

# Joan Baez, The Swallow Song

THE SWALLOW SONG  
(Richard Farina, 1964)

Come wander quietly and listen to the wind  
Come here and listen to the sky  
Come walking high above the rolling of the sea  
And watch the swallows as they fly

There is no sorrow like the murmur of their wings  
There is no choir like their song  
There is no power like the freedom of their flight  
While the swallows roam alone

Do you hear the calling of a hundred thousand voice  
Hear the trumpling in the stone  
Do you hear the angry bells ringing in the night  
Do you hear the swallows when they've flown?

And will the breezes blow the petals from your hand  
And will some loving ease your pain  
And will the silence strike confusion from your soul  
And will the swallows come again?