

Roots Of Oak

Donovan

Shadow of cloud falls and with it a chill
High o'er heather, hawk hover the hill
Just begun is my journey and Danu's my name
I am the juggler of fortune and fame
Let me not hear facts, figures and logic
Fain would I hear lore, legends and magic
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Feathers of raven, slithers of coal
Armour of silver in the mackerel shoal
Sun in the west it is ruby blood red
Travelers a-weary do make their bed
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