

Drualus

Mistletoe

By Susa Morgan Black

On the Sixth day after the full moon
A procession of village folk.
Gathered to seek a special boon
Underneath the ancient oak.

They spied a clump of mistletoe
High in the oaken canopy
The berries gave a milky glow
Against bare limbs of the winter tree.

A white robed Druid climbed the boughs
With his golden sickle blade
A green circlet of ivy 'round his brow
His long dark hair caught up in a braid.

Extending his body along a stout limb
He could just reach the holy plant
Anxiously below they waited for him
And began their sacred chant.

Uil-ioc! Draoidh-lus!
Sùgh an Daraich!

Stretched beneath the gnarled wood
A sheet of white linen was spread
For the herb to touch the ground would
Be an ominous omen of dread.

Deftly the Druid cut the stem
And the herb fell upon the sheet
A cheer rose from within the glen
And the deed was declared complete.

A white bull was sacrificed that night
And a midwinter feast was held for all
The herb was preserved for a holy rite
A gift from the venerable Druids of Gaul.

Gaelic words for Mistletoe:

Uil-ioc - All heal or make whole

Draoidh-lus – Druid's herb

Sùgh an Daraich - Juice, sap or dearest of the Oak