

Singing Bird

Trad. Irish: arr. Anna Tabbush

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
AH _____ My singing bird, as you.

If I could lure my singing bird
From his own cosy 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
AH _____ My singing bird, as you.

Oh, I will climb a high, high tree
And I'll rob a wild bird's nest
And I'll bring back my singing bird
To the arms that I love best.
But there's none of them can sing so sweet,
My singing bird, as you
AH _____ My singing bird, as you.