

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
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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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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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