Sylvia

Mario Lanza

Sylvia's hair is like the night
Touched with glancing starry beams
Such a face as drifts through dreams
This is Sylvia to the sight.
And the touch of Sylvia's hand
Is as light as milkweed down
When the leaves are golden brown
And the autumn fills the landSylvia just the echoing
Of her voice brings back to me
From the depths of memory
All the loveliness of spring.
Sylvia. Sylvia.
Such a face as drifts through dreams
This is Sylvia -- oh the sight.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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