

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!