

Nightingale I

Judy Collins

Jacob's heart bent with fear
Like a bow with death for its arrow
In Vain he search for the final truth
To set his soul free of doubt

Over the mountains he walked
With his head bent searching for reasons
Then he called out to God
For help and climbed to the top of a hill

Wind swept the sunlight through the wheat fields
In the orchard the nightingale sang
While the plums that she broke with her brown beak
Tomorrow would turn in to songs

Then she flew up through the rain
With the sun silver bright on her feathers
Jacob put back his frowns and sighed and walked
Back down the hill

God doesn't answer me and
He never will