

## **Beltane: Songs for the Green Time**

### **Track 8**

#### **Speak to Me**

**Lael Whitehead ©2005 (SOCAN)**

Speak to me, they speak to me  
Of sky and wind, of sea and stone  
Of moss and fern and cedar tree  
Of cliffs where wild arbutus grow

Speak to me, they speak to me  
Of orcas gliding through the deep  
Of eagles balancing the wind  
Above the waves where salmon leap

Chorus:

Speak to me, they speak to me  
The voices here, they speak to me  
Of this place they speak to me  
Speak to me, they speak to me

Speak to me, they speak to me  
Of deer that browse the twilight fields  
Of stony heron keeping watch  
For what the silver sea might yield

Speak to me, they speak to me  
Of bark canoe and beating drum  
Of dancing feet that once obeyed  
The rhythm of an ancient song

Speak to me, they speak to me  
Of what has been and what endures  
Of summer's bloom and autumn's fade  
In the circling of the years

Speak to me, they speak to me  
In voices humming in my bone  
In whispers rising on my breath  
In languages that tell of home