

Sarah Brightman, In The Mandarin's Orchid Gard

Somehow by fate misguided,
A buttercup resided
In the mandarin's orchid garden.

A buttercup that did not please
The lovely peace of such a place.
And so it simply (shined) above
And begged each orchids pardon,
The little buttercup in the orchid garden.

The bees keep passing daily
And kiss the orchids dearly,
In the mandarin's orchid garden.

A buttercup (side) longing leaf,
But love was not for such as she.
And so under the tree of love hanged I

Still begging pardon,
The lonely buttercup in the orchid garden.

I too have been misguided;
To long have I resided
In the mandarin's orchid garden.

And all for friendliness I am,
I do not know which way to talk.
Alone must I keep (praying God)
To beg each lady's pardon.

A lonely buttercup
In the orchid garden.