

Allan Taylor

"Still He Sings"

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After night there comes the day
And so the dark will pass away
Through the dawn a wondrous thing is born
Comes the day

When the minstrel sings his song
And the people wander on
Still he sings for the pleasure music brings
Still he sings

When the words begin to rhyme
And then flow as rich as wine
Then you've heard, the poets spoken word
Rich as wine

When the colours seem to fade
Perhaps you're standing in the shade
Just for you the colours filter through
Just for you

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