

# Folkearth, Elves

Have you ever seen the beauty of an elvenrose in spring  
Picked by a mortal lover, as the first gift to his fairy paramour?  
I could never love another as I loved thee once before  
In this secret garden Freyja's arms bound me ever to thy breast  
Look into thy glass and tell me what will cruel tomorrow bring  
Mine was the beauty of yesteryears that made pearls out of my tears