

## Phillip Larue

### "Birdsong"

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I hear the birds come greet me in my morning,  
They sing the songs of love in tongues of ages past,  
And all the while a vision is unfolding,  
The Moorhen pipes at me, "don't sleep the day away".  
And so with cautious steps I tread  
A measured path through vale and rook,  
And many signs you'd want to take me with you.  
And I go down to the Landing,  
Heron's Flood flows on storm-clothed  
As the harbour lights guide the wanderers home.  
I see the sun come greet me in his dawning,  
He holds the seed of life within his aged hands.  
And, in the sky, a vast procession streaming,  
Royal banners held aloft to mark the halcyon time.  
And so I walk in meads below,  
Amongst the springs and weevil-gall,  
In myriad throngs the grass will take me with you.  
And I climb up to the Hawk's Throne,  
Cragshorn lies at Umbrian  
And the marram-slopes span the sapient sky.  
I feel the night come bidding me his greeting,  
He draws a glowing veil upon a sleepy world.  
And in the sky the stars roll through the heavens,  
Below, the new-hatched dove stares wondrously above.  
And so to Esma I am come  
To forge a passageway through time  
And all, too soon, you'd come to take me with you.  
And I strike north to the veldt-plains,  
Dorn Ridge melts in snow-gold.  
As the Moorhen  
Pipes the pinkery moon.  
Birdsong, so sweetly, hear them calling you  
Birdsong, so sweetly, hark they're calling you.

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