

Face of the Maiden

Amberian Dawn

Weeping maiden of the cold Northland
runs on through the fen and the forest
to the cold sea-shore.

She sat weeping on the dark seaside,
tears on the white sand made silver pearls
- they glow like moon.

'Cry no more for me, I ask of thee,
When I sink beneath the sea-foam.
I will make my bed in crystal waters,
water-ferns my cloak and pillow. '

In tears she saw the young fairy maidens
of the waters, out of the dark sea
in cold moonlight.

Quick the maiden hastens out there
to join the mermaids calling out for her
to the deep blue sea.

'Cry no more for me, I ask of thee,
When I sink beneath the sea-foam.
I will make my bed in crystal waters,
water-ferns my cloak and pillow. '

'Cry no more for me, I ask of thee,
When I sink beneath the sea-foam.
I will make my bed in crystal waters,
water-ferns my cloak and pillow. '

With the roar of waters falls the maiden,
Falls to the deep blue sea.
With the roar of waters falls the maiden,
Falls to the deep, boundless sea