

Spirit of Albion

Damh the Bard

An isle so fair, a isle so green,
Known by many names.
Feel the pulse, the pulse of the land,
The blood boils within your veins.
Someone go down to the Holy Well
and raise the Spirits there!
Lay a feather on a stone,
with a flame, and a lock of hair.

The Crane, the wolf,
the bear and the boar,
No longer dwell upon these shores,
You say that the Goddess and God
have gone,
Well I tell you they live on!
For in the cities and hills,
And in circles of stone,
The voices of the Old Ways,
The Spirit of Albion is calling you home!

From Manwydden's crashing sea,
To the moor and the Highland Glen.
From the Faerie Hills, home of the Sidhe,
To the veins of the Broad and the Fen.
Someone go down to the Holy Trees
of Oak and Ash and Thorn!
Utter a charm in the verse of three,
Till the Summer King is born!

Ride the white horses
carved into the hills,
Walk to the Hanging Stones.
Bow to the might
of Cerne Abbass' height,
Feel the peace in the Ancestors' homes.
Someone go down to Wilmington
where the Giant guards the way!
Step into the Otherworld,
into the womb,
Where centuries pass like a day