

White Spring of Gwynn ap Nudd

*Drink if you will, from the
Ancient White spring
Of Gwynn ap Nudd
The Underworld King*

*He whose shadowy realm
Is under the Tor, which
Can only be gained
By the hidden cave door.*

*Rider of the Wild Hunt
With his hounds, Cym Annwn
White skinned, red eared,
They howl at the dark moon.*

*Wild ride on his lean pale horse,
Gwynn gathers the souls of the brave
Returning to his underground realm,
through
The glistening stones of his hoary cave.*

*Drink if you dare, travelers all,
From the waters under the stone
And leave behind in the rocky hall
Your skin, blood, sinews, and bone.*

*For the strange waters flow white
Through bedrock of calcium.
The stirring pale waters that
Bring death's stark welcome.*

*Gwynn ap Nudd,
In Glastonbury
Herne of the Hunt,
Under Windsor's great Tree
Arawn of Annwn,
By the breaking Welsh Sea
Lord of the Dead
Will you come for me?*

Red Spring of Morgan le Fay

*Drink if you will from,
the ancient Red Spring,
of Morgan le Fay,
of the Chalice wellspring.*

*She whose realm,
Is under the Yews,
Whose sap bleeds red,
As the waters run through.*

*Mistress of Avalon,
whose apples are healing.
Teacher of magic,
And mysteries revealing.*

*Morgan's blood water,
Reddened by iron,
Flows through the matrix,
In its underworld sojourn.*

*Nine holy maidens
Guard the spring's well
And all who partake
Fall under its spell.*

*Gwynn weds Morgan,
Deep in the earth,
Where the red stream meets white,
In the Cauldron of rebirth.*

*Morgan le Fay
Of Glastonbury
Lady of the Lake
Of Three time Three.
Morrigan of Eire
Queen of the Bean Sidhe
Queen of Ghosts
Will you come for me?*