

# Folkearth, The Lady's Gift

As if in a dream she approached me  
Her beauty beyond all compare  
Three melodies were her gift to me  
My harp strung by her golden hair  
The joys of life and wonders to come  
The piercing pain of lost love

The lady gave her gift to me  
Those otherwordly melodies  
That brought my maiden back to me  
The river-elf's lost love

On the water-throne she was sitting  
My maiden was under his spell  
By the river's side I was kneeling  
The three melodies I did play  
And my love come back to my arms  
But I'll never be rid of his pain

The lady gave her gift to me  
Those otherwordly melodies  
That brought my maiden back to me  
The river-elf's lost love

Out of the mist he appeared  
So fair but so cold  
Drowning in turbulent dreams  
Her grief knowing no bounds

The lady gave her gift to me  
Those otherwordly melodies  
That brought my maiden back to me  
The river-elf's lost love