

The Barrow Man

Tempest

Prologue:

On a holy winter's eve the Peasant went out.

Up hill and north to the red grove

Home of the man in the mounds

The Peasant stops to listen

as the Barrow Man speaks in rhyme
On a still, white winter's eve

I walked out of the yonder

As I moved through the dark red grove

A voice from the mound made me wonder
Chorus:

My dearest dear

I'm chilled to the marrow

Listen to the Man in the Barrow
Look to your sons you foolish man

They share a kinship with honor

As I rested in my lair

Then came a sound like the thunder
Chorus
Back from the inn that you had rung

Gave me a powerful reaching

But for the gift of your Peasant heart

Up from the mound I'd be speaking
Chorus
He looked at me an endless while

His eyes were pale and timeless

Then spoke to me with an ancient smile
A man lives long who lives life well

And looks to save his fellow

Like misspent is only lost

Hear the Man in the Barrow!
Chorus
Now I'm blessed with eased a heart

My wife I eased in her sorrow

And my sons now walk the path

Led by the Man in the Barrow
Chorus (x2)

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