

Through the Horned Clouds

Robin Williamson

I see your faces
Blown through the horned clouds
In the silent cities
They call me so loudCome through the fire
Come through the foam
Come at the world's night
Call the herds homeDearest child, dearest child
Most high
Please don't let our fancy die
Till all the grapes are gathered from the vineWhen you come
Will you sound the harp?
Give to the blind
Cat's eyes in the darkOh, will we know you
For what you are
You who have
Come so farSweetest fair, sweetest fair
Most high
Don't let them cut that ladder before it's time
For all the grapes to be gathered from the vineHe comes again
She comes again
Through the mist of time
Through the mist of rainNo more words
My heart brims over
In the sea of circumstance
Rows for the rocky shoreMost high, most high
We who have sworn
By the dead and the unborn
Wheels within wheels, oh, most high

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