



BEYOND the transportation into fantasy, dreams have served as a vehicle through which we have integrated our conscious and subconscious, the real and the surreal, the powerful and the intangible.

The dreams found in this recording span a wide range from the contemporary to the historical, as in the Romeo and Juliet story of Jeannie and her lover in "Annachie Gordon", the singular as in the little Dublin street girl who dreams of having a home, to the plural in those who dream of freedom as reflected in "Breaking The Silence", or the earth's yearning for release from the oppression of the human hand in "Ancient Pines". In the "Huron 'Beltane' Fire Dance", I have tried to recall the reverence for dreams of the North American first peoples and the early Celts. If there is a recurrent thread that runs through these dreams, it is one of yearning toward love, liberty and integration. Of all the variations of dreams we may have, these surely are our parallel dreams. - L.M.

LOREENA MCKENNITT

PARALLEL DREAMS





LES RÊVES nous transportent au pays de l'imaginaire, mais ils sont aussi un rite de passage du conscient vers l'inconscient, du réel vers l'irréel, et de l'extraordinaire vers l'immatériel, rite dont le but premier est d'arriver à l'union.

L'éventail de rêves que propose cet album s'étend du contemporain à l'historique, comme le récit de Jeannie et son amant qui rappelle l'histoire de Roméo et Juliette dans la chanson "Annachie Gordon"; en genre et en nombre, car le rêve s'accorde au singulier quand une gamine de Dublin rêve d'un foyer où il ferait bon vivre alors qu'il se conjugue au pluriel dans le rêve collectif de tous ceux qui rêvent de liberté dans la chanson "Breaking The Silence", sans oublier notre mère la terre qui rêve de la fin de la tyrannie humaine dans la chanson "Ancient Pines". Aussi, dans la chanson "Huron 'Beltane' Fire Dance", j'ai voulu évoquer l'importance qu'accordent aux rêves les premières nations nord-américaines et les anciens Celtes. Le motif qui se répète sans cesse dans ces rêves est un appel à l'amour, à la liberté et à l'union. Car, de toutes les formes que prennent nos rêves, celles-ci seraient vraisemblablement des formes de rêves parallèles. – L.M.

SAMAIN NIGHT 4:27

Music and lyric: Loreena McKennitt

When the moon on a cloud cast night
Hung above the tree tops' height
You sang me of some distant past
That made my heart beat strong and fast
Now I know I'm home at last

You offered me an eagle's wing
That to the sun I might soar and sing
And if I heard the owl's cry
Into the forest I would fly
And in its darkness find you by.

And so our love's not a simple thing
Nor our truths unwavering
But like the moon's pull on the tide
Our fingers touch, our hearts collide
I'll be a moonsbreath by your side.

L.M.: vocals, harp, keyboards

Brian Hughes: guitar

Oliver Schroer: violin

George Koller: cello

Co-produced by LM and Brian Hughes

Mixed by Jeff Wolpert at Inception Sound, Toronto

MOON CRADLE 4:29

Music: Loreena McKennitt

Lyric: Padraic Collum, arranged by Loreena McKennitt

The moon-cradle's rocking and rocking
Where a cloud and a cloud go by
Silently rocking and rocking
The moon-cradle out in the sky.

Then comes the lad with the hazel
And the folding star's in the rack
"Night's a good herd to the cattle,"
He sings, "She brings all things back."

But the bond woman down by the boorie
Sings with a heart grown wild
How a hundred rivers are flowing
Between herself and her child.

"The geese, even they trudge homeward
That have their wings and the waste
Let your thoughts be on Night the Herder
And be quiet for a space."

The moon-cradle's rocking and rocking
Where a cloud and a cloud go by
Silently rocking and rocking
The moon-cradle out in the sky.

The snipe they are crying and crying
Liadine, liadine, liadine
Where no track's on the bog they are flying
A lonely dream will be mine!

