Spirit of Albion - Damh the Bard

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   Emi                             G        D    Emi
An isle so fair, a isle so green, known by many names. (-by many names-)
Emi
Feel the pulse, the pulse of the land,
    G             D         Emi
the blood boils within your veins. ( -within your veins-)
Ami                                  Emi
Someone go down to the Holy Well and raise the Spirits there!
Ami                              D
Lay a feather on a stone, with a flame, and a lock of hair.

Chorus:
               Emi
The Crane, the wolf, the bear and the boar,
          G
No longer dwell upon these shores,
    Ami
You say that the Goddess and God have gone,
     D
Well I tell you they live on!
                      Emi
For in the cities and hills,
                  G
And in circles of stone,
    Ami
The voices of the Old Ways,
    D                               Emi
the Spirit of Albion is calling you home!


From Manwydden’s crashing sea,
To the moor and the Highland Glen.
From the Faerie Hills, home of the Sidhe,
To the veins of the Broad and the Fen.
Someone go down to the Holy Trees
of Oak and Ash and Thorn!
Utter a charm in the verse of three,
Till the Summer King is born! (Chorus)

Ride the white horses carved into the hills,
Walk to the Hanging Stones.
Bow to the might of Cerne Abbass’ height,
Feel the peace in the Ancestors’ homes.
Someone go down to Wilmington
where the Giant guards the way!
Step into the Otherworld, into the womb,
Where centuries pass like a day! (Chorus)
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