

# Nina Simone, Black Swan

(1947) Gian Carlo Menotti

The sun is falling and it lies in blood  
The moon is weaving bandages of gold  
Old Black Swan where oh where is my lover now  
Where oh where is my lover now  
Torn and tattered is my bridal gown and my lamp is lost  
With silver needles and with silver threads  
The stars stitch a route for the dying sun  
Old Black Swan where oh where is my lover now  
I had given him a kiss and a golden ring  
And a golden ring  
I had given him a kiss of fire and a golden ring  
Oh with silver needles and with silver threads  
The stars stitch a route for the dying sun  
Black Wing o Black Wing take me down with you  
Take me down with you take me down with you  
Take me down with you  
Old Black Swan take me down with you  
I had given him a kiss of fire  
Take me down with you