

The Weaver

Verse 1

Her lips share tales and poetry
Of wonders rarely seen
She speaks of unimagined lands
And isles of emerald green
Those summer days we laughed and played
Till time to gather round
And journey into realms unknown
Both young and old, spellbound.

Chorus

*The storyteller spins our dreams from life's most precious thread
And weaves the canvas of our mind for all our days ahead.*

Verse 2

Bright fields awash with golden corn
A bird calls, lilting song
The last few rays of setting sun
Draw evening shadows long
And from cliff tops to sheltered cove
The sea caresses land
Deep blues and turquoise hug the bay
A rocky outcrop, sand

Chorus

Verse 3

Her stories light the darkest heart
Brings joy to those who hear
She builds rich tapestry from strands
Of folklore held so dear
Fairies, elves and leprechauns
Of course, come out to play
And mermaids, dragons, pirate ships
Lost treasure in the bay

Chorus

Verse 4

Then sun fades into twinkling stars
Our eyes filled with delight
She gently sends us home to bed
The place our dreams take flight
And with one flick of russet hair
A swish of magic wand
Our timeless storytelling soul
With emerald eyes... is gone.