

The Captive Bird's Complaint - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Captive Bird's Complaint.

I wonder what my wings were made for,
Fluttering, active, restive things;
If this cage is all of birdland.
Tell one why a bird has wings

Shaking, hoping, waiting, restive,
How I wish for once to fly;
How my aching pinions tremble,
Give me life or let me die.

Yonder in a deep green cedar,
Fair as light, and light as air,
Shouts aloud a joyous robin,
If you love me, " send me there.

Better anything with freedom,
Than to know that one has wings,
And must ever keep them fettered-
Slavery hath a thousand stings.

Oh, this cage it does not fit me,
I'm not made for it, I know;
Mine is yonder in the heavens.
If you love me, let me go.