

## First Born of the Earth

Sally Oldfield

Firstborn of the Earth we were cradled by the light of the father!

He gave me gold at my birth  
And the sky was on fire with all I could desire  
And every light on the Earth shone for me  
I was queen of my land

Nurtured by the wind forever moving all things  
I hear the call of the shelterless ones  
And I seek no home for I travel alone  
And every man that I meet is my friend  
Another child of the wind

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Nurtured by the wind and all things that move on the water  
Golden is my land with grey and blue skies swiftly moving  
Ove the fields where the wood smoke is sweetly scented

Windblown at high tide, a lover and friend by my side  
Soft sand and sea-shells, the sound of the far distant bells,  
Sunlight in my eyes, the clear call of the wild sea-bird's cry  
Coming to me like a love song soaring free!

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