

# Queen of Elf's Daughter

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

The musical score is written on three staves, each starting with a treble clef and a '3' time signature. The notes are represented by letters 'k' and 'j' with stems, indicating a simplified notation system. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words split across lines. The lyrics are: 'Gent-ly she com-eth, the Queen of Elf's Daugh-ter Soft as the sun-rise come ov - er the hill Fair- est and brav-est he greets her by star - light War-rior and sing-er, mor-tal and man Sweet as the bird - song the first day of sum - mer 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 - swers 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.*