

Simon & Garfunkel, Sparrow

Who will love a little Sparrow?
Who's traveled far and cries for rest?
"Not I," said the Oak Tree,
"I won't share my branches with
no sparrow's nest,
And my blanket of leaves won't warm
her cold breast."

Who will love a little Sparrow
And who will speak a kindly word?
"Not I," said the Swan,
"The entire idea is utterly absurd,
I'd be laughed at and scorned if the
other Swans heard."

Who will take pity in his heart,
And who will feed a starving sparrow?
"Not I," said the Golden Wheat,
"I would if I could but I cannot I know,
I need all my grain to prosper and grow."

Who will love a little Sparrow?
Will no one write her eulogy?
"I will," said the Earth,
"For all I've created returns unto me,
From dust were ye made and dust ye shall be."