

The Grace Of A Dancer

Chris De Burgh

She had the grace of a dancer, pretty as the morning sun,
Her days were filled with laughter, and when sixteen years had come,
She went to work in the old house, and there she met her love,
But he, the son, was high-born, and she, a village girl; They met at night by the river, and there he pledged his
love,
And so it was for the summer, but by winter, all was done,
For the word was out in the village that she would have his child,
And the night before she left him, these words were in his heart,
When she said, "Love is all that we have, it is forever,
Love is all that we need, to be together,
Love is all that this world has to share, only love
Can take us there;" They found her clothes by the river, of her there was no trace,
And for many years he mourned her, haunted by her face,
So he set off over the ocean, these memories to escape,
But the ship he sailed was ill-starred, and soon would meet its fate; They struck the rocks at midnight, in the grip
of a roaring storm,
And he found himself in the water with a woman and a boy,
With a power that was more than human, he brought them to the shore,
And her whisper in the darkness was a voice he'd heard before,
When she'd said, "Love is all that we have, it is forever,
Love is all that we need, to be together,
Love is all that this world has to share,
Only love can take us there;"
She had the grace of a dancer, and the father of her son.

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