silence.

"I love this place," she remarked at length. "Sam and I used to come out here on walks before things got so busy."

"What does Sam have to say about all this?"

"I told him everything. He said that he couldn't quite believe it had happened, but that he thought it was very brave of me. He also said it was me that he loved, soulless or not, and that he'd stay with me through everything."

Far away I watched the movement of students to and from the dorms, smaller than ants and twice as aimless.

"He is a remarkable man if he means that. I hope he follows through."

"What do we do now?"

"I do not know yet. Play for me."

The harp case looked homemade. Juliana unzipped it and set the leather carefully aside. The harp stood shoulder high as we sat before it, darkly gleaming chestnut, unadorned. She screwed in its legs and settled the instrument back into her arms.

"What should I play?" She asked, brushing the strings. It was already tuned.

"Anything you wish."

She brushed the chords again and bent her long dark hair. So softly it seemed that she was still warming up, Juliana began to play.

In the middle air before us a cloud of insects danced beside a small yew tree. From its branches darted forth a small brown bird, flickering and flitting into the swarm, matching its mindless, eye-defying movements with its own. It tumbled about immune to gravity with no discernible wing beats, but a twisting, fluttering,

graceful confusion of feathers and open beak. Then it was back in the branches, panting, as the swarm danced on, unconsciously reduced. After three long breaths it darted forth again.

She was good. Better than I had been after six years practice, but then, I had never had her passion. There was a freedom and a flow to her movements already beyond anything I could muster. She would never be my student, I decided.

At the end of the second piece the harpist's hands floated away from the strings. A breeze stirred her hair and caught the last of the chords, stretching them out into an inhuman blaze of harmony that drifted softly down the wind. Far below us water shimmered.

The lady turned to me with her heart shaped face. I searched for, found my voice.

"How much did you say you practiced?"

"Maybe two hours a night."

"What about your classes?"

"I have one right now, actually." She gazed over at the dorms. "It doesn't seem that important anymore."

"Then why do you take them?"

"Force of habit. It keeps my father happy, and I'll need some sort of skills if I can't make it as a musician."

I turned my face towards her.

"Oh."

She realized it now, I saw. There was no more 'if' in this adventure. We were playing all or nothing.

"Do you want to be in school?" I asked.

"I like the atmosphere, the people, but no, not really."

The bird was back in the air again.

"If you dropped your classes, kept your job, and stayed with Sam, would you have enough money to pay a teacher?"

She considered, strangely calm as the possibilities assailed her.

"I might."

"Good. I will try to find you one. Where do you work, by the way?"

"Down at the Symposium. I'm a waitress there."

"I shall have to visit sometime. Have you got a telephone?"

She told me the number and I committed it to memory.

"Here is mine if you need anything. I will call within the week."

"What should I tell my father?"

"That is up to you." I replied, smiling. "And make that six hours a night."

I turned to go. She stopped me with my name.

"What's the other half of our bargain? You never said... What will happen afterwards?"

I waited, still as the rough skinned oaks. The wind brought a sheen to Juliana's eyes that almost looked like tears. Her lips began to form a question I had no way to answer. I spoke to cut her off.

"Do not think about it. If you let it worry you the concern will keep you from concentrating completely on the harp. Without that commitment you will never become the best, and the whole deal will be pointless. I am not the Devil, Juliana. You have nothing to fear."

Her eyes were not wholly convinced, but I had said too much already. I left her sitting with the harp and fled to the shadow of the silent trees.

## Chapter Four

That afternoon I made some calls. I was looking for the best teacher in an hour's radius. Not the best player- for any musician could get jealous of what Juliana Spring was going to become. We needed someone who could teach her all the things I could not, and who would be able to let her go when she moved beyond their skill. It took me longer than I had thought, but at last I found a woman who would serve, and made a reservation at the Symposium.

The restaurant where Juliana worked was very much a creation of the town it served. Its clientele were students and faculty, townies out for a night's splurge, and the occasional interloper like myself. The Mediterranean food it prepared was better than most, and the staff was no slower than many. Juliana was a bit too striking to make the perfect waitress, too ethereal to draw the biggest tips. She saw me when I entered and pounced upon my table to claim it as her own.

I gave her the number of the instructor I had found. She very nearly jumped with glee.

"It's going to work," she bubbled over my order. "I talked to all my professors, and they say it's all right. Some of them think I'm nuts, of course. Sam says we are still on, too, so I'm living there, and the manager here let me up my hours to thirty, so I can probably even save a little!" She grinned proudly. "And I'm playing seven hours a day!"

"Bring my food!" I laughed. "People will think I am flirting with you!"

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## Chapter Five

Spring erupted into summer that year, as it always seems to manage. Beasts that had been wild and rutting a few months before settled down to raising families. The equinox came and went with its festivals of balance, and the stars slid slowly backwards through the heavens. The Hunter began to appear in the mornings again, his jeweled belt and longbow burning down the year. Leaves glowed, and in simpler climes people worked to gather in the harvest.

