

My Singing Bird



I have seen the lark at ear- ly morn, sing high up in the blue; I have heard the black- bird



pipe its song, The thrush and the lin- net too, But there's none of them can sing so sweet, my



sing- ing bird as you, Ah- My sing- ing bird as you.

My Singing Bird

Traditional

I have seen the lark soar high at morn
Heard his song up in the blue
I have heard the blackbird pipe his note
The thrush and the linnet too
But there's none of them can sing so sweet
My singing bird as you

If I could lure my singing bird
From his own cozy nest
If I could catch my singing bird
I would warm him on my breast
For there's none of them can sing so sweet
My singing bird as you