

Michael Martin Murphey

"Dancing In The Meadow 3:44"

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DANCING IN THE MEADOW

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When the snow-fields thaw and the stream beds crawl
to the waterfall and river,
I'll turn my face to the bright green space of the
mother, my life-giver.
No man has made a ring of jade like green corn in the
husk.
No man could own a turquoise stone as deep blue as
the dusk.
So come away from your working day and laugh and
let your head go,
And bring along an old-time song for dancing in the
meadow.

Leave your bedside for a moonlight ride where the
midnight air is warmer.
We'll sing for the quail and the cottontail who still
escapes the farmer.
Deep plum thickets and bramble bushes where the
quiet creatures hide
Are part of me, a mystery which I accept with pride.
If I must stay and lay all day like a march hare in
hedgerow,
When the hunter's gone, it's all night long, for dancing
in the meadow.

When the summer's over and come October when the
evening air is crisper,
In the mist and smoke by the twisted oak, I'll listen to
the branches whisper.
Barn dancers reel, the furrowed field must yield and
quickly turn.
Harvest gone, the hoot-owl song is one we now must
learn.
"Who, who, who are you?" and "If it's you, who said
so?"
"Who could it be?" "It's only me. I'm dancing in the
meadow."

When the seasons pass and the hourglass has all too

quickly shattered,
You'll lay me low beneath the snow and wonder if I
mattered.
Late in the night, your hair gone white will surely stand
on end.
You'll hear me sing, my banjo ring, the voice of your
old friend.
If you get brave, run to my grave and holler, "Are you
dead?" "No!"
No tombstone can cover my bones. I'm dancing in the
meadow.

[Sung by Michael Martin Murphey on "Swans against
the Sun" and "Wildfire 1972-1984."]

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