

The Shepherd and the Maiden Ghost

Empyrium

't was an eve in late summer, autumn was nigh
still a warm sun did colour the sky
The meadows did shine in a strange golden light
and vales did forth the soft haze of nightWhen through the air a voice did resound
beckoning the shepherd to rise from the groundTHE SHEPHERD:
"What sweet voice does sing in such a woebegone tone?
What maiden does wander the heather alone?" Bewitched by its tone, he followed her song,
whilst the sun did descend and the shadows grew long
In the dim light of dusk, near the sparkling cascade
on a moss covered stone sat a crying young maidTHE SHEPHERD:
"Why art thou dreary? What happened to thee?
What song didst thou sing so woefully?" THE MAIDEN:
"Go whither O shepherd! Don't sadden thine heart
Thou canst not help me - not thou who thou art!
An old man who's been born in a cradle of wood
of a tree that at least a hundred years stood,
cut by a boy who at heart was still pure -
might be my redeemer if he knew that he could..."

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