

Softly

Harry Belafonte

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 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

Softly she goes in the dawn