

# 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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By her body in the isle of mist  
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