



# THE GOLDEN BIRD



by Pavlos Andronikos

*for Angela, who asked/or something pretty*

In the village they used to tell of a man who in his old age made a singing bird of gold and kept it in a cage.

No one had ever seen that bird, it was always kept inside, but just to hear it sing they'd leave their windows open wide.

It's song was sweet and wild and sad and spoke of a life so free it filled their sleep with restless dreams of what could never be.

"Oh, it's a shame!" they'd say, and sigh, "It shouldn't be locked away. The old man ought to set it free to roam the sky all day."

The old man worked the fields all day and didn't get home till night, but one day he came back and found his window open wide.

He gave a cry, he rushed inside, the damage had been done. He found the cage door open, the golden bird had gone.

"They don't know what it meant to me, it was everything I owned. Everything I ever loved. Everything!" he moaned.

Then suddenly his face lit up, he closed his eyes and saw the golden bird on a golden bough singing for him once more.

It sang of man and destiny, it sang of peace at last, it sang of what could never be, of sunlight seen through glass.

## Pavlos Andronikos

1 This is a song rather than a poem. The tune I wrote for it goes like this: —

1 This is a song rather than a poem. The tune I wrote for it goes like this: —

The image shows two identical musical scores side-by-side. Each score is written in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature and a tempo marking of quarter note = 92. The music consists of six staves of notation. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Am, G, E, C, Dm, F, and Am. There are first and second endings indicated by '1.' and '2.' above the notes. The bottom of the page has a small copyright notice: © Pavlos Andronikos.