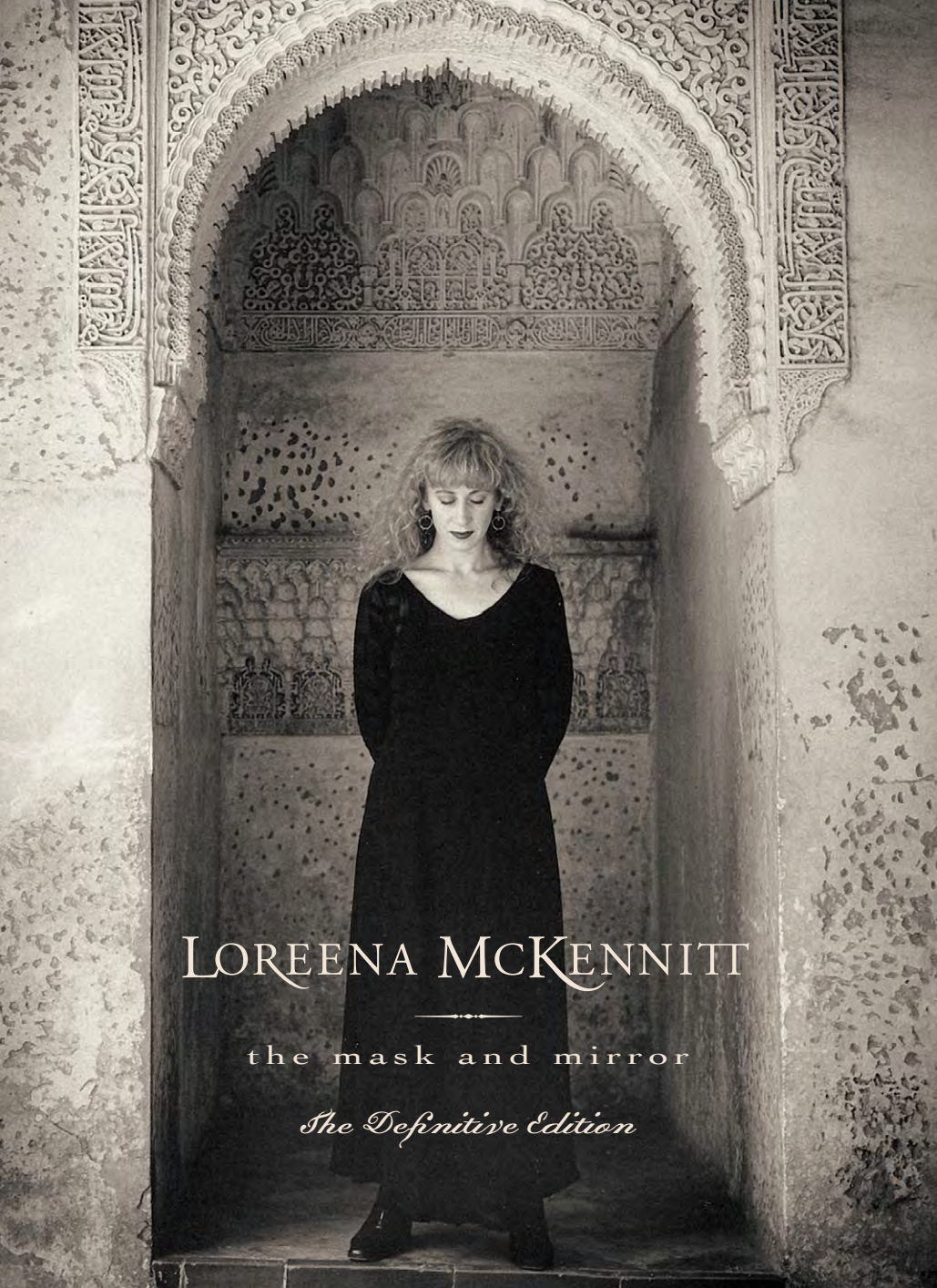




LOREENA MCKENNITT

the mask and mirror

The Definitive Edition



Chapter 1: Travel and Research

It's hard to say when exactly *The Mask and Mirror* began, but I do know when Peter Standish from Warner Bros. Records sent me an *L.A. Times* article about a Celtic exhibition in Venice, I knew I had to go.

It was the fall of 1992 and I was busy touring the U.S. and Canada on my previous recording, *The Visit*, so my time was limited to get there. But in between performances that November I flew to Venice and the exhibition that would shape the trajectory of my career.



Like an amateur sleuth, I was eager to learn who these Celts were. Disavowed of any notion they were just a mad collection of anarchists from Scotland, Ireland, Wales and Brittany, I quickly learned they were, in fact, a vast collection of tribes spread out across Europe into places we now call Turkey, Greece and beyond, with their origins dating back to 500 BC. Some were contemporaries of the Etruscans, others tried to sack Delphi in 275 BC. Others were written about by St. Paul in his letters to the Galatians. The earliest Celts developed their love of horses in a region we now call the steppes of Russia, Kazakhstan and Mongolia. This Celtic history became a creative springboard and I engaged with it as an act of musical travel writing.

