

The Maple's Lament

[Kathy Mattea](#)

When I was alive the birds would nest upon my boughs
And all through long winter nights, the storms would 'round me howl
And when the day would come, I'd raise my branches to the sun
I was the child of earth and sky, and all the world was one But now that I am dead, the birds no longer sing in me
And I feel no more the wind and rain, as when I was a tree
But bound so tight in wire strings, I have no room to grow
And I am but the slave who sings, when master draws the bow But sometimes from my memories I can sing the
birds in flight
And I can sing of sweet dark earth and endless starry nights
But oh, my favorite song of all, I truly do believe
Is the song the sunlight sang to me while dancing on my leaves

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