The Gift

Garth Brooks

A poor orphan girl named Maria
Was walking to market one day
She stopped for to rest by the roadside
Where a bird with a broken wing layA few moments passed till she saw it
For it's feathers were covered with sand
But soon clean and wrapped it
Was traveling in the warmth of Maria's small handShe happily gave her last peso
On a cage made of rushes and twine
She fed it loose corn from the market
And watched it grow stronger with timeNow the Christmas Eve service was coming
And the church shone with tinsel and light
And all of the town folks brought presents
To lay by the manger that nightThere were diamonds and incense
And perfumes in packages fit for a king
But for one ragged bird in a small cage
Maria had nothing to bringShe waited till just before midnight
So no one would see her go in
And crying she knelt by the manger
For her gift was unworthy of HimThen the Lord spoke to her through the darkness
"Maria, what brings you to me
If the bird in the cage is your offering
Open the door and let me see"Though she trembled, she did as He ask her
And out of the cage the bird flew
Soaring up into the rafters
On a wing that had healed good as newJust then the midnight bells rang out
And the little bird started to sing
A song that no words could recapture
Whose beauty was fit for a kingNow Maria felt blessed just to listen
To that cascade of notes sweet and long
As her offering was lifted to Heaven
By the very first nightingale's song

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