Having toured through Spain earlier in 1992, my first research stop was Galicia in the north. I was eager to get a sense of the landscape and music. I had heard of their particular version of bagpipes and wondered how similar it was to what I'd heard in Brittany.

I travelled the countryside absorbing the rugged coast and the lushness, which spoke more of Ireland than Spain. I travelled through the Basque region and west to the beautiful city of Santiago de Compostella, where I watched the pilgrims make their way along the Camino to the cathedral and learned of the cultural significance of these routes.

Since the rich history of Spain is partially woven out of an era of the Moors, my tangential travels soon took me to Morocco during Ramadan in March 1993. I spent evenings in Jemaa El-Fnna, the colourful and exotic market square in Marrakesh. I travelled through the Atlas Mountains on cool

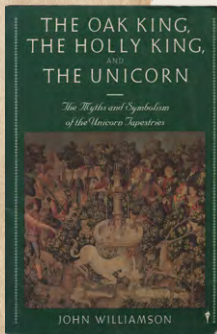
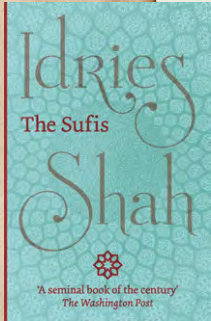
nights, feasting on tagines, encountering musicians in the depth of the desert and absorbing the serenity of a sunrise on the massive sand dunes past Erfoud. This informed much of the imagery in "The Mystic's Dream", expressed in more detail in my diary notes in the original booklet.

During my travels I often read books set in Spain. I was introduced to St. John of the Cross and read *The Sufis* by Idries Shah. These books took me on so many soulful explorations. What was religion? What was spirituality?

I expanded my curious gaze to other historical realms found in the iconography of the Unicorn Tapestries. I stayed for a wintery week at a Benedictine monastery in the Eastern Townships in Quebec, Canada, called Saint-Benoît-du-Lac, which informed the heart of the song "Full Circle".

And I stumbled upon the traditional lyrics for what became "The Bonny Swans", working out the melody at Annaghmakerrig, an artist retreat in County Monahan in Ireland, while marvelling at this fantastical tale of reincarnation.

The years of working as a singer, actress and composer at the renowned Stratford Festival in Canada were also not that far behind me. I had played the role of Ceres in the 1982 production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and witnessed, night after night, the powerful closing speech of Prospero reminding me of the role of the arts. Within the act of wearing a mask, one strives to be a mirror to our human frailties and beauties.



Chapter 2: Recording

I've always been drawn to recording in studios that make me feel grounded and close to the natural world. For my first recording, *Elemental*, our sessions were in a barn outside Elora, in southern Ontario, Canada. My next recordings, *To Drive the Cold Winter Away* and *Parallel Dreams*, would take me to a Benedictine abbey, an artist retreat in Ireland, a cathedral in Guelph, Ontario and my small apartment in the back of a farmhouse near my home base of Stratford.

With the success of my recording, *The Vivit*, I was able to buy a lovely stone farmhouse of my own and it was there that we initially set up camp to record *The Mask and Mirror*. In many ways, it really was like camp. I had not yet moved from my small apartment, so the entire farmhouse was available for guest musicians and we could use the big country kitchen for meals and planning.

The dining room was the control centre where Jeff, our engineer, positioned himself. The living room was where we tracked. Like the studio in the barn, we could record while simultaneously looking out on the bucolic landscape, the cattle in the pasture, the red-winged blackbirds on the fence and robins hunting for worms.



And there we would be, night and day, often well into the night, until we fell into our beds. Late spring turned into summer and by then a few of the simple tracks were done - "Full Circle", "Prospero's Speech" and a beginnings of "The Bonny Swans". But we soon realized we were outgrowing the 24-track machine and needed to move on.

Off we went to McLear Recording Studios in Toronto, a more substantial place which could accommodate our growing tracks and my creative ambitions. It was there we recorded the lovely cello track in "Two Trees" by renowned cellist Ofra Harnoy. We also recorded the men's chorus which starts the "The Mystic's Dream".

As we experimented with arrangements, we soon recognized we also needed a place where we could, on short notice, bring in other ethnic musicians and instruments like the hurdy gurdy and the ney flute.

That's when I learned of Peter Gabriel's Real World Studios, situated on a beautiful old mill site near Bath, England.

My guitarist, Brian Hughes and I flew to the U.K. And there it was, the kind of lush landscape my creative soul so desperately needed to create. This time we'd be looking out onto a mill pond, swans, blue birds and herons in the epic Wiltshire countryside.

So, in the fall of 1993, Real World Studios became our next creative home. I would anchor myself in a little stone house on the property while the rest of my colleagues would be housed in the big house where we'd dine with other musicians and producers in the other studio spaces.

