

Something Sings

Libera

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Let me go where I will,
I hear a sky born music still
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young

From all that's fair, from all that's dark,
Peals out an everlasting song

Not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird
Not only rainbow glows,
Nor in it's music heard

But in the dark and cold of things,
There always, always something sings

'Tis not in stars alone,
Nor in the bloom of spring born flowers
Nor in the robin's song,
Nor in the glint of showers

But in the dark and cold of things,
There always, always something sings