

Robin Williamson, Through The Horned Clouds

By Robin Williamson

Robin Williamson: Guitar, indian flute, oboe, piano, cello and vocal.

I see your faces
blown through the horned clouds
in the silent cities
they call me so loud
come through the fire
come through the foam
come at the world's night
call the herds home
dearest child dearest child
Most High
please don't let our fancy die
till all the grapes are gathered from the vine

when you come
will you sound the harp
give to the blind
cat's eyes in the dark
o will we know you for what you are
you who have come so far
sweetest fair sweetest fair
Most High
don't let them cut that ladder before its time
for all the grapes to be gathered from the vine

He comes again
She comes again
through the mist of time
through the mist of rain
no more words my heart brims over
in the sea of circumstance
rows for the rocky shore

we who have sworn
by the dead and the unborn
wheels within wheels
O Most High.