

Down in The Garden

Damh the Bard

Down in the garden,
Is a willow tree,
Its hair in the breeze,
Whispers to me.

A voice is calling,
From deep inside,
It's longing to find,
One of its kind.

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For I am the rising sun,
I am the birdsong when the day is done.
I am the tear in your eye,
I am alive.

Down in the garden,
Where the mushrooms grow,
And the moss-covered stone,
Shows me home,

Wet soil on my fingers,
I draw back the veil,
And I say a prayer,
But I'm not scared.

Down in the gardens,
Leaves will fall,
Down to the ground,
Without a sound,
If ever you need me,
There's a willow tree,
It's hair in the breeze,
That's where I'll be.