

Ode To The Earth

Galadriel

the limpid water of upland brooks is falling down from rocks in
to the lakes
and the look to the green valleys of virgin nature delights my
spirit
springy meadows are coloured by thousands of flowers and flying
butterflies
i smell the flavoured air and the wind is dishevelling my hair

(the) lowlands and hills, my rivers and brooks
that look strokes me and makes my glad heart beat
(the) gallop of my horse take me over (that) grace
(i'm) dancing alone among the ancient trees

the land is veiled by misty haze in cold mornings - mornings of
the fall
only proud mountains mighty stands and watch that grace there d
own all around
(the) sun beats out the way and breathe in new day into my pale
face
i will fly up to the clouds in the highs on the magic eagle's w
ings... now!

WHITE SNOW IS LIKE A MIRROR
UNDER (THE) TOUCH OF SUNSHINE'S RAYS
(THE) FALLIG SNOW FLAKES TICKLES MY NOSE
IN THE COLD WINTER'S DAYS

mother EARTH, as you borned me in the spring
so adopt my soul now at the end of times
(the) wind of freedom blows... my last dreaming...
in singing of the birds, sounds lullaby of mine