Song Harvest

Never know me. Never understand

Frost spirit, captured by a hunter

There was a man from across the sea,

come to keep the vow he’d made

“The muse of ice will be mine,” swore he,

“I’ll catch me a frost bridesmaid”

He scoured the crags but o’re every hill

Heard naught but the wind’s sad tune.

Till at last he rested beside a rill

Beneath the harvest moon.

He sat and brewed for a very long time,

Till heaven let loose with snow

And on the wind rode a song like rime

Heralding a lovely doe

She shed to the bank her snow white skin,

Laid her hart by the mountain stream,

And revealed the beautiful girl within

Beyond his wildest dream

She sang, as she bathed, a lilting tune

That near tore his soul apart

So the hunter leapt forth, ‘neath a waning moon

And stole the silken hart

She wept, she raged, she beat at his breast

But the man had iron will

“To tame a frost bride is my test”

“I’m the master of your soul.”

With her skin, she had no choice

For the brides of frost are bound to their

A girl as lovely as th

skin and laid her hart

On the bank of the mountain stream

To reveal the woman

Who, before the lovestruck man’s own eyes,

Shed her immortal skin

She laid the silken hart she’d worn

aside her immortal form

The frost bridesmaid shed her deer skin guise

A

She’d come to bathe in the waters clear

Where the dumbstruck hunter lay

She shed her skin

And

But a frost sprite bathed with spray

along came a song as pure as rime

And a

as pure as rime and the lovely snow maiden

She’d come to bathe in the mountain stream where the lovestruck hunter lay

She let her skin slither to the ground and waded into the spray

The man leapt up, cross the bank did bound and swept up her robe

Stepped into the water, took of her robe and sang for the lovestruck man

10 Our hero of songs and stories untold  
he fought not for glory, nor silver nor gold  
He killed for the hands that held his heart  
for Lyra, who loved him till death did them part  
  
Lyra's tears washed the blood off his sword.  
She called out the name of the one she adored  
The shackles of death that held him then broke  
Once more with his love, Lanre awoke  
  
But Death is a tyrant who won't be denied   
Lyra she faded, she paled and she died  
Her fate left unknown to we who remain  
Its conseauence etched in misery and pain  
  
Unable to die, to forget or to sleep  
Lanre was driven to madness and grief  
Myr Tariniel burned by his hand  
A mercy to people of that wretched land  
  
Selitos roared and he clawed at his eyes  
Frenzied by pride, he cursed the skies:  
"Lanre you traitor, cursed by the name,  
may you live always in the shadow and shame!"  
  
Our hero of songs and stories untold  
Now wanders these roads, alone in the cold  
He dreams of the hands that held his heart  
Of Lyra, who loved him till death did them part