Standing Stones

Dave Gibb

In one of these lonely Orkney Isles
There dwelled a maiden fair.
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue
She had yellow, curling hair.
Which caught the eye and then the heart
Of one who could never be
A lover of so true a mind
Or fair a form as she.
Across the lake in Sandwick
Dwelled a youth she held most true,And ever since her infancy
He had watched these eyes so blue.
The land runs out to the sea -It's a narrow neck of land -Where weird and grim the Standing Stones
In a circle where they stand.
One bonny moonlight Christmas Eve
They met at that sad place.
With her heart in glee and the beams of love
Were shining on her face
When her lover came and he grasped her hand
And what loving words they said
They talked of future's happy days,
As through the stones they strayed.
They walked toward the lovers' stone
And through it passed their hands.
They plighted there a constant troth
Sealed by love's steadfast bands
He kissed his maid and then he watched her
That lonely bridge go o'er.
For little, little did he think

He wouldn't see his darling more.
Standing Stones of the Orkney Isles
Gazing out to sea
Standing Stones of the Orkney Isles
Bring my love to me.
He turned his face toward his home
That home he did never see
And you shall have the story
As it was told to me.
When a form upon him sprang

With a dagger gleaming bright
It pierced his heart and his dying screams
Disturbed the silent night.
This maid had nearly reached her home
When she was startled by a cry.
And she turned to look around her
And her love was standing by
His hand was pointing to the stars
And his eyes gazed at the light.
And with a smiling countenance
He vanished from her sight.
She quickly turned and home she ran
Not a word of this was said,
For well she knew at seeing his form
That her faithful love was dead.
And from that day she pined away,
Not a smile seen on her face,
And with outstretched arms she went to meet him
In a brighter place.

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