Little bird, why singest thou?.

Philadelphia: Lee & Walker, 1870

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Little bird, why singest thou?

Song

Composed by

LIZZIE B. ROSS.

CLEVELAND.

Published by: E. Driman & Son, 202 Superior St.
LITTLE BIRD WHY SINGEST THOU.

Andantino.

LIZZIE B. ROSS.

1 Little bird why singest thou, So merri-ly, so blithe and gay.
2 Little bird why dwellest thou, Thro' chilling winter's icy reign.

Hast thou ne'er a care to mar The pleasure of the passing day?
Dost thou fly from bough to bough And warble forth thy glad refrain?
I sing for ah! my heart's so light, No care or thoughts opp
Oh yes I fly to warmer climes, When first I feel cold

press me, And this my song from morn till night, I
winter's breath, And there amid the Southern pines, I

a tempo.

war - ble free... La
war - ble free...
He never spared in all his life
The man was on kind
And the boy as was his wife
Sick men upon sudden grief

If ever a happy word he spoke
This anger did it last
And soon to be
Before the winter's blast

I never changed my simple lot
I thought would be a son
I thought as much of pleasure
I never got another eye

And when it was my lot to be
The eye of sick a man
I'll tell the man that aile me
At least one of the year

If I ever had a single job
I'd call the first
I eat and champagne by them
I mean get another eye

A wonderful tender heart he had
What fell for all mankind
I have feel as my god