

## Iron from Stone

Damh the Bard

As I rode out one morning,  
Just as the day was dawning,  
I gave my usual greeting to the Sun.  
To seek my inspiration  
I knew my destination  
A standing stone down where the river runs.  
Seeing no one else in sight  
I sat down to write  
But I was not alone  
The Sun a little colder  
A hand upon my shoulder  
A shadow fell across the ancient stone.  
He asked what I was writing  
It sounded so inviting  
I said I just tell stories with song.  
The melody compelling  
Said he had a tale worth telling  
And promised that it wouldn't take too long  
He never would forget  
How his true love he met  
At a county faire  
Of land by the sea  
A Cambric shirt with no seams  
And of a life that they would never share.  
He thought they'd be together  
To live their lives forever  
But realised that he would soon be gone  
Behind doors that were closing  
From the will we were imposing  
On the land we depend upon.  
Their story will be sung  
For many years to come  
But we reap what we have sown  
Two broken hearts  
Two worlds torn apart  
From the day we made iron from stone.