

The Innocence Mission

"Evensong"

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The day is over
And still so heavy on the mind:
In flew glowing, smiling mother, butterfly in yellow
To join the frowning cactus crowd
Finding flowers, even there, to flutter around

I thought, isn't mother grand
The way she flies and flies
Into the sting of the cold
And the prick of the barbed wire
Isn't mother grand
To gladly fly and swiftly fly
Into the sting of the cold
And the prick of the barbed wire

The day is over
And still goes passing through the mind:
In came glowing, smiling mother, sure and kind
To rouse us
To give ourselves out and to cry
Birth to warm intentions, worthless otherwise!

Oh, the lives that brush against us, pass us by and by,
The friends who may or may not come if we would first invite
Oh, to open doors
To always gladly fly and fly
Into the sting of the cold
And prick of the barbed wire

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