

Summon up the Sun

Mike O'Connor

The green man shakes with fear,
For the winds are North and chill.
He knows his time will not be long
For its old Jack Frost is waiting on the hill,
Waiting on the hill,
For its old Jack Frost is waiting on the hill.

John Barleycorn is in his grave,
Stubble marks his tomb
Orion stalks the wary stars
And the barn owl calls to greet the hunters moon
Greet the hunters moon
And the barn owl calls to greet the hunters moon

Then the snows come thick and cruel
When the year its race has run
The god of night is strongest now
So we burn his heart to summon up the sun,
Summon up the sun,
So we burn his heart to summon up the sun.

Mid-winter day begets the May,
The darkest hour, the dawn.
The deepest snow in Spring will go
And John Barleycorn is sure to be reborn
Sure to be reborn
And John Barleycorn is sure to be reborn

For when the snows are growing thin
The God of Winter yields
Once more the spirit is re-born
And the young Green Man comes dancing through the fields
Dancing through the fields
And the young Green Man comes dancing through the fields.