

Woodland

"The Grove"

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The groves still green and growing,
The Juniper and Oak,
The Willow and the Rowan,
Still wear their leafy cloaks.

The Holly and the Hawthorn,
All wrapped in a wreath,
Where the old bark is peeling,
There is new wood beneath,
The Spindle and the Vine,
The branches all entwined,
In the old sacred grove,
We gather tonight.

For it was written in the stars,
And bowed upon the breeze.
A tale braided in the branches
And the color of the leaves.

From a fallen Rosewood bow,
A harp sings a fable,
From the wood of a Willow
A rocker for a cradle.

Oh the arms of the Ash
The winged fruit,
where the old tree has fallen,
New life takes root.

The Elder and the Pine,
The branches all entwined,
In the old sacred grove,
We gather tonight.

In honor of the Queen of Leaves,
And her green man in the trees,
A tale braided in the branches,
And the color of the leaves...

