

Crastina Die

Anael

Far, far away, long ago
In a forest, twas spring
There lived a young maiden whose voice made the animals sing
Her aspect was gentle her face always lit with a smile
Her kindness to all in her midst made each moment worthwhile

They sing of the joy that she brings

Doves deer and rabbits would gather around her to play
While al nature's spirits would join in the wondrous refrain
The love in that forest: a miracle pure as a dream
No king, fame or fortune could ever such harmony weave

They sing, they sing of the joy that she brings.

Right there before us, even now, in a butterfly's wings
There lives a young maiden whose voice makes the animals sing.

Lyrics submitted by hugo.

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