

# Valencia

Mario Lanza

Valencia, in my dreams it always seems  
I hear you softly call to me  
Valencia, where the orange trees forever  
Send the breeze beside the sea

Valencia, in my arms I hold your charms  
Beneath the blossoms high above  
You love me, in Valencia long ago  
We found our paradise of love

In a magic dream of memory I see you again  
In that old town far away beneath the skies of Spain  
That city of plenty romances, so shy were your glances  
And swiftly the sunshine that dances through the orange broad

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