

Our Lady Of Solitude

Leonard Cohen

All summer long she touched me
She gathered in my soul
From many a thorn, from many thickets
Her fingers, like a weaver's
 Quick and cool
And the light came from her body
And the night went through her grace
All summer long she touched me
 And I knew her, I knew her
 Face to face
And her dress was blue and silver
 And her words were few and small
She is the vessel of the whole wide world

Mistress, oh mistress
 Of us all
Dearly dead, queen of solitude
 I thank you with my heart
For keeping me so close to thee
 While so many, oh, so many
 Stood apart
And the light came from her body
And the night went through her grace
All summer long she touched me
 I knew her, I knew her
 Face to face

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