

Under a Beltane Sun

Damh the Bard

My shackled feet they long to be free from,
This modern Rome.
The ancient moors and the granite shores they are,
Calling me home.
Sometimes this city is too much to bear,
I hear a calling in my soul,
The Mother's waterways will take me,
Where life has begun,
Under a Beltane Sun.
Cuckoo calls and the seed falls as the,
Children play.
Skylark sings to the swift on the wing in the,
Bright clear day.
Salmon swims and the diamond stream sings with,
The blackbird's song.
Voice in the breeze well it whispers please won't you,
Sing along.