

Gary Wright

"The Spring Of 1117"

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H?lo?se
In the spring of 1117
My heart is yearning to sing
For in the convent of 1116
I never knew such a spring
With him I will fly like a song-bird
With him I will try canticles not yet heard

Females
For he is Plato
He is mistletoe
He is Socrates
He's the Pyrenees
He is logic
He's forbidden fruit
He is light
H?lo?se
He's my truth

H?lo?se
In the spring of 1117
My heart wants to dance and rejoice
For in my Latin, Greek, French and convent prayers
I never knew such a voice
With him I will fly like a songbird
With him I will try canticles not yet heard

Females
For he is Plato
He is mistletoe
He is Socrates
He's the Pyrenees
He is logic
He's forbidden fruit
He is light
H?lo?se
He's my truth

H?lo?se
In the spring of 1117
The world is waiting to play

With him I want to dance out on the roof
But I must study with him

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