

## Heathen Foray

### "March Of Cambreadth"

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Cool breeze, sheltering trees,  
Deep within the glen-  
All around, sound, on the ground,  
Footsteps fall of little men-  
Now look wise, from your eyes,  
Tell me what you see,  
Too late! By fate!  
You belong to me!  
Your wit slipped a bit,  
Words have gone too far-  
Now it's true that I'll turn you,  
Straight into the ass you are-  
By what right on this night,  
Do I make my claim-  
Mortal fool, know you  
That Puck is my name!  
(chorus)  
Faeries dance in a frenzied ring,  
Elves play pipes and the goblins sing!  
Robin Goodfellow will take his queen,  
Once upon a midsummer night's dream!  
Love's fair potion rare,  
Held within in my hand-  
And with this thing I can bring  
Chaos into Faerie Land-  
A warm drop from the top,  
And we all will see  
As it cools, what fools  
These mortals can be!  
(chorus)  
(chorus)

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