Lyrics by
Matthew C