

Mistress Alma's Children

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O Mistress Alma's children, two girls aged two and three,

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have closed their eyes forever, the sun no more to see,

C D E am

have closed their eyes forever, the sun no more to see.

It was their wicked mother, them of their lives bereft:
She shed their blood, but shed no tear upon this wicked theft,
but burned them by the oven's flames till nought of them was left.

She next began to weep and wail, and through the streets she'd run,
she cried: »O come and help me, please, my children, they are gone!
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»There came three elves from outland, three elves came to my door.
They sang a song so sweet and cold, it chilled me to the core,
they've robbed me of my children, I'll see my babes no more!«

The people in the village, they thought her story true,
for stealing fair young children is what all elves love to do.
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And even Alma's husband would still believe his wife
He thought not that the ashes cold once burned with children's life,
and as all folks did pity her, the murderess could strife.

But early the next morning when at home alone she'd stay,
three elves did knock at Alma's door and would not go away.
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The first said: »Mistress Alma, the folks believed when you
Said that we stole your children, but you know it is not true.
You know quite well that lying is a wicked thing to do.«

The next said: »Mistress Alma, you murdered them yourself,
and murder is an evil crime not like by men nor elf.
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The third said: »Mistress Alma, now reach to us your hand.
We have no like for lies like that, I'm sure you'll understand.«
They left, and Mistress Alma since was seen in no man's land.