

# Noon Of The Solstice

Damh the Bard

In times long past  
lived a Man of green,  
And his footsteps brought life wherever he'd been.  
In the deepest wildwood  
was the place he was seen,  
And the people did love  
and protect him.  
And they saw his face change,  
with the turn of the Wheel  
of the Seasons,  
They heard his voice sing.

I'm the Horned God,  
I'm the face in the trees,  
I'm the breath of the wind that rustles the leaves,  
I'm the Green Man  
in the wildwood I roam,  
Cernunnos, I'm Pan and I'm Herne.

I shall be as the Dark Holly King,  
Darkness and cold  
in my cloak I will bring,  
And on Winter's nights  
to me you will sing,  
Till the air around me starts changing,  
And on the noon of the solstice  
I'll give up my crown,  
To the Light  
and the Mighty Oak King.

All Summer long  
I shall rule just and fair,  
Bring your crops to fruit  
with the light that I share,  
With fire and water,  
from earth into air,  
But the Wheel it keeps  
steadily turning.  
And on the noon of the Solstice  
I'll give up my crown,  
To the cold and the Dark Holly King.

T'is now modern times  
and the Summer is here,  
The Winter has gone  
and the air it is clear,  
On a fine day I walked  
through a woods I live near,  
When a battle I spied  
through a clearing,  
Two giants of leaves,  
one light and one dark,  
Even now the Wheel it is turning!