

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!