

The Hills they are Hollow

Damh the Bard

As I walk upon this green land,
This land that love,
I see figures of chalk,
Carved into the hillsides above.
Cerne Abbas a man so proud,
And the Long Man opens wide the gates of his world,
And invites you to step inside.

And the hills they are hollow and home to the Fey,
Who dance on Midsummer's Eve,
Some people don't understand when I say,
These are the things I believe.
These are the tings I believe.

There is an old circle of stones,
That stands on the moor,
Every moss-covered face,
Tells the secrets of ancient lore.
The Tors stand as guardians,
Witnesses to the Rites of Nature's Gods,
Of Darkness and of Light.

Let's sing of the mystery,
Of Sacred Land,
See the shapes in the corn,
Made by invisible hands,
Secrets of the Pagan Ways,
Lie all around,
Written upon the Earth,
In rock and Sacred Mound!