

# The Candlestick

Chris de Burgh

She moved through the fair with a smile in her eyes  
So pure and graceful and free  
And caught the attention of one who was there  
A Candlestick-maker, he

Handsome and young, a craftsman fine  
Smitten by her that day  
And so then he wrote down a poem for her that would say

"Take me in your hands tonight  
Come through the parlour by candlelight  
With thee I will wait this night  
Chase away shadows and stay 'til the morning is nigh"

But the journey of love is a rocky road  
And comes with many a spill  
He wooed and pursued her for more than a year  
And then she said I will

He made her a gift of a candlestick  
On their wedding day  
And written in silver around in the words, that did say

"Take me in your hands tonight  
Come through the parlour by candlelight  
With thee I will wait this night  
Chase away shadows and stay 'til the morning is nigh"

That candlestick was so much loved and admired  
But hundreds of years would go by  
'Twas there in an old Curiosity shop  
I found it, forgotten by time

Blackened with age but soon to shine  
Beauty from long ago  
And I often consider all those who have held it before

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