

## **The Dance of the Ogham Trees**

The wind stirs and,  
Trees sway and dance,

and whisper in their,  
Midnight Revelry.

The eldritch Elder,  
and the noble Druid Oak,

The laughing fairy Hawthorn, and  
the resilient bracing Alder.

The loving mother Birch,  
and the stalwart Fir.

The gentle, healing Apple,  
and the wise old Hazel.

The bewitching red Rowan,  
and the mighty warrior Ash.

The passionate Holly  
And the tenacious, binding Ivy

The hearty Highland Heather, and  
The whispering Poplars

The golden yellow Gorse, and  
The secret, furtive Fern

The mysterious Willow,  
and the somber Yew,

The intoxicating Vine,  
and the darkest tree,  
The sinister Blackthorn.

## **Ruis**

The Eldritch Elder tree,  
Grandmother of the Grove  
Her wisdom she imparts with tea,  
In her flower hat and cream lace gloves.

Or perhaps you'll take some wine,  
Wisdom distilled in elderberry,  
She's the Cailleach of the Trine,  
And an Elder Queen of Fairy.

In Fall she dons a coat whose hue,  
Deep purple, her delight,  
And gently leads the passing souls,  
From darkness back to light.

## **Duir**

The Noble Druid Oak  
That stands among the ancient stones.  
The legendary spells evoked,  
Lie silent with their buried bones.

But tree and stone together  
Have conspired a new age  
And born again are Druids  
Who are turning a new page.

For the magic of the world  
Cannot be thrown away  
The mystery is again unfurled  
And the Oak shall lead the way.

## **Huathe**

The laughing fairy Hawthorn,  
Where the Sidhe meet on the First of May,  
And maidens gather dew, the morn  
Of this auspicious day.

White and Pink flowers adorn,  
The garland of a maiden fair,  
With the calling of the hunter's horn,  
Beneath the tree, she meets her Laird.

Hawthorn betokens revelry  
All on a summer's eve,  
Beneath this holy thorn tree  
Faerie magic begins to weave.

## **Fearn**

The resilient bracing Alder tree  
Holy wood of Blessed Bran  
Who bridged the mighty Irish Sea  
Using his own body as the span.

Alder bleeds red and true  
In defense of ancient land  
Against our foes, old and new  
Alder makes his valiant stand

Alder, trees of timeless Power,  
On their watch, they never sleep.  
Where Raven's guard the sacred Tower,  
Their alliance with Bran they always keep.

## **Beith**

The loving mother Birch  
Whose trunk is white as snow  
In a grove more sacred than a church,  
Where peace and solace grow.

Beith leads the ogham dance  
Where we hear first her call  
She sings her soft woodland romance  
In her milky moon-white shawl.

A white candle in the deep wood  
The birch stands for light and purity  
A beacon, this tree has stood  
From the beginning of eternity.

## **Ailim**

The Stalwart young Fir,  
And the brave Scot's Pine,  
Tall, straight-limbed are  
valiant trees in their prime.

Sentinel of the mountains,  
Warrior of the plains,  
Guardian of the glens,  
Where these hardy trees reign.

When Fir and Pine stand guard  
Their ramparts, none can scale.  
Their wood, strong, straight and hard  
Against them none prevail.

## **Quert**

The gentle, healing Apple,  
From the Isle of Avalon.  
The boughs, a healing chapel,  
A place the dead can rest upon.

The garden's fair and peaceful,  
And the apple blossom's white.  
The drone of bees, a gentle lull  
'Til darkness steals their sight.

Then, Morgan stirs her apple brew,  
A healing draught to drink.  
And life begins to stir anew,  
As death's cold eyes begin to blink.

## **Coll**

The wise old Hazel,  
In a woodland, deep and cool,  
Where the sacred salmon dwell,  
Eating nuts from Segais' pool.

The hazel nuts on Halloween,  
Foretells our future year.  
Cast on the grate upon the e'en,  
The veils do part, and we can peer.

Bringing Wisdom of the Ages,  
Wood of the Diviner's rod,  
Favorite staff of Druid Sages,  
Tree whom the poets laud.

## **Luis**

The bewitching Rowan Red  
Maiden Tree of Brigid's Day,  
With her cloak of scarlet thread,  
She dances with the Winter Fey.

Snow is still upon the ground,  
She raises up her crimson hood,  
And dances lightly all around,  
Her berries bright as new shed blood.

Her realm the gentle mountain slopes,  
Along the stony streams,  
The sight of her can raise our hopes,  
And remind us of our dreams.

