

Sarah Brightman, There's None To Soothe

There's none to soothe my soul to rest,
There's none my load of grief to share
Or wake to joy this lonely breast,
Or light the gloom of dark despair.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,
And closed that eye alone could charm.