

Lughnasadh

Damh the Bard

Feel me sleep beneath your feet
While the year is waning,
And all about you the bare fingers plead
And reach towards the sky,
A crown of thorns about my head,
When the dark is rising,
And from the shadows walks a God, a seed,
A hope for brand new life.

Can you hear the Spirits of the Earth can you?
Can you hear the Spirits of the Earth can you?
Can you hear the Spirits of the Earth?
Can you hear them call, can you hear them sing?

Lughnasadh!
Is the life and the death of the Corn King,
Life and rebirth of the Corn King!
Lughnasadh!
Is the life and the death of the Corn King,
Life and rebirth of the Corn King!

I turn my green face to the Sun,
While the year is waxing,
And all about animals call my name
In forest and in sky.
My horns of velvet reflect the Moon,
Silver wheel of my Lady,
She comes towards me as the May reveals
Her White and virgin skin.

Can you hear the Spirits of the Earth can you?
Can you hear the Spirits of the Earth can you?
Can you hear the Spirits of the Earth?
Can you hear them call, can you hear them sing?

I turn my gold face to the Sun
As the year is waning,
The time has come now for my life to end
As metal rubs on stone,
She comes towards me across the fields,
Chariot's wheels a-blazing,
Her hair on fire, cut me crush me, bake me,
Eat me, I am yours.

Can you hear the Spirits of the Earth can you?
Can you hear the Spirits of the Earth can you?
Can you hear the Spirits of the Earth?
Can you hear them call, can you hear them sing?