Juliana and I kept in touch throughout the changes. I also met quietly with her teacher now and again. Sam passed at the head of his class and began courting medical schools. Juliana lost her job, but found another closer to the city. Together they bought an old, tired station wagon and found a way to make both their schedules work. Juliana's teacher discovered her student had been fingering wrong all along, and showed her a new way of sitting that took the strain off her spine. Juliana said she was happier than she had ever been.

Three nights before Samhain someone tried to pound my door in. I came out from the kitchen and pulled it open. The woman the storm blew into my hall was a wreck, her face and hair plastered with tears and rain. She was nearly hysterical, tumbled words escaping in great gasps and stutters.

"I got back from work- and Sam was there- and the door was down- and he said he just came in- and started screaming- and threw Sam around- and was looking for me- and started throwing things- and- and—"

I barred the door and pulled her into the kitchen, still shaking. Juliana went into the softest chair and the tissue box went into her lap. The kettle was still smoldering quietly to itself. I grabbed it and a box from the high shelf.

“Tea.” I told her. “Drink.”

She grasped clumsily at the deep mug, her lungs still sobbing. I waited until she managed to take a full sip without slurping.

“Who?” I asked her.

She stared at me blankly.

“Who threw Sam around?”

“My father... He found out I wasn’t taking classes and discovered where we were living somehow. He tore the door down looking for me. When Sam told him I wasn’t there he just went wild. He smashed everything he could find and kept roaring about me being a disobedient slut until our neighbors called the police. They were still there when I came home, and the landlord as well, but my father left before they could catch him.” She paused for breath, clutching at the tea.

“He found out you were not taking classes?”

She nodded dumbly.

“Had you not told him?”

“I told him I’d gotten a scholarship so that he could stop paying tuition, and that I was working as a nursing intern over the summer. I gave him the number of a girlfriend who would say I lived there but was out at the moment if he called...”

She stared into her mug. I stared into her ear.

“It was stupid, I know. But I didn’t want to face him.”

“You lied,” I breathed softly.

“So what? I sold my soul too. What damage is a lie going to do?”

“Selling your soul is just a sacrifice. A lie is a blow to your own integrity- that is much worse.”

“You’ve got to be joking. Haven’t you ever told a lie to avoid trouble?”

“No! When I do something as bad as lying you had better believe it is for something more important than just avoiding trouble!”

Juliana stared up at me, shocked out of her shock for the moment. My voice was louder than I had intended.

“You have a weird set of morals,” said she.

You do not know the half of it, thought I.

I turned away from her, studying my dishes. In the reflection of a hanging pot I saw her take another sip from her mug. Her face took on an odd look.

“Why am I drinking mushrooms?”

“Muscle relaxant.”

She nodded, still puzzled, then her lovely frame collapsed, crashing back into shock and despair. Her voice was almost too faint to hear.

“He smashed my harp.”

There was a knock at the door.

I turned, palms tingling.

“Don’t go,” she whispered. Her eyes were very large.

## Chapter Six

I walked through the hall to the door’s heavy oak panels and laid my long left hand upon them.

The young man who stood there was big, but not tall. He wore a checkered mackinaw and a tattered blue cap. There was a chaw of tobacco in his cheek, and he looked up at me with amusement and contempt in his grey-blue eyes. He touched his hat brim in the ritual of respect.

“I’m here for Miss Raskin,” he drawled.

“Who?”

He grinned and spat tobacco.

“I followed her here. That’s her car out front. Don’t try to tell me she’s not around.”

“There is a Miss Spring here. I have never heard of a Miss Raskin.”

He spat again on my clean stone porch.

“Spring’s not her real name.”

“Who are you?”

“I’m a friend of her father, Mr. Raskin. He told me to come and find his little girl.” He smirked up at me. His smile showed oddly clean teeth beneath the brown slime.

“I know she’s in there.”

“Mr. Raskin is currently liable for housebreaking, assault, and destruction of property. Miss Spring is currently under my protection. Cross this threshold and you will be liable for trespassing, assault and attempted kidnapping.” The clipped words flowed from a well of controlled wrath.

The man on the porch took a half step backwards.

“Now. Did Mr. Raskin tell you to find his daughter, or to find her and bring her back?”

“He... He only said to find her, sir.”

“Then you have done as he asked. Go tell him where she is, if you feel you have to.”

The visitor rolled his poison uncertainly between his cheeks.

“He’s still going to want her back,” he appended.

“Then we will speak to him in the morning. Goodnight, Tom. It would be best for you not to come here again.”

I closed the door in his startled face and dropped the heavy beam across it.

Juliana was sitting still and pale when I returned to the kitchen.

“Who was it?”

“Thomas Weedon from Willard’s Landscaping, according to his hat. Do you know him?”

“He goes to father’s church. I didn’t think he’d do anything like this.”

“Is your name Juliana Spring?”

“Juliana Spring Raskin. Spring was my mother’s name. I’ve never much cared for the Raskin part.”

