

# Loreena McKennitt, C&eacute; H&eacute; Mise L

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 love 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

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