Isabel

Moderatto

Isabel is waiting
In a room of many shadows
Her eyes like flashing diamonds
Shining brightly from the sea
Her hair in silken tresses
Like a road around her shoulders
Hiding, tantalizing treasures
That the sun has never seen
Isabel is watching
Like a princess from the mountains
For the first soft snows of winter
And the icy winds they bring
With a whisper of her sadness
In the passing of the summer
Her crown is wide red roses
With a lace of forest green
And she wraps her arms around me and she sighs
And she seems to be in silence with her eyes
And her hair upon my pillow comforts me
Isabel is weeping
And her eyes are full of wonder
She knows that it's the time for her
And she cannot understand
She's a mistress of the moonlight
To the stars she is a sister
And the morning now awaits her
To betray her once again
And she whispers as she sadly slips away
Then she smiles because there's nothing left to say
And she takes with her the sadness and the sun

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