**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