

Nivaira "Gudrun"

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The autumn rain washed away
The glow from the childish cheeks
Why you're unquiet, my heart?

The harvest ripened
For high songs and joyful feasts
But my lord is called to part.

The night
Moonlight
And you sleep, my fair.
I will embroide
The sun
In your shirt.

I need nor gold, nor furs,
Nor lands, Without you, my love.
My red thread is bright as the dawn.

I pricked my hand with the needle.
A drop of blood
Falls at the linen collar.

In the ways
Faraway
Where you're called
By your wisdom and pride
My love is with you

Silken sky
Golden leaves
But in my eyes
The Shadows grow
Sign of the Sun,
When all is done,
Show him the way
To come back home.

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