I would be the early riser, usually going for a drive in the countryside, listening to the previous day's work on a cassette in the car. My colleagues would have breakfast by the pond, then head to the studio. We'd pause for lunch then work until five. I'd go for a run in the hills, then sit down to dinner with everyone, later returning to the studio where we'd work until midnight. They were glorious days with a wonderful creative team.

My mission was to evoke the imagery I had been immersed in during my research and travels to Spain and Morocco. I wanted people to see it, smell it and taste it as we painted with a bounty of interesting instruments and inspired musicians – the pilgrimage route of Santiago de Compostela, the lushness of Galicia, the 1,000-foot sand dunes and the deserts musicians of Morocco, the final act of *The Tempest*.



Chapter 3: Touring

Our time in the studio was not spent just recording. We worked on liner notes, artwork, and marketing tools. It was during this time that we produced the fantastical video of “The Bonny Swans” with the wonderful UK animator and illustrator, Holly Warburton, and held our photo shoot at the Alhambra in Granada, Spain, where I would record a performance for television.

Most significantly we had to build our touring schedule.

What would follow over the next year-and-a-half would reveal an international career. The early days of performing house concerts in Canada were behind me. My career had blossomed into the concert halls of the world, travelling with buses and trucks. We were musical nomads now.

I decided to rehearse in my home base of Stratford and presented our first semi-performance at the Stratford Festival’s Avon Theatre, where we shot “The Dark Night of the Soul” and “Santiago” videos. I had performed there as a chorister in a 1981 production of HMS Pinafore. (Outside the Avon Theatre is the imbedded sidewalk star of fellow Stratfordite Justin Bieber!)

Upon the launch of *The Mask and Mirror* in the spring of 1994, we embarked on our first truly international tour, a 16-date venture taking us from London through Germany, The Netherlands, Norway, Sweden and France. This would be directly followed by two North American tours, including dates in Montreal, Toronto, Minneapolis, New York, Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Vancouver. More than 50 concerts later, we ended up at the Moore Theatre in Seattle on December 12.

Christmas of 1994 saw us all heading home to our families, only to soon pack up again in February for London and beyond with an appearance at Italy’s 1995 Sanremo Music Festival followed by dates in Zurich and Paris’s Bataclan before making the leap to Australia and New Zealand for concerts from March 14-24. The summer of 1995 would finish off with appearances at the Istanbul Jazz Festival and Athens.

With our exhilarating touring season behind us, we headed home exhausted, leaving our bunks on the buses behind us, and ready for the next musical adventure.

Front row: Rick Lazar, Donald Quan, Pamela Hughes;
Back row: Steve Lucas, Hugh Marsh, Unknown bus driver, Loreena McKennitt, Brian Hughes



Summary: Looking Back

It's enlightening to look back on one's work through the lens of time. The part of my life that was *The Mask & Mirror* was rich and heady in so many ways.

It was 1993 to 1995, just before the digital tsunami blew through. Put simply, it was the exhilarating calm before the storm. In spite of an athletic touring schedule, it brought forth riches of the soul. Meeting people was the most enriching.

Inspired by the art of travel writing, my research trips would allow me to reflect on history, culture and the distinction between religion and spirituality and its relevance to our contemporary times.

I would come to marvel at the Al-Andalus era (711-1492) in the region that is modern day Spain and Portugal. These were territories under Muslim rule which brought relative tolerance, prosperity and advances in medicine, science and agriculture to Europe, still in the Dark Ages.

I would learn of the Christian pilgrims to Santiago de Compostella, bringing cross-cultural influences back to their homes in northern Europe. I learned about the Sufis and the Sephardic communities in Spain and Morocco.

Indeed, it was during this time that I developed a devotion for the Sufi concept of "polishing the mirror of one's soul" as one makes their way through life.

As an artist, I pondered, "what was the mask and what the mirror?" And what was the essence of our creative undertakings? Were we reflecting truths, or concealing them? I thought of Shakespeare's Prospero speech and his poignant reminder that eventually we all come to dust.

In retrospect, I realized the history of the Celts was but an open door to much more than I could have imagined. I would hopefully bring some of what I learned into my lyrics and my songs in a quest to find the lessons, the commonalities and universal experiences we all share.

I am reminded by a quote from Lao Tzu. "*A good traveller has no fixed plans and is not intent on arriving.*" I was on a journey then as I am now. I have no fixed plans and am not intent on arriving. This might just be the essence of *The Mask and Mirror*.



✠ INTRODUCTION ✠

I looked back and forth through the window of 16th century Spain, through the hues of Judaism, Islam and Christianity, and was drawn into a fascinating world: history, religion, cross-cultural fertilization... From the more familiar turf of the west coast of Ireland, through the troubadours of France, crossing over the Pyrenees and then to the west through Galicia, down through Andalusia and past Gibraltar to Morocco... The Crusades, the pilgrimage to Santiago, Cathars, the Knights Templar, the Sufis

from Egypt, One Thousand and One Nights in

Arabia, the Celtic sacred imagery of trees,

the Gnostic Gospels... who was God?

and what is religion, what spirituality?

