

Heather Alexander, Faerie Queen

One wintry night a wondrous sight I met while riding back
Returning from a ceili, with me fiddle in me pack
My horse, he stopped quite suddenly, his ears began to twitch
He bucked and threw me pack and all into a nearby ditch

I tried to rise, but then my eyes alighted on a scene
Of faerie creatures dancing by, cavorting 'round their Queen
She'd been out hunting, it was plain, delighted by her prize
And though he was in thrall to her, I knew his gentle eyes

I stood again and shouted when they drew abreast of me,
"I challenge you, for you have caught my husband-soon-to-be!"
They stopped and she stared down at me, the Queen astride her steed,
"I see you have the courage, dear, but skill is what you need!"

Be it carved from out the finest wood
And strung with silver string
Only mortal trust or faerie dust
Can make a fiddle sing!

"We each shall play and I will say which fiddle is played best,
And should you win this mortal toy I'll free, without protest."
They handed her a violin, as black as she was fey
She placed a bow upon the strings and then began to play

[Faerie Queen's solo]

My spirit low I raised my bow, I knew not where to start
I looked within my lover's eyes and then within my heart
My head was filled with mortal dreams, of love beneath the moon
Of sun and rain and season's change, and so began my tune

[Fiddler Girl's solo]

I raised my head my arms like lead my heart ablaze once more
The Faerie Queen looked down at me, shaken to the core
"I've played for many centuries, yet, by the stars above,
You've taught me skill is not enough. It can't compare to love."

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