Ashokan Farewell

The sun is sinking low in the sky above Ashokan, The pines and the willows know soon we will part, There's a whisper in the wind of promises unspoken And a love that will always remain in my heart. My thoughts will return to the sound of your laughter, The magic of dancing, moving as one, And a time we'll remember long ever after The moonlight and music and dancing are done.