What was revealed and what was

concealed... and what was the

mask and what the

mirror?



✠ THE MYSTIC'S DREAM ✠

January 24, 1993 - Granada, Spain... evening... lights across the city embrace the body of the Alhambra; the smells of woodsmoke and food hang in the narrow streets. Rambled around the Moorish section of the city; picked up a little gold mirror, an incense burner, a tiny bottle of perfume... Reading Idries

Shah's book *The Sufis*, prefaced by Robert Graves: "...a secret tradition behind all religious and philosophical systems, Sufis have significantly influenced the East and West... They believe not that theirs is a religion, but that it is religion... The 'common sufi' may be as common in the East as in the West, and may come dressed as a merchant, a lawyer, a housewife, anything... to be in the world, but not of it, free from ambition, greed, intellectual pride, blind obedience to custom, or awe of persons higher in rank." ... It appears there may be an association with the Druidic order of the Celts.

July, 1993 - learn that Nusrat Fatch Ali Khan is a Qawali Sufi.

November 26, 1993 - Idries Shah on Rumi: "the union of the mind and intuition which brings about illumination, and the development which the Sufis seek, is based upon love..."

March 20, 1993 - spent a wonderful evening at a "café" in the middle of the desert.. the address was "8 miles west of Rissani" ... two brothers had created an exotic oasis with their families, palm trees and wheat patches.. it felt like a settlement of Inuit in an expanse of snow. We had been there in daylight and they invited us back to hear their music, but when we returned in the evening, we got lost trying to find our tracks among the many in the sand. We saw some lights ahead; the brothers were on top of their roof waving lanterns, signaling us home.

A clouded dream on an earthly night
Hangs upon the crescent moon
A voiceless song in an ageless light
Sings at the coming dawn
Birds in flight are calling there
Where the heart moves the stones
It's there that my heart is longing
All for the love of you

A painting hangs on an ivy wall
Nestled in the emerald moss
The eyes declare a truce of trust
And then it draws me far away
Where deep in the desert twilight
Sand melts in pools of the sky
When darkness lays her crimson cloak
Your lamps will call me home

And so it's there my homage's due
Clutched by the still of the night
And now I feel you move
Every breath is full
So it's there my homage's due
Clutched by the still of the night
Even the distance feels so near
All for the love of you.

Music & lyrics: L.M.

L.M. - voice, dumbeg, keyboards
Brian Hughes - electric guitars, oud
Rick Lazar - percussion, dumbeg
George Koller - bass, tamboura
Ravi Naimpally - tabla
Abraham Tawfik - nai, oud
Anne Bourne - cello, backing vocals
Patrick Hutchinson - uilleann pipe
and the Victoria Scholars choir; Jerzy Cichocki,
musical director

✠ THE BONNY SWANS ✠

October, 1990 - Annaghmakerrig, Ireland...have been striving to create the pieces and shape of *The Visit*. Brought various books of lyrics, poetry and other influences with me: the Unicorn Tapestries, *The Golden Bough*. Set some traditional lyrics to music; I am drawn to the harp motif and the essence of a fable in which a girl, drowned by her jealous sister, returns first as a swan and then is transformed into a harp...The countryside of County Monaghan would make an ideal location for a visual interpretation, with its lakes, forests and rolling countryside.

A farmer there lived in the north country,
a hey ho bonny o
And he had daughters one, two, three,
the swans swim so bonny o
These daughters they walked by the river's brim,
a hey ho bonny o
The eldest pushed the youngest in,
the swans swim so bonny o

Oh sister, oh sister, pray lend me your hand,
with a hey ho a bonny o
And I will give you house and land,
the swans swim so bonny o
I'll give you neither hand nor glove,
with a hey ho a bonny o
Unless you give me your own true love,
the swans swim so bonny o

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
with a hey ho and a bonny o
Until she came to a miller's dam,
the swans swim so bonny o
The miller's daughter, dressed in red,
with a hey ho and a bonny o
She went for some water to make some bread,
the swans swim so bonny o

Oh father, oh daddy, here swims a swan,
with a hey ho and a bonny o
It's very like a gentle woman,
the swans swim so bonny o
They placed her on the bank to dry,
with a hey ho and a bonny o
There came a harper passing by,
the swans swim so bonny o

He made harp pins of her fingers fair,
with a hey ho and a bonny o
He made harp strings of her golden hair,
the swans swim so bonny o
He made a harp of her breast bone,
with a hey ho and a bonny o

And straight it began to play alone,
the swans swim so bonny o

He brought it to her father's hall,
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And there was the court, assembled all,
the swans swim so bonny o
He laid the harp upon a stone,
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And straight it began to play alone,
the swans swim so bonny o

And there does sit my father the King,
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And yonder sits my mother the Queen,
the swans swim so bonny o
And there does sit my brother Hugh,
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And by him William, sweet and true,
the swans swim so bonny o
And there does sit my false sister,
Anne, with a hey ho and a bonny o
Who drowned me for the sake of a man,
the swans swim so bonny o

Traditional lyrics arranged and adapted by L.M.
Music: L.M.

