

Softly

Gordon Lightfoot

Softly she comes
Whispers the breeze with her passing
In secret love she is laughing
Softly she comes in the night
Softly she sighs
Sweetly she lies never sleeping
Her fragrance all in my keeping
Softly she comes in the night

Down the darkened hall
I hear her footsteps on my stair
And she is in my arms once more

Then softly she goes
Her shining lips in the shadows
Whisper goodbye at my window
Softly she goes in the dawn

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