

One Last Cold Kiss

Christy Moore

Two island swans mated for life
And his faithful heart would not consider any other wife
For three years peaceful joy midst the rushes of the pond
Proud and gentle was the loving of the last two island swans

Their love was like a circle, no beginning and no end
With his lady by his side a treasure and best friend
And the pond was all so peaceful with the rising of the sun
Young and free like the island breeze their life was just begun

'Til a dread day in November when the searing cold did start
Stalked the hunter with his bow, he put an arrow through her heart
Husband come to my side let your feathers warm my pain
For I feel I will not spend another day with you again

And the cold winds blow
He was brave but he's laid low
By her body in the isle of mist
I saw him give her one last cold kiss
One last cold kiss

Of swans the people talk of only one in this days tide
They brought him twenty ladies he would take no other bride
They say he will not move from the place where she did fall
Once so proud he's beaten now, he will not speak at all

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