

# Isabel

John Denver

Isabel is waiting  
In a room of many shadows  
Her eyes like flashing diamonds  
Shining brightly from the sea  
Her hair in silken tresses  
Like a robe around her shoulders  
Hiding tantalising treasures  
That the sun has never seen

Isabel is watching  
Like a princess from the mountains  
For the first soft snows of winter  
And the icy winds they bring  
With a whisper of her sadness  
In the passing of the summer  
Her crown is wild red roses  
With a lace of forest green

And she wraps her arms around me and she sighs  
And she sing to me in silence with her eyes  
And her hair upon my pillow comforts me

Isabel is weeping  
And her eyes are full of wonder  
She knows that it's the time for her  
And she cannot understand  
She's a mistress of the moonlight  
To the stars she is a sister  
And the morning now awaits her  
To betray her once again

And she whispers as she sadly slips away  
Then she smiles because there's nothing left to say  
And she takes with her the sadness and the sun