

Roots of Oak

Donovan

Shadow of cloud falls
And with it a chill
High o'er heather
Hawk hover the hill
Just begun is my journey
And Danu's my name
I am the juggler of fortune and fame

Let me not hear facts figures and logic
Fain would I hear lore legends and magic
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Feathers of raven
Slithers of coal
Armour of silver
In the mackerel shoal
Sun in the west
T'is ruby blood red
Travelers a-weary
Do make their bed

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