

The Song Thrush and the Mountain Ash

♪ Through the hospital window
 she said to me
she'd forgotten the name
 of her special tree,
and forgotten the name
 of her favourite bird.
Through the hospital window
 I mouthed the words:

the song thrush and the mountain ash.

Through the hospital window
 she asked again
why I stood outside
 in the wind and rain,
and said she didn't
 understand
why I didn't want
 to touch her hand.

The song thrush and the mountain ash.

She said she liked
 the flowers I sent
but wondered why
 they had no scent,
and why the food
 had lost its taste,
and why the nurse
 had covered her face?

And why the gates of the park were shut?
And why the shops were boarded up?
And why the swings were tied in knots?
And the music...why had the music stopped?

Through the hospital window
 I called her name
and waited a while
 but she never came,

then I saw reflected
 in the glass
the song thrush
 and the mountain ash.

The song thrush and the mountain ash. ♪

Simon Armitage

One of two song lyrics commissioned by Huddersfield Choral Society in response to Covid-19, inspired by members of the Choir and set to music by composers Cheryl Frances-Hoad (*We'll Sing*) and Daniel Kildane (*The Song Thrush and the Mountain Ash*).