L.M. - keyboards, vocals, accordion
Brian Hughes - guitars, balalaika
George Koller - bass
Donal Lunny - bouzouki, bodhrán
Hugh Marsh - fiddle
Anne Bourne - cello
Rick Lazar - percussion
Assistant producer: Donal Lunny

✠ THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL ✠

May, 1993 - Stratford...have been reading through the poetry of 16th century Spain, and I find myself drawn to one by the mystic writer and visionary St. John of the Cross; the untitled work is an exquisite, richly metaphorical love poem between himself and his god. It could pass as a love poem between any two at any time...His approach seems more akin to early Islamic or Judaic works in its more direct route of communication to his god...I have gone over three different translations of the poem, and am struck by how much a translation can alter our interpretation. Am reminded that most holy scriptures come to us in translation, resulting in a diversity of views.

Upon a darkened night
the flame of love was burning in my breast
And by a lantern bright
I fled my house while all in quiet rest

Shrouded by the night
And by the secret stair I quickly fled
The veil concealed my eyes
while all within lay quiet as the dead

CHORUS

Oh night thou was my guide
of night more loving than the rising sun
Oh night that joined the lover to the beloved one
transforming each of them into the other

Upon that misty night in secrecy,
beyond such mortal sight
Without a guide or light
than that which burned so deeply in my heart

That fire 't was led me on
and shone more bright than of the midday sun
To where he waited still
it was a place where no one else could come

(Chorus)

Within my pounding heart
which kept itself entirely for him
He fell into his sleep
beneath the cedars all my love I gave

From o'er the fortress walls
the wind would his hair against his brow
And with its smoothest hand
caressed my every sense it would allow

(Chorus)

I lost myself to him
and laid my face upon my lover's breast
And care and grief grew dim
as in the morning's mist became the light

There they dimmed amongst the lilies fair
there they dimmed amongst the lilies fair
there they dimmed amongst the lilies fair

Lyrics: St. John of the Cross, translated, arranged
and adapted by L.M.
Music: L.M.

L.M. - vocals, synthesizers
Brian Hughes - guitar, electric sitar
Hugh Marsh - fiddle
George Koller - cello, esraj



✠ MARRAKESH NIGHT MARKET ✠

March 16, 1993 - Arrived tonight in Marrakesh and am staying on the edge of the market. It is Ramadan and there is heightened activity all around. I am struck by the hooded features of men as they pass through the lights and shadows: they look monk-like. Horses, carriages, cars, bicycles and thousands of people are embroiled in the activities of the night...a cacophony of sound. I retreat to a rooftop café to watch while sipping mint tea...many circles of twenty or so people are scattered around the market, each involved in their own drama of music, storytelling, monkeys on men's shoulders, or cobras being coaxed to "dance" on rugs; "magic" concoctions of bone, seeds, stones and spices are sold...women are veiled to a great degree...I am struck by the sense of intrigue the environment creates; as much is concealed as is revealed...

They're gathered in circles the lamps light their face
The crescent moon rocks in the sky
The poets of drumming keep heartbeats suspended
The smoke swirls up and then it dies

Would you like my mask? would you like my mirror?
cries the man in the shadowing hood
You can look at yourself you can look at each other
or you can look at the face of your god

The stories are woven and fortunes are told
The truth is measured by the weight of your gold
The magic lies scattered on rugs on the ground
Faith is conjured in the night market's sound

Would you like my mask? would you like my mirror?
cries the man in the shadowing hood
You can look at yourself you can look at each other
or you can look at the face of your god

The lessons are written on parchments of paper
They're carried by horse from the river Nile
says the shadowy voice
In the firelight, the cobra
is casting the flame a winsome smile

Would you like my mask? would you like my mirror?
cries the man in the shadowing hood
You can look at yourself you can look at each other
or you can look at the face of your god

Music & lyrics: L.M.

L.M. - vocals, accordion, synthesizer
Brian Hughes - guitars, balalaika, electric guitar
Rick Lazar - dumbek, udu drum, percussion
Al Cross - drums
Hugh Marsh - fiddle
George Koller - bass



✠ FULL CIRCLE ✠

March 23, 1993 - Morocco...Ramadan; I wake up early to catch my flight home, and at 5:30 a.m. hear men chanting in the mosque, one of the most moving and primitive sounds I have ever heard. They are calling their God. I think, when have I heard this before?

November 21, 1988 - St-Benoît-du-Lac, Québec ... have just arrived at this Benedictine monastery in the Eastern Townships of Québec. It was the first snowfall today, and the brothers were out walking along the long lane as I approached ... hooded figures slowly making their way to Mass as the snow fell like blessings. I followed the sound of the bells to vespers.

