

Song of the Flower

Sol Invictus

When the hurt shall bring you woe,
God made the healing herb to grow

A bloom on the tree
When the apples are ripe
Means the end
Of somebody's life

Ash when green
Is fuel for a Queen

The Michaelmas daisy
Among dead leaves
Blooms for St. Micheal's
Valorous deeds

In dock, out nettle,
Don't let the blood settle

Elder tree, Elder tree,
Crooked, wrong
Never straight
And never strong
Never bush
And never tree,
Since our Lord
Was nailed to thee

Under a thron,
Our saviour was born

If the sagebrush
Thrives and grows,
The master's not master
-and he knows!

St. Agnes, that's to lovers kind,
Come ease the trouble of my mind

Elm dogrieve, Oak do hate
Willow do walk; If you travels late