

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And though your eyes appear wry and withdrawn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.