

## The Oak and the Mayfly

*The mayfly went dancing, one bright springtime morn,  
The oak's heart was captured, no words could he form.  
Oh wizard pray help me, before all is lost,  
Ensozcel my mayfly, I'll pay any cost.*

*And they were betrothed, as the sun left the sky.  
But with coming of night, fair mayflower must die.  
Oh wizard true wizard your succour I pray,  
bring back my true love, the price I will pay.*

*The wizard spoke harshly, 'art thee shore of the cost?'  
'Aye,' said the oak though my future be lost.'  
The wise man he plundered the heart of the oak,  
And to the cold ground, the brave oak tree broke.*

*'My love do not leave me,' said the fair Mayflower,  
'Though my body be feeble, I'll not lose thee this hour',  
Wit the last of her strength, she gave her own heart.  
'Forgive me my true love, for now we must part.'*

*The very next dawn at the break of the day.  
The king of the forest and his queen there did lay.  
These two ever dwell there, they live their lives well,  
A heart given freely will break any spell.*