

Invoking The Sidhe

Folkodia

Thickening mist encircling the hill
An eerie song rides on the frosty gate
Fires are lit to drive the dark away
The druid is standing, in silence he prays...

The moon is reflected on dark icy lakes
Their waters are stirring to the arcane call;
Deep woods a' shiver when open the gates:
The mound yawns wide - out pour the Faery Folk...

In the ring of stones
We're invoking the Sidhe!
By the blood of the bull
We're invoking the Sidhe!
By the leaf of the oak
We're invoking the Sidhe!
In the ancient tongue
We're invoking the Sidhe!

Silver bells chime and stars fall in the sky;
The North Wind both wisher the name of the One:
The One who would cross into the realm
Of the Lordly Ones and dwell there are king...

Let me be the one of whom prophecy speaks
How yearn I to ride to the otherworld tonight!
Let me dance by their side in circle of light
For I'm in love with the queen - the queen of the Sidhe!

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