

Birth of the Harp

Amberian Dawn

The ancient singer went
lamenting through the forest
heard the birch wailing
Now drawing nearer he asks the sacred birch tree
"Why art thou weeping?"
Giving wood a shape of a harp
Weep no more thou sacred birch tree
grieve no more, my dear friend and my brother
I will turn thy grief to joy and fortune
Make thee laugh and sing with gladness and joy
The ancient singer made
a magic harp from birch wood
fashioned of summer
He takes the harp in his hands
turns the arch up, looking skyward
And magic notes follow
Weep no more thou sacred birch tree
grieve no more, my dear friend and my brother
I will turn thy grief to joy and fortune
Make thee laugh and sing with gladness and joy