

The Creatures of the Field

Art Garfunkel

And the creatures of the field
Waited in the silence of Gabriel's departing
And in the meadow kneeled
Still but for the sound of a frightened faun starting

'Til the owl said, Who
Raised up a clamor so harsh and deep?
The owl said, Who
Caused gentle Mary to fret and weep?
Her window glows brightly
I fear that she cannot sleep

Mary paced her room
Wishing that her heartbeat
Would cease its fearful pounding
Peered into the gloom
Silent as a tomb
Not one distant drum sounding

As the owl said, Who
Caused such a stillness to mystify the earth
And why?
See how she searches the darkened sky
Who is there among us to sing her a lullaby?

Sing me a lullaby