

Enya, Dreams Are More Precious

Come! See! High above.
Come! See! High in the heavens
a new star shining bright;
out of the darkness comes a light.

Come! Hear midnight chimes.
Come! Hear bells that are ringing
and from some distant shore
sounds of a journey echo on.

This is the night,
they say,
everyone wants a dream.
This is the night,
they say,
nothing is as it seems.

Come! Sleep! Close your eyes.
Come! Sleep! Give me your sorrow
and I'll keep watch for you
until the dawn is breaking through,
until the morning wakens you.

Come! Dream through the night.
Come! Dream, and then tomorrow
you'll see your heart will know
dreams are more precious than gold.
Dreams are more precious than gold.
Dreams are more precious than gold.