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Pagan Songs and Chants "Sam's Lullaby"

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The Father's face is stern and strong,
He sits and judges right from wrong.
He weighs our lives, the short and long,
And loves the little children.

The Mother gives the gift of life, And watches over every wife. Her gentle smile ends all strife, And she loves her little children.

The Warrior stands before the foe,
Protecting us where e'er we go.
With sword and shield and spear and bow,
He guards the little children.

The Crone is very wise and old,
And sees our fates as they unfold.
She lifts her lamp of shining gold,
To lead the little children.

The Smith, he labors day and night,
To put the world of men to right.
With hammer, plow, and fire bright,
He builds for little children.

The Maiden dances through the sky, She lives in every lover's sigh, Her smiles teach the birds to fly, And give dreams to little children.

The Seven Gods who made us all,
Are listening if we should call.
So close your eyes, you shall not fall,
They see you, little children,
Just close your eyes, you shall not fall,
They see you, little children.

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