

# In the Mandarin's Orchid Garden

**Sarah Brightman**

Somehow by fate misguided,  
A buttercup resided  
In the mandarin's orchid garden. A buttercup that did not please  
The lovely peace of such a place.  
And so it simply [shined] above  
And begged each orchids pardon,  
The little buttercup in the orchid garden. The bees keep passing daily  
And kiss the orchids dearly,  
In the mandarin's orchid garden. A buttercup [side] longing leaf,  
But love was not for such as she.  
And so under the tree of love hanged I  
Still begging pardon,  
The lonely buttercup in the orchid garden. I too have been misguided;  
To long have I resided  
In the mandarin's orchid garden. And all for friendliness I am,  
I do not know which way to talk.  
Alone must I keep [praying God]  
To beg each lady's pardon. A lonely buttercup  
In the orchid garden.

Songwriters

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