

The Fairy King

am C G em
Who's he that doth travel the woods late by night?
C am C G
It is the father, his son by his side.
C F dm am
A-holding the little boy all in his arm,
F C G am
he's wrapped him up tightly, he's keeping him warm.

»My son, pray tell me, what frightens you so?«
»Beholdst thou not, father, the Fairy King's glow?
With his crown made of fire, his shimmering frock?«
»My son, this is naught but a phantom of fog.«

*My lovely child, come follow me!
Most pleasant games I'll play with thee.
The flowers are bright where the river runs down,
my mother's got many a glistening gown.*

»My father, my father, pray canst thou not hear,
the Fairy King's promises, soft in my ear?«
»O don't be afraid, little stupid, be calm!
'Tis naught but the wind that is shaking the elm.«

*Willst thou, fairest manchild, not come and be mine?
My daughters will dress you in satin so fine.
At night, when my daughters are leading the ball
there's laughter and singing and joy in my hall.*

»O father, my father, pray canst thou not see,
the Fairy King's daughters are smiling at me?«
»My boy, little boy, I can tell you quite sure,
'tis naught but the willows that wave by the moor.«

*I love your fair features, your grace I behold,
and if you're not willing, you'll never grow old.*
»My father, my father, he's touching my arm!
The Fairy King's holding me, doing me harm!«

The father a-shudders, he speeds like the wind,
a-clutching his son, never looking behind,
he reaches his home at his horse's last breath -
but the face of his son now is shadowed by death.