

www.practicetracks.co.uk

Meadowlark

Reference number PT0480

When I was a girl, I had a fav'rite story
of the meadowlark who lived where the rivers wind.
Her voice could match the angels' in its glory,
but she was blind, the lark was blind.

An old king came and took her to his palace
where the walls were burnished bronze and golden braid,
And he fed her fruit and nuts from an iv'ry chalice and he prayed:

"Sing for me, my meadowlark,
sing for me of the silver morning.
Set me free, my meadowlark
and I'll buy you a priceless jewel,
and cloth of brocade and crewel,
and I'll love you for life if you will sing for me."

Than one day as the lark sang by the water,
the God of the sun heard her in his flight
and her singing moved him so he came and brought her
the gift of sight. He gave her sight
and she opened her eyes to the shimmer and the splendor
of this beautiful young God, so proud and strong.
And he called to the lark in a voice both rough and tender,
"Come along,

Fly with me, my meadowlark,
fly with me on the silver morning.
Past the sea where the dolphins bark
we will dance on the coral beaches,
make a feast of the plums and peaches,
just as far as your vision reaches
fly with me."

But the meadowlark said no,
for the old king loved her so,
she couldn't bear to wound his pride.

So the Sun-God flew away,
and when the king came down that day,
he found his meadowlark had died.

Every time I heard that part I cried.

And now I stand here, starry-eyed and stormy
oh, just when I thought my heart was fin'lly numb,
a beautiful young man appears before me,
singing: "Come oh, won't you come?"

And what can I do if fin'lly for the first time
the one I'm burning for returns the glow?
If love has come at last, it's picked the worst time,
still I know I've got to go!

Fly away, meadowlark,
fly away in the silver morning.
If I stay, I'll grow to curse the dark.
So it's off where the days won't bind me,
I know I leave wounds behind me
but I won't let tomorrow find me back this way.
before my past once again can blind me,

Fly away.

And we won't wait
to say goodbye,
my beautiful young man
and I.