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.