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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