

Meadowlark

A love song by Peter Brunette

1. As I was out walking alone in the park
 Under the heaven so blue,
 I heard the call of a meadowlark
 And started to think about you.
 And while I was thinking about you, my dear,
 Under the maples so tall,
 The voice of an angel breathed into my ear,
 “Answer the meadowlark’s call.”

CHORUS: You are the lilies of April.
 You are the roses of June.
 You are the whisper of leaves in the wind,
 The charm of a spring afternoon.
 You are the stillness of midnight,
 The blush on the cheeks of the dawn.
 You are the sun and the moon and the stars.
 You are the meadowlark’s song.

2. The angel returned to his sweet paradise.
 I followed the songbird’s refrain,
 For I had received as sublime advice
 As ever a mortal might gain.
 These thirty-five summers have faded, my dear,
 Since I took that walk in the park,
 And I’m still enraptured whenever I hear
 The call of the meadowlark.

CHORUS

ENDING: You are the meadowlark’s song.
 You are the meadowlark’s song.