

Lyrics for Julia Ecklar's "Horsetamer"

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Going Back

Blood on the snow,
Glass-like shine of crimson crystal.
Wind howling low.
Throats torn wide that sing no more.
Eyes black with frost.
All our precious, painful litter,
Slain by hands grub-green and bitter.
This is war.

Learn hatred's song,
Teach the way of sword and reindeer,
Keep watches long,
Breath the ice into your core.
Blood heats the trail.
Ours and theirs freeze side-by-side.
We learn to kill with joy and pride,
And this is war.

So don't talk of trust,
You who come from foreign greenness,
Don't talk of love.
Love's for Humans and for fools.
We've lived our lives in the Mountain's shadow,
Dreamt at night to the Palace song,
Danced the danced for the warriors fallen,
Whose own road back is not so long.
Don't dirty us
With your outside cleanness,
Question us on what's wrong or right.
We're going back,
And the High Ones take
Any Troll who dares try to stand and fight.

So with sun on our steel
And steam that rends the dawn like thunder,
Wolves on our heels,
Reindeer cough and war cries soar.
Hearts beat like drums.

Trollish blood will spill by these hands
For they squat upon what's ours
And this means war!

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The Dark is Rising

Iron for the birthday, bronze carried long,
Wood from the burning, stone out of song,
Fire from the candle ring, water from the thaw.
These six Signs the Circle at the last Signseeker's call.

Fire on the mountaintop will find the Harp of Gold,
Played to wake the Sleepers, the oldest of the old.
Power from the Green Witch that's been lost beneath the sea.
All these things shall find the light, silver on the tree.

Chorus

When the Dark comes rising, Six shall turn it back.
Three from the Circle, three from the Track.
Wood, bronze, iron, water, fire, stone –
Five will return, and one go alone.

On the Day of the Dead, when the year, too, dies,
Find the youngest in the oldest hills the door where seabirds fly.
There fire will flee the Raven Boy and silver see the wind,
And the Light shall have the Harp of Gold in safety once again.

By the pleasant lake on Cadfan's Way, the ancient Sleepers lie,
Where the Grey King's shadows haunt the land, and wicked kestrels cry.
There one great Thing of Power by the Light shall sing and guide,
So the Sleepers might their long sleep end, and for the Light outside.

Chorus

The Grail is first to lead them, over sea and under stone.
A Seeker soon to follow on a quest begun alone.
Ways of old to guide and guard, Paths to bring and send;
Circles both in Light and Dark from starting until end.

When Light back from the Lost Land's shores shall in the end return,
Six Sleepers all shall ride again, Six Signs shall brightly burn.
And where midsummer's tree grows up, all silver, fair, and tall,

Pendragon's sword against the Dark shall bring Dark's final fall.

Chorus

Lyrics © 1973-1977 Susan Cooper (adapted by Julia Ecklar)

Music © 1985 Julia Ecklar

With the Trees

I can feel the grass grow through the boots on my feet.
I can hear the land's age in each tree that I meet.
The flowers rejoice in a dance slow as time.
There is poetry sung in a fern's sunward climb.

The land's very heart is revealed through her trees --
In the spring, she weeps emerald; in autumn, she bleeds;
In summer, she casts back the cloak winter lays,
And grows green in the sun through her long summer days.

I dance with the trees as they gnarl and climb,
Take their rough hands in mine as they blossom and twine.
With the trees, I find peace such as no one else knows,
As they whisper their dreams where the forest wind blows.

Oh, teach me to stand strong, but to bend with the breeze;
Teach me the patience that nurtures each leaf.
Like a tree I'd become, and I'd live without strife
In the wisdom of beauty, and greenness, and life.

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Shai Hulud!

Chorus

Shai, Hulud!
Send me a Great One,
Send me the courage to ride it well.
Shai, Hulud!
Send me a way to change
The nightmare the Spice foretells.
Shai, Hulud!
Send me a new way,
And vengeance for those who die.

Shai, Hulud!
Send me a Worm to ride.

My homeworld was a water dream
That I had left behind.
Arrakis and her Spice had filled
The corners of my mind.

My mother stood beside me,
Father's ring was on my hand
When I started up the drumming,
And we crossed the desert sand.

I learned the ways of Fremmen,
And I taught them mine, as well.
We trained an army twice as fierce
As any spawned in hell.

I had to prove my manhood
If I wished to hold command.
So I started up the drumming,
And I waited, hook in hand.

