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**The spell is broken**

The spell is broken  
what once was found  
is now again lost  
the question pleads  
at what mortal cost  
a dashing young man  
and a fair young wench  
who wore her hair in  
a twist of French  
this couple defied common sense  
with love as the prize  
and towards a happy end  
where you go life follows  
but fate intervened  
twice in this tale  
what started with motion  
ended with mail  
the years took their cost  
and doomed him to fail  
now gather the ashes  
and rise not pale  
with sunshine and moonshine  
this story could prevail  
aided  
with a goblet of wine  
and a tankard of ale  
wandering over hill and dale  
the future beckons once again  
and hearts are set to mend

the apache kid

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren the apache kid med Poeter.se id #22755 innehar upphovsrätten