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@yahoogroups.com that I moderated. Vol. 8 is a short story by Irony, written in the Kingdom of Tonga during a Peace Corps deployment.

Enjoy them.

Mike Scharding
Feb 24th, 2003
Embassy of Japan

Drynemetum Press
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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 Chronicler 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

Volume Eight 2003
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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,
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.

Now do we with songs and rejoicing,
Come before the Mother to stand.
She has given forth 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

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

The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are agleam,
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 riding from Knocknarea
And over the grave of Cloath-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,
Oimelc 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?

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.

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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 WON'T 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 blown!

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 e're 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

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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.
'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.
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.
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.

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
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.
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 you 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

Oimele Song For Brigit

Sam and I wrote a song this Sunday for the Oimele 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.

Oimele 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 lightnin 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 whereouches 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 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 victory 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,
Ogmus of the tongue, Angus of the heart,
Lugh of the crafts, Cuchulain the strong,
Nuada silver hand, Brícrìu 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
hardening 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 women'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 sporran.
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 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 mmmmmmm
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 scorded 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 aman oirre!
Seinn i an amhrainn sean agus an amhrainn og!

Tha thu mor clarsach beag agus mo caraid 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)
3rd 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 Cruelest 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 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.
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
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 jutted 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 scrabble
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.

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 Oimelc!
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, awaking 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.

-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

-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

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

-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 Zarathrustra 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

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 Rodgers

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?
AC 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...

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 will live in you if you 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]

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;
pondering 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,
Knowing 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 laa dee daa doo….

You Bash the Balrog

By Lee Gold to the tune: Waltzing Matilda)
From The Westerfilk 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 feather...
A mite on a feather...
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-F-G/C-F-/C-Am-F/G-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-

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.

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 knewed  
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.

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,  
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

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 paley moon when his shadow passed him by
Below the hills were the brightest stars when he heard the owlet
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
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 Cthulu)
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-wrap'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.
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: "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.

Oimelc Hymn

1979 Anodea and Selene lead Robert Larsen's -Oimelc Hymn" (to
band 1, side 1 of "Durch die WustelDesert," by HANS JOACHIM
ROEDELIUS.) 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!

Oimelc 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.

Oimelc 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 Brighid 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 Judth

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 Judth

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 Judth

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
Taitlu 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 Citreons
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
Barreness 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

Oidhche Inid
Be feoil again
‘S bu choir ‘uinn sin
Bu choir ‘uinn shin

Leth-cheann circe,
‘S da gheirem corna,
‘S bu leoir ‘uinn sin
Bu leoir ‘uinn sin.

Bi cin againn,
Bi beoir againn,
Bi fion againn,
Bi roic againn.

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

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

Ogma 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.
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
Belteaine 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; the mountain allures the cattle, the ant makes a rich meal.

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
Belteaine 1986
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 cross-green watercress, better its deep brooklime. Good its pure ivy, good its bright merry willow, good its yewy yew, better its melodious birch…

-Irish; author unknown; 12th Century.

Beltaine 1986

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.

-Hatching Blessing

Bu tu fein an deagh nabaidh agus an caraide caomh. Ma’s a h’e agus gum ruig thu null fearann do dhuthchais agus duthaich do bhreith, agus gum feumair thu tilleadh a nall dh’an fhionn-sa rithist, that mise cur mar bhoid agus mar bhiathiort ort, agus mar naci riaraiche nam bana-sath, thu dhol gu ruig Cladh Michell ann an Ormacleit, an Uibhist, agus thu thoir as a sin thugam-sa deannan beag urach a chur air clair 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 pecuiliar 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
-Oimele 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.

Cairoil 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 dhuann 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 fhiaich e,
Lamh a riachr iorrn na Callaig,
Sochar bheag a bhlasd an t-samhraidh,
Tha mi’n geall air leis an arain.

-Scottish Gaelic; traditional prayer.

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 townsland 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,” “tobar Chuidh-airidh,” well of the shieling fold,” “Tobar and deididh,” well of the toothache, “tobar na cnoidh,” well of the worm, and “tobar cuimh fhicail,” 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
Rombh ordag Mathar De,
Air mhír, air lion, air chroraich,
Air chnoidh, air ghoimh, air dhead.

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 mhír, air chir, air chnodaich.
Air mhuir, air chuan, air chorsa.
Air li, air lonn, air liogadh.

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 Breghon,
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

Bhride
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.

Bhride
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.

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.

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 10th Century
Samhain 1989
"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.

-Oimele 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 "broadsides" and the editor has heard a private recording made at a concert.

Gaidhlig Vocabulary

‘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 fhuir 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.

-Carmena Gadelica.
Oimele 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 curtsey gracefully and the men bow low, raising their bonnets reverently. The bow of the men is peculiar, partaking somewhat of the curtsey 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.

-Carmena Gadelica.
Oimele 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 Messeur 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

“’t 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 McLellan

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
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 phiuthar,
Hu ru
A ghaoic, a phiuthar,
Hu ru
Nach truagh leat thein
Ho hala leo
An nochd mo chumha?
Hu ru

Nach truagh leat thein
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 bocht
Ri sghath nan noc.

