

# 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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Fain would I hear lore, legends and magic  
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  
Let me not hear facts, figures and logic  
Fain would I hear lore, legends and magic  
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