

Woodland

"Midnight Ring"

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Wander,
By the wick and the wax.
Onward,
By the stick and the staff.

See the moon in the waves
Of the shimmering seas.

Listening,
To the twinkling of stars.
Glistening,
In all that we are.

Find the rhythm in the wind
Through the wavering trees,
Wash your sorrows
In the river of memories...

So put the wood on the pile
Let the flames grow tall,
Gather round and make your sound.

Oh kindle the fire,
And sound the call,
To dance in the midnight round.

Sojourn,
Through the valley of the night,
Gather,
By the standing stones tonight.

Through the wood and the fields
With a gift to bring.

Onward,
Through the twilight and the dawn,
Onward,
Through the barley and the corn.

In the meadows
The melody of life still sings

All around to the sound
Of the midnight ring.

So put the wood on the pile,
Let the flames grow tall,
Gather round and make your sound...

Oh kindle the fire,
And sound the call,
To dance in the midnight round...

Gallop,
Beyond the rising hills,
Journey,
Through the winters windy chills...

Until the bloom of the flowers
Of the budding spring...

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