When the Mocking Birds are Singing in the Wildwood.

Words by
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Music by
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Andante.

They linger by the gently flowing river, They watch the golden sunset fade away.

The meadows and the woods are sweet with spring-time, And river flows as peaceful as of yore.

There amidst the lilies and the roses home he comes unto his sweet heart's cottage They But
talk about their future wedding day,
there her mother meets him at the door,

night-Ingale is singing as he leaves her
in her eyes he sadly reads the story

But
And

Tears are glistening in her eyes of blue,
while the shadows gather in the west,

As
She

soft he says 'Tis not for long the parting,
leads him to the little village churchyard,

When
Where

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spring-time comes I will return to you.

CHORUS.

When the mocking birds are singing in the wild-wood And the

golden moon-beams on the river shine. At your cottage down the lane, I will

come to you again when the mocking birds are singing, Sweet-heart mine.

When the Mocking Birds &c. 3.