

Heather Marie

In the phantom glow of the burning candle;
From its shadow I make my plea.
In the flame I see the one I love,
 My beloved Heather Marie.
Gone from the eye, but not from the heart,
She loves, but she loves not me.

She is the one that I will love 'ever;
Beyond measure, beyond degree.
In dreams I see her in all her splendor,
 My beautiful Heather Marie.
I call her name and cry in vain
And curse that I must dream
Of the beauty that I once knew so well,
 My beautiful Heather Marie.

The candle dims and casts a shadow;
Our love 'twas never to be.
It slipped away; I could not keep
 The love of Heather Marie.
The flame sputters, dies, and leaves me blind,
I know that I'll never be free;
Of a love I knew so long ago,
 I love you Heather Marie.

End.

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