My eyes searched the woman sitting in my favorite chair, wondering what else I did not know about her. I felt the sweat of adrenaline evaporating off my sides, the almost taste of blood along my tongue.

“What are we going to do now?” She asked.

The storm churned outside like the Wild Hunt in training. Beneath the wind I heard a car start up and leave.

“You and Sam are going to stay with me while we sort this out. Tomorrow morning you are going to talk with your father.”

Bleach would only have darkened Juliana’s face.

“Could I have some more mushrooms?”

## Chapter Seven

The couple stayed for four nights. Sam and I packed up their apartment. It only took two trips; they owned very little beyond clothes and books. I collected the tangle of nylon and shattered walnut as Sam talked to the landlord. The harp was beyond repair.

“What are your plans?” I asked when Sam returned.

“We’ll move somewhere else. There are a couple of schools that seemed excited about my coming. I did pretty well last year, and my medical requirements are all finished. I might try talking one of them into accepting me a year early. There is a seven-year MD/PhD program I was especially looking at. It can’t hurt to apply anyway. Desperation must count for something.”

“I’m more worried about Julie,” he added after a pause. “That harp was her life. I don’t know what she’s going to do without it.”

The day after the attack Juliana called her father. Their conversation was brief and private. She emerged from my study in tears. I held her as she wept and came as close as I ever have to hating someone I had never known. There was more grief in it than anger, really, but hate is such a simpler word.

“What did you tell him?”

“Everything. He doesn’t understand.”

“Everything?”

“Except where we are going and about our bargain. He figures I’m damned anyhow, so what’s the difference? He said I’d end up just like Mother.”

“What happened to her?”

“She was a dancer. She taught at some of the community centers, YWCA and places like that. She was very good, but it was always just a hobby. Then one day she got an offer to join a dance troupe and get paid for it. My parents fought about that for weeks. She felt she had only ever been a housewife and was entitled to at least try for her own career, and that even if it only lasted for the season it would be an adventure, so what was the harm in it? He argued that she would be abandoning her sacred duty as wife and mother. Making a charnel exhibition of her God given beauty, I think he called it. She said he had no right to talk like that, and that she was going to go off with them anyway.

“Then one day she did... I came home from school and she was just gone, no note or anything. Dad fumed about it for months. He still gets furious if anyone mentions her. I kept hoping she would come back, or write, but she never did.” Juliana sniffed.

“Why couldn’t she have taken me with her?”

She fell silent. I stayed with her there in the darkening room until Sam came home to my rescue.

## Chapter Eight

With no further prelude, Samhain was upon us. The displaced pair stayed on to wait out the weekend traffic and tie up some last loose ends. The celebration was at my house that year, in the woods out back. I invited my guests to join if they wished. Juliana begged off, pleading illness, leaving me once more in the kitchen. Baked pies, breads, and squashes; mulled wine, cider, and mead helped to distract me from her troubles. Sam came down after a bit to help me cook.

“What is Samhain, exactly?” He asked as we sat amid the smells and bubbling pots, a pile of apples and peelings between us.

I swallowed a crisp of red skin and reached for a Macintosh.

“Samhain is the Druidic New Year. The harvest is in, the god is dead, the goddess is going into mourning until she gives birth to him anew on the Winter Solstice, December 21<sup>st</sup>.”

I flicked some seeds onto the table and shot Sam a hidden look. He was still listening.

“It is a time when we remember all the people and things we have lost that year. Friends who died, lives that changed, parts

of ourselves that we choose to lay to rest. It is a time when spirits of the dead come half way back to earth. Some people believe that messages can be passed between them and the living, tonight.” I paused. He waited.

“It is also the beginning of the New Year, and we remember that there is birth in all death, life in all change. It is a time to recall that things move on, however bleak or dismal the threat of winter seems.”

Sam was staring at me, the knife idle in his hands.

“What are you going to do?” He asked.

“Sit around a fire and talk, mostly. Sing, remember, tell stories.” I waved a peeled apple. “Eat good food.”

The right corner of his mouth twitched upwards.

“No devil worship?”

“‘Fraid not. Sorry.”

His grin became a full smile. I smiled as well.

“You are a good listener, Sam. Thank you.”

We piled in the last slices of fruit, added the final dusting of spices and lemon, then pinched down the sage sprinkled crust. The first batch of pies was ready to be pulled from the oven.

“Those do look good. I think I may join you.”

“We would be honored.”

## Chapter Nine

That night I watched the flames, listening to the stories of loss, grief, and healing. Some of those who came remembered Sam from Beltain, half a year before, and they welcomed him quietly. Samhain is a much more subdued holiday, deeper than the festival of spring, and less wild. You could say that the one celebrates Life, the other Death, but that is only half true. Sex and Sacrifice are closer; Spring and Autumn. In the one the world is leaping back to life, winter is vanquished at last, and all of nature pours forth its joy in reproduction and song. In the other we see the dark half of the year beginning. Winter is real, the leaves are down, and the god has given himself in sacrifice that the world might continue on without him. They are Beltain and Samhain. They may be irreducible. I sat between the old year and the new, and wondered what would become of us all.

