

Amazing grace,
how sweet the Earth,
that bore a witch like me.
I once was burned, now I survive.
Was hanged, but now I sing.

'Twas grace
that drew down the moon,
and grace that raised the seas.
The magick in the people's will,
shall set our Mother free.

We face the East,
and breather the winds
that move upon the Earth...
from gentle breeze to hurricane,
our breath will bring forth change.

Turn toward the South
and feel the fire
that burns in you and me.
The spirit's flame shall rise again
and burn eternally.

We greet the West,
our soul's awash
in tides of primal birth.
Our pain, our blood, our tears and love
shall cleanse & heal the Earth.

Reach in to North
and know your roots
down deep ancestral caves.
We find the wisdom of the Crone,
of circles we are made.

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how sweet the Earth
that bore witches like we.
We once were burned, now we survive;
were hanged, but now we sing.

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