

The bird had silver wings, my friends,
And reached out for the sky;
It found its wings were broken,
It had lost the right to fly.
The pink-eyed salamander
Changed its colours for the day;
It changed from white to purest gold
And left the stag at bay.
Now I am but a poor man
In the apple blossom state,
I choose to fly where'er I please,
The stag must needs a mate.

My golden salamander,
You must take me as I am.
I cannot change my colours,
I am but a simple man.

The golden salamander
Had become the rite of spring;
The silver bird made promises
That scarcely meant a thing;
They told the wicked huntsman
Where the stag had run to rest.
Now the elderly survivor
Knew this was not for the best;
He opened up his heart
And prayed for peace for all mankind.
He asked a fortune teller
But found out that she was blind.

The clouds were passing over,
There was little sign of rain;
The sun was slowly rising
From its slumberdown again.
The stag had run to cover
In a copse beside the lake;
The huntsman broke the silence
And the birds began to wake.
The fortune teller smiled
As the survivor spoke of fate.
He thanked her for her interest
But knew it was too late.