## 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