

# Sally Oldfield, Firstborn Of The Earth

Oldfield

Firstborn of the Earth we were cradled by the light of the father!

He gave me gold at my birth

And the sky was on fire with all I could desire

And every light on the Earth shone for me

I was queen of my land

Nurtured by the wind forever moving all things

I hear the call of the shelterless ones

And I seek no home for I travel alone

And every man that I meet is my friend

Another child of the wind

And the sky was on fire with all I could desire

And every light on the Earth shone for me

I was queen of my land

Firstborn of the Earth we were cradled by the light of the father!

He gave me gold at my birth

And the sky was on fire with all I could desire

And every light on the Earth shone for me

I was queen of my land

Firstborn of the Earth we were cradled by the light of the father!

Nurtured by the wind and all things that move on the water

Golden is my land with grey and blue skies swiftly moving

Ove the fields where the wood smoke is sweetly scented

Windblown at high tide, a lover and friend by my side

Soft sand and sea-shells, the sound of the far distant bells,

Sunlight in my eyes, the clear call of the wild sea-bird's cry

Coming to me like a love song soaring free!

Firstborn of the earth we were cradled by the light of the father!