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My son, why cover your face in such fear?

**You see the elf-king, father?
He's near! The king of the elves with crown and train!**

My son, the mist is on the plain.



**Sweet lad, o come and join me, do!
Such pretty games I will play with you;
On the shore gay flowers their color
unfold,
My mother has many garments of
gold.**



**My father, my father,
and can you not hear
The promise the elf-king
breathes in my ear?**

**Be calm, stay calm, my
child, lie low:
In withered leaves the
night-winds blow.**

**Will you, sweet lad, come along with me?
My daughters shall care for you
tenderly;
In the night my daughters their revelry
keep,
They'll rock you and dance you and sing
you to sleep.**





**My father, my father, o can
you not trace
The elf-king's daughters in
that gloomy place?**

**My son, my son, I see
it clear
How grey the ancient
willows appear.**

I love you, your comeliness
charms me, my boy!
And if you're not willing, my
force I'll employ.

Now father, now father, he's
seizing my arm.
Elf-king has done me a cruel
harm.



**In his arms he's holding the groaning child,
The father shudders, his ride is wild,**



Reaches the court with toil and dread. -
The child he held in his arms was dead.