A few people did actually burn letters to the dead. One man declared his life in the closet was over. A woman said good-bye to her father, killed in a car wreck eight years before. Food was passed, eaten, enjoyed. Sam said nothing, but his eyes burned, and I saw that he understood.

The stories continued. My mind was worn out by other peoples’ troubles. I stared vacantly into the fire, content to merely listen. One lady sang of the Fairie Courts riding and the rescue of Tam Llyn from Elfland’s Queen. The song seemed to take shape in the coals as I dozed, the great host passing, Tam with the star upon his brow, Margaret waiting, waiting, in her circle of holy water, the soul searing beauty of the Queen and her riders. I saw faces amidst that flickering host. One was a tall woman with eyes like the sunset and a face like Juliana might wear in another twenty years. She smiled, reaching out a long hand to brush my cheek—and then there was only the cold night wind, and smoke stinging tears from my old, tired eyes.

## Chapter Ten

The morning they left I gave Juliana a new harp. The black cherry pillar gleamed like plaited hair in the low sunlight of my library. The knotted maple soundboard whorled, swirls and ripples of grain on grain, eddies of foam on a long white shore.

"She is strung with wires," I cautioned, as I watched Juliana's fingers quiver. "They ring differently than gut or nylon strings. You will have to learn to finger all over again."

"But where did it come from?" Juliana breathed.

"*She* is my harp, Lorelia- and older than you are too, I might add, so show some respect!" I smiled. The harp whispered, my voice resonating in her sound box. It sounded like a chuckle.

"You are a better player than I, Miss Spring. I think she would rather live with you."

Her sandy haired lover was grinning. Juliana threw her arms around me and squealed.

## Chapter Eleven

The next day my phone rang, early. I answered. For a long moment there was nothing. Then came an indrawn hiss.

"Thrice damned Druid. I know who you are. Let me speak to my daughter."

"Good morning to you too, Mr. Raskin. That was a nasty way to start a conversation."

"You are a Devil worshipping hell spawn. Why should I be polite to you? Your soul will rot in Lucifer's bowels till the day when God dissolves you both."

"The Devil is a Christian figment, Mr. Raskin. You would know more about him than I."

"You are corrupting my daughter, leading her astray from the church and her family, encouraging her in that damned music and distracting her from God's will. Let me speak to her."

"Who is to say God did not give her that passion, those dreams, the gift she has for music?"

"Don't play games with me. Where is my daughter?"

"She is already gone. You have driven her away from both of us."

"Where is she?"

"I am sorry to say that is none of your business. If she chose not to tell you herself, then I am not about to."

"Tell me where she is! I'll kill you, Druid!"

"*'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord.*' You are not He, Russell Raskin. I am perfectly willing to be judged by God. Try anything yourself and I will see you in court."

There came a long drawn hiss of air forced between teeth.

"You thrice damned Druid. I'll see you in Hell."

"Only if you are there. Good night, Russell."

I broke the connection before he could curse me again. Leaves swirled past my windows in their endless autumnal Totentanz. I stood and watched them, breathing very slowly.

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## Chapter Twelve

The wetlands behind my forest rose and fell with the changing water table. A family of wood ducks moved into a dying soft maple, and I watched each May to see their chicks take their kamikaze leap of faith. The young ones hatch in a hole fifty feet up the trunk and are raised there by their long-suffering parents. When the ducklings decide they are ready to leave, they scramble to the opening and tumble out. They then have but moments in which to learn to fly. Each spring I sat watching in the moss, and the terror and the joy of each plummet peeled years from off my heart.

The young lady who had sold me her soul was making the most of those years. While Sam drilled and researched his way toward twin degrees, Juliana played. She studied, practiced, improved, discovered, and soon she was herself discovered. The fiddle player of *Sheebeg Sheemore* was quitting the band, and the group's manager had offered her his place.

"What do you think?" She asked over the crackling phone from Seattle. "Should I take it?"

"That depends on what you want."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you want to be a popular, successful, possibly rich and famous musician? Or do you want to be the best harpist in the world?"

"I want to be the best in the world," she decided.

"Then you know what to do."

"Yes, I guess so..."

"Are you happy?" I chanced, just before she hung up.

"Deliriously! No worries at all!"

## Chapter Thirteen

For several years after this she was traveling, six seasons in Ireland, three in Prague. She had moved beyond what any teacher could teach, into the boundless and stupefying realm of self-mastery. She learned something from every person she watched, heard, or played with, incorporated each skill into her own playing, and blossomed. She caught wind of an archaic bard in Scotland, of a novel percussive harping technique from Argentina. She traveled to see and to study, sharing always what she had learned.

A withering bout of Dengue Fever ended Sam's three-year tour as a village doctor in Papua New Guinea. He returned to the mid-west and started a family clinic, eventually buying a house with the profits. My own life and works progressed too, over that slow decade, but this is Juliana's story, not mine, so I shall not speak of those.

