

## Amy Grant

### "Carol of the Birds"

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Whence comes this rush of wings afar  
Following straight the Noel star  
Birds from the woods in wondrous flight  
Bethlehem seek this holy night

Tell us, ye birds, why come ye here?  
Into this stable, poor and drear?  
Hasting to see the new born King  
And all our sweetest musics bring

Hark! How the winged finch bears his part  
Philomel, too with tender heart:  
Chants from her leafy dark retreat,  
"Re, me, fa, sol" in accents sweet

Angels, and shepherds, birds of the sky  
Come where the Son of God doth lie  
Christ from the earth and man doth dwell  
Come join in the shout, "Noel, Noel, Noel."

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