

# First Song

## Andrew Bird

Then it was dusk in Illinois a small boy  
After an afternoon of carting dung hung  
On a rail fence, a sapped thing  
So weary to crying Dark was growing tall  
He began to hear the pond frogs all calling on his ear  
They were calling on his ear  
They were calling on his ear with what seemed their joy Soon the sound was pleasant for a boy  
Listening in the smoky dusk and nightfall of Illinois  
And from the fields two small boys came  
Bearing cornstalk violins So they rubbed the cornstalk bows with resins  
And the three just sat there scraping of the joy  
Of their joy, they're scraping of the joy It was now fine music, the frogs and the boys did  
In the towering Illinois twilight  
Make and into dark in spite a shoulders ache A boy's hunched body loved out of a stalk  
The first song of his happiness and the song woke his heart  
Into the darkness and sadness of joy Dark was growing tall  
He began to hear the pond frogs all calling on his ear  
They were calling on his ear  
They were calling on his ear with what seemed their joy

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