

# LOREENA MCKENNITT

From the Quinlan Road recording *Lost Souls*

## **SPANISH GUITARS AND NIGHT PLAZAS**

*Lyrics and music by Loreena McKennitt*

Now falls the light by your side  
And flows to a sea of lost dreams  
The ocean opens its arms to lost souls  
Toils the night so it seems  
And who can recall the lost favour  
The distant look in your eyes  
Spanish guitars in night plazas  
In a park you can hear lovers cry

### **C H O R U S**

Hear where the children are singing  
I kissed the sleep on your brow  
Here where the children are weeping  
I held you till your heart became mine

Somewhere deep in the midnight  
Night birds send out their calls  
Somewhere far from the madness  
The shadows of leaves touch the walls  
And you taught me to dance with the heartbreak  
Of those who carved stone with their woes  
And showed me to love in the darkness  
The visit it comes and it goes

### **C H O R U S**

Hear where the children are singing  
I kissed the sleep from your brow  
Here where the children are laughing  
I held you till your heart became mine

Now falls the light by your side  
And flows to a sea of lost dreams  
The ocean opens its arms to lost souls  
Toils the night so it seems  
And who can recall the lost favour

The distant look in your eyes  
Spanish guitars in night plazas  
In a park you can hear lovers cry

#### C H O R U S

Hear where the children are singing  
I kissed the sleep on your brow  
Here where the children are weeping  
I held you till your heart became mine

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## A HUNDRED WISHES

*Lyrics and Music by Loreena McKennitt*

If I had a hundred wishes  
Only one of them could come true  
I would wish that over this distance  
I could be there now with you.

### CHORUS

Could we be in France again?  
Dance beneath the olive trees  
Lingering bodies on a deserted beach  
Moon above to catch the breeze

In my eye I see you still  
Darkened hair and tender smile  
Leaning out of the window sill  
Clutching roses all the while

### CHORUS

Could we be in Spain again?  
Dance beneath the olive trees  
Mingling bodies on a deserted beach  
The moon above to catch the breeze

Do you remember the summer when  
We took to the coast of Clare  
Heard the ocean on the rocks  
Listened to the music there

### CHORUS

Could we be in Ireland again?  
Dance beneath the oak trees,  
Mingling bodies on a deserted beach  
Moon above to catch the breeze.

If I had a hundred wishes  
And if only one of them could come true  
I would wish that over this distance  
I could be right there, now with you.

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## **AGES PAST, AGES HENCE**

*Lyrics and music by Loreena McKennitt*

Ancient castles on climbing cliffs  
Summoned by the sea  
Windswept shores and crashing waves  
Rages furiously  
Twisting trees old and true  
Stand huddled watchingly  
Oh ages past ages hence pages turned carefully  
Ages past ages hence pages turned carefully

What pagan smile has touched your lips  
What melody so sweet  
Soothed your breast your beating heart  
The underworld gone to sleep  
Twisting trees old and true  
Stand huddled witchingly  
Oh ages past, ages hence pages turned carefully

Into the clutches of night  
I can see the torch lights shine bright  
The gates are drawn, the hounds sit still  
There's laughter that bubbles within  
Down bend the trees quietly witnessing  
Man's journey into himself

Ever turning ever churning  
Clutching the waves of his wealth  
Yearning, a thirst never quenched  
Tumble the thoughts until they lie like petals on the ground  
Gathered by winds stretched through the tree  
Like a whispering sigh

Ancient castles on climbing cliffs  
Summoned by the sea  
Windswept shores and crashing waves  
Rages furiously

Twisting trees old and true  
Stand huddled watchingly  
Oh ages past ages hence pages turned carefully

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## **THE BALLAD OF THE FOX HUNTER**

*Lyrics by WB Yeats, adapted by Loreena McKennitt, Music by Loreena McKennitt*

Lay me on a cushioned chair  
Carry me you four  
With cushions here and cushions there  
To see the world once more  
To stable and to kennel go  
Bring me what there is to bring  
Lead my Lollard to and fro  
And gently in a ring

Put the chair upon the grass  
Bring Rody and his hounds  
That I might contented pass  
From these earthly bounds  
His eyelids drop his head falls low  
His old eyes cloud with dreams  
The sun upon all things that grow  
Falls in sleepy streams

Brown Lollard treads upon the lawn  
And to the armchair goes  
And now the old man's dreams are gone  
He smooths his long brown nose  
And now moves many a feathered tongue  
Upon his wasted hands  
For leading aged hounds and young  
The huntsman near him stands

Servants round his cushioned place  
Are with new sorry wrung  
Hounds are gazing on his face  
Aged hounds and young  
Fire is in the old man's eyes  
His fingers move and sway  
And when the wandering music dies  
They hear him feebly say,

'Huntsman Rody blow the horn  
Make the hills reply.'

'I cannot blow upon my horn  
I can but weep and sigh.'

One blind hound lies apart  
On the sun smitten grass  
He holds deep commune in his heart  
The moments pass and pass  
The blind hound with a mournful din  
Lifts his wintery head  
The servants bear the body in  
The hounds wail for the dead.

Huntsman Rody blow the horn  
Make the hills reply  
Huntsman Rody blow the horn  
Make the hills reply  
Huntsman Rody blow the horn  
Make the hills reply  
The huntsman loosens on the morn  
A gay and mournful cry

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## LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

*Lyrics by John Keats, Music by Loreena McKennitt*

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew,  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful—a faery's child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A faery's song.

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She look'd at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew,  
And sure in language strange she said—  
“I love thee true.”

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept, and sigh'd fill sore,  
And there I shut her wild wild eyes  
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,  
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
They cried—"La Belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,  
With horrid warning gaped wide,  
And I awoke and found me here,  
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

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## **BREAKING OF THE SWORD**

*Lyrics and Music by Loreena McKennitt*

On a sunny April morning  
My dear son you were born  
Until one day you were called away  
From my heart was torn

As a boy you knew the stables  
As a lad you knew the fields  
My son you worked beside me  
But to country you must yield

## C H O R U S

You were called to serve the country.  
You were called to serve the king.  
And from our home you left one day  
And of this today I sing.

When I stood there at the station  
And our eyes one last time met  
It was at that moment my dear son,  
T'is that I'll ne'er forget.

Is it now a mother's blessing  
That the country is truly free?  
You gave your life for all of us  
And all humanity.

As I stand here at your grave side  
And the spring birds sing their song,  
My child I love you more and more  
And will my whole life long.

## C H O R U S

You were called to serve the country  
You were called to serve the king

And from our home you left one day  
And of this today we sing.

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# LOREENA MCKENNITT

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## LOST SOULS

*Lyrics and Music by Loreena McKennitt*

This journey's over  
Another's just begun  
Beneath the moonlight  
Or by the warming sun

I seek to hold you  
In sunshine or in rain  
Beneath the heavens  
I'm coming home again.

So far we drifted  
Like ships upon the sea.  
Horizons fading  
We lost our destiny

The storm clouds hover  
Our vanity like pain  
Which held back the winds  
That bring us home again

Oh could I see now  
The swallows in their flight  
Or watch the moon dance  
On oceans in the night

The trees reach upward to  
To help the birds to fly  
And of the creatures  
Who will hear them cry?

We walk the hillside  
Like lost souls in the night  
And in the darkness  
We're searching for the light

And in the morning  
Like freshly fallen dew  
Much like a moon's breath  
I'm coming home to you.

This journey's over  
Another's just begun  
Beneath the moonlight  
Or by the warming sun

For I remember  
That if my heart be true  
Just like an eagle  
I'm coming home to you.

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