

"The Hunger"

There's a howling in the hollows,
The nights are growing long.
Hear the wailing in the willows;
The mournful winter's song.
The screaming of the silence calls,
Chilling, sharp and clear.
Run inside and bar the doors;
The hunger's drawing near.

There's a shape within the shadows,
The days are growing dark.
Hear the weeping of the widows
And the starving weir-wolves' bark.
The beasts are on the hunt tonight,
The air is rank with fear.
Run inside and bar the doors;
The hunger's drawing near.

There's a blight among the barley,
The cattle's growing thin.
Hear the owls are crying early
And all the stars are dim.
The children hold their poppets tight
No laughter, smiles or cheer.
Run inside and bar the doors;
The hunger's drawing near.

There's a sickness plagues the sleepers,
The folk are growing ill.
Hear the rattling of the reaper,
His bones that grasp and chill.
The mothers mourn their silent babes,
Their cheeks run wet with tears.
Run inside and bar the doors;
The hunger's drawing near.

[Lyrics by Sean Langford, music by Kathryn Wheeler]