

The Vision

Andy Williams

Sunlight is kissing the morning air
Bright coloured butterflies are on the wing
Quivering reeds by the waterside
Like a movement in a symphony of spring

I saw a vision of loveliness
As she passed by me I caught my breath
I looked at her in amazement
She was a picture of heaven

It will remain as a mystery
That magic moment haunts my memory
My heart was captured as she
Disappeared out of view
Then she was gone
Beautiful swan