

Strawbs

"Hummingbird"

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Strawbs - Hummingbird

The spirit of the hummingbird
Hovers in the shade
Blinded by the spider's web
That glitters newly made

The stillness of the hummingbird
Betrays her beating wings
She is silent in the darkest hour
But bell-like when she sings

The sweetness of the hummingbird
Is nectar to my lips
The brush-tipped tongue; her silent smile
Commands her claws and whips

Come with me
Come with me
The race is almost run

Tenacious is the hummingbird
Among the jewelweed
Her deeply-forked and blue-black tail
Is quick to gather speed

My Lucifer of hummingbirds
Steals among the thieves
Bathing in scattered trees
Clutching to wet leaves

The collar of the hummingbird
Is bright as fresh spilled blood
She leads me to the water's edge
Reddened by the flood

Come with me
Come with me
The race is almost run

The set aside of many years

The soft taillight of evening nears
My solitary friend appears
To circle round the sun

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