

Birdsong

Anthony Phillips

I hear the birds come greet me in my morning,
They sing the songs of love in tongues of ages past,
And all the while a vision is unfolding,
The Moorhen pipes at me, "don't sleep the day away".
And so with cautious steps I tread
A measured path through vale and rook,
And many signs you'd want to take me with you.
And I go down to the Landing,
Heron's Flood flows on storm-clothed
As the harbour lights guide the wanderers home.
I see the sun come greet me in his dawning,
He holds the seed of life within his aged hands.
And, in the sky, a vast procession streaming,
Royal banners held aloft to mark the halcyon time.
And so I walk in meads below,
Amongst the springs and weevil-gall,
In myriad throngs the grass will take me with you.
And I climb up to the Hawk's Throne,
Cragshorn lies at Umbrian
And the marram-slopes span the sapient sky.
I feel the night come bidding me his greeting,
He draws a glowing veil upon a sleepy world.
And in the sky the stars roll through the heavens,
Below, the new-hatched dove stares wondrously above.
And so to Esma I am come
To forge a passageway through time
And all, too soon, you'd come to take me with you.
And I strike north to the veldt-plains,
Dorn Ridge melts in snow-gold.
As the Moorhen
Pipes the pinkery moon.
Birdsong, so sweetly, hear them calling you
Birdsong, so sweetly, hark they're calling you.