

Firedance: Songs for Winter Solstice Album

Track 4

The Year is Born Anew

Lael Whitehead ©2003 (SOCAN)

The winter wind is blowing strong
The frost is on the tree
The night intones its dreary song
O'er meadow, wood and sea
But the fire is right and our delight
Waits not for summer's sun
We'll feast and dance and sing this night
'Till our revelries are done

Chorus: So play your pipes so sweet, my lad
And lassie, sing your tune
And brings us ale to make us glad
For the year is born anew
For the year is born anew

The world has long lain in the grip
Of winter's icy fist
Out of doors the cold doth nip
The hides of man and beast
But here within the blazing hearth
Will keep our blood from chill
And the table piled with such good fare
Will keep our bellies full

Now winter keeps us from the fields
The plough it rusty lies
The earth no grain or fruit will yield
While the stormy wind doth bide
But soon the ewe will have her lamb
And the spring buds they will form
And Johnny and his MaryAnne
Once more the woods will roam