

# Blackmore's Night, Faerie Queen - Faerie Dance

Over on the hill  
There grows a flower  
Growing quicker still  
More perfect by the hour  
Deep within that flower  
Is a tiny chair  
All a-fringed with gold  
The fairy queen sits there

It is in her breath  
That the wind does blow  
It is in her heart  
As pure as winter snow  
It is in her tears  
Crystal raindrops fall  
And within her years  
That she is in us all

\*Oh dark eyes  
Help me see  
Just one look  
She is gone  
Look on me  
We are one  
Fading with the setting sun

As the willow bows  
To her majesty  
All the forest flowers  
Love her mystery  
Who would not admire  
Who could not adore  
Who does not desire  
Who wishes to see more?