

Sally Harmon "Angel Of Music"

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Bravi, bravi, bravissimi

Where in the world have you been hiding?
Really you were perfect
I only wish I knew your secret
Who is this new tutor?

Father once spoke of an angel
I used to dream he'd appear
Now as I sing, I can sense him
And I know he's here

Here in this room, he calls me softly
Somewhere inside, hiding
Somehow I know he's always with me
He, the unseen genius

Christine, you must have been dreaming
Stories like this can't come true
Christine, you're talking in riddles
And it's not like you

Angel of music, guide and guardian
Grant to me your glory
Angel of music, hide no longer
Secret and strange angel

He's with me even now
Your hands are cold all around me
Your face, Christine, it's white
It frightens me, don't be frightened

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