

**Ο αιχμάλωτος τραγουδά στη χλωμή αυγή:
The captive sings in the pale dawn
By Stella Webster**

I once hoped, upon a time,
for love, and song and shelter given.
For some place where I could be free,
or that I could find peace and silence.

That was before my life was rent,
when I learned the world was full of danger.
When I learned there was no way to hide,
I faltered and almost surrendered.

For the night is full of eyes,
and the woods are filled with perils.
There are shadows in the halls,
there are watchers at the doors.

There was a family long ago
who loved each other through the years.
Though life was hard we were together
until the wolves came ravening.

But I remember those lost days,
and all the laughter and the tears.
You will not see me bow my head,
even if they have me singing chained.

I once hoped that it could be:
a life without trouble, pain or sorrow.
But though for me the night is dark,
day shall bring my deliverance.