**The birds’ lament**

Richard Rodney Bennett

Oh, says the linnet, if I sing  
My love forsook me in the spring  
And nevermore will I be seen  
Without my satin gown of green  
  
Oh, says the pretty feathered jay  
Now my love is gone away  
And for the memory of my dear  
A feather of each sort I'll wear  
  
Oh, says the rook and eke the crow  
The reason why in black we go  
Because our love has us forsook  
So pity us poor crow and rook!  
  
Oh, says the pretty speckled thrush  
That changes its note from bush to bush  
My love has left me here alone  
I fear she never will return