

Maiden and the Rose

The icy cloak of winter wraps the still and frozen ground,
A maiden's heart is broken by the new love she has found,
And the cold wind blows, and the cold wind blows.
Forever.

The songbirds are all silenced, as they wait for warmer air,
A raven settles overhead to guard the maiden fair,
As she rues her love, as she rues her love,
Whatever.

Slow to melt the ice is, uncovering below,
Small green shoots of a new life, amidst the virgin snow,
And the maiden know that inside her grows,
Another.

And plough and man together see the parting of the land,
And the planting of a new life, but she doesn't understand,
Why he kept away when she begged him stay,
In pity.

And all the live long summer, crops they grew both proud and tall,
And ripened in the sunlight till they heard the harvest call,
And the maiden's prayer that her love might share,
The sorrow.

Now the crops are gathered safely and the leaves begin to fall,
And the songbirds journey southward and the wind begins to squall,
And the maiden cries, with her new life, dies,
Together.

And the wind blows cold in winter, and the days are dark and wild,
And deep within the earth there lays a maiden and her child,
And on her grave, a single rose it lays,
A lover's rose it lays,
Forever.