November 24, 1988 - I have wondered about who these men are who have made their way here, who they were before they came. How did each connect to God, and how did it differ from each other's journey, and from mine? ... one red-headed lad looked like he could be my brother ... I recall speaking with a brother in Glenstal Abbey in Ireland last year about the many and varied paths that had brought them to that place of worship and reflection.

March 19, 1993 - Morocco ... made my way to the thousand-foot sand dune past Erfoud, near the Algerian desert, and rose at dawn to catch the sunrise. I don't think I have ever felt something so simple and yet so powerful. I wondered if the first sun rise was just like this.

Stars were falling deep in the darkness
as prayers rose softly, petals at dawn
And as I listened, your voice seemed so clear
so calmly you were calling your god

Somewhere the sun rose, o'er dunes in the desert
such was the stillness, I ne'er felt before
Was this the question, pulling, pulling, pulling you
in your heart, in your soul, did you find rest there?

Elsewhere a snowfall, the first in the winter
covered the ground as the bells filled the air
You in your robes sang, calling, calling, calling him
in your heart, in your soul, did you find peace there?

Music & lyrics: L.M.

L.M. - vocals, harp, synthesizer
George Koller - bass, esraj

✠ SANTIAGO ✠

January, 1992 - Just performed in Santiago de Compostella in the Galician area of Spain... misty and lush as we arrived from more arid areas of the country; clearly Celtic territory in the language and music, and a place I must visit again soon... We arrived a day early; band et al went for a wonderful Sunday lunch and then wandered over to the cathedral to observe the wonderful faces on the Portico.

May, 1992 - Santiago de Compostella (St. James in the Field of Stars)... had occasion to return to Galicia and Santiago sooner than I'd thought... I learned the story behind the city. Supposedly the remains of St. James arrived mysteriously in the village of Padrón (which we visited... lovely line of trees along the waterways leading to the place where the relics were found) and interred here in Santiago... I picked up a CD collection of music emanating from the pilgrimage route to Santiago, as well as a CD by Spanish group Els Trobadores... Wonderful feeling to this music.

May, 1993 - Now studying liner notes, books and pieces of music, putting together a clearer picture of Santiago in the years 900 to 1500 when it rivalled Jerusalem and Rome as a pilgrimage destination, playing host to a motley tide of humanity pursuing both religious and more earthly goals. It was also the site of unprecedented cross-cultural fertilization between the Christian, Jewish and Moorish communities. When I heard this piece, I was struck by its Semitic tone, and realised that, even in the area of music, the three communities were influencing each other.

Traditional music arranged and adapted by L.M.

L.M. - vocals, accordion, synthesizer
 Brian Hughes - balalaika, guitars
 Rick Lazar - drums, percussion
 George Koller - cello, bass
 Hugh Marsh - fiddle
 Nigel Eaton - hurdy-gurdy
 Donal Lunny - bouzouki

✠ CÉ HÉ MISE LE ULAINGT? ✠ ✠ THE TWO TREES ✠

October 6, 1993 - Stratford...browsing through Yeats' poetry and came across "The Two Trees" with its lovely sentiment of looking into one's own self for goodness, and the struggle to avoid looking into the glass of cynicism...It strikes me, now, to have a strong Sufi connection in that way...the imagery is quintessentially Irish and reminds me, for some reason, of the ending of John Huston's film *The Dead*: barren countryside, leafless trees and the starlings crying.

Beloved, gaze in thine own heart,
 The holy tree is growing there;
 From joy the holy branches start,
 And all the trembling flowers they bear.
 The changing colours of its fruit
 Have dowered the stars with merry light;
 The surety of its hidden root
 Has planted quiet in the night;
 The shaking of its leafy head



Has given the waves their melody,
And made my lips and music wed,
Murmuring a wizard song for thee.

There the Loves a circle go,
The flaming circle of our days,
Gyring, spiring to and fro
In those great ignorant leafy ways;
Remembering all that shaken hair
And how the winged sandals dart,
Thine eyes grow full of tender care;
Beloved, gaze in thine own heart.

Gaze no more in the bitter glass
The demons, with their subtle guile,
Lift up before us when they pass,
Or only gaze a little while;
For there a fatal image grows
That the stormy night receives,
Roots half hidden under snows,
Broken boughs and blackened leaves.
For all things turn to barrenness
In the dim glass the demons hold,
The glass of outer weariness,
Made when God slept in times of old.
There, through the broken branches, go
The ravens of unresting thought;
Flying, crying, to and fro,
Cruel claw and hungry throat,
Or else they stand and sniff the wind,
And shake their ragged wings: alas!
Thy tender eyes grow all unkind:

Gaze no more in the bitter glass.
Beloved, gaze in thine own heart,
The holy tree is growing there;
From joy the holy branches start,
And all the trembling flowers they bear.
Remembering all that shaken hair
And how the winged sandals dart,
Thine eyes grow full of tender care:
Beloved, gaze in thine own heart.

Lyrics: William Butler Yeats
Arranged and adapted by L.M.

Music: L.M.

