

# Heather Alexander, Festival Wind

The sun comes up and it starts the day  
So I grab a cup of my favourite tay  
And I cross the creek where the crawdads play in their watery home

The weasel whistles and the herons hum  
And the pixie pirouettes upon my thumb  
So I know that the day has finally come, it's time to roam

## CHORUS:

Pack our bags, harness the horses  
For the frog just danced, the cat just grinned  
I've now heard from reliable sources  
That we're bound out on the festival wind!

A belt, a broach and a cloak of wool  
And a tin cup, knife and a wooden bowl  
And some sweet potcheen in a cruiscin full is what we'll need

Wrapped up tight in the family plaid  
Are the grins and giggles of the games we've played  
And they're all trussed up in the tools of trade to earn our feed

We bless the cottage as we depart  
With Dobbin and Maggie to pull our cart  
For they're sure of foot and stout of heart and strong of will

As we rove out in the light spring rain  
The roads turn rough and the horses strain  
But the laughter's sure then to ease the pain as we push up hill

When the day is done and the moon has smiled  
And the starlight's gotten us both beguiled  
Then the faeries dance, the magic's wild on a night like this

We dream of fancies that we would seek  
And the wishes dear that we dare not speak  
And perchance to feel then upon the cheek a midnight kiss

## BRIDGE:

When we arrive at the village faire  
Pennants and ribbons bright fill the air  
Blacksmith, hostler and tinker are there  
Magic and music extraordinaire!