

Sarah Brightman

"La Waly"

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Well then? I'll go far away,
As goes the echo from the pious bell
There, amid the white snow;
There, amid the golden clouds;
There, where hope is, hope,
Regret, regret, and sorrow!

O my mother's joyous house,
Wally will go away from you,
From you so far away
And perhaps to you, perhaps to you
Never she will return,
Nor you will see her again!
Nevermore, nevermore!

I'll go alone and far away,
As is the echo of the pious bell,
There, amid the white snow;
I'll go, I'll go alone and far away!
And amid the golden clouds!

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