

Saint Cecelia

Leaves' Eyes

Sweetly heavenly harmonies raise from the warbling lute
Music for the hopeless lovers
Oh Valerian let her be

For the fair and the pure holy soul of a dame
He shall swear to obey the angels praise

Oh Cecilia where's your angel?
What thou art we know not?
Hear this delightful sound of heaven
Will soothe her lips with melodies

Oh Sweet Cecilia where is your angel?
What thou seek we know not?
Violins cry in desperation
Senses seduced with melodies