

The Maiden of Stone

am G
If you from Testara to Jandberg should roam
C E
you may call at an inn called »The Maiden of Stone«,
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and though sometimes names tell a story so true,
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others claim that it lies, and belief's up to you
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But those who know better will beg you come near
am G am
and relate what has happened if you'd like to hear.

In this very same village, one century ago
there once lived a maiden with beauty aglow,
to the goddess devoted, she dwells by the shrine
where she dances the days of the Virgin divine.
Now be told that the dancer is bound to the ways
of the Virgin so pure till the end of her days.

To no man and no woman her heart she must bind,
nor experience love but in spirit and mind.
Yet there's one young man in the village nearby
for whom her great fondness she cannot deny.
When fate weaves as fate will there's no one can hide
to each other's hearts she has both of them tied.

Now as night grows nearer, the dancer soon speeds,
driven by yearning, yet held back by needs,
to a tryst with her lover down there by the wood
to be with the man who her heart understood
So the night's spent with happiness that must not be,
in the morning it's back to the shrine she flees.

One day to the dancer the goddess appeared
and with wrath in her eyes spoke the words that she feared:
»Mine you are, maiden, and mine you will be
as long as birds fly and there's fish in the sea.
take this one very last chance to repent:
For if once more you'll meet him, your time is all spent.«

But if a heart's burning with love and desire
there's no god can stop it with threat or with ire:
Ere one month was passed, the dancer did sneak

to that place by the woods, with her lover to speak.
The moon's overshadowed with dark reddish haze
to remind her this may be the last of her days.

Out of the woods she steps, smiling at him,
his face so familiar, though light has grown grim.
To hold and caress him she raises her hand
whilst blackest clouds cover the moon and the land
But the moment they touch as sweet lovers will do
the word and the curse of the goddess comes true.

What's the end of the story? If you want to know,
come along to the grove, it's no long way to go.
Over there, where the last rays of daylight have shone
you can see the fine shape of a maiden of stone.
And they say that some nights when the stars are so bright
she will dance on her own by the silver light.