

## **Loreena Mccennitt**

### **"Come by the Hills"**

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By William Butler Yeats

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 colours 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 winged 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,  
The holy tree is growing there;  
From joy the holy branches start,  
And all the trembling flowers they bear.  
Remembering all that shaken hair  
And how the winged sandals dart,  
Thine eyes grow full of tender care:  
Beloved, gaze in thine own hear

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