

## **BLACKBIRD**

There's a time towards evening  
When the sun's getting low  
And the workers are home,  
No more projects on go.  
It's a time to relax,  
Take account of one's day.  
And the song of a blackbird  
Sends a thrill all the way  
From the top of a tree  
Or a roof or a post,  
A thrill that can soften  
The hearts of a host  
Of those who have listened  
Enraptured, spellbound.  
No music compares  
To its magical sound.