‘S a bhata fo uchd
‘S a dhealg ‘na bhroth
‘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 beairt-fhighe ‘n coile Phadraig;
Grad air eiteagan arainn hu ru
Chuireadh an lion ‘s cha do dh’has e.

Refrain.

Oidhche ‘n Fhoghar

Eho hao ri, o
Eho hao ri, o
Nochd a’ chiad oidche ‘n Fhogar.

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 guth gailtain ‘s cha guth 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

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Lughnasasdh 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 come s 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 Droi, 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 Droi, 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.
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

I 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 leaking 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 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 gillercumbs, 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,
er 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!
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 mummerly 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 inured 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, 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, 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 it’s 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 Wilson in study.
I am a Roosevelt in hard times.
I am a Taft at dinner.
I am a Kennedy on the farm.
I am a Clint 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 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.

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 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.

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 drium
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 threw 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

By 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 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.

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 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.

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 drium
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 threw and grew
But of the books and tomes none knew
Of the paltry existence of Dalon ap Landu
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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

By Mike Scharding, 2001
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 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 of the Hazelnut Mother Grove
New Reformed Druids of North America
August 21st, 1999

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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 eggregore 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.

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**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,
est 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?'
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.

1

1 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 timeachall air
a' sineadh gu faire,
gu beanntan Na Hearadh-
Bhitheadh chliabh 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 faitean purpar.
De ged nach biodh Gaidheal idir ann
-an tigeadh seargadh air an fhraoch?

Ann an eilean eile - ann am Muile
-tha am monadh doirseach fhathast
agus corra Ghaidheal ga fhacinn
a' fas ris na straimsearan.
Cha bhrist deur no dha an aoibhneas-san
-Ish docha mar aoibhneas a' chiid Ghaidheil
a' fhaicinn Beinn Tala is Beinn Mor
le cota oighiel a' gheamhradh.

Chunnaic am fearann seo cuideachd,
lom 's gu bheil e
iomadach beatha is bas,
gus a bheil e 'n-diugh
samhach,
comhhard gu faire
mar dhan donn do-thuigsinn.

Tha mi an dochas nach do chreid thu a' bhreug,
a' bhreug a sparras foghlam oirnn,
gu bheil an gradh aon-fhilit
Is nach eil e gu disfar co bheir e.
Oir tha an gradh ioma-dhathate
agus an cridhe os cionn a' mhonaidh,
Ard, iomadach os a chionn.

Tha iomadha gradh anns a' chridhe
agus iomadha canan.
De an dath a th'air do ghradh? -
an gradh as buaine na am monadh,
air a thasgradh anns a' chalan
'Is mi thogras sinn gu brath.
Mur cluinn am monadh ar caithream
birth ceol air chaill 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
Rhianman 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.

******

Bardic Salvo #1: Nov. 1st, 2002

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. 14th, 2001

Only Yew!

Filked by Patrick Hanke, Akita Grove
Year 2001. For the Public Domain.
Original “Only You” By the Platters
See http://www.miehs.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
Recorded by: Otis 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’s 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 1st, 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  
ilusions 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 15th, 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 put 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.,

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
Just like I was a big jerk,
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,
Dalriad, 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.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 biddy rich
Daidle deedle 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.
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 bidy rich
Deidle 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
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, 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.

If I had a biddy bidy rich
Deidle 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 it soul filled with
grief.

***************

Bardic Salvo #5: Jan 1st, 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 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 Fortuneicity.com site I found the lyrics at did not list a copyright date.
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

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 ayeveys mind ye lik tae traviel, lass

Ye ken I’ve larned muckle o aw thar wordl 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’ cannie 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
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For usage, please contact: chapbell@crocker.com

Hwaet, Hrodulf readnosa hrandeor –
Næfde þæt nieten unsciende næsðyrlas!
Glitenode and gladode godlice nosgrisele.
Da hofterendas mid huscwordum hine gehfigodon;
Nolden þa geneatas Hrodulf næftig
To gomene hraniscum geador ætsonme.
Pa in Cristesmesææfne stormigum clommum,
Halga Claus þæt gemunde to him maðelode:
"Neahfreond nihteage nosubeorhtende!
Min hroden hrædwæn gelæd ðu, Hrodulf!"
Da gelufodon hira laddeor þa lyftflogan –
Wæs glædnes and gliwdream; hornede sum gegieddode
"Hwaet, Hrodulf readnosa hrandeor,
Brad springð þin blæd: breme eart þu!"
Explicit

Hrodulf the Red-Nosed Reindeer

(H 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 15th, 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

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:
Am   C/g           D/f#      F
There is a house down in New Orleans
Am       C/g    E
they call the rising sun
Am     E        Am
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 Coolbhor, D.C. Grove
January 2002, for the Public Domain
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 1st, 2002

Only a Faery Song

By Mairi Coolmhor 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

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 you 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
Spoofed 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, gyrrating 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 richez 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!

