

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 trumbling 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?