

# Evensong

## London Salon Ensemble

The day is over and still so heavy on the mind  
In flew glowing, smiling mother, butterfly in yellow  
To join the frowning cactus crowd  
Finding flowers even there to flutter round I thought, isn't mother grand? The way she flies and flies  
Into the sting of the cold and the prick of the barbed wire  
Isn't mother grand to gladly fly and swiftly fly  
Into the sting of the cold and the prick of the barbed wire The day is over and still goes passing through the mind:  
In came glowing, smiling mother, sure and kind  
To rouse us, to give ourselves out and to cry  
Birth to warm intentions, worthless otherwise Oh, the lives that brush against us, pass us by and by  
The friends who may or may not come if we would first invite  
Oh, to open doors, to always gladly fly and fly  
Into the sting of the cold and the prick of the barded wire

Lyrics provided by

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