THE STORY OF A SPARROW

Lyric by
EDWARD A. PAULTON
and ADOLF PHILIPP

Music by
JEAN BRIQUET
and ADOLF PHILIPP

Moderato

Piano

Voice

sparrow, Tweet! Tweet! Tweet! Young - est in the fam - i - lee, Told her
head-strong lit - tie sparrow Thought her par - ents views were nar - row, Went to

Copyright MCMXV by JEROME H. REMICK & CO., New York & Detroit
Copyright, Canada, MCMXV by Jerome H. Remick & Co.
Performing rights reserved
ma, a-broad she'd go, Life at home was much too slow! Mo-ther
nest, with-in the hour, On the fa-mous Elf-fol Tower. Some days
cheepe'd re-men-strance grave, Fa-ther chir-rup'd "Child be-have!" But she
lat-er, back she flew, Pecked to piec-es, feath-ers few: Town bred
shrugg'd her wings, did she, Flew and car-roll'd "Twee! Twee! Twee!
spar-rows, we in-fer Proved too fly, too rough for her.

CHORUS

"Where the nest is Life a pest is, I can't stand the fa-mi-lee! Me they'll
Fool-ish bird sheFelt ab-surd sheChirped"no gld-dy life for me! Shame I'll

The Story of the Sparrow 3
cen-sure; But ad-ven-ture Calls me on-ward, Twee! Twee!
smoth-er! Home and mo-ther Suit me bet-ter! Twee! Twee!

Twee! Fool-ish bird she kept her word she knew not
Twee! Where the nest is there it best is, With the

what in store might be; Nor what dan-gers Wait for
slow old fa-mi-lee; No more stran-gers, No more

stran-gers In this gay Pa-ree! Twee! Twee! Where the
dan-gers, I'm a wise bird now! Twee! Twee! Fool-ish

The Story of the Sparrow 3