

# 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.