

IF NIGHT BE KIND *Lyrics and music © Jack Williams*

On the highest bough of an old pine tree,
A restless bird looks away to sea.
Five hundred miles over wave and breeze...
Let night be kind to these wings of mine,
God, if you please.

I've never flown this far before,
Through sky unknown to a distant shore,
To see what fate might have in store...
If I be strong in wing and song,
I'll fear no more.

CHORUS If faith be strong,
And wind be fair,
If moon does shine,
And night be kind,
I'll meet you there.

Though I was made with wings to fly,
I wandered, aimless, through the sky.
I felt an emptiness unfold...
When Nature sent a breath of winter
Through my soul.

CHORUS

The hardest thing that bird can see,
Is letting go that old pine tree,
And fear of falling like a stone...
If night be kind then he will find
His way back home.

CHORUS