

Loreena Mckennitt "Ce Hé Mise Le Ulaingt Ft.The Two Trees - Patrick Hutchinson"

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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 its fruit
Have dowered the stars with merry light
The surety of its hidden root
Has planted quiet in the night
The shaking of its 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'nd 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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From joy the holy branches start
And all the trembling branches bear
Remembering all that shaken hair
And how the wing'd sandals dart
Thine eyes grow full of tender care
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