

Peter Ostrowski

"Isabelle"

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When Isabelle sleeps
The world sleeps too
When Isabelle sleeps
In her cradle of joy
She is more lovely
Than all the oases
In the Sahara
All the goldfish
In China
And the gardens
Of Alhambra
When Isabelle sleeps
The world sleeps too
When Isabelle sleeps
In her cradle of joy
She dreams
Her favourite things
In her slumber sweet
And deep
The wonders which
The dawn will bring
A beautiful angel
Fast asleep

When Isabelle laughs
The world laughs too
When Isabelle laughs
In her cradle of joy
Her laughter
Is more lovely yet
Than waterfalls
Cascading down
Crickets
In the meadow grass
Church bells
Over the town
When Isabelle laughs
The world laughs too
When Isabelle laughs
In her cradle of joy
She opens up
The window wide

The window
Of her little heart
That looks out
On paradise
She is beautiful
When she sleeps

When Isabelle sings
The world sings too
When Isabelle sings
In her cradle of joy
Her voice is far
More lovely than
The gentle song
Of nightingales
The wind at sea
That rushes through
Our hair
And fills the sails
When Isabelle sings
The world sings too
When Isabelle sings
In her cradle of joy
And when her tired eyes
Are closed
And she in silence lies
I kiss her
Little head goodnight
Isabelle is beautiful

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