

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

(W.T. Wrighton, J.E. Carpenter)

It's been a year since last we met
We may never meet again
I have struggled to forget
But the struggle was in vain.
For her voice lives on the breeze
Her spirit comes at will,
In the midnight on the seas
Her bright smile haunts me still.
 In the midnight on the seas
 Her bright smile haunts me still.

I have sailed a falling sky
And I've charted hazard's path
I have seen the storm arise
Like a giant in his wrath
Every danger I have known
That a reckless life can fill
Though her presence is now flown
Her bright smile haunts me still
 Though her presence is now flown
 Her bright smile haunts me still

At the first sweet dawn of light
When I gaze upon the deep,
Her form still greets my sight
While the stars their vils keep.
When I close my aching eyes Sweet dreams my memory fill
And from sleep when I arise
Her bright smile haunts me still.
 And from sleep when I arise
 Her bright smile haunts me still.

From Traditional American Folksongs, Warner and Warner
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