

My Songbird Has Flown

'My songbird has flown and the world sighs.

'The gentle mouthpiece of his immortal muse has gone

'And no music can be heard that is sweeter than the language of his love,

'No diamond is more precious than the memory of the twinkling in his eyes,

'And no treasure in the lands will replace his happy smile.

'My songbird has flown and the world sighs.

'And if I were to paint a third of what I feel,

'A masterpiece would be yours

'To have and to hold and hang upon your wall.

'If I were to write the words that spill from my heart, tomes and volumes would make your library wide and tall.

'If I were to sing songs of praise for him, Saints would rise to make a chorus fit to please angel heralds.

'And if I were to make music for his gentle ear, celestial harmonies would dance in all the worlds.

'And so no more, his voice now stilled but never gone.

'A depth of silence reigns where once he had his say.

'The veil of night has fallen

'But a dawn of the divine will rise for a new day.

'My songbird has flown and my soul sighs - but he will never go away.'