

King David

Judy Collins

King David was a sorrowful man
No cause for his sorrow had he
And he called for the music of a hundred harps
To ease his melancholy

They played till they all fell silent
Played and play sweet did they
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David
They could not charm away

He rose and in his garden
Walked by the moon alone
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree
Jargoned on and on

King David lifted his sad eyes
Into the dark boughed tree
"Tell me, thou little bird that singest
Who taught my grief to thee?"

But the bird in no wise heeded
And the king in the cool of the moon
Harken to the nightingale's sorrowfulness
Till all his own was gone