

In The Presence Of The Spring

Sally Oldfield

A light is on the land, no star is awake
The dew is on my hand and the moon on the lake,
Silent is the still night, no bird I can hear,
But in the scent of the southern breeze, I know the spring is here
There's a mist on a hill, there's a warmth in the air
And in the shimmering of the leaves I know the spring is here

In the presence of the spring there is a holy light on everything
And all around my feet the earth stirring
With the burden of a new life.
In the presence of the spring I feel a sudden rhythm
Like a new heart kicking
And it's pushing through the ice and snow
Crying "we shall be born!
From the depths of the winter we dead shall
Awaken in the budding leaves".

I can hear the clear call of a bird singing in the dawn,
Ringing like a chapel bell, you know the spring is come.
Wind blow upon the lawn is the daisy and celandine
Apple blossom on the wind bring the summertime.

See the lark rising on the wind, oh she's dancing in the dawn
Colours of green and gold, oh the spring is come!
Like a cup of young new wine pouring blessing on the land
Rushing like a spring tide bringing the summertime.