

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