

Mckennitt Loreena

"The Two Trees"

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October 6, 1993 - Stratford...browsing through Yeats' poetry and came across "The Two Trees" with its lovely sentiment of looking into one's own self for goodness, and the struggle to avoid looking into the glass of cynicism...It strikes me, now, to have a strong Sufi connection in that way...the imagery is quintessentially Irish and reminds me, for some reason, of the ending of John Huston's film *The Dead*: barren countryside, leafless trees and the starlings crying.

6 octobre 1993 - Stratford...en feuilletant un livre de poemes de la bonte a rechercher a l'interieur de soi et du combat pour eviter de regarder dans le miroir du cynisme...Cela me frappe, maintenant, de ressentir un lien puissant avec la pensee soufie...l'image est de quintessence irlandaise et me rappelle, pour une raison inconnue, la fin du film "The Dead" de John Huston: un paysage desole, des arbres sans feuilles et les oiseaux qui pleurent.

6. Oktober 1993 - Stratford...als ich in den Gedichten von Yeats schmoeckerte, stiess ich in "The Two Trees" auf den wunderbaren Gedanken, in sich selbst das Gute zu suchen und den Kampf darum, den Blick in den Spiegel des Zynismus zu vermeiden...Jetzt sehe ich auch hier eine enge Verbindung zu den Sufis...Dieses Bild ist durch und durch irisch und erinnert mich aus irgendeinem Grund an das Ende von John Houston's Film "Die Toten": karge Landschaft, nackte Baeume und die kreischenden Stare.

6 de octubre de 1993 - Stratford...hojeando la poesia de Yeats me encuentre con "The Two Trees" cuyo encantador sentimiento de busqueda del bien dentro de uno mismo y su lucha por evitar mirarse en el espejo del cinismo, ahora me conmueven, al darme cuenta de las fuertes conexiones con el pensamiento Sufi en este sentido...la imagineria es quintaesencialmente irlandesa y me recuerda, por algun motivo, el final de la pelicula de John Huston, The Dead: campos aridos, arboles sinjojas y los estorninos cantando.

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 teh 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 heart.

Lyrics: William Butler Yeats,
arranged and adapted by L.M.

Music: L.M.

Pipe Intro: Ce he mise le ulaingt? ("Who Am I To Bear
It?"), composed and performed by Patrick Hutchinson;

tamboura: George Koller

L.M. - vocals, piano, synthesizer

Ofra Harnoy - cello

George Koller - bass

strings: David Hetherington, David Miller, Sharon
Prater, Heinz Boshart, Sylvia Lange, Susan Lipchak,
Douglas Perry, Kent Teeple, Adele Armin, Andy Benac,
Marie Berard, Fujico Imajishi, Morry Kernerman, Mark
Sabat

String and cello arrangement by John Welsman

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