

I have brought this treasure
Of Berries red and apples fallen
From the soil, from these grounds
Would you take them as your own

Come before the winter's gale
Before the frost and snow
Take what I will give you
Accept my sacrifice
Covered sun has gone away
When the world has gone
Take what I will give you
Accept my sacrifice

I have brought this treasure
And lay my gift on bed of sprigs
You will find when darkness falls
My offerings of clean cold stones

Come before the winter's gale
Before the frost and snow
Take what I will give you
Accept my sacrifice
Covered sun has gone away
When the world has gone
Take what I will give you
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