

## **Loreena Mckennitt**

### **"Ce Hé Mise Le Ulaingt Ft.The Two..."**

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Beloved, gaze in thine own heart  
The holy tree is growing there  
From joy the holy branches start  
And all the trembling flowers they bear  
The changing colors of it's fruit  
Have dowered the stars with merry light  
The surety of it's hidden root  
Has planted quiet in the night  
The shaking of it's leafy head  
Has given the waves their melody  
And made my lips and music wed  
Murmuring a wizard song for thee  
There the Loves a circle go  
The flaming circle of our days  
Gyring, spiring, to and fro  
In those great ignorant leafy ways  
Remembering all that shaken hair  
And how the wing'd sandals dart  
Thine eyes grow full of tender care  
Beloved, gaze in thine own heart

Gaze no more in the bitter glass  
The demons with their subtle guile  
Lift up before us when they pass  
Or only gaze a little while  
For there a fatal image grows  
That the stormy night receives  
Roots half hidden under snows  
Broken boughs and blackened leaves  
For all things turn to bareness  
In the dim glass the demons hold  
The glass of outer weariness  
Made when God slept in times of old  
There through the broken branches go  
The ravens of unresting thought  
Flying, crying, to and fro  
Cruel claw and hungry throat  
Or else they stand and sniff the wind  
And shake their ragged wings: alas!  
Thy tender eyes grow all unkind  
Gaze no more in the bitter glass  
Beloved, gaze in thine own heart

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