

The Year Turns

By Lin Marsh

Welcome St Bridget – ta gys my hie
Come into our house and good fortune we'll see
And if there's a footprint in ashes so clear
We'll know you'll be sending good luck for the year

May is upon us and bonfires lit high
Haste to the hills 'fore the morning is nigh
There's turf to be cut and there's tales to be told
And girls will be coy while the young men are bold
Each kettle is steaming, the frying pans hiss
And some will be hoping to steal a brief kiss
There's stone-jars of ale and a feasting to come
Now winter fuel's gathered and summer's begun

When Autumn days beckon there's much to be done
We've herrings to salt and fleece to be spun
The hay must be dried and the grain safely stored
And Harvest will bring once again our reward
We'll celebrate gladly with dance and with song
For winter approaches and nights now grow long

October will herald the Celtic New Year
When lanterns are cut and strange faces appear
Each turnip is lit with a candle today
While children join voices and sing "Hop tu naa"!

And finally Christmas when fiddlers appear
To wake us all up and to bring us good cheer
With Hommy Beg playing we're hunting the wren
Before the year turns and starts over again.