Pipe Intro: Cé Hé Mise Le Ulaingt?
(Who Am I To Bear It?),
composed and performed by Patrick Hutchinson;
tamboura: George Koller

L.M. - vocals, piano, synthesizer
Ofra Harnoy - cello
George Koller - bass
Strings: David Hetherington, David Miller,
Sharon Prater, Heinz Boshart,
Sylvia Lange, Susan Lipchak, Douglas Perry,
Kent Teeple, Adele Armin,
Andy Benac, Marie Berard, Fujico Imajishi,
Morry Kernerman, Mark Sabat
String and cello arrangement by John Welsman



✠ PROSPERO'S SPEECH ✠

March 19, 1982 - Stratford... have just begun rehearsals for the Stratford production of *The Tempest*... I am singing the part of Ceres, goddess of agriculture, in the masque... enchanted by the magic and function of masque as a conduit to the worlds of the gods and nature. The cast had an interesting discussion with a psychologist on the nature of Caliban and what qualified as "the civilized world"...

April, 1993 - Stratford... once again, I am drawn to Shakespeare for insights into the human condition... Have not created the piece relative to "the masque", but rather chose Prospero's closing speech, which is delivered with the sense of the actor removing his mask as an artist... the illusion has ended, and reality and god are left for us to determine for ourselves...

And now my charms are all o'erthrown
And what strength I have's mine own
Which is most faint: now 'tis true
I must here be released by you

But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,

Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer

Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults
As you from your crimes would pardon'd be
Let your indulgence set me free

Lyrics: William Shakespeare,
Arranged and adapted by L.M.
Music: L.M.

L.M. - vocals, synthesizer, organ pipes
George Koller - bass





Disc 1: AUDIO CD

I. The Mask and Mirror: Original Recording, 2004 remaster

1. THE MYSTIC'S DREAM (7:45)
2. THE BONNY SWANS (7:25)
3. THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL (6:44)
4. MARRAKESH NIGHT MARKET (6:30)
5. FULL CIRCLE (5:57)
6. SANTIAGO (5:57)
7. CE HE MISE LE ULAINGT? / THE TWO TREES (9:09)
8. PROSPERO'S SPEECH (3:29)

Produced by Loreena McKennitt

Co-Producing assistance from Brian Hughes and Jeff Wolpert

Recorded and mixed by Jeff Wolpert (with exceptions as noted)

Digitally remastered by Jeff Wolpert and Brian Hughes at Phase One Studios, Toronto

Digital editing and sequencing by George Seara

Recorded at Woodley Farm, Stratford; McClear Patbé, Toronto with the assistance of Denis Tougas, Keith Mariash, Eric Abrams. Additional recording at Inception Sound, Toronto; Manta Sound, Toronto by John Naslen assisted by John Hurlbut; Real World Studios, Box, Wiltshire, England by Richard Evans, assisted by Russel Kearney

Mixed at McClear Patbé except for "Santiago" which was mixed by Richard Evans at Real World Studios

Mastered by Bob Ludwig at Gateway

Ofra Harnoy appears courtesy of BMG Classics/RCA Victor Red Seal

Original design: Margo Chase

Additional design: Creative Feats Inc.

Cover photo: Ann Cutting

II. Loreena's Audio Liner Notes

CHAPTER 1: TRAVEL AND RESEARCH (5:42)

CHAPTER 2: RECORDING (5:51)

CHAPTER 3: TOURING (5:59)

SUMMARY: LOOKING BACK (4:30)

Recorded by John Hazen

Mixed and mastered by Brian Hughes

Disc 2: AUDIO CD

I. Words and Music 1994

SEGMENT 1 (24:45)

SEGMENT 2 (17:28)

Interviewer: Howard Larman

Editor: Marc Graue

Producers: Larry Butler and Linda Clark

Music Producer: Loreena McKennitt

II. Mountain Stage

19th June 1994

1. HOST INTRODUCTION (0:35)

2. THE MYSTIC'S DREAM (5:16)

3. SANTIAGO (5:20)

4. BONNY PORTMORE (4:48)

5. HOST COMMENTARY (1:19)

6. STOLEN CHILD (5:28)

7. THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL (6:45)

8. THE BONNY SWANS (5:31)

9. HOST WRAP-UP (0:43)

Mountain Stage recordings produced by Larry Groce and Andy Ridenour

Engineered by Francis Fisher

Digital Engineer: Patrick Stephens

Recorded at the Mountain Stage Cultural Center, WVPB, Charleston, West Virginia, U.S.

