

# 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 oneBut 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 bowBut 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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