

With solstice here we'll celebrate
This sacred time and have much cheer
We will bring warmth and we'll bring light
Unto the darkest time of year
The mistletoe will be cut down
With sickle from the sacred tree
A kiss I'll give to you my love
A pledge of friendship made to thee

Far greater than the will of man
Or want of that which can be done
It falls and shines on where we stand
Beneath the great unconquered sun

For this is now our turning point
The shortest day, the longest night
We'll look unto the months to come
When the sun will grow both strong and bright
A vessel crown all decked with green
That tells of winter's tales and mirth
Will bring great gladness and much joy
To all who walk upon this earth

Far greater than the will of man
Or want of that which can be done
It falls and shines on where we stand
Beneath the great unconquered sun

The servants and the lords alike
And masters they will feast with slaves
And give them freedom they desire
Set thief and scoundrel free this day
With candles, dolls and gifts of fruit
And blackened faces through the street
We'll praise good fortune, raise our cups
And drink a toast to king and queen

Far greater than the will of man
Or want of that which can be done
It falls and shines on where we stand
Beneath the great unconquered sun
We'll burn the lamps to ward away
The spirits in the halls of those
Whose houses all be decked with boughs
Where evergreen and laurel grows
The earth's white crust where it lay down
Does bow the oaken branch to fall
'Tis solstice now, account ye sins
Repent ye beggars one and all

Far greater than the will of man
Or want of that which can be done

It falls and shines on where we stand
Beneath the great unconquered sun