

Samhain Song

Madog Hir



Now it is the Time of Dark - ness, Win - ter's grip is on the land. Short the days, and
 Yes - ter-day the fields were gold - en, Yes - ter - eve, full was the vine. Now the grain is
 Yes - ter-day the cat - tle lowed, and Mer - ri - ly we fat - tened them. Now to - day be-
 Now we mourn the God, whose pas - sing Gives us grain, and wine, and meat. Now we feast, and



long the win - ter's Night, and Death is close at hand. Can you hear it in the night wind?
 in the crib, and Brew - pots roil with new - made wine. Yes - ter - day the fields were warm, and
 - gins the slaugh-ter Of the old, the weak, and thin. Cows who will not live the win - ter
 ease our hung - er, Mix - ing bit - ter with the sweet. But we know that dark - est sor - row



Can you feel it in the chill? For the Earth will weep this night: The God is ly - ing
 Shi - ning in the sum-mer sun. Now the frost is on the stub - ble. This night, win - ter
 Give their lives for mor-tals frail, Meat and hides to use this win - ter So that our lives
 E - ven so, will see bright morn. For the God lies in the bar - row, Who at Yule will



cold, and still.
 has be - gun.
 will not fail.
 be re - born.