

# Fields So Green

by Jeff Bigler

At sunrise on Beltane the pagans all come  
To the banks of the river where the dancing is done.  
And they smile and nod wisely for they understand  
That the dancing is done for the land.

For they've read all about it in magical texts,  
Of fertility rites danced in six person sets.  
And they say they're sincere but there's hardly a chance  
That they'll get up and join in the dance.

**Chorus:** *But I dance for the fields, I dance for the land,  
With my bells and my ribbons and my hankies in hand.  
Each time that I caper, the higher I leap,  
That much more grow the barley and wheat,  
From the magic I dance with my feet.*

The dancers today are not of the same stock  
And the crops and the fields have long been forgot;  
For the magic is far less important today  
Than which way to go in a hey.

At the ales where they gather the dancers do roam  
Through parking lots, malls and retirement homes;  
And the one thing that's foremost in all of their minds  
Is the contra dance later that night.

*Chorus*

The crops of today are all grown by machines,  
And there's no place for magic in today's planting schemes.  
More important is yield per acre of land,  
And their parents and children be damned.

And they've all got their bottles that they highly rate  
Of fertility magic trichlorosulfate.  
Yet all of their chemistry still can't explain  
Why the fields where we dance are so green.

*Chorus*

Now I live in a city and I dance in the streets  
Where there's no growing thing within five hundred feet.  
And the crowd asks us ``Hey, what are you s'posed to be?"  
Or they shout things I will not repeat.

And we write city hall for permission to dance,  
And we drive ninety minutes for a half-hour stand.  
But the magic begins when we form up the set,  
And it still works despite the cement.

**Alternate chorus** (sung after the last verse):  
For I think of the fields, I think of the land  
Each time I wear bells and take hankies in hand.  
And I know when I caper, the higher I leap,  
Somewhere tall grow the barley and wheat,  
For the magic still works from the streets.

*"Regular" Chorus*

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