Edited, Mixed and Mastered by Jeff Wolpert, 2026

Additional Editing by Brian Hughes

Musicians

Loreena McKennitt

Brian Hughes

Rick Lazar

Steve Lucas

Hugh Marshall

Kiki Mitsumi





Disc 3: DVD - Video & Immersive Audio

I. Avon Theatre Dress Rehearsal (29:19)

1. THE MYSTIC'S DREAM (5:05)
2. SANTIAGO (6:10)
3. THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL (6:27)
4. THE BONNY SWANS (6:57)
5. PROSPERO'S SPEECH (4:36)

Loreena McKennitt – Vocals, Harp, Keyboard, Accordion, Piano
Brian Hughes – Guitars, Oud
Rick Lazar – Percussion
Steve Lucas – Acoustic bass
Hugh Marab – Fiddle
Kiki Misumi – Cello, Keyboards
Marc Champion – Director/videographer

Promotional Videos

II. Santiago (4:22)

III. The Dark Night of the Soul (4:59)

Marc Champion – Director/videographer

IV. The Bonny Swans (4:11)

Holly Warburton – Director

V. No Journey's End 1994 (26:21)

Produced by Hummingbird Productions for Quinlan Road
Producer & Director: Philip King
Producer: Loreena McKennitt

VI. The Mask and Mirror

1. 5.1 MIX
2. 192/24 STEREO

Mastered by Jeff Wolpert of Desert Fish Studios

Disc 4: BLU-RAY – The Mask and Mirror: Original Recording, Surround Sound & High-Resolution Stereo

I. Dolby Atmos Mix

II. DTS 5.1 Mix

III. 192/24 Stereo

The Mask and Mirror: Original Recording surround sound and high-resolution stereo formats prepared by Jeff Wolpert at Desert Fish, Toronto 2026

The Mask and Mirror *The Definitive Edition*

PRODUCED BY: LOREENA MCKENNITT

Assistant to the Producer: Mark McCauley

Business Affairs: Ian Blackaby, Stacey Clark

The Mask and Mirror: The Definitive Edition mastered by Jeff Wolpert at Desert Fish, Toronto

Graphic Design: Jeri Heiden / SMOG Design, Inc.

Additional Photography: Horst Stawny

Recording Photography by: Eilizabeth Feryn

Video Restoration, DVD Encoding & Authoring, Menu Design by Stefan Bock at MSM Studios

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Thank You: Brian Hughes, Errol Fischer, Tabir Shab, Adam Harris and Jeff Shirley at Mountain Stage, Mark Chapman and Sarah Knott at Once Upon A Time, Stefan Bock at MSM Studios

www.LoreenaMcKennitt.com

AUDIO FORMAT NOTES FOR LISTENERS

The Blu-ray Disc included in this package allows us to deliver the highest quality and most immersive listening experience currently available. It includes the following audio formats:

1. HIGH DEFINITION STEREO

This version offers extraordinary frequency response and dynamic range, resulting in an exceptionally detailed and engaging stereo listening experience.

2. DTS 5.1 SURROUND SOUND

A long established standard in both home and movie theatres, DTS 5.1 Surround Sound broadens the listening environment by adding centre, rear, and Low Frequency Effects (LFE) channels. This envelops the listener in sound and enhances realism by expanding both spatial depth and impact.

3. DOLBY ATMOS MUSIC

By introducing the dimension of height, Dolby Atmos Music delivers the most immersive listening experience available today. With compatible sound bars and home theatre systems, playback can create a near 360-degree sound field that truly surrounds the listener. Even when listening through headphones, Dolby Atmos provides increased depth, clarity, and engagement.

Stereo audio works by creating phantom images, such as the centre position. Although there is no physical speaker placed in the middle, sounds sent equally to the left and right speakers are perceived by the listener as originating from the centre.

5.1 Surround Sound further enhances spatial positioning by adding dedicated rear left, rear right, and centre speakers, solidifying the soundstage and widening the listening field. The Low Frequency Effects channel (the ".1" in 5.1) extends both frequency response and dynamic range, adding power and impact to the experience.

Dolby Atmos Music greatly expands on this concept. In this format, individual sound elements exist as independent tracks that are dynamically rendered during playback to match the listener's specific home system. This ensures that, regardless of speaker configuration, the listening experience is optimized to deliver the best possible result.

Dolby Atmos also introduces channels containing height information, allowing sound to move above and around the listener. For the first time in a home listening environment, this makes it possible to create a fully-immersive soundscape—placing the listener in previously impossible perspectives. Imagine sitting in the best seat in the house, surrounded by the ambience of the concert hall, standing in the centre of the soundstage beside the performers, or experiencing the music from entirely new vantage points. Dolby Atmos gives artists the freedom to guide the listener through the music and tell their story from a deeply immersive perspective. This represents an exciting new level of artistic expression and listener engagement.

4. BLU-RAY AUDIO

While Dolby Atmos Music can be streamed, the immense amount of data required to create such an immersive signal necessitates significant compression for online delivery. Although streaming quality remains impressive, this compression inevitably results in some loss of detail and fidelity.

Blu-ray currently remains the only format capable of delivering full bandwidth, high resolution audio without compromise. This allows for a true audiophile experience—one that comes as close as possible to being in the studio with the artists as the music is created.

We sincerely hope you enjoy this offering and allow yourself to become fully immersed in the music with us.
—Jeff Wolpert



