

## **Robin's Song**

**I sing to mark my world,  
I sing for being free.  
I sing today a joyful lay  
Upon this broken tree**

**For you no wings at dawn,  
No dreamy voice at noon.  
A mist disguised with choking cries  
A barrage hides the moon.**

**From little fields the larks have fled  
And harvest green turns brown.  
I sing to wake you from your bed  
For lack of summer sounds.  
For while you sleep the tears you weep  
Would cause the world to drown.**