

Sarah Brightman, Silent Heart

I sometimes wish my heart could speak and say
What my poor lips can never tell
Of all the beauty God has sent my way
And some that man has made as well.

I wish my heart could whisper my delight
When I behold what I love best;
A rose, a ship, a book, a bird in flight,
Orion riding in the West.

But when I look upon the best of men,
Or hear his voice far up the hill,
Such noisy thoughts sing in my bosom then
I'm glad my heart is silent still.

My heart is silent still.

And all lines are repeated once more