

The Healing Chapel

*The gentle, healing Apple,
From the Isle of Avalon.
The boughs, a healing chapel,
A place the ill can rest upon.*

*The knight lies upon his bier
Dark dreams close his eyes
As Death looms ever near
He travels towards his own demise*

*His damsel sits with golden thread
As she sews a healing tapestry
To keep him from the land of dead
And aid her love's recovery.*

*With every stitch she sews, she pleas
To the lady of the Healing well, and
The stag among the apple trees
To break the evil spell*

*Morgan emerges from her pool
And hears the maidens plight
She gathers all her healing tools
To save the valiant knight*

*Morgan stirs her apple brew,
And serves a healing drink.
His life begins to thrive anew,
Death's cold grasp begins to shrink.*

*At last the Knight begins to stir
And his Strength returns to him
Spying his maiden, he smiles at her
While she sings a thankful hymn.*

*The garden's fair and peaceful,
And the apple blossom's white.
The drone of bees, a gentle lull
'Til the lovers moon brings the night.*