

Sylvia

Engelsk text / English lyrics

Sylvia's hair is like the night,
touched with glancing starry beams.
Such a face as drifts thro' dreams.
This is Sylvia to the sight.

And the touch of Syliva's hand
is as light as milkweed down,
when the meads are golden brown
and the autumn fills the land.

Sylvia - just the echoing
of her voice brings back to me
from the depts of memory,
all the loveliness of spring.
Sylvia! Sylvia!
Such a face as drifts thro' dreams.
This is Sylvia to the sight.

Text: Clinton Scollard

Musik / Music: Oley Speaks