

The Elf

Al Stewart

I sat upon the Evening Hill
The shadows set, the night grew still
And as I sat, guitar on knee
A voice of flowers called to me

Sing, sing to me your song
Sing, for I belong to the night
In the grey morning light
I'll be gone

I turned with eyes that strained for sight
And there amid the failing light
Dimly saw a figure small
Heard a voice of magic call

Sing, sing to me your song
Sing, for I belong to the night
In the grey morning light
I'll be gone

My fumbling fingers found the chords
My trembling lips fought for the words
I stopped to ask the stranger how
He softly said, no questions now

But sing, sing to me your song
Sing, for I belong to the night
In the grey morning light
I'll be gone

Then with the magic of the elves
My fingers danced among themselves
A heart with lightness thus endowed
Formed melodies I know not how

Song, played the whole night long
Thus he danced and clapped through the night
And with grey morning light
He was gone

Now whispering wind plays o'er the hill
And the evening sounds again grow still
A year or more has passed since then
Oh, he will not pass my way again

And so I sing, sing to you my song
Sing, for I belong to the night
In the grey morning light
I'll be gone

So I sing, sing to you my song
Sing, for I belong to the night
In the grey morning light
I'll be gone