## **Nuin**

The mighty warrior Ash,  
Provided wood for Nuada's spear  
And arrows for the archer's cache  
Wooden weaponry to fear.

Druid wands that hold the key  
To unleash power of the will,  
Ash promotes creativity.  
But, take care, and do no ill!

Ash, the Tree of Destiny,  
Planted near the holy well,  
Branches tied with clooties,  
A place where fairies dwell.

## **Tinne**

The passionate Holly  
Stirs the fire in the blood.  
Known for youth and folly,  
He rules the winter wood.

The Green man is the Holly King,  
Who challenges the valiant Knight.  
And rules from winter through the spring,  
Until the Oak Man shows his might.

Holly keeps the greenwood live,  
For the holiest of reasons.  
For in his wood, life will survive,  
Through the coldest of the seasons.

## **Gort**

The tenacious, binding Ivy,  
Adorns the Winter Queen.  
Her crown is dark and lively,  
A vibrant Winter Green.

Ivy lays a lovers trail,  
To lure sweethearts to the wood,  
A wreath to hold Marian's veil,  
While holly adorns Robin Hood,

Broad leaves like roofs in winter dwell,  
Cloistered on the ground, with  
Tiny treasures: a cup shaped shell,  
Proof - a faerie dwelling found!

## **Ur Heather**

The hearty Highland Heather  
Spreads her *brat* of purple glory  
She withstands the Scottish weather  
And tells her ancient story.

Sprigs of white heather brings us good luck,  
Gather pink for a lover's tryst,  
Royal purple lings leave us awestruck,  
Heather borders the road to paradise.

Called Fraoch by Scottish warriors keen,  
Who plucked the plant from the brae,  
And brewed by a good Scots colleen,  
Heather ale is still drunk to this day!

## **Eadha**

The whispering Poplars  
Utter secrets to the wind.  
The enigmas of the stars,  
They'll share with kith and kin.

Conferring 'cross the forest floor  
Their message spreads afar  
From the mountains to the shore  
They hold a woodland seminar.

Their nature is both black and white  
As they dwell beneath the Moon  
Seek them in the day or night  
And ask of them a boon.

## **Onn**

The golden yellow Gorse,  
Eternal flower of the Sun.  
A bright symbol of the source,  
Of sustenance for everyone.

Plant sacred to the Sun God, Lugh  
Known as Samildánach.  
The many gifted one, who  
For every trade, had the knack.

A favorite shrub of fairy folk,  
A summer bed it made.  
Hidden 'neath their fairy cloak,  
Among the gorse, they laid.

## **Ngetel**

The secret, furtive Fern,  
Whose seeds grant invisibility.  
Where being observant we can learn,  
Of every possibility.

The Faeries guard Fern's powers well,  
And if you seek to find,  
Where this magic plant does dwell,  
It may be you the fairies blind!

But if you dare to use this leaf  
The hidden world will be revealed.  
Enchanting scenes beyond belief,  
Will be in your mind, forever sealed.

## **Saille**

The mysterious flowing Willow,  
Whispers to the White Moon.  
Her long green fronds gently blow.  
She's a Tree of Luna's Triune.

She walks the night in a green veil,  
Her narrow leaves caress your face.  
Her wooden moon-skin milky, pale,  
A tree of elegance and grace.

By the river's edge she awaits,  
And tells the tale of yore.  
With silver words she creates  
Dreams along the river shore.

## **Ioho**

The somber Yews, whom Death knows,  
whose trunks form the gate to Annwn.  
Between their roots the river flows,  
And souls drift to sweet oblivion.

The winter berries shine bright red,  
Admist their dark green leaves.  
A beacon to the newly dead,  
To put their fears at ease.

For the land to which they travel now  
On the yonder side of Yew  
Is the apple vale of Avalon  
Where they drink of life again  
from Morgan's brew.

## **Muin**

The intoxicating Vine,  
The master of the brew.  
A magic draft sublime,  
Made from berries of every hue.

Fermented crop of bush and tree,  
or hearty vine of fruitful field.  
The sacred grape or blackberry,  
Renders a divine yield.

Vine gives us inspiration,  
The succor of the bard,  
Or steels us with courage,  
When times grow hard.

## **Straif**

The sinister Blackthorn,  
Of the dark Moonless Night,  
A weird, eerie tree, sworn  
To put evil to flight.

A tree of dense thickets,  
a strong boundary wall,  
And sharp thorn pickets,  
That prevail against all.

She dances the Dark  
and magic she'll weave,  
For she is the Monarch  
Of Samhain Eve.