Chorus

I've drunk the Maker's waters,
And I've searched each future path.
And nothing in my visions
Can prevent the days of wrath.

So I gather up the army
For a final bloody stand,
And we start the thumpers drumming,
And we ride across the sand.

The tales and songs will live beyond
The ending of my days,
And all that I have felt and loved
Will pass too soon away.

I walk into my future,
Knowing every step by heart.
And none will ever guess
How much I dread to play my part.

Chorus

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Gentle Arms of Eden

On a sleepy, endless ocean, when the world lay in a dream,
There was rhythm in the splash and roll, but not a voice to sing.
So the moon fell on the breakers, and the mornings warmed the waves,
'Til a single cell did jump and hum for joy, as though to say,

Chorus

"This is my home, this is my only home.
"This is the only sacred ground that I have ever known.
"And should I stray in the dark night alone,
"Rock me, Goddess, in the gentle arms of Eden."

Then the days shone bright and rounder, 'til the one turned into two,
And the two into ten thousand, and the old things into new.
'Til on some virgin beachhead, one lonesome critter crawled.
And he looked about and shouted out in his most astonished drawl,

Chorus

Then all the sky was buzzin', and the ground was carpet-green.
And the wary children of the woods went dancing in between.
The people sang, rejoicing when their fields were glad with grain,
This song of celebration from their cities on the plain.

Chorus

Now there's smoke across the harbor, and there's factories on the shore.
And the world is ill with greed, and will, and enterprise, and war.
But I will lay my burdens in the cradle of your grace,
In the shining beaches of your love and the sea of your embrace.

Chorus

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Troll King's Dream

In my youth, I dreamed of power;
With my youth, I paid.
I spent my youth, each filthy hour,
Sharpening wit and sharpening sword,
Slaughtering coward and slaughtering lord,
Wallowing deep in my blood-spattered hoard.
And thus grew the empire I've made.

In later years, I dreamed of treason,
Dreamed they'd steal my throne.
I cared not for their pleas or reasons.
They all sought to kill me, so justice be damned.
I ended their scheming with one harsh command,
And wreaked out sweet justice with my own bare hands,
And mortared my halls with their bones.

Dreams of living,
Dreams of death.
Dreams as real as dead stone's breath.
Dreams show me more truth than mortals could guess.
Whatever might be, my dreams show to me.

In waking dreams, I see a wolfen,
Poised and pale and cold.
He brings grey wolves and reindeer with him.
The wolves hunt and kill at their young leader's word;
The deer are insane and attack as a herd
In armor-clad fury I find quite absurd.

I am the Troll King!
This mountain I own!
I am mad metal's master and bright metal's hone!
And I won't let mere animals sunder my throne!

So capture each wolf born since I took my reign,
And hunt every reindeer and let them know pain.
I'll find every one, 'til no threat can remain,
And thus prove wrong what this dream has told.

Like the king that I am, I'll die old!

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Horsetamer's Daughter

My father was a horsetamer on the edge of Hali Plain.
His work was good and his horses fine, but we got little gain.
For few folk come now to Hali Town; the trade has gone away,
And the distant glower of the ruined tower makes few folk care to stay.
 So poor we were, but free we were, as the wild herds on the Plain.
 And I was a child as free and wild as the wind in my tangled mane.

My grand dam told me cradle tales of the great days, long ago,
When the wizards ruled, and the land was taxed, and the lords would come and
go.
“But the land was torn by war,” she said. “The Tower was broken down,
“And the lords appear no longer here to rule over Hali Town.
 “And neither do the wizards come take our children, one in ten.
 “So grateful be that you’re poor but free, and you are not living then.”

My father had no sons at all, nor could he pay the fee
For hiring men to help his work, so he turned to Mother and me.
We helped him run the wild ones down, to catch and tame and train.
And we lived thus free and merrily on the edge of Hali Plain.
 So well I loved the whispering grass and the children of the land,
 That in time I learned, as the seasons turned, to call them into my hand.

When I rode out on Hali Plain, I would set my mind a-fly,
‘Til I felt the grass below my feet and the birds high in the sky.
I’d feel the wild ones running, and I’d bid them, “Turn again!”
And a few I’d see would come to me – about every one in ten.
 But I never called them to the rope, for their trust I’d not betray.
 And willingly they would carry me on the Plains to run and play.

