Oak, Broom & Meadowsweet - Damh the Bard

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Emi           D             Emi        Hmi
Gather ’round people let me spin you a tale,
     Emi      D                          Emi
Of a Mother’s anger and a curse doomed to fail.
   Emi      D         Emi        Hmi
Arianrhod’s baby whom she did disown,
    Emi     D                         Emi
And Gwydion stole him to raise as his own.
         Emi    D          Emi        Hmi
Well the boy he grew to be strong and brave,
        Emi    D                            Emi
But his Mother cursed him not to be given a name.
        Emi    D             Emi         Hmi
When he cast a stone where a Wren it did land,
    Emi              D                 Emi
She said, “The Young Lion has a Steady Hand!”

Chorus (2×):
         G             D             Emi           Hmi
Call the May, Call the May, Call the May, Call the May,
Emi           D                       Emi
Gather ’round people and call in the May.

So she laid upon him a new destiny,
“You shall never have any weapons unless given by me”.
Then a phantom army by Gwydion’s charms,
Forced Arianrhod to give Llew his arms.

Then in rage and torment she laid down this curse,
“You shall never marry a woman of the race of the Earth”.
So Gwydion and Math planned to foil her hate,
And with the herbs of the forest they twisted his fate. (Chorus)

So they gathered from the forest, from the Grove where they meet,
Flowers of Oak, Broom and Meadowsweet.
And uttering upon them a Verse of Power,
a figure began to form from the flowers.

Oh rise, and wake, fairest Lady of Spring!
Come and be wed to the Forest King!
Flower-face is your name oh Blodeuwedd,
You carry life within your breath! (Chorus)

Bridge (2×):
     Emi
Come Oak, broom and meadowsweet, Come Oak, broom and meadowsweet,
     D                                 Emi       D    Emi
Come Oak, broom and meadowsweet, Come hawthorn, come May!
     Emi
Come Oak, broom and meadowsweet, Come Oak, broom and meadowsweet,
     D                                 Emi         D    Emi
Come Oak, broom and meadowsweet, Come Blodeuwedd, come wake!

(Chorus)
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