

## Over Old Hills

### Summoning

The air was neither night or a day,  
But faintly dark with softest light  
When first glimmered into sight  
The Cottage of Lost Play

You and me - we know that land  
And often have been there in  
The old days, old days  
The dark child and a fair  
Was it down the paths of firelight  
Dreams in winter cold and white,  
Or in the blue-spun twilight, twilight hours  
The air was neither night or day,  
But faintly dark with softest light,  
When first there glimmered into sight  
The Cottage of Lost Play

And why we never found the same  
Old cottage, or magic  
Track that leads between a silver sea,  
Between a silver sea  
And those old shores and gardens fair  
Where all things are that ever were -  
We know not, You and Me  
We know not, You and Me

Those old shores and gardens fair  
Where all things are  
That ever were

The air was neither night or day,  
But faintly dark with softest light,  
When first there glimmered into sight  
The Cottage of Lost Play  
And those old shores and gardens  
Where all things are that ever were  
We know not, You and Me,  
We know not, You and Me

And these old shores  
And gardens fair  
Where all things are  
That ever were Air was neither night or day  
But faintly dark with softest light  
When first there glimmered  
The Cottage of Lost Play