

## Like the Nightingale

You sang like a nightingale and left  
You shook my heart and left

You heard the tumult of the storm  
stopped singing and left

To the orchard of fairy tales  
and the fields of dreams  
The shadow of the cloud  
in the center of the moonlight  
Like the disturbed soul of the lagoon  
you shook my heart and left

You sang like a nightingale and left  
scattering the cold tear of winter  
like rain

The deep of night became  
a scattered groan  
a thirsty desert of flowers  
You will come, oh, you will come

From the orchard of fairy tales  
from the fields of dreams  
To the Milky Way full of moonlight

You will pour down  
like the flower of rain  
To the soul of the azure moonlight