Over Old Hills

Summoning

The air was neither night or a day,
But faintly dark with softest light
When first glimmered into sight
The Cottage of Lost PlayYou and me - we know that land
And often have been there in
The old days, old days
The dark child and a fair
Was it down the paths of firelight
Dreams in winter cold and white,
Or in the blue-spun twilight, twilight hours
The air was neither night or day,
But faintly dark with softest light,
When first there glimmered into sight
The Cottage of Lost PlayAnd why we never found the same
Old cottage, or magic
Track that leads between a silver sea,
Between a silver sea
And those old shores and gardens fair
Where all things are that ever were -
We know not, You and Me
We know not, You and MeThose old shores and gardens fair
Where all things are
That ever wereThe air was neither night or day,
But faintly dark with softest light,
When first there glimmered into sight
The Cottage of Lost Play
And those old shores and gardens
Where all things are that ever were
We know not, You and Me,
We know not, You and MeAnd these old shores
And gardens fair
Where all things are
That ever were [before]
Air was neither night or day
But faintly dark with softest light
When first there glimmered
The Cottage of Lost Play

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