Exile

Music by Enya
Lyrics by Roma Ryan

Rubato

\[ C\flat m \quad A \quad E \quad B \]

Cold as the northern winds in December

cember mornings, cold is the cry that
t rings from this far distant shore.

To Coda

\[ 1.3. \quad C\flat m \quad 2.4. \quad C\flat m \]

I'll wait the signs to come. I'll find a

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VERSE 2:
Winter has come too late
Too close beside me
How can I chase away
All these fears deep inside.

VERSE 3:
My light shall be the moon
And my path the ocean
My guide the morning star
As I sail home to you.

VERSE 4:
INSTRUMENTAL

VERSE 5:
Who then can warm my soul?
Who can quell my passion?
Out of these dreams — a boat
I will sail home to you.