

Thundersbarrow Hill

Damh the Bard

High upon the Southern Downs,
Through fields and over stile,
I walked to old Thundersbarrow Hill,
Where I stopped to rest a while,
Then I saw a mighty hammer,
And a dragon in full sail,
It's then a voice tell its tale.
I will tell you of my Father,
Fury was his name.
A God of War with a poet's tongue,
To him they were the same.
He created all of Midgard,
Every field and hill and vale,
In the oceans a great serpent ate its tail.
Nine days to hang on Yggdrasil,
Nine nights upon the tree,
To learn the wisdom of the Runes,
While Thought and Memory,
Fly high over Midgard,
My stories for to tell,
To those who stop to rest a while,
On Thundersbarrow Hill.
I will tell you of the sacred well,
Neath the roots of Yggdrasil,
My Father asked of Great Mimir,
If he could drink his fill,
Blinded to all wisdom,
The gifts prophecy,
He gave his eye,
So he could clearly see.
I felt the breath of Summer,
I heard the Skylark's song,
And the curve of Thundersbarrow Hill,
That I had slept upon.
This land remembers stories,
Of all who came before,
And it will tell those tales,
Forevermore.