

Pipes of Pan

Damh the Bard

Can you hear the distant thunder?
Can you see the Moon in the sky?
I can see a full horizon, the Sun raising his eye.
Arms lifted to greet the dawn,
As fiery eyes of wisdom shine,
A father dead, a Son of Suns,
A tear wiped away with a smile.

All of my life I have seen many offerings,
To the Gods and all the wonder that they hold.
But how many people really can, hear the pipes of Pan?
As they sound across our sacred land of old.

I can see a cloven hoof falling,
On the bare skin of the Earth.
I can see life returning, feel the triple One's rebirth.
Golden light dapples across the woodland,
As the Piper dances and plays his tune.
Herne the Hunter, Horned One,
Spirit of Man to the Moon.

Can you hear the pipes of Pan
On the warm Summer breeze?
If you can, can you feel him deep within you
As he penetrates the land?
May blossom to the bee,
The nectar of love is on her skin.
Heat returns as passions rise
And Beltane's dance begins, once again.