

Larks of Morning

Tad Tuleja

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On the path that struggles through the high ground
Where the blasts of winter blow
Is a turn missed by eagles and by wise men
Where fools and children go

/ C / F-C /
/ C-Am / G /
/ C / F-C /
/ Am-G / C /

They say that it leads beyond the far hills
To a meadow kissed by sun
Where a cabin sits beside the shore
Of a lake where salmon run

If you lean your staff beside the door
And gently close your eyes
You may hear the music of the heart's core
As the larks of morning rise

/ F / C /
/ Dm / Am-G /
/ C / F-C /
/ Am-G / C /

They say no sign marks that turning
But for a single rose
Tucked in the cranny of an old wall
Whose maker no one knows

And they say that a salmon in that deep pool
Knows more than any man
He will give up his secrets if you catch him
Although nobody can

Oh lean your staff beside the door
And gently close your eyes
Listen to the music of the heart's core
As the larks of morning rise

I was told this tale many years ago
Take it as you will
Until we reach that cabin door
Beyond the farthest hill

To lean our staffs beside the door
And gently close our eyes
And listen to the music of the heart's core
As the larks of morning rise