

Sarah Brightman

"Meadowlark"

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When I was a girl, I had a favourite story
Of the meadowlark who lived where the rivers wind
Her voice could match the angels in its glory,
But she was blind,
The lark was blind.

An old king came and took her to his palace,
Where the walls were burnished bronze and golden
braid,
And he fed her fruit and nuts from an ivory chalice and
he prayed

Sing for me, my meadowlark
Sing for me of the silver morning.
Set me free, my meadowlark
And Ill buy you a priceless jewel,
And cloth of brocade and crewel,
And Ill love you for life if you will
Sing for me.

Than one day as the lark sang by the water
The God of the sun heard her in his flight
And her singing moved him so, he came and brought
her
The gift of sight,
He gave her sight.
And she opened her eyes to the shimmer and the
splendour
Of this beautiful young god, so proud and strong
And he called to the lark in a voice both rough and
tender,
Come along,

Fly with me, my meadowlark,
Fly with me on the silver morning.
Past the sea where the dolphins bark,
We will dance on the coral beaches,
Make a feast of the plums and peaches,
Just as far as your vision reaches,
Fly with me.

But the meadowlark said no,

For the old king loved her so,
She couldn't bear to wound his pride.
So the sun God flew away and when the king came
down that day,
He found his meadowlark had died.
Every time I heard that part I cried.

And now I stand here, starry-eyed and stormy.
Oh, just when I thought my heart was finally numb,
A beautiful young man appears before me
Singing come
Oh, won't you come?
And what can I do if finally for the first time
The one I'm burning for returns the glow?
If love has come at last it's picked the worst time
Still I know
I've got to go.

Fly away, meadowlark.
Fly away in the silver morning.
If I stay, I'll grow to curse the dark,
So it's off where the days won't bind me.
I know I leave wounds behind me,
But I won't let tomorrow find me
Back this way.

Before my past once again can blind me,
Fly away.

And we won't wait to say goodbye,
My beautiful young man and I.

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