Garth Brooks, The Gift

A poor orphan girl named Maria
Was walking to market one day
She stopped for a rest by the roadside
Where a bird with a broken wing lay
A few moments passed till she saw it
For it's feathers were covered with sand
But soon clean and wrapped it was travelling
In the warmth of Maria's small hand

She happily gave her last peso On a cage made of rushes and twine She fed it loose corn from the market And watched it grow stronger with time

Now the Christmas Eve service was coming And the church shone with tinsel and light And all of the townfolks brought presents To lay by the manger that night There were diamonds and incense And perfumes In packages fit for a king But for one ragged bird in a small cage Maria had nothing to bring

She waited till just before midnight So no one would see her go in And crying she knelt by the manger For her gift was unworthy of Him

Then a voice spoke to her through the darkness Maria, what brings you to me If the bird in the cage is your offering Open the door and let me see Though she trembled, she did as He asked her And out of the cage the bird flew Soaring up into the rafters On a wing that had healed good as new

Just then the midnight bells rang out And the little bird started to sing A song that no words could recapture Whose beauty was fit for a king

Now Maria felt blessed just to listen To that cascade of notes sweet and long As her offerings was lifted to heaven By the very first nightingale's song