

The Greening Song

By Michael Hudson

Underneath a solstice sun, to groves of evergreen we come,
we'll know today the work is done, when all is green!

Snip the yew and snap the pine, the balsam suits a Yule design,
we'll pour the ale and pass the wine when all is green!

In the nave the walls are waiting for a festive decorating—
celebrate the greening of the parish once again!

Weave the needle and the leaf (and cover well the space beneath!),
you'll know you have a proper wreath when all is green!

Place a bough on every sill, and hang your wreath with gentle skill,
there's nothing like the final thrill when all is green.

In the nave the walls are waiting for a festive decorating—
celebrate the greening of the parish once again!

When the greenery is right, we close the doors and dim the lights
and wait together for the night when all is green!

Angels know a child will come to weave beneath a waxing sun,
a single wreath of everyone till all is green