

Oak, Broom & Meadowsweet

Damh the Bard

Gather 'round people let me spin you a tale,
Of a Mother's anger
and a curse doomed to fail.
Arianrhod's baby whom she did disown,
And Gwydion stole him to raise as his own.
Well the boy he grew to be strong and brave,
But his Mother cursed him
not to be given a name.
When he cast a stone where a Wren it did land,
She said,
"The Young Lion has a Steady Hand!"

Call the May, Call the May,
Call the May, Call the May,
Gather 'round people and call in the May.
Call the May, Call the May,
Call the May, Call the May,
Gather 'round people and call in the May.

So she laid upon him a new destiny,
"You shall never have any weapons
unless given by me".
Then a phantom army by Gwydion's charms,
Forced Arianrhod to give Llew his arms.
Then in rage and torment
she laid down this curse,
"You shall never marry a woman
of the race of the Earth".
So Gwydion and Math planned
to foil her hate,
And with the herbs of the forest
they twisted his fate.

So they gathered from the forest,
from the Grove where they meet,
Flowers of Oak, Broom and Meadowsweet.
And uttering upon them a Verse of Power,
A figure began to form from the flowers.
Oh rise, and wake, fairest Lady of Spring!
Come and be wed to the Forest King!
Flower-face is your name oh Blodeuwedd,
You carry life within your breath!

Come Oak, broom and meadowsweet,
Come Oak, broom and meadowsweet,
Come Oak, broom and meadowsweet,
Come hawthorn, come May!
Come Oak, broom and meadowsweet,
Come Oak, broom and meadowsweet,
Come Oak, broom and meadowsweet,
Come Blodeuwedd, come wake!