Late one December the couple invited me to spend the holidays with them.

"Julie is giving a Christmas concert," Sam told me. "And... Well, we were thinking about getting married."

"After twelve years, I should certainly hope so!"

"We wondered if you would want to be in the ceremony."

"I would be delighted."

The concert taxed one's credulity. It was said that the old Celtic bards had three musical gifts: They could make an audience laugh, weep, or sleep dreamlessly at will, such was the power of their music. Juliana was almost that good. She played moods, memories, concert pieces, orchestral segments that were feats of pure skill, and songs that seemed dragged out of the

listener instead of the harp. She played and played, and a hall full of musicians, students, artists, academics, fans, strangers, stragglers, and I sat in frozen wonder, our hearts scoured and our minds in awe at what her fingers drew from those shimmering chords.

When it was over I moved through the clamoring sea of admirers and stood beside the stage as the waves swept about her, saying the things that people always say when trying to express admiration of the inconceivable. Juliana stood flushed, as thin and tall as the day we had met, thanking them all with a quiet, blushing, angelic grace. One boy of ten or so was ushered forward between his parents and stood with fire in his eyes as they offered up their praise.

"My daddy says you must have sold your soul to play like that," he piped out between the "thank-yous."

"Now, wait..." His father laughed, a hand on the boy's arm.

"That's not true, is it? It's just lots of hard work and practice, right?"

His parents chuckled nervously. Juliana smiled.

"I practice all the time," she assured the young, earnest eyes. "Hours. Every day."

The boy nodded as he was led away, but I witnessed how the harpist shivered once his back was turned. The flush of exhilaration had drained from her. The crowds flowed on unheeding.

## Chapter Fourteen

There was tension over the dinner table of Hammersmith and Spring that night. Sam looked silent questions at the both of us through the meal, while the conversation danced and wandered, avoiding things not said in threes. I retired to leave them alone after the pudding, but the walls were thin, and when I lay down to rest in the dark spare room, their words crept through the woodwork.

"But what if he's right?"

"This is what you've wanted your whole life, Ju."

"But what has it cost us?"

"What about it?"

"When he asked that it was as if all the things I haven't thought of in ten years leapt back. I've been so busy playing I never thought about the price! Sam... I sold that man my soul! Do you have any idea what that means?"

"No more than you do, when you stop to think about it."

"What's going to happen to me?"

"Ju. That man's been the best friend either of us has ever had. Did you know he talked the Chair of the Admissions board into letting me enter that seven-year program when I was still a junior? I didn't find out till after I'd graduated! He's helped us with everything we've ever asked, been there when our own families were not around."

"And I owe him my soul."

"So what if you do? You thought about all that before you left college and decided it was worth the sacrifice."

"Well, now I'm thinking about it again. I don't want to go to Hell, Sam, or just stop when I die, or go wherever Druids believe soulless people go. How can we even be talking about belief? If he buys the things he must know what happens to them!"

"You're getting hysterical, Ju."

"No I'm not! I'm just... Scared."

"Would you rather give up your music?"

There was silence after that, or sounds too soft for me to hear through pine.

I turned slowly from the wall feeling every one of my years, and the bitter pit of all the things that men have ever called me. Judas, Efnisan, Heart-wrecker. What becomes of people who cannot forgive themselves?

The doorbell chimed.

Sam's soft tread moved to answer.

There was a crash, a scream, the sounds of struggle—and I was out the door and moving before I knew I had risen.

A man I had never seen was swearing in the hall. Sam sat upright but dazed against the sofa, blood coloring his sandy pale hair. Glass from the door was sprayed across the carpet. The intruder turned to face me. We both froze.

Juliana's father was skeleton thin, his flesh burned off by the flames within him. A long coat billowed round him like a dark, wild, robe, threadbare and whisper thin. He looked like a man to whom heat and cold were the same: both inconsequential to the climate inside. His arms and jaw writhed in a frenzy of continual motion, the left hand, claw-like, snaking out toward me. He waved an iron crucifix like a blunt, inverted sword, and his eyes blazed with something that I never hoped to see. I looked up at him.

"You," he whispered. His knees crouched like a fighter's.

A door slammed and locked behind me. Juliana's voice was frantic on the phone.

I studied his shoulders and the angle of his feet, feeling the room about me, and hoping there was space to move.

"I come only to reclaim my daughters soul, and God sees fit to set a devil against me, to test my will and courage. Well?" He roared, "Curse me, Druid! You cannot stand before the wrath of righteousness. Do your worst."

"I am your daughters friend, Mr. Raskin, and no more a devil than you are."

Blood from Sam's scalp dribbled from the crucifix.

"You lie. I've studied you. Orgies in the woods, preaching to young students, scheming and smiling and striving to undo two thousand years of Christ's work on earth. You seduce people away from the Trinity with your Triple Goddess and blind them with your nature worship. You tell them the world is God's word made flesh and the Good Books be damned—and manage to hide my daughters movements from me across eleven years! Yes, I know you, you thrice damned Druid. Curse away before I strike you down."

