

On Midwinter's Day

Damh the Bard

Now that Samhain is over,
And the Sidhe have returned to their home,
The dead have followed the Raven's song,
And no longer among us they roam.
The wisdom of our ancient past,
Show us how to ride the storm,
For their tombs they swallow the rising sun,
And the Mabon is always reborn.

So come all you people, come and sing with me,
Join our voices, and sing the long nights away,
All over the land, a chorus of voices will sing,
For the rising Sun on Midwinter's Day.

The land may be barren and lifeless,
The ground may be frozen and hard,
And the rain that fell has now turned to ice,
The Winter is showing her card,
But now the Sun king has rested,
And his eyes have turned to the Earth,
For three days the Sun has been still in the sky,
But the time has now come for his birth.

Some say Jesus was born today,
Some say he is the Mabon,
Some say that he is the Son of God,
And others the Son of the Sun,
Others they listen in the woodland,
For the call of Herne,
Others they hear the clash of swords,
For the Oak King will return!