

"Father, hold me"
The first words on my lips.
Enfold me in holiness.

"Come away now,"
she whispers familiarly sweet.
Daughter, wake up...
It's time for your singing.

Mother Wisdom,
She dresses me in sky.
Through the night now,
Stars are my slippers tonight.

With my Father,
She breathes on my neck,
I wake, I stretch.
This is coolness of Winter in harvest.

Illumine, Illumine...
Illumine, Illumine...
By the moon-a
By the moon-a
By the moon-a
Illumine.

Mother Wisdom,
You hold me to your side
I can see now with clear eyes

With my Father,
You breathe on my neck,
I wake, I stretch.
This is coolness of Winter in harvest