

Robin Williamson

"Through the Horned Clouds"

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I see your faces
Blown through the horned clouds
In the silent cities
They call me so loud

Come through the fire
Come through the foam
Come at the world's night
Call the herds home

Dearest child, dearest child
Most high
Please don't let our fancy die
Till all the grapes are gathered from the vine

When you come
Will you sound the harp?
Give to the blind
Cat's eyes in the dark

Oh, will we know you
For what you are
You who have
Come so far

Sweetest fair, sweetest fair
Most high
Don't let them cut that ladder before it's time
For all the grapes to be gathered from the vine

He comes again
She comes again
Through the mist of time
Through the mist of rain

No more words
My heart brims over
In the sea of circumstance
Rows for the rocky shore

Most high, most high
We who have sworn

By the dead and the unborn
Wheels within wheels, oh, most high

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