

# The Wood Thrush's Song

[Kathy Mattea](#)

I walked down the hall where the woods used to stand  
Concrete at my feet, brick walls at every hand  
And over my head steel girders so strong  
Where I first felt the spell of the Wood Thrush's song  
Now the Wood Thrush has vanished, seeking the place  
That's not felt the crush of man's embrace  
The steep woods are gone now, and oh, how I long  
To again feel the spell of the Wood Thrush's song  
Over my head just a few years ago  
The poplar leaves shivered when the breezes did blow  
Now the deep hum of engines drowns the soft sigh  
Of the wind in the leaves of the few trees nearby  
Man is the inventor, the builder, the sage  
The writer and seeker of truth by the page  
But all of his knowledge can never explain  
The deep mystery of the Wood Thrush refrain

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