L.M.: vocals, harp, synthetic textures, ukelin

Crickets: Jimmy-behind-the-fridge

Mixed by John Whynot at Metal Works, Toronto

HURON 'BELTANE' FIRE DANCE 4:20

Music: Loreena McKennitt

L.M.: vocals, harp, bodhran

Brian Hughes: guitar

David Woodhead: mandolin

George Koller: bass

Rick Lazar: udu drum and congas

Shelly Berger: pzed

Oliver Schroer: fiddle

ANNACHIE GORDON 8:22

Music and lyric: Traditional, arranged by Loreena McKennitt

Harking is bonny and there lives my love
My heart lies on him and cannot remove
It cannot remove for all that I have done
And I never will forget my love Annachie
For Annachie Gordon he's bonny and he's bright
He'd entice any woman that e'er he saw
He'd entice any woman and so he has done me
And I never will forget my love Annachie

Down came her father and he's standing at the door
Saying Jeannie you are trying the tricks of a whore
You care nothing for a man who cares so much for thee
You must marry Lord Sultan and leave Annachie

For Annachie Gordon is barely but a man
Although he may be pretty but where are his lands
The Sultan's lands are broad and his towers they run high
You must marry Lord Sultan and leave Annachie.

With Annachie Gordon I beg for my bread
And before I marry Sultan his gold to my head
With gold to my head and straight down to my knee
And I'll die if I don't get my love Annachie
And you who are my parents to church you may me bring
But unto Lord Sultan I'll never bear a son
To a son or a daughter I'll never bow my knee
And I'll die if I don't get my love Annachie.

Jeannie was married and from church was brought home
When she and her maidens so merry should have been
When she and her maidens so merry should have been
She goes into her chamber and cries all alone.

Come to bed my Jeannie my honey and my sweet
To stile you my mistress it would be so sweet
Be it mistress or Jeannie it's all the same to me
But in your bed Lord Sultan I never will lie
And down came her father and he's spoken with renown
Saying you who are her maidens
Go loosen up her gowns
And she fell down to the floor
And straight down to his knee saying
Father look I'm dying for my love Annachie.

The day that Jeannie married was the day that Jeannie died
And the day that young Annachie came home on the tide
Saying oh it's been so long, you've been so long on the sands
So long on the sands, so long on the flood
They have married your Jeannie and now she lies dead.

You who are her maidens come take me by the hand
And lead me to the chamber where my love she lies in
And he kissed her cold till his heart it turned to stone
And he died in the chamber where his love she lies in.

L.M.: vocals, harp, keyboards

Mixed by John Whynot at Metal Works, Toronto

STANDING STONES 6:56

Music: Loreena McKennitt

Lyric: Traditional, arranged by Loreena McKennitt

In one of these lonely Orkney Isles
There dwelled a maiden fair
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue
She had yellow, curling hair

Which caught the eye and then the heart
Of one who could never be
A lover of so true a maid
Or fair a form as she

Across the lake in Sandwick
Dwelled a youth she held most true
And ever since her infancy
He had watched those eyes so blue.

The land runs out into the sea
It's a narrow neck of land
Where weird and grim the Standing Stones
In a circle there they stand.

One bonny moonlit Christmas Eve
They met at that sad place
With her heart in glee and the beams of love
Were shining on her face
When her lover came and he grasped her hand
And what loving words they said
They talked of future's happy days
As through the stones they strayed.

They walked toward the lovers' stone
And through it passed their hands
They plighted there a constant troth
Sealed by love's steadfast bands
He kissed his maid and then he watched her
That lonely bridge go o'er
For little, little did he think
He wouldn't see his darling more.

CHORUS

Standing stones of the Orkney Isles
Gazing out to sea
Standing stones of the Orkney Isles
Bring my love to me

He turned his face toward his home
That home he did never see
And you shall have the story
As it was told to me
When a form upon him sprang
With a dagger gleaming bright
It pierced his heart and his dying screams
Disturbed the silent night.

This maid had nearly reached her home
When she was startled by a cry
And she turned to look around her
And her love was standing by
His hand was pointing to the stars
And his eyes glazed at the light
And with a smiling countenance
He vanished from her sight.

She quickly turned and home she ran
Not a word of this was said
For well she know at seeing his form
That her faithful love was dead
And from that day she pined away
Not a smile seen on her face
And with outstretched arms she went to meet him
In a brighter place.

