

The Weaving Made

Lisa Theriot

THE WEAVING MADE

~ Lisa Theriot

(English)

Iâ€™m weaving a basket to carry the gathering in.
Iâ€™m weaving a crown for my lover when Harvest begins.
Iâ€™m weaving the patterns of red and of gold,
the Hunterâ€™s Moon rises, the season grows old
Iâ€™m weaving a basket to carry the gathering in.

Iâ€™m weaving a cloak for in winter my love to keep warm
to rule over deep frozen river and ice driven storm,
and Iâ€™ll weave another to wrap myself in
to sleep while I may until life comes again.
Iâ€™m weaving a cloak for in winter my love to keep warm.

Iâ€™m weaving a shirt for my lover to wear in the spring,
to ride in the moonlight when stars at the whipper will sing;
and Iâ€™ll weave a gown that will flow when I run,
to dance on the mountains and welcome the sun.
Iâ€™m weaving a shirt for the lover the season will bring.

Iâ€™m weaving a rug made of heather and roses and dew
to lay at the feet of my love when each day glimmers new.
Weâ€™ll labour together and rest in the shade,
for only by each can the weaving be made.
Iâ€™m weaving in haste for the hours of summer are few.

Iâ€™m weaving a road we can travel, my lover and I.
Iâ€™m weaving with white of the moon and blue of the sky.
The seasonâ€™s my warp threads and time as my weft.
my spirit is willing, my fingers are deft
The weaving is made by my love and my lover.

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