

## 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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