

The Wood Thrush's Song

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I walked down the hall where the woods used to stand
Concrete at my feet, brick walls at every hand
And over my head steel girders so strong
Where I first felt the spell of the Wood Thrush's song

Now the Wood Thrush has vanished, seeking the place
That's not felt the crush of man's embrace
The steep woods are gone now, and oh, how I long
To again feel the spell of the Wood Thrush's song

Over my head just a few years ago
The poplar leaves shivered when the breezes did blow
Now the deep hum of engines drowns the soft sigh
Of the wind in the leaves of the few trees nearby

Man is the inventor, the builder, the sage
The writer and seeker of truth by the page
But all of his knowledge can never explain
The deep mystery of the Wood Thrush refrain