"We both teach what we believe, Russell. No human being knows the full truth of reality. We each live as we think best and pay the price for that choice. You know this. Do not make it any worse."

There was a siren and the squeal of tires in the drive. Record timing, that.

"Clever, Druid, trying to turn my mind against me. But you are wrong. I know." He shuddered. "I know the will of God as well as you do, who seek to pervert it. I know... And I know this too," he swung the cross in an all-encompassing arc. "The Lord has told me that no human hand can stop me in my mission. Not him on the floor, nor the foolish arm of the law, nor you neither, devil though you be. Curse away and meet your doom."

"Put down your weapon!" Came a voice from the door. Young, scared despite its training. "Throw down your weapon! -- *Base, I need backup!*"

"I will not curse you, Russell, and I will not let you touch your daughter. I have been her friend for eleven years, watched her through every storm, helped her realize a dream you would

not even see. I have been more of a father to her than you have, and not you nor God can take that from me.”

“I will take her from you now,” he growled, advancing. (*Drop your weapon, Mister!*) “The care of her soul is in my hands, and takes precedent over any dreams of the flesh. God condones all actions undertaken in the interest of the soul. I will have her from you before she ends up –just –like –her –mother!” He spat these last words with a roiling hiss and raised the cross on high.

I do not often read peoples minds. Sometimes I wish I never did at all.

“You bastard,” I breathed. “What that you’ve done would your God condone?”

Russell Raskin halted mid stride. His eyes bulged. His throat gurgled something that would never be a word. His left side spasmed violently, and the force of it spun him twitching to the ground. The crucifix leapt from his hand, hiding its face in the carpet. Russell curled and splayed, and then lay still.

The policeman came forward, gun drawn.

“I would have shot him. Really, I would have.”

*Shut up*, I willed him.

“What did you do to him?” He asked in awe.

“Nothing. Call an ambulance.”

## Chapter Fifteen

The beeps and muted bustle of the world’s worst waiting room fought the smell of antiseptic for possession of the air, as I sat down to wait beside Juliana Spring. The slump of her tempered shoulders informed me she had no emotions left. Sam was sleeping down the hall, six stitches, no fracture, and an egg on his crown fit to hatch the Christmas turkey we had not had time to eat.

“Is he awake?” I offered, by way of conversation.

“What did you do to him?”

My eyes winced shut.

“I did nothing...”

Nothing.

“How is he?”

“Doctor Sato says his mind is clear, but his body is completely wrecked. She says it was either a stroke or a heart attack, or possibly both at once. She says it’s hard to tell because we don’t have any medical records...”

She trailed off, gazing through the tiles. Her hands tore at a Styrofoam cup.

“The police searched his house for paperwork, but they couldn’t find anything useful. Just junk and religious tracts... No records... No will...”

“They found...” Her voice died. She tried again.

“They found...”

I put my arm around her, but she was done with tears.

“They found my mother’s teeth in the basement.”

“I know.”

“You know? Why do you always know?”

I shook my head.

“What will you do?” Said I, when the silence became too painful.

“He’s dying, isn’t he?”

“Yes,” I responded, knowing it was true.

“Then I suppose I’ll have to forgive him.”

“That is up to you.”

She sniffed.

Nurses flitted past, pale as ghosts, busy as angels, each sacrificing their Christmas day to make the world a touch less painful. After a timeless tedium Juliana squeezed my hand.

“Thanks.” Only a whisper, but sincere.

I smiled thinly.

“He wants to see you, you know,” said Juliana suddenly.

“What?”

“That’s what he said.”

“Me?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“He didn’t say. He just asked me to send in the damned Druid if he came around.”

I contemplated the machines, the smells of death and healing.

“Then I will go and see him.”

## Chapter Sixteen

Russell Raskin lay like a skull on a pillow, his hands gnarled and nearly lifeless on the sheet that pinned him down. Wires trailed beneath the cloth. A tube bled oxygen into the air beneath his nose. His eyes followed me as I entered the room. There was a chair by the window. I sat.

“You knew.” His voice was quiet.

I nodded.

“How?”

“I looked into your eyes and saw the truth that lived there.”

“God told you,” muttered Russell. “He told you, so that you would tell me, that I might see my life for what it was. The bastard. You are no better than I was. Why should He let you win?”

I said nothing.

“He did not lie, you know.”

“I do not think the gods can lie. It seems a purely human art.”

“He told me no human hand would stop me, too. I did not realize that meant He would.”

“Perhaps he was giving you the chance to stop yourself.”

“Shut up with the righteousness, will you?”

I studied the wires and tubes, the machines that stretched his life.

“Look at me- a dying preacher discussing God with a Druid. I must be mad.”

“I once read that the important religious distinction was not between those who believed and those who did not, but between those who loved and those who did not. What you or I believe may not matter so long as we act with love.”

“That does not leave me any better off,” growled Russell.

I looked away.

“You loved them both, Russell. You could not have hated so powerfully else.”

