

The Sword, Under The Boughs

Taken away from under the boughs
Far from the sheltering glens
Imprisoned by wizards to sing for a serpent
In the guise of a man
They come with teeth and tusks and talons
They come with horns and hooves and claws
A wailing cry is heard deep within the forest
A bestial host heeds the king stag's call
Watch them come from lands all around
To hear the maiden in white
Sing her songs of sorrow and love
In the hall of the king tonight
She was stolen from under the boughs
Away from the sheltering glens
Imprisoned by wizards to sing for a serpent
In the guise of a man
In a wood untouched by axes
Creatures dwell unseen by men
Songs are sung by a virgin princess
Heard but once and never again
They come with teeth and tusks and talons
They come with horns and hooves and claws
A wailing cry is heard deep within the forest
The bestial host heeds the king stag's call
Watch them come from lands all around
To hear the maiden in white
Sing her songs of sorrow and love
In the hall of the king tonight
Soon his heralds shall sound the alarm
As the faery queen's armies draw near
And the maiden shall cease her lament
As the wicked men cry out in fear
In a wood untouched by axes
Creatures dwelt unseen by men
Songs were sung by a virgin princess
Heard but once and never again