There is a lake beyond the town; the tower stands on its shore.
Close by, the holy castle looms, where none may pass the door.
I always chose that ruined tower as my favorite place to play.
I’d daydream long of my grand dam’s songs, and the tales of the ancient days.
 The stones breathed wond’rous tales to me of the power within the
ground,
 ‘Til amid the stones of the tower’s bones, a magic mirror I found.

The mirror, in its iron frame, was black as a winter sky.
Never a sight did it show to me ‘til I set my mind to fly.
Aye, then it showed me wond’rous things! A window on the world!
The Plain, the town, the land around for as far as the ocean curled.
 I wore it tied about my neck, so’s to keep it always near.
 Besides the land and my wild horse band, ‘twas the treasure I held most
dear.

Chorus

For I'll never wear red robes, I'll never wear a blue stone.

The ruined tower stands, abandoned and alone.

But when the moons are high, and the wind is roaring free,

When I send my silent call, wild horses come to me.

As we rode down to Hali Town one summer market day,

We saw the folk in turmoil run, and I heard an old man say,

"Go back! Go back, you horsetamer! The wizards come again!

"They come, I fear, for the children here – they're taking one in ten.

"Go back! Go back, you horsetamer, and your daughter hide away!

"Go conceal your child where the land is wild 'til the wizards have gone away."

Back I rode to Hali Plain, as fast as a horse could run.

And I hid myself in the ruined tower, away from wind and sun.

I gazed into the mirror's deeps, to see what might befall,

And close at hand saw the wizards' band, so fierce and fair and tall.

Then one of them raised up his eyes and he said, "Who can this be?"

And he turned his head with its hair so red, and he looked straight away at me.

"What is this power I feel," said he, "so clear, and raw, and strong?"

"Rise up and ride, my sisters all! My gods, we've been searching wrong!

"More power's here than we thought to find – the gods so jest with men.

"It may be still that, without our will, that tower will awake again.

" 'Twas an ill-trained Keeper's mind I met, and I've rarely felt such power.

"We dare not wait, lest we come too late. Make haste for the Hali Tower!"

As soon as I thus heard their plan, I turned my mind away,

And I sent it flying o'er the Plain. To the wild ones I did say,

"Oh, come to me, my free friends all! Oh, come to my right hand!

"We must prevent these lords' intent of the claiming of our land.

"For if they should rule this land once more we will all be servant men,

"And you, my dears, will be captives here, and will never run free again."

I bound my mind to the wild ones' minds, and I called as I never did call,

'Til seven mares and a stallion bold came into the ancient hall.

Seven mares, a stallion bold, a magic mirror and me

To stay the hand of the wizards' band and keep the plainsfolk free.

So I bound my soul to the wild ones' souls as I'd never done before,

And we raised our might in a ring of light to fight in a wizards war.

Chorus

For I'll never wear red robes, I'll never wear a blue stone.
The ruined tower stands, abandoned and alone.
 But when the moons are high, and the wind is roaring free,
 When I send my silent call, wild horses come to me.

We raised a shield about the tower, all made of wind and thought.
With hooves of light, through the mirror's sight, we battered, thrust, and fought.
The wizards flinched, the wizards fell, and they cried up from the ground,
"Have done! Have done, ye nine in one! Only tell us what we've found.
 "How did your starstone hold intact when it should have burned away?
 "What kind of men can stand up again through the fires that we threw
today?"

"I have no stone at all," said I. "Just a mirror like the sea.
"And you fought with never a man this day – just eight wild horses and me.
"I am the horsetamer's daughter, the defender of the land,
"And I know my kind never were inclined to live at a lord's command.
 "So it is my wish you should go away and should leave us as we've been.
 "Leave us free, as we choose to be. We will never be ruled again!"

So Hali Tower is tenanted now, fresh straw lies on the floor.
Tall wild horses come and go, free, through the open door.
The Hali folk bring corn and cloth, and wood for the winter's chill.
The tales they tell are spreading well, and I fear they always will.
 I'm just the horsetamer's daughter, but they love me for my power.
 They've made of me what I feared to be: the Keeper of Hali Tower.

Chorus

I'll never wear red robes, I'll never wear a blue stone.
The ancient tower stands, no longer quite alone.
 But when the moons are high, and the wind is roaring free,
When I send my silent call, wild horses come to me.