“Do you believe that?”

I shrugged carefully.

His eyes blazed.

“Answer me, damn you! Do you believe that? Or are you feeding me lies so I’ll die content?”

"I was offering an interpretations of events that might bring you peace, should you choose to believe it. How could I know what you felt?"

"You knew what I did."

"That is not the same thing. Besides, is it not the role of priests to bring comfort to the dying?"

"Not this priest. I've never wanted comfort. Comfort keeps you from facing the truth."

"Facing the truth just got you killed."

"Bullshit. Hiding the truth got me killed. Owning up to it just let me die- that and your damned questions. And don't expect me to thank you for that either!"

"I don't. Believe me."

Raskin coughed, exhausted by the effort.

"Why did you do it, anyway?" He asked.

"For Juliana."

The preacher was silent.

"I heard her play, you know. At the concert. A friend of a friend told me about it. That's how I found you. She is good. If God loves music you may not have done such a bad thing."

"She has thrown her whole life into the harp," I responded. "I only hope she forgives me that."

"If not, it's nothing worse than what I've done."

"No? You only hid the truth. I let her believe a false one."

"That's not as bad as murder. Maybe I will see you in Hell after all."

The pale Christmas sunshine sidled slowly down the wall. Church bells caroled in the steeple outside.

"Why did you want to see me?" I asked.

The old man chuckled.

"Who else was I supposed to talk to? Juliana? My flock? Haven't you read your Nietzsche? All friends lie. Only your enemies will tell you the truth."

I smiled ruefully. There was nothing I could say to that.

"Speaking of which," said Russell sharply.

I stilled my features. Dying as he was, this man could still wound me.

"I've heard it said that Juliana sold her soul to play the way she does. Do you know anything about that?"

"There are different ways to sell ones' soul," I answered very carefully. "One can drive a supernatural bargain, one can destroy some thing or quality central to ones' identity, or one can commit ones' self so completely to a single pursuit that everything else must be neglected. Out of countless paths Juliana has chosen one- and never left it. She has never explored anything else, never tried to discover other worlds, other loves, other things she could be. She has brutally pruned her own possibilities, and thus accomplished something practically impossible. In that sense she has sold her soul. To me that is an admirable and terrifying choice."

Juliana's father watched me very quietly.

"There was nothing supernatural involved?"

"There was nothing supernatural involved."

Russell grunted. It could have meant anything.

"What a strange way to think," he muttered at last.

Minutes drifted by. Raskin's breaths were getting weaker.

"Is Sam alright?" He asked me suddenly.

"A few stitches. He will be fine."

"Good."

A certain tension went out of him.

"Last request time, isn't it?"

I bit my lip, nodded.

"Tell Juliana she can perform at my funeral." He grinned savagely. "Bet she always wanted to play me to death."

"I'll do that."

Russell Raskin glared up at me. His grey eyes burned, dimming.

"...Thrice damned Druid... Take care of my little girl for me."

"I will," I whispered, and he was gone.

## Chapter Seventeen

Very few people can manage a funeral and a wedding in the same week with any sort of grace. Sam was one of those few. Watching him move amongst the wedding guests and the mourners from Russell's church, I realized what it was in him that my lovely harpist loved. Juliana Spring Raskin Hammersmith refused to have the wedding put off. She put on all the requisite roles and played at both events.

There was something new in her music now. In her triple guise as daughter, widow, and angel of death, she played at the funeral something I had never heard. There was grief in it, and longing, forgiveness, surcease and healing. She was burying both her parents that day, though none but we three knew it. She played what she played, and the gathered mourners wept, longed, suffered, and forgave, without ever understanding what it was for.

"What was that?" I asked her later.

"The music in my dreams. I just sat and listened and played what I felt. It is the first time that has happened."

"Maybe it was worth it," she added.

She was staring at nothing at all as she spoke. I knew not if she addressed myself, or the grave.

"Juliana," I began.

"No." She stopped me. "I am not the best in the world yet. Almost, but not yet. That might not be so important now, but this new thing is. This is a thing I need to explore."

She rose and left me where the wind played games with the snowflakes and the headstones, the memories and the souls.

At the wedding she played love, but that is an impoverished word to call what was in her music. She played the passion of the newly wed, the depth and humor that comes of knowing another life and mind through twelve long years. She played the tender care of a parent- and this from someone who had never had a child. And she played something else. A thing too powerful to name, that choked me with a private longing. It reached inside to drag out notions I had sworn I would never entertain, and left me shaken with its passage. Juliana's eyes caught mine as she touched the strings, and she smiled at me for the first time since the concert.

At last she released us and took Sam's hand in hers. The guests gaped, daring only to breath. The pastor stood slowly at the head of the chapel. He stretched forth tremulous arms and raised his face to the heavens.

"Amen!" He exclaimed.

And that was the wedding.

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## Chapter Eighteen

Now I grow weary of the passage of time, and this telling has nearly reached its end. Five years later Juliana was the best harpist in the world, without a doubt, by any standard you cared to name. There were those who said she was the best musician in the world, that she played on peoples' souls instead of strings.