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.hes.harvard.edu/~celts/songbook.shtml#
http://www.hes.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’a for the work of the wee folk

Chorus
If it wasn’a for the wee folk what would ye do
You wouldnae hae the food that is in your stew
You wouldn’a hae the leather for your coat or shoe.
If it wasn’a for the work of the wee folk

Chorus
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 busi-body 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

EXTRA VERSE
(at no charge, please insert before last verse)

4/4 Moderately

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’s 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’.

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’.

395
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, 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 1st, 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 for words & music!
The RDNA began about April 17, 1963. We begin “Year or Worship” XL (i.e. 40) and will celebrate our 40th 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 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

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.

**************

Bardic Salvo #10: March 15th, 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
ergy 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 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 Iliad 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
Dylan snippet: http://www.bobdylan.com/songs/sorrow.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
(CHARUS: 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.
(CHARUS: 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.
(CHARUS: 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.
(CHARUS: Cause sky, fish n’ trees have a lot to say.)

Maybe your priests think I can't get stranger
My faith is well thunk to the core
But it is quite simple in its tenets
Some times less really is a lot more.
(CHARUS: 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.m id
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
“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

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 sery 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 Dunt
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 hard 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?

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’d’s are snoozing.
Boozing Dru’d’s 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?

Are you sleeping tonight?
Do your eyes feel tight?
Are you sorry you drifted asleep?

Are you sleepy tonight?
Do your eyes feel tight?
Are you sorry you drifted asleep?

Are you sleeping tonight?
Do your eyes feel tight?
Are you sorry you drifted asleep?

Are you sleepy tonight?
Do your eyes feel tight?
Are you sorry you drifted asleep?
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 Peretti 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 1st, 2002

May (in Minnesota)

By Pat Hanek, 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-me-so-ta.
Come on, come on, come on, 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.
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 copyright 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

Standards

1. Poems, songs, chants, short stories are accepted. About 2 or 3 will be published at 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. Overly racist, sexist, genderist, and other nasty stuff will be nixed, but if you're clever enough to do so subtlerly, 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 there is no preferred bias for humor or depressive tones.
10. There is no #10.

The Winner

The winner was BrightMirage’s “I Am” in Bardic Salvo #3 on Nov. 28th, 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. 1st, 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 Gaylorn in the 70s
For the Public Domain
www.superseventies.com/midjiukebox/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

... 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, tantilizing, enticing.

... 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
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-BDYLАН-
Knockin%20On%20Heaven%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 knockin' 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)
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
"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
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.

SENIOR DRUID
In fact, when I know what is meant by "Robbie Burns" and "La Tène 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.

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 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
(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 Thanks!

hearts of darkest midnight
arms reaching out for comfort
... grey mist swells 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

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 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...
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.snickandsmodoo.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 helped 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
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 worshiping 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.
Whoo-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

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 say that stones, plants, animals alone
Will never fill our soul's deepest needs
But we can think oneself, 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]
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

[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!)

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/shinejesusushine.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

[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 (ooof!)
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

'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

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.

**Bardic Salvo #6: Jan. 15th, 2003**

**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](http://www.piano-bar.com/pages/moodlove.htm)

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/laylaskye/one.mid](http://www.geocities.com/laylaskye/one.mid)
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 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
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/laylaskye/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
Druid
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
More politically laden lyrics from Mike in D.C.

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 waivering
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.

412
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

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

(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
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
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

Gods Bless America
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

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

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 religiously.”

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]
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

“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

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

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
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 midway 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

Chapter One

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. 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.

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“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 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 sturdily 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.

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“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!”

************

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.
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.

“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, screaming, “Tea.” I told her. “Drink.”

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, and the new, and wondered what would become of us all.

“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 21st.”

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 and 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 seven-year MD/PhD program I was especially looking at. There is a seven-year MD/PhD program I was especially looking at. There is a seven-year MD/PhD program I was especially looking at. There is a seven-year MD/PhD program I was especially looking at. There is a seven-year MD/PhD program I was especially looking at. There is a seven-year MD/PhD program I was especially looking at. There is a seven-year MD/PhD program I was especially looking at.
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 wholed, swirls and ripples of grain on grain, eddies of foam on a long white shore.

“Is she 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 worshiping 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.

“Thrice damned Druid. I will kill you, Druid!”

“I am your daughter. In my heart, I love you.”

“Then you know what to do.”

“I want to be the best in the world,” she decided.

“Deliriously! No worries at all!”

Chapter Twelve

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 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 scourged 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 boys 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, Efinsan, 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 bellowed 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 shrugged. “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.

“Ise 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?” I offered, 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.”

“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.”

“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 interpretation 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 forges 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 stiffened 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 one’s soul,” I answered very carefully. “One can drive a supernatural bargain, one can destroy some thing or quality central to one’s identity, or one can commit one’s 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 breathe. 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.
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 people's souls instead of strings.

The season's 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 person's 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 teared 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.
So Ends Volume Six of the Green Books.