

# Meadowlarks

## Helvetia

Meadowlark, fly your way down.  
I hold a cornucopia and a golden crown  
For you to wear upon your fleecy down.  
My meadowlark, sing to me.  
Hummingbird, just let me die  
Inside the broken ovals of your olive eye.  
I do believe you gave it your best try.

My hummingbird, sing to me.  
My hummingbird, sing to me.  
Don't believe a word that I haven't heard.  
Little children laughing at the boys and girls.  
The meadowlark singing to you each and every day.  
The arc light on the hillside and the market in the hay.

Lyrics provided by  
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