

There's a tree by the well in the wood,
That's covered in garlands,
Clooties and ribbons that drift,
In the cool morning air.
That's where I met an old woman,
Who came from a far land.
Holding a flame o'er the well,
And chanting a prayer.

(Chorus)

Goddess of fire, Goddess of healing,
Goddess of Spring, welcome again.

The told me she'd been a prisoner,
Trapped in a mountain,
Taken by the Queen of Winter,
At Summer's end,
But in her prison, she heard the spell,
The people were chanting,
Three days of Summer,
And snowdrops are flowering again.

She spoke of the Cell of the Oak,
Where a fire is still burning,
Nineteen priestesses tend the Eternal Flame,
Oh but of you, my Lady,
We are still learning,
Brighid, Brigantia,
The Goddess of many names.

Then I saw her reflection in the mirrored well,
And I looked deep in her face,
The old woman gone, a maiden now knelt in her place,
And from my pocket I pulled a ribbon,
And in honour of her maidenhood,
I tied it there to the tree by the well in the wood.