

# Through the Horned Clouds

Robin Williamson

I see your faces  
blown through the horned clouds  
in the silent cities  
they call me so loud  
come through the fire  
come through the foam  
come at the world's night  
call the herds home  
dearest child dearest child  
Most High  
please don't let our fancy die  
till all the grapes are gathered from the vine

when you come  
will you sound the harp  
give to the blind  
cat's eyes in the dark  
o will we know you for what you are  
you who have come so far  
sweetest fair sweetest fair  
Most High  
don't let them cut that ladder before its time  
for all the grapes to be gathered from the vine

He comes again  
She comes again  
through the mist of time  
through the mist of rain  
no more words my heart brims over  
in the sea of circumstance  
rows for the rocky shore

we who have sworn  
by the dead and the unborn  
wheels within wheels  
O Most High.