

The Snow Hare

The hare turns white as the year turns black
Oh the rain is falling
The hare turns white as the year turns black
Oh the dark is rising

By the loch of the birds
He hunkers down in the heather
He waits for the veil of snow to come
And cover him over

The snow hare hides in the mountain moss
Oh the sleet is falling
The snow hare hides in the mountain moss
Oh the dark is rising

By the cairn of the goose
He hunkers down in the heather
He longs for the veil of snow to come
And cover him over

The hare he waits on the highest hill
But the snow is no more falling
The hare he waits on the highest hill
Oh the dark is rising

By the rock of the stag
He shelters in from the weather
He prays for the veil of snow to come
And cover him over

(Spell Songs)