

Song of Himself

Natalie Merchant

How time does gambol on
With countless comings of the dawn
With the banishing of night
By transcendent rays of light

Sing a song of gilded golden sun
Of the dawning of a day begun
That will never, never come
Won't come again

Who knew the blossom and the swelling seed?
Who named the numberless shades of green?
Who stopped to linger in the path?
Who saw the world in a blade of grass?

Come, sing your song son, native born and bred
In a mother tongue so long unsung, unsaid

Set us free, set us free
With of love above all causes, laws and creeds
Your song it will be sung
And sung again

Electric surge of words that ebbed and flowed
The likes of which, the world had never known
And will never, never come
Won't come again

All the fools and all the thieves
All the cursed and the diseased
Fallen daughters and wayward sons
Your arms embracing everyone

Come sing your song of love bold, brave and proud
Love that has no shame that knows no doubt

Set us free, set us free
With words conferred by ghost, by poetry
At the dawning of the sun
You multitude of one
Your song it will be sung
And sung again