The Moon's Only Daughter

William of Astolat walking by night
Was struck by a beacon of pearl grey light
Fashioned of starfire, lovely and chill
The moon's only daughter came over the hill

She walked like a mist-wraith with never a sound
As she drifted and dreamed high above the dark ground
And William knew coming to with a start
That the moon's only daughter had stolen his heart

He trembled and shook till he hardly could stand
Then he stumbled before her with hat in his hand
But before he could utter what plainly he showed
The moon's only daughter passed on down the road

He followed down hillsides, he followed on plain
He followed through forests and fields thick with grain
He followed her over the silvery moor
Till he saw her go in at her mother's white door

He waited without, for he dared not go in

Dared not touch the door, for he feared 'twas a sin

That to touch the moon's whiteness would damn him for sure

So he stood there, in silence, a step from the door

William of Astolat walks by the hill

And as he goes dreaming true lovers fall still

For dawn found him walking, all dew-drenched and dazed

And his heart will keep aching for all of his days.

