

Midwinter Nights

Arven

The king's eldest son hasn't ever married
The king was raged and has decreed:
The lady who performs the task he has set
Shall become the prince's lawful wife

Go to the darkest cave
The dragon's sleeping there
I hope your heart is strong
Kill him with your mighty sword
Go to the darkest cave
The dragon's sleeping there
This takes you three days long
I wish you wisdom and faith

Two of the three have died in battle
They have fought with swords and greatest spears
But the last and youngest sang a tune so lovely
The dragon dropped off to enchanted sleep

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A passion glory
Moonlight singing hope and joy
The prince has now married
A faithful heart Midwinter poetry
A passions glory
Dancing at the setting sun
The old dragon's dead now
And the king's son has found his one

The night has turned to a sunny morning
The gentle breeze is full of hope
But they can not see that after nightfall
The eyes of the dragon glow in the dark

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