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Composition

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The White Field

I saw a farmer plough
a field of winter snow
until he'd drawn five lines across the cold white meadow.

Cold white meadow, the cold white meadow.

And following behind
like dark leaves on the wind
were scores of singing blackbirds, the loudest of their kind.

Loudest of their kind, the loudest of their kind.

And when I asked them why
they braved the bitter sky
they thronged around my head, and gave me this reply:

Gave me this reply, and gave me this reply:

'Along the open furrow
we plant our songs – tomorrow
when the yellow sun returns, we'll hear our music grow.'

Hear our music grow, we'll hear our music grow.'

On five dark lines I write
on a field of deepest white
and pray my notes are turning into blackbirds overnight.

Blackbirds overnight, into blackbirds overnight.

And pray my notes are turning into blackbirds overnight.

[Repeat first verse without refrain?]