L.M.: vocals, keyboards, harp

Brian Hughes: guitar, electric bass, synthetic textures

David Woodhead: mandolin

George Koller: bass

Oliver Schroer: violin

Patrick Hutchinson: uilleann pipes

Ratesh Dasj: tables

Al Cross: percussion

Co-produced by L.M. and Brian Hughes

Mixed by Jeff Wolpert at Inception Sound, Toronto

DICKENS' DUBLIN (THE PALACE) 4:40

Music and lyric: Loreena McKennitt

I walk the streets of Dublin
It's 1842
It's snowing on this Christmas Eve
Think I'll beg another bob or two
I'll huddle in this doorway here
Till someone comes along
If the lamplighter comes real soon
Maybe I'll go home with him.

Maybe I can find a place I can call my home
Maybe I can find a home I can call my own

The horses on the cobbled stones pass by
Think I'll get one one fine day
And ride into the countryside
And very far away
But now as the daylight disappears
I best find a place to sleep
Think I'll slip into the bell tower
In the church just down the street

Maybe I can find a place I can call my home
Maybe I can find a home I can call my own

Maybe on the way I'll find the dog
I saw the other night
And tuck him underneath my jacket
So we'll stay warm through the night
And as we lie in the bell tower high
And dream of days to come
The bells o'erhead will call the hour
The day we will find a home.

L.M.: vocals, harp, keyboards

George Koller: cello, bass

Brian Hughes: guitar

David Woodhead: accordion

Oliver Schroer: violin

Mixed by Jeff Wolpert at Inception Sound, Toronto

DICKENS' DUBLIN TRANSCRIPT

Joyful mystery, the birth of our Lord... This night our Lady and St. Joseph was going up to get registered and um they were going down the road and they met this man ... and he said have you any room and he said No but there's an old stable over there that I owned ... If you want to go into it ... and they went over and the Lord came down from heaven at twelve o'clock and loads of beautiful angels was with them ... and when they were walkin'...

These three wise kings um they were all from different countries. And they always looked up at the sky and they looked up this night and saw the beautiful star up in the sky ... and when they were going they all meeted together ... and they had to pass King Herod's, not that we much care for him ... and they went in and he said, Where ye goin' with yer best stitches on ye?

And they said, Did ye not hear the news, and say he says, What news, he says. This day the Saviour is born, and he said to them, When you find him come back and tell me cause I want to go and adore him too, and he was only coddin' them. He wanted to kill him and when they were going they stopped and they said, Surely not this old stable that our King is born in. We was expecting a palace.

There was these shepherds and shepherds are fellas that mind the foals and cows and sheeps and little lambs and all, and um they hears this beautiful music up in the sky and they were wondering what was so fun ... An angel dissappeared them and he said, I was wonderin' what so fun, and he said, Yeh, and he said, The Saviour is born. If you want to go see him, follow that star up in the sky, and it was a beautiful star.

BREAKING THE SILENCE 6:23

Music and lyric: Loreena McKennitt
A tribute to Amnesty International

I hear some distant drumbeat
A heartbeat pulsing low
Is it coming from within
A heartbeat I don't know
A troubled heart knows no peace
A dark and poisoned pool
Of liberty now lost
A pawn, an oppressor's tool

Oh my heart be strong
And guide when eyes grow dim

When ears grow deaf with empty words
When I know there's life within

A gunfire shatters silence
Where birds once sweetly sang
A mother cradles a child now dead
Now death where life began

From the troubled heart of South Africa
Nicaragua's festering sore
The turmoil on the streets of china
Death crying out for more

CHORUS

A change is slow in coming
My eyes can scarcely see
The rays of hope come streaming
Through the smoke of apathy

But oh my heart be strong
And guide when eyes grow dim
When ears grow deaf with empty words
When I know there's life within

May the spirit never die
Though a troubled heart feels pain
When this long winter is over
It will blossom once again

L.M.: keyboards, ukelele, whistle
Brian Hughes: guitars
Shelly Berger: bass, pzd
George Koller: tamboura
Rick Lazar: udu drum, congas

Co-produced by L.M. and Brian Hughes
Mixed by John Whynot at Metal Works, Toronto

ANCIENT PINES 3:35

Music: Loreena McKennitt
From the NFB film GODDESS REMEMBERED

L.M.: vocals, synthetic textures
George Koller: cello

Mixed by John Whynot at Metal Works, Toronto

Produced by Loreena McKennitt.
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