

# The Shrine Of St. Cecelia

Faron Young

Our home is in shambles  
All I've treasured is gone  
The town seems deserted  
Everyone's so forlorn

A storm came from up above  
But somehow it missed  
The Shrine of St. Cecilia

The bells in the chapel  
Never ring anymore  
The clock in the steeple  
Can't tell time as before

But up on the hillside  
That is blessed  
The Shrine of St. Cecilia

Each day at even five  
When I seek haven from my daily care  
You'll find me by her side  
It seems so peaceful there

I kneal in my solitude and silently pray  
That heaven will protect you, dear  
And there'll come a day  
The storm will be over and we'll meet again  
At the Shrine of St. Cecilia

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