

## **Dance the Round**

The forest in the rain  
The forest in the night,  
Sees strange and special things  
No one else may know.

For then comes out the Magick  
From the glittering of the Moon  
As a ring of gentle folk  
Dance the Round.

Every silken ray of  
Her silven smile  
Lights them on their way  
In their reverent ritual,  
As the bells tingle  
And the incense rises.

Full Moon  
Wheel of mysteries  
Know to but your favorite few  
Let me stumble at your alter  
And accept your  
Five-fold kiss –

Yet, these gentle folk know nothing  
Of my distress  
As their merry dance  
Proceeds to leave me  
In my lonely plea.

The forest in the rain  
The forest in the night  
I would I could see special things  
No one else may know -

I would that I may  
Dance the Round.