

Prospero's Speech

Loreena McKennitt

And now my charms are all o'erthrown
And what strength I have's mine own
Which is most faint; now t'is true
I must here be released by you But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults
As you from your crimes would pardon'd be
Let your indulgence set me free.

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