The Butterfly (MÃ¡irÃ©ad Nesbitt)

Celtic Woman

This evening the moon dreams more lazily
As some fair woman, lost in cushions deep
With gentle hand caresses listlessly
The contour of her breasts before she sleeps
On velvet backs of avalanches soft
She often lies enraptured as she dies
And gazes on white visions aloft
Which like a blossoming to heaven rise
When sometimes on this globe, in indolence
She lets a secret tear drop down, by chance
A poet, set against oblivion
Takes in his hand this pale and furtive tear
This opal drop where rainbow hues appear
And hides it in his breast far from the sun

Songwriters
YOUNG, CRAIG/MULLEN, NICOLEPublished by
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