

Mary Hopkin "Sparrow"

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On Sunday morning everyone would leave the house
Dressed for the Sunday service
And through the streets I used to know

They go to meet their friends and so they take the
family seat
For the praise so honestly for getting all around him
When Eleanor sings in the choir it's like a larking
summer

The sparrow sings, the sparrow flies
With mighty wings he reaches as high as any other bird
He shall inherit all the earth

The sparrow sings, the sparrow flies
With mighty wings he reaches as high as any other bird
He shall inherit all the earth

A world of silence will he send upon the town
In colors of the evening
The thought has troubled me before
I know alone I need a sound to fill each moment

I had to find it out my way
They couldn't stop me leaving
As though they knew but could not say
They let me go believing

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Through the blue and hazy drift off after two
The saxophone is moaning
I rise and step into the cruel night air

