Softly

Gordon Lightfoot

Softly she comes

Whispers the breeze with her passing
In secret love she is laughing
Softly she comes in the nightSoftly she sighs
Sweetly she lies never sleeping
Her fragrance all in my keeping
Softly she comes in the nightDown the darkened hall
I hear her footsteps on my stair
And she is in my arms once moreSoftly she goes
Her shining lips in the shadows
Whisper goodbye at my window
Softly she goes in the dawn
Softly she goes in the dawn

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