

Sarah Brightman

"Silent Heart"

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I sometimes wish my heart could speak and say
What my poor lips can never tell
Of all the beauty God has sent my way
And some that man has made as well

I wish my heart could whisper my delight
When I behold what I love best
A rose, a ship, a book, a bird in flight
Orion riding in the West

But when I look upon the best of men
Or hear his voice far up the hill
Such noisy thoughts sing in my bosom then
I'm glad my heart is silent still

My heart is silent still

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