

# È Texts for *Systole, Book I (3 songs)*

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1. Ivory Eyes (full moon) [Ireland] | 2. Bamboo Skies (new moon) [Taiwan]
3. Mosaic Flame (crescent moon) [Israel]

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## Ivory Eyes (full moon)

*Where are the poets of Liscannor Bay  
I once so lovingly embraced?*

Though set adrift to write for all humanity,  
they had been mine on Burren's edge,  
you had been mine on Burren's edge.

Ivory eyes all full of dust  
unblinking, staring down,  
would weep if they saw you.

*Where are the poets of Liscannor Bay  
I once so lovingly embraced?*

I watch—no more to see  
you sleep beneath my smile,  
my ivory eyes find no trace  
of your ungrateful, sad face.

I miss your hands  
writing mystic themes to me;  
I miss your breath  
rising like fog.

I miss your dreams throbbing bravely and mythic:  
against the cliffs, your arms to me.

*Where are the poets of Liscannor Bay  
I once so lovingly embraced?*

you had been mine on Burren's edge,  
they all were mine, once, on Burren's edge.

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**Bamboo Skies (new moon)**

Green and waving bamboo skies . . .

Where sleeps my daystar? Where sings my shadow?  
Low bend my daydreams;  
dark falls the morn.

Chase the white and feathered dragons  
floating to the Eastern sea.

Leap to freedom's dark ravine: Leap! Leap, dark.

Ride the jade and wooden fishes  
swimming to black marble caves.

Where sleeps my daystar? Where sings my shadow?  
Low bend my daydreams.  
Leap! Leap to white ravines;  
red falls the morn.

Soft lies the rain . . .

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**Mosaic Flame (crescent moon)**

Fly, fly the raven  
high up above the cliff,  
high up above the Salt Sea;

higher than Masada, lower than Ein Feshka,  
sleeping in the olive trees.

*Crescent moonlight covers your hair,  
white and blue flames every where.*

Harps hang beneath the fig trees;  
horns rise above the clouds.  
Bring oil and wine—bring oil and wine:  
joyful dance! dance, dance, dance with me!

Join the sparrow, join the dove,  
high above the cliff,  
high above the Salt Sea;

higher than Moriah, lower than Ein Gedi,  
sleeping by the hawthorn trees.

*Crescent moonlight melts on your skin,  
white and blue flames laugh in the wind.*

Stones drink the sunlight, caves glow at midnight,  
flowers burst from Aaron's rod—  
magic pools of healing tides;  
dew drops fill with oil and wine.

Joyful dance! dance, dance, dance with me!  
Joyful dance! joyful dance.  
Dance with me eternally, eternally. . . with me.