

NEVILLE

Strangely quiet
but now the storm simply rests to strike again
standing, waiting, I think of her, I think of her....
From death, she casts her spell
all night we hear her sighs
and now a girl who has come who has her eyes
She has her eyes, the girl has Lily's hazel eyes,
those eyes that saw him happy long ago
those eyes that gave him life and hope he never known
How can he see the girl and miss those hazel eyes.

ARCHIBALD 1

Strange, this Mary, she leaves the room,
yet remains, she lingers on
something stirs me to think of her, I think of her....
She has her eyes, the girl has Lily's, hazel eyes
those eyes that closed and left me all alone
those eyes I feel will never ever let me go,
how can I see the girl who has her hazel eyes
in Lily's eyes, a castle this house seemed to be.
And I her bravest knight became, my lady fair was she

ARCHIBALD 2

Now I see you in the window of a carriage, then a train.
Still, my mind will not accept
that in your grave you must remain
now I hear your voice,
then turn and see a stranger's form and face
must I wander on tormented
place to place to place to place
Where can I go that you won't find me?
Why can't I find a place to hide?
Why do you want to chase me, haunt me?
Every step you're there beside me
Where in the world, tell me,
where, in the world can I live without your love?
Where on the earth, tell me where on the earth
can I stay now that you are gone?
Why did I have to meet you, love you?
Why can't I reach you from my mind?
Why did you have to want me,
won't you let me put my life behind me?
How in the world, tell me,
how in the world can I live without your love?
Why on the earth, tell me why on the earth
should I stay now that you are gone?
Now that you are...

MARTHA

Hold on,
hold on the night will soon be by
hold on,
until there's nothing left to try
child, hold on,
there's angels on their way
hold on, and hear them say,
child, oh child,
and it doesn't even matter,
if the danger and the doom
come from up above, or down below,
or just come flying at you from across the room,
when you see a man who is raging,
and he's jealous, and he fears
that you've walked through walls, he's hid behind for years,
what you do then
is you tell yourself to wait it out, you say,
it's this day, not me,
that's bound to go away
Child, hold on...
It's this day, not you
that's bound to go away

LILY

How could I I would have to leave you?
How could I know I would hurt you so?
You were the one I was born to love
Oh, how could I ever know? How could I ever know?
How can I say to go on without me?
How when I know you still need me so?
How can I say not to dream about me?
How could I ever know? How could I ever know?
Forgive me, can you forgive me?
And hold me in your heart
and find some new way to love me,
now that we're apart...
How could I know I would never hold you?
Never again in this world, but oh,
sure as you breathe,
I am there inside you
How could I ever know? How could I ever know...?

COLIN

Lift me up, and lead me to the garden,
where life begins anew
where I'll find you,
and I'll find you love me too.
Lift me up, and lead me to the garden,
where love grows deep and true
where I'll tell you
where I'll show you, my new life,
I will live for you
I shall see you in your garden,
and Spring will come and stay
Lift me up and lead me to the garden
Come, sweet day.

DICKON

When a thing is wick,
it has a life about it
maybe not a life like you and me
but somewhere,
there's a secret streak of green inside it,
now come and let me show you what I mean
when a thing is wick it has a light around it
maybe not a light that you can see
but hiding down below a spark's asleep inside,
just waiting for the right time to be seen
You clear away the dead parts,
so the tender buds can form,
loosen up the earth
and let the roots get warm.
Let the roots get warm.

MARY

I need a place where I can go,
where I can whisper what I know,
where I can whisper who I like,
and where I go to see them.

I need a place where I can hide,
where no one sees my life inside,
where I can make my plans
and write them down
so I can read them.

A place where I can bid my heart be still,
and it will mind me.

A place where I can go,
when I am lost,
and there I'll find me

I need a place to spend the day,
where no one says to go or stay,
where I can take my pen and draw
the girl I mean to be .