

Uffington Horse, Uffington Horse

Where ancient walls of castle halls resound with voice and string
We'll journey there, where on the air the chords of magic ring
Where welcome notes come from the throats of friendships soon to be
And songs will grace a mystic place enchanting you and me

CHORUS:

We'll run the course from Stonehenge up to Uffington
On a white chalk horse we'll ride
No fear have I of Faerie sprite or mortal man
If you are by my side
If you are by my side

We'll travel 'round far underground where shadows dance and run
In tunnels deep where goblins sleep and never see the sun
Where darkness seems alive with screams of bane sidhe on the fly
Hot wind will send your hair on end when dragons pass you by

And in the wood where Robin Hood once hid his secret den
We'll play a song and sing along with all his merry men
And tell a tale with fine brewed ale and friends from long ago
And tread the moss of Robin's Cross where magic memories flow

We'll climb the hill where lying still the one true horse remains
Protected there by those who care against the winds and rains
And standing where a thankful prayer is said by you and me
Our humble course is greatly blessed by ancient mystery

And now I roam on winds of home and think of what I've learned
Of ancient bones and standing stones, how dragon fire's burned
Of ladies nine and magic sign and travels made by chance
While under me I think I see the white, white horses dance