

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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