

A Tale From Tahrarrie

Connie Smith

Mother, oh Mother, he asked me to marry
He asked for my hand in the fall
But Mother, oh Mother, you said child be wary
When a sweet talking man comes to call
He's handsome, he's charming and so debonair
With blue eyes and hair of pure gold
On his stallion of white, he's seen the whole world
But I long to see deep in his soul
To the town of Tahrarrie, he took me out dancing
Then we took a walk by the sea
We laughed and we talked and we did some romancing
Love came like a soft gentle breeze
But Mother, oh Mother, how can I know
What his heart holds deep down inside
You've always warned me the trouble with love
It makes truth out of nothing but lies
He promised the treasures much more than I dreamed
He placed a fine ring on my hand
He pledged me his love, swore he'd make me his queen
We'd travel to far distant lands
But Mother, oh Mother, what if I go
And find that his love is not true
But if I refuse him, what if I lose him
Oh Mother, what shall I do
Part of me wants to let go of my heart
Part of me says run away
Run from the flame of this burning desire
That seems to grow stronger each day
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