

Lady D'Arbanville

Gregorian

My Lady d'Arbanville,
why do you sleep so still?
I'll wake you tomorrow
and you will be my fill,
yes you will be my fill.

My Lady d'Arbanville,
why does it grieve me so?
But your heart seems so silent.
Why do you breathe so low,
why do you breathe so low?

My Lady d'Arbanville,
why do you sleep so still?
I'll wake you tomorrow,
and you will be my fill,
yes you will be my fill.

My Lady d'Arbanville,
you look so cold tonight.
Your lips feel like winter,
your skin has turned to white,
your skin has turned to white.

My Lady d'Arbanville,
why do you sleep so still?
I'll wake you tomorrow
and you will be my fill,
yes you will be my fill.

La la la la la la...

My Lady d'Arbanville,
why does it grieve me so?
But your heart seems so silent.
Why do you breathe so low,
why do you breathe so low?

I loved you my lady,
though in your grave you lie,
I'll always be with you
This rose will never die,
this rose will never die.

This rose will never die,
this rose will never die.