

"The Wicker Man" by Damh the Bard

Verse 1

Gather branches of hazel,
Oak and ash and thorn,
Tie them with a green willow,
Blessed by a crown of horn
The corn headless before us,
Falls down to the scythe
Weave him with thanksgiving
Place the corn doll inside
Give thanks to our Mother
And the Green Man of the spring,
Thank the Goddess of harvest
Thanks to the Fallen King
The three men from the west
Their fortunes for to try
And they did all agree
John Barleycorn must die

Chorus 1

O Wicker Man, O Wicker Man
Like a mighty god you stand
You are guardian of our land
Take these prayers O Wicker Man (x2)

Chorus 2

Fire the arrow
Let him burn

Verse 2

What starts with the smallest ember
Is fed like blood through veins
Kissed by a flaming arrow
Aroused into towering flames
Give our prayers of thanksgiving
To life and John Barleycorn
Death is a new beginning
What dies shall be reborn

Chorus

Verse 3

Can you hear the chanting
To the sound of Pagan drums
Hear our voices singing
The sacrifice begun
The flames they will devour him
See him bow his head
Then we'll jump the fires burning

The Wicker Man is dead
And we shall have our bread

Chorus x2

Spoken: The Wicker Man! This is the time of the harvest, this is the season of sacrifice. Here stands our proxy sacrifice, the Wicker Man filled with your prayers and your offerings. Tonight we honor the old gods. The old gods!