

My love
The winter night is frozen and cold
The years are moving away from us
And from the day when I first vowed to you
We lived through the journey of that first year
And through every other winter in a warmth
Young girl to whom I gave my love
One new spring
My love
This day and age is impoverished in love
Scarce is the heart that does not reject
And the vow that binds eternally
Graceful, gentle girl
There is no other I could put in your place
I would walk with you to the back of the sun
And to the ends of time
Young girl
Brown haired girl
I would walk with you to the back of the sun
And to the ends of time
My love
As usual as I am in the solitary
Writing songs
This is the way of my people
I will sing your praises
In song secured to the tradition
And supposing I stood on every star
I would place you higher
Young girl
Brown haired girl
And supposing I stood on every star
I would place you higher