

# The Singing Hill

by Dorothy Cameron

The men in dark suits  
With endless disputes  
Sit in the marble temple  
In the shining edifice  
Built upon the hill.

They are the elders  
Of the present day tribe,  
Quite unaware that aeons ago  
The hill was sacred  
And magic was there.

For once it was the Singing Hill,  
The hill which sang the Earth Song  
At the meeting of the ley-lines  
And the crossing of the song-lines  
In the centre of the Hills of the Circling.

The song of the Earth was the women's song.  
They were the tribal elders then  
Who knew of the Mysteries,  
Who drew down the moon  
And nurtured the Earth and its singing.

Unknown to the dark suits  
Shouting within,  
The women are returning  
To the Centre of the Circling  
Reclaiming their own songs.

Circling the fountain in the shining edifice,  
Circling the pyramid of the thrusting dome,  
They return to their own  
And the chanting is beginning,  
The humming has begun.

With the passing of the seasons  
Music from the Singing Hill  
Will transcend the voices  
Of the dark suits  
Shouting their abuse.

New tribal elders,  
The re-emerging Daughters,  
Will awaken Gaia  
And the shouting will be stilled.  
The healing of the planet will begin.

Gaia's woman-energy  
Will link the endless Cosmos  
With the light of inner knowledge  
And a reverence for the Earth.

And the daughters of a different Dreaming  
Will recover the mystery,  
Rediscover the harmony,  
Of the Centre of the Circling  
Around the Singing Hill.