

## Queen Of Love

### The Incredible String Band

A strong power calls from the left hand  
Across the waters deep  
A strong power calls from the left hand  
Let all things sleep or weep

Oh the queen of love, you have unwove my eyes  
And my heart will not sleep

The eye would sleep but the mind would rise  
I must needs walk down God's eyebrows  
And along the street of his eyes  
Look for me and you will see me in my red cloak  
Swimming determined  
As God's blood flows

Creatures of grief you beg from the thief  
I will not carry home your sacks of sorrow  
But I will pay the fiddler good silver if he smiles  
Pray God he see tomorrow

And the fine fine girls that are into it  
And my eyes with salt water swim  
And we disputing with a brittle gaiety  
Upon the world's rim  
If I sought to love you with my body  
It would be with a bent back  
Unto the day of doom

Oh the Queen of Love  
I am in her heart  
She is in my room

And together alone we clasp hands  
And in each other's eyes walk the endless shore  
And below I have my duty to perform in the song  
And that that I was  
You will see it no more

The snow is on the hills of my heart  
And to speak is to die  
The men at arms do seek to mark me  
And the monks raise hue and cry  
Seek me in vain on Golgotha  
Or in fear's hollow  
For the way I take today  
Only the true may follow

The ancestors in stone armour  
Calling for loyalty untrue  
Seek to make a zigzag of the arrow's flight  
It is so swaddled in the bands of form  
But I am girdled with the storm  
And cloaked with the night  
I am not to be seen or found  
Save only in what I cause  
Standing outside on the inside outside  
Perfectingness and flaws

How will I say where I end  
Or where you begin  
How will I say, what shall I play  
Shall it be you or the wild wind  
As Pan with the unsane eyes  
Or with the wild horns  
Or when I am crowned with the paper crown  
Or with the crown of thorns

A strong power compels distortion from the right hand  
Fleece to the grey wolves  
Fangs to the grey sheep  
But the Queen of Love she strokes  
My body alive, that I do not sleep.  
The doctor brews potions and pills  
To open his own front door  
And the locksmith makes strong bolts  
To bar his gates to every new breeze that blows  
Shall I now put lion's ears upon my ears  
Hear every sound as a roar  
Shall I now put mouse's eyes upon my eyes  
Gauge the moon for size against my paw

While the Queen of Love  
She sings to me  
From above and beyond the world

And I observe my mind  
It is playing ignorant boy  
While at her feet I am curled

And I remember all female movements so well  
Of such a form to bring much joy and ease much care  
To perfume and let fall the coloured gown  
And to let down the curling hair.

But now I play seed thrower  
And I will play three-legged man  
I will play dream weaver and day bringer  
And catch as catch can

While the Queen of Love  
She swims like a silver dove in my mind's room  
And my body sleepwalks down the road  
In a warm dark swoon