The seasons' changeless change had swung through to Beltain again when the couple came to visit me. I led them down to the workshop where I had labored all winter.

"I have something for you," I let on as we approached.

Standing on the bench was a small traveling harp of darkest mahogany, completely unadorned, polished as glass. Its strings glowed like liquid sunshine in the clear spring light.

"Is that what I think it is?" Sam wondered aloud.

"Golden strings," I smiled. "The best harpists have always had them."

"You're trying to make a legend out of me, aren't you?" Said Juliana.

I laughed.

"If I am, I am too late. You are that already. I just wondered what gold harp strings might sound like, that is all, and you are the only one good enough to do them justice."

She gave me a quick hug.

"You are too kind."

"Hardly. But come outside. The Maypole is starting."

## Chapter Twenty

The rest of the day was a time of celebration and life, that fluid, wonderful, time defying clarity that once seen remains forever living in a persons' heart. The feast was consumed, the pole danced and braided, the King and Queen of the May chosen, crowned and married. I sat on a sun soaked log to rest my knees after the ceremony, watching the wedding games. The King and Queen stood in a circle of revelers, their hands tied to full wine cups, holding a kiss between them. Those in the ring joked, teased, and shouted, gleefully doing everything they could short of actual contact to make the couple laugh and break it off.

Juliana collapsed lightly to my right, flowers in her hair and laughter in her eyes.

"All these years, all these Beltains," she began. "How is it that you never married?"

I looked at her in surprise. Her eyes teased mine.

"Who would have had me?"

"I might have."

"I am twice your age, dear."

"Not any more you're not."

"True. But you had Sam."

"True." She gazed at him fondly from across the green.

"We are thinking of having children, he and I. I am not quite too old yet." She laughed. "But what sort of mother would a soulless woman make?"

"Juliana Spring," sighed I, and took her hand in mine. "I never took your soul."

She stared.

"You what?"

"I never took it. Your soul has been yours all along."

"But you did! Our bargain- you spoke those words and I felt it leave!"

"It was all in your mind then. I do not really know if souls can be sold. Lost, saved, destroyed, nourished, abandoned, loved, certainly, but to the best of my knowledge your soul is with you always, love it or hate it, to do with as you will. What would I have done with an extra soul, anyhow?"

The harpist's jaw worked soundlessly.

"But if you couldn't buy my soul, why did you even want to meet me in the first place?"

"I wanted to see what it was like to want something that badly. I never have, you know. Most people never do. I could not imagine a desire so strong in a person that young. I had to meet you."

Laughter erupted throughout the glade. Someone had started people-fishing with doughnuts.

"You tricked us," she said at last.

"I did. Are you angry?"

"I don't know yet... If there was no bargain, then everything you've done—"

"I did nothing." I cut her off. "It was all you, Juliana."

"But why?"

"What would you have done all those years ago, if I had told you souls could not be sold, that only practice, passion, and infinite dedication could make you a better harpist? What if I had told you that even with guidance, time, and expert teachers there was no guarantee you would ever be as good as you wanted, or that dream music could never be properly reproduced? I had never even heard you play, remember?"

"I might have become a nurse," she reflected. "Why didn't you though?"

"Because you were serious. Because you were strong enough to make me wonder. Because the gods love it when we act bravely." Her deep, deep eyes searched mine.

"And because, watching you, I got just an inkling of how powerful that desire might be."

In an ideal world she would have kissed me then. But we were in this one, and the moment passed.

"I will name my firstborn after you."

I laughed.

"Even if it is a girl?"

"Even better! I could never have done it without you."

"Nonsense," said I, but it is hard to sound believably stern when your cheeks are flushing crimson.

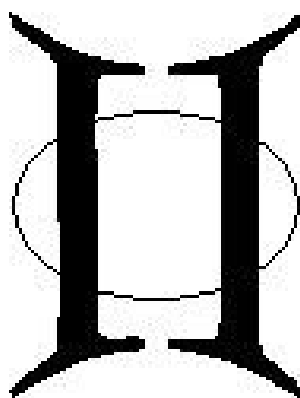
## Chapter Twenty-One

Juliana played her new harp for us that night, while the couples snuggled and the stars blazed down. She sat on our log in a borrowed cloak with her hair blowing long about her shoulders. The strings burned golden in the firelight as they sang, and a whole generation of listening fools began to believe in magic.

It was the story of her life we heard, made music, wordless and eloquent. Dream songs from her childhood, her mother vanished, father possessed, early despair in her years in college and the flush of young love in meeting Sam. Then came the power, the wonder, the mystery and horror of an unspeakable bargain, the surrender, confidence and strange purity it engendered, and at last the full splendor of the mature theme began. Two decades of concentration and skill in one ascending spiral, the struggle, journey, grief, love, discovery, mastery—and at the end, when I was sure there could be nothing left to feel, came joy.

The End.

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So Ends Volume Six of the  
Green Books.