

Blackmore's Night, Mid Winter's Night

Mid winters night
(1st part in Provencial French)

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The bells are ringing
On Mid Winters Night
The moon sets all alone
And once again I try to sleep before the morning light

Too soon the sun will come a-calling over the hills in our little town
Too soon the snow will start falling over the world without a sound
While in my room dreams are a-fleeting
I close my eyes one more time
All too quickly the dawn is breaking and I must leave the night behind.

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