

My love

The winter night is frozen and cold  
The years are moving away from us  
And from the day when I first vowed to you  
We lived through the journey of that first year  
And through every other winter in a warmth  
Young girl to whom I gave my love  
One new spring

My love

This day and age is impoverished in love  
Scarce is the heart that does not reject  
And the vow that binds eternally  
Graceful, gentle girl  
There is no other I could put in your place  
I would walk with you to the back of the sun  
And to the ends of time

Young girl

Brown haired girl

I would walk with you to the back of the sun  
And to the ends of time

My love

As usual as I am in the solitary  
Writing songs  
This is the way of my people  
I will sing your praises  
In song secured to the tradition  
And supposing I stood on every star  
I would place you higher

Young girl

Brown haired girl

And supposing I stood on every star  
I would place you higher