

SONGS OF
NARNIA

By

John Burkitt

THROUGH THE WARDROBE

When rain comes down like curtains drawn
And memories of springtime gone
Would overtake my self control
And plunge in darkness deep my soul,

Between the worlds of pain and dreams
That netherworld where nothing seems
So real as hope, so free of guile
Invites me in to stay a while;

The wardrobe beckons me once more
To open wide its wooden door
And plunge with joy through fur and pine
To see the frosty lantern shine

To feel the crispness of the cold
To feel adventurous and bold
To touch the lion's silky mane
And feel my heart renewed again

NARNIA AWAITS

How lovely still, though winter's spell
Does bind the blush of spring away.
In silent hush before the hope
Of verdant fields where fountains play.

A thousand months no harvest moon
Lit merry dancers on the sward
Yet still the Magi's prophesy
Foretells the favor of the Lord

For on the Lion's chosen day
Shall Adam's flesh and Adam's bone
Restore to rights the weary world
And rule the land through love alone

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

If fondest wishes could come true
I'll tell you what I'd want to do
I'd run to Aslan's soft embrace
And plant sweet kisses on his face
And, trembling, stroke his silky mane
And share with him my joy and pain
He'd seal me for his courts above
And I would pledge undying love
And that is what I'd surely do
If fondest wishes could come true

UNICORNS IN LOVE

Come let us gallop you and I
Under the wide and open sky
Fly through the field of daffodils
Plunge through the rivers, rocks and rills
Dance in the summer's rosy glow
Down by the stream where the willows grow
Bask in the banquet on the lawn
Soft as a carpet to tread upon
There to partake of the tender grass
Mindful my darling, "This too shall pass"
Winter will come with its icy hand
Hefting its burden upon the land
Rations restricted to last year's hay
Skies that will languish in pallid gray
Love is a song for a summer moon
Bathed in the fragrance of rosy June
Come my beloved and don't delay
Time is a current that slips away

HATS OFF, THE KING IS PASSING BY!

Hats off my friends and bow your heads!
King Caspian is passing by!
But not as he was wont to do
Upon a steed so tall and fair
With lion rampant on his chest
And plume of ostrich in his hat!

A solemn shrouded catafalque
Is decked with sprays of meadow blooms;
Deceptively they speak of joy
And turn the thoughts to spring and life
The likes of which our Sovereign Lord
His years of service stole away

And there he lays as if asleep
His arms across his bosom lain
To grasp the pommel of his sword
One final campaign to embark
That takes him 'cross the Eastern Sea
To Aslan and the Emperor

Now bow your heads and weep the tears
And send the pilgrim on his way
Draw low the flag and quench the hearth
And breathe a prayer for Narnia
Look well and always bring to mind
You saw the old King passing by!

EVENING IN TASHBAAN

The crimson sun is sinking in the sky
As yet another starry night draws nigh
And people crowd the old bazaars;

The sound of vendors trumpeting their wares
Is blending with the caliph's evening prayers
As seekers pray beneath the stars!

'Tis the subtle magic only Tashbaan can play
Gorgeous as the sunset at the death of the day!
Can you walk its ancient streets without a stirring in your
heart
Can you drink the music that is sweeter than a summer
lark?
Wafting like a dream across the ages
Sung by boudy bards and solemn sages
Writ upon the poet's vellum pages!

The evening star looks down upon the sand
And smiles with joy with all the starry band
As Tashbaan sings its old refrain;

The tenor of the busy life goes on
Until the golden glimmer of the dawn
Reveals the sun to shine again!

Ever at the pinnacle of a Calormen dream,
Tashbaan, splendid ruler of our hearts!

THE LOVE SONG OF RUFUS AND LUNA

RUFUS (A FOX):

The night cloaks all in mystery
A strong and enigmatic spell
Transforming ordinary things
With silver light and shadow dark

The Autumn air is still and clear
And throbbing in the wooded glades
A love song listened not by ears
Is speaking surely to my heart

It cries to me!

LUNA (A VIXEN):

Oh tell me not, you brilliant stars
I am a fool, for this I know
Another day I'd take offense
But not tonight, this giddy night

My heart is singing lovely songs
A hundred yet a single theme
That centers on the glowing joy
My lover's touch awakes in me

Where can he be?

RUFUS:

She says that I am good to her
And yet she will not say too much
Afraid to stoke my vanity
But I have heard she dreams of me

And surely she should dream of me
For I am her enchanted lamp
And all her wishes that I can
With all my love I'd gladly grant

As she for me.

LUNA:

Where is my love, sweet saphrodels?
Where is my heart, tall sycamore?
I go to drink from waters sweet
Until my burning thirst is cooled

The path is long and patience short
And every step across the glade
Is torn 'twixt joy and misery
As I approach our rendezvous

He comes at last!

RUFUS:

My darling, sunset crimson hued
How long the hours since at dawn
We parted hence to scout the wood
I counted time till your return

The prey is watching me amused
They know my heart a thousand steps
Precedes my feet and that my mind
Lags far behind a thousand more

I took no prey.

LUNA:

Such folly as an empty paunch
Will surely fade when other things
A good bit more desirable
Will turn your thoughts away from food

I could not hunt I must confess
Except for prey of crimson red
With hazel eyes and gentle words
And that I would possess tonight

I love you so.

BRIEF SPRING

To the Dead of Beruna

Beruna's fields are bright with blooms
That nod and tremble in the breeze
And round about the open mead
The birds bedeck the verdant trees

We used to pray for blooms and birds
And spent our blood to bring them nigh
To green the trees and free the land
And here beneath the grass we lie

Keep high the flag and sing the songs
And ne'er forget the price we paid
Or we, though dead, will not find peace
Though still beneath the sod we're laid

Our spring was brief