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Songbird

I was bought in the market for silver and song,
And I grew in the Songhouse to be noble and strong.
And my songs grew within me, and my voice soon took wing,
And the love cradled 'round me with each note I'd sing.

Chorus

I dwell in the Songhouse,

And song is my breath.
I'll sing my life long, then in shrouds made of song,
I will sleep at my death.
I was born to be Songbird,
And the song shall be love.
And the music shall rise from the depths of the skies
To the planets above.

As the Emperor's Songbird I was trained from the start.
From the very first teacher who opened my heart
To the people who heard me in the Palace each day,
I have given my music and my spirit away.

Chorus

I am old now and silent, and my songs are all sung,
And the words of my life now may not pass my tongue.
But the glory still haunts me, and the lessons survive,
And the work of the Songbirds must continue to thrive.

Chorus

Soprano: Katy Williams
Flute: Barbara O'Brien
Violin & Viola Solos: Warren Davidson
Cello: David Premo
Additional Strings: Jennifer, Irene
Sampled Harp: Michael

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Tin Soldier

Too evil;
Too gentle.
Breed again and give them what they need.
Your perfect
Third child.
They know what I must be.

Last hellish hope for Man's salvation.
The winner takes it all.

Chorus

Tin soldier, made from fear and shame.
Tin soldier, shaped by lies and pain.
I'm a tin soldier, weapon more than child.
A gun to point whichever way they choose.
They've nothing left to lose.

Teach hardness,
Teach horror,
Teach children how to hate in fun.
What's worth this?
Don't worry –
I'll know before they're done.

How many children's lives were wasted?
How many lies were told (for a)

Chorus

Don't bother
Explaining.
I never want to hear it all.
Just tell me
I mattered
Somewhere beneath it all.

Or was I just a cold equation?
All part of the big game (for a)

Chorus

I've nothing left to lose.

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Native Son

He does not know the language, but he understands the job,
And he is not feared of hard work, or of pain.

Away, lad! Away to me!

He can climb so close to Heaven that the hill becomes the sky,
And the highland winds sing come away to me.

Through the blood of all his fathers runs the ken of ebb and flow,
And a heart so pure, he walks in worlds between.

Away, lad! Away to me!
All his mothers wield the magic to hold strong and stand their ground.
May those generations come away to me.

He's the land and not the language; he's the work and not the land.
He's five hundred years of life, both wild and strange.

Away, lad! Away to me!
He's the hand of God on Nature, working through the hand of Man.
All Creation dances come away to me.

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Elizabeth's Song

Please give to me
The world you see.

I look to Heaven's height,
I only see clouds.
You look to Heaven's height,
Dragons abound.

So please paint for me
The colors you see when you dream.
I long to know
The hues and the shades of your soul.
It seems to me
You see the world quite differently.
What magical key
Unlocks your reality?

Please paint for me
The world you see.

I hear a song,
I hear words and notes;
You hear a song,
And you hear more than both.

So please sing to me
The music you hear when you dream.
I long to know
The symphonies sung in your soul.
It seems to me

You hear the world quite differently.
What magical key
Unlocks your reality?

Please sing to me
The world you see.

I have known joy,
Sorrow and pain.
You've felt them, too,
But it's not the same.

So please give to me
The passions you feel when you dream.
I have to know
The echoing heights of your soul.
It seems to me
You feel the world quite differently.
What magical key
Unlocks your reality?

Please give to me
The world you see.

Please, give to me...

Guitars: Dale Cinski
Cello: David Premo
Viola: Jennifer Gerhard
Violin: Irene Cheng
Piano: Michael Moricz
Distant Voices: Julia

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Cathedral

Ring, ageless silence!
Sing, stone and glass!
Awe moves within me;
In a moment, a lifetime has passed.

More vast beyond dreaming
Than all I have known;

My life loses meaning
When compared to the life in this stone.

Walls arch in challenge;
Stone soars in song;
Glass dares the heavens.
Outside Time, she will stand twice as long.

My heart thunders vainly.
My first steps in her halls
Steal my soul with stained glass wings,
And her stone owns me, body and all.

Longer than the world, she's stood,
Placed in Time by sainted hands.
Stone made strong by bone and blood.
Knowledge in dark chambers stands.

All I would die for
Tolls through this stone.
Life beyond dying
Makes hope ache like song in my bones.

I sing ageless silence,
And I cry knowledge vast.
I'm hers past untying;
My role for forever is cast.

Forever means nothing in my maiden of marble and glass.

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