

# Little Girl

Hanne Hukkelberg

Go, little girl, to the woods, the trees  
They've been waiting for you  
And your spring-scream in green  
You've come to make them see  
And to set them free  
And then run into spring

Run, little girl, and bring your spade  
Start to dig up their cold and frozen souls  
You'll see that far underneath  
There's a soul you can take  
With you into the spring

Thoughts of the winter; freezing cold and tired  
White and burying snow slowly, slowly  
Laid the woods to sleep  
Everything is lying still  
Until somebody wakes them

Listen, little girl, the sun will tell you that  
All the rays will come visit you now  
The sun will spread its light and  
Bring you all into the spring

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