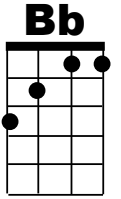


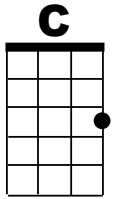
The Gift

Garth Brooks

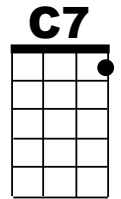
F
A poor orphan girl named Maria was walking to market one day.
She stopped for a rest by the roadside where a bird with a broken wing lay.



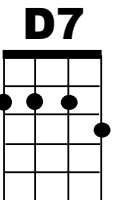
F
A few moments passed 'til she saw it, for it's feathers were covered with sand,
But soon clean and wrapped it was travelling in the warmth of Maria's small hand.



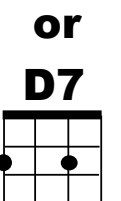
Bb
She happily gave her last peso on a cage made of rushes and twine.
Bb She fed it loose corn from the market and watched it grow stronger with time.



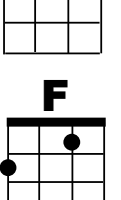
F
Now the Christmas Eve service was coming and the church shone with tinsel and light.
And all of the town folks brought presents to lay by the manger that night.



F
There were diamonds and incense and perfumes in packages fit for a king.
But for one ragged bird in a small cage, Maria had nothing to bring.

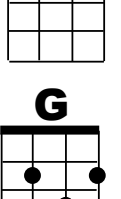


Bb
She waited 'til just before midnight, so no one would see her go in.
Bb And crying she knelt by the manger for her gift was unworthy of Him.



Key change...

G
Then a voice spoke to her through the darkness, "Maria, what brings you to me?
If the bird in the cage is your offering, open the door and let me see."



G
Though she trembled, she did as He asked her and out of the cage the bird flew
Soaring up into the rafters on a wing that had healed good as new.

C
Just then the midnight bells rang out and the little bird started to sing
C A song that no words could recapture; whose beauty was fit for a king.

G
Now Maria felt blessed just to listen to that cascade of notes sweet and long
As her offering was lifted to heaven by the very first nightingale's song.

