

# Ghost Bees, Erl King

Guten Nacht  
I'll be dead before dawn  
Kind, mein Sohn  
I'll be dead before dawn  
And though your eyes appear wry and withdrawn  
I'll be dead before dawn  
I'll be dead before dawn

Father! Father! I fear for the night  
when the Erl King comes to collect us.  
Father! Father! I fear for my soul as you should

Father! Father! Make sense of the ride  
Let's turn back our horse  
and flee from this unsightly terror,  
that is troubling through these woods

My son, you must be pacified  
these scenes of dreams are only imagination  
My son, you must be satisfied  
I'll keep you safe from fancy apparition

My dear young one with eyes so wild  
Be still my son, you waggish child.  
I'll hold your head and keep you warm  
There's nothing here to harm you.

child, you're beautiful  
come lie with the Erl King  
child, you're beautiful  
come quiet, come willing

the gifts I could give to you--  
the wind and the wild river spring  
child, you're beautiful  
come quiet, come willing

Father! Father, can you hear his cries?  
when the Erl King comes to collect us  
Father! Father! I fear for my soul  
as you should  
Father! Father! Make sense of the ride  
Let's turn back our horse  
and flee from this unsightly terror  
that is trembling through these woods.

my dear young one, I hear it clear  
a hooting owl burrows near  
no Tophet trolls or urchin fears  
there's nothing here to harm you.

child, you're beautiful  
come lie with the Erl King  
child, you're beautiful  
come quiet, come willing

the gifts I could give to you--  
the wind and the wild river spring  
child, you're beautiful  
come quiet, come willing.

father gallops frantically,  
trembling with dread,  
for when he reached the weeping hearth  
the child was dead.