

Queen of Elf's Daughter

Words and Music: Koshka (Ekaterina Zvyozdosamtseva) (mka Maya Heath)

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and melodic, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: Gently she cometh, the Queen of Elf's Daughter Soft as the sunrise come over the hill Fair-est and brav-est he greets her by star-light Warrior and sing-er, mor-tal and man Sweet as the bird-song the first day of summer Seek-ing the lov-er she's chos-en at will Struck by her beaut-y he pleads for an an-swer Kneels there be-fore her to beg for her hand How may I woo thee, oh maid of my vi-sions? How can I win thee and make thee my own? Where are the gate-ways a true heart may o-pen? Tell me the an-sw-ers I swear I must know.

Gently she cometh, the Queen of Elf's Daughter
Soft as the sunrise come over the hill
Sweet as the birdsong the first day of summer
Seeking the lover she's chosen at will

Fairest and bravest he greets her by starlight
Warrior and singer, mortal and man
Struck by her beauty he pleads for an answer
Kneels there before her to beg for her hand

*How may I woo thee, oh maid of my visions?
How can I win thee and make thee my own?
Where are the gateways a true heart may open?
Tell me the answers I swear I must know.*

Woo me with visions, oh man of my choosing,
Win me with wisdom you find in your soul,
For deep in your bosom your heart knows the answers
To find me in Faery where no mortal may go.

You'll find me enthroned in a castle of crystal
At the end of the road in the fair rainbow's bend
Open the gates with the key to your fancy
Dreams are the gift, love, you give for my hand.

*How may I woo thee, oh maid of my visions?
How can I win thee and make thee my own?
Where are the gateways a true heart may open?
Tell me the answers I swear I must know.*

Grieving he searches, endlessly seeking
The empty world over he wanders alone
Seeking his true love he sings of his vision
A song of a true heart in search of its own

He sang to the cold stars but they had no answers
A song made of moonlight its words on the wind
A song of such beauty the elven maid listened
Her heart moved to pity to join him she went.

*No more shall you wander so lonely, my dear one,
The song of your true heart has made me your own.
Fairest of mortals, your song is the answer.
Gladly I'll follow wherever you go.*