The Rade – by Catt Kingsgrave

 Am G Am G

The cry goes up, the fog comes down to wrap the mortal lands around

 Am C G E

Their ears to fill with eiderdown, their eyes to stitch with sleep

 Am G Am G

From the darkened knoll and shrouded glen, we rise into the world of men

 Am C G E Am

To course its cobbled ways again, like hounds amid the sheep

And if they could see us here,

About the houses, safe and dear,

The hounds in spectral chorus

As the huntsmen thunder by

All the mortals in their sleeping,

Wrapped up in shadow’s keeping,

They’d find their dreams are steeping

In the magic of the sky

Tonight we ride, tonight we fight; tonight, the moon and stars are right.

The radeing magic, fierce and bright, is thunder in our blood!

Oh, tonight we rade, tonight we run, until the rising of the sun

The mortal world to us belongs, as so it rightly should!

 Chor

Come ye huntsmen out of Faerie; rise up and do not tarry

The hounds have scented quarry that awaits our sport tonight

Let us fly in mist and madness, in freedom and in gladness

And bid farewell to sadness till the morning’s breaking light

 Chor

All the men in mortal dreaming, who trust to daylight’s seeming,

They’d find the twilight teeming with the creatures of the Sidhe

They may let their houses shield them; confine, but not conceal them

Their mortal souls reveal them, and the Wild Hunt always sees!

 And if they could see us here, about their houses safe and dear;

The hounds in spectral chorus as the Huntsmen thunder by

But a few will wake in wonder, a hearing of our thunder

We will shake their dreams asunder with the magic of the sky!