A BLACKBIRD SINGING

A blackbird singing
On a moss upholstered stone,
Bluebells swinging,
Shadows wildly blown,
A song in the wood,
A ship on the sea.
The song was for you
And the ship was for me.

A blackbird singing
I hear in my troubled mind,
Bluebells swinging
I see in a distant wind.
But sorrow and silence
Are the wood’s threnody
The silence for you
And the sorrow for me.

Words by
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Music by
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Bluebells swinging, Shadows wildly blown, A

song in the wood, A ship on the sea. The

song was for you And the ship, the ship was for me.
Blackbird singing — I hear in my troubled mind,

Quicker
rallentando
a tempo

Bluebells swinging — I see in a distant wind. But

Crescendo
f
p a tempo

Sorrow and silence — Are the wood's threnody.

The
si-lence for you
And the sor-row, the sor-row for
me.
A black-bird singing.