

## summer solstice

the dogs are barking  
the wooden wagon wheels are rolling on the road  
children marking  
the way with flower petals thrown out in gypsy code  
the horses grazing  
blowing misty steam into the cold night air  
the fires are blazing  
dancers holding hands in circles everywhere  
going round and round, pouring out the passion of the soul  
on our broken land to make it whole  
mixing all the magic that we can  
calling on the spirit of pan

## chorus

the drums are calling  
calling us to worship amongst those sacred stones  
the sound joining  
the ancestral echoes of those who walked alone  
the candles burning  
lighting up the altars of gaia's faithful ones  
the circles turning  
the words of worship welcoming the rising sun  
going round and round, dancing to the rhythms of the drum  
forcing us to look at, what we've become  
healing us across a thousand years  
forgiving the sins of guinevere

## chorus

king arthur striding  
truth, honour and justice upon his royal robes  
the knights are riding  
protecting and reassuring the xenophobes  
the children playing  
their innocence watching over everybody there  
young women watching  
as lovely as the circles of flowers in their hair  
going round and round, waiting for the blessings of the sun  
on this holy day for everyone  
waiting deep within the ancient stones  
none of us, none of us alone

**chorus**

**let the earth feed us  
let the water clean us  
let the fire warm us  
let the air sing to us  
let the elves tease us  
let the goblins fear us  
let freya free us  
let the spirits bless us  
let the shaman show us  
let the pagan press us  
let the force be with us  
let the mystic move us**

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