

The Old Ways

[Loreena Mckennitt](#)

The thundering waves are calling me home, home to you
The pounding sea is calling me home, home to you
On a dark new year's night
On the west coast of Clare
I heard your voice singing
Your eyes danced the song
Your hands played the tune
T'was a vision before me.
We left the music behind as the dance carried on
As we stole away to the seashore
We smelt the brine, felt the wind in our hair
And with sadness you paused.
Suddenly I knew that you'd have to go
Your world was not mine, your eyes told me so

Yet it was there I felt the crossroads of time
And I wondered why.
As we cast our gaze on the tumbling sea
A vision came o'er me
Of thundering hooves and beating wings
In clouds above.
As you turned to go I heard you call my name,
You were like a bird in a cage spreading its wings to fly
"The old ways are lost," you sang as you flew
And I wondered why.
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