

Heather Dale, Sedna

Sedna roamed the deep, the cold forgotten deep, no-one wants to be alone
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From her hands they fell, children of the ocean's swell
With ice's twinkle given sight
She offered them a name, and seals they all became
And laughing, took a coat of dappled light.

Sedna roamed the deep, the cold forgotten deep, no-one wants to be alone
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From her hands they fell, ever in the sea to dwell
Nimble fingered, quick and lithe
She offered them a name, and otters they became
Keepers of her secrets in the ice.

Sedna roamed the deep, the cold forgotten deep, no-one wants to be alone
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From her hands they fell, the mightiest of all
Slow and gentle as the tides
She offered them a name, and whales they all became
To tread the paths the lesser are denied

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