

## Judy Collins

### "Nightingale"

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Jacob's heart bent with fear,  
Like a bow with death for its arrow;  
In Vain he search for the final truth  
To set his soul free of doubt.

Over the mountains he walked,  
With his head bent searching for reasons;  
Then he called out to God  
For help and climbed to the top of a hill.

Wind swept the sunlight through the wheat fields,  
In the orchard the nightingale sang,  
While the plums that she broke with her brown beak,  
Tomorrow would turn in to songs.

Then she flew up through the rain  
With the sun silver bright on her feathers,  
Jacob put back his frowns and sighed and walked  
Back down the hill.

God doesn't answer me and  
He never will.

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