

A Dream Of Arcadia - song lyrics

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A DREAM OF ARCADIA.

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Words by Florence N. Reynolds. Music by W. Herbert Lanyon.

O Love, that life might ever be but a bright sweet song!
That all the care and sorrow could pass with the busy throng;
Leaving us far behind them, our life a pleasure be,
I thinking only of you, Love, and you with no thought but me.

Refrain.

O Love, that we might ever know naught but waltz and song!
That all the world forgetting, you would to me belong.
O Love, that we might ever know naught hnt. waltz and song!
That all the world forgetting, you would to me belong.

And in bright sunny weather, out 'mid the flowers and trees,
Songs of the birds our music, fanned by the soft south breeze;
Under blue skies, 'mid blossoms of orange tree and rose,
Bathed in a flood of sunshine, watching the shadows close.-Refrain.

Thus in Arcadia we wander, in thought with the ball-room throng.
See, now the waltz is over, so, little love, is my song;
Just one more turn before parting, your smile, dear, is sweet and bright.
Happy your dreams, little darling, and now good-night, good-night!- Refrain.