

## Amy Grant

### "The Creatures of the Field"

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And the creatures of the field  
Waited in the silence of Gabriel's departing  
And in the meadow kneeled  
Still but for the sound of a frightened faun starting

'Til the owl said:  
"Who raised up a clamor so harsh and deep?"  
The owl said:  
"Who caused gentle Mary to fret and weep?"

"Her window glows brightly  
I fear that she cannot sleep."

Mary paced her room  
(-unintelligible choir line)  
Wishing that her heartbeat  
Would cease its fearful pounding  
Peered into the gloom  
Silent as a tomb,  
Not one distant drum sounding

As the owl said:  
"Who caused such a stillness to mystify the earth-  
And why?  
See how she searches the darkened sky.  
Who is there among us to sing her a lullaby?"

"Sing me a lullaby..."

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