

Garzilli Enrico

"The Spring Of 1117"

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HÃfÂ©loÃfÂ~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
HÃfÂ©loÃfÂ~se
He's my truth

HÃfÂ©loÃfÂ~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
HÃfÂ©loÃfÂ~se
He's my truth

HÃfÂ©loÃfÂ~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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