

Tull Jethro

"Beltane"

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Have you ever stood in the April wood
And called the new year in
While are the phantoms of three thousand years
Rise as the dead leaves spin?
There's a snap in the grass behind your feet
And a tap upon your shoulder,
And the thin wind crawls along your neck;
It's just the old gods getting older.
And the Kestral drops like a far-off shot
From a red cloud hanging high.
A-come-a Beltane.
A-come-a Beltane.
Have you ever loved a lover
Of the old elastic truth,
And doted on the daughter
In the ministry of youth?
Thrust your head between the breasts
Of the fertile [???)
Taken up the cause of love
For the sake of [???)
While the kisses drop like a far-off shot

From soft lips in the rain.

A-come-a Beltane.

A happy love new year to you,

And you're the sons of for one more day

[??].

Have you walked around your parks and town

So [nice and?] orderly,

While the fires are burned on the hills upturned

In far-off wild country,

And felt the chill on your windowsill

As the green man comes around

With his walking cane of sweet hazel

Brings it crashing down,

Sends your knuckles white as the thin stick bites?

But its just your groaning pains.

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