

## **Amberian Dawn**

# **"Birth Of The Harp"**

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The ancient singer went  
Lamenting through the forest  
Heard the birch wailing

Now drawing nearer he asks the sacred birch tree  
"Why art thou weeping?"  
Giving wood a shape of a harp

Weep no more thou sacred birch tree  
Grieve no more, my dear friend and my brother  
I will turn thy grief to joy and fortune  
Make thee laugh and sing with gladness and joy

The ancient singer made  
A magic harp from birch wood  
Fashioned of summer

He takes the harp in his hands  
Turns the arch up, looking skyward  
And magic notes follow

Weep no more thou sacred birch tree  
Grieve no more, my dear friend and my brother  
I will turn thy grief to joy and fortune  
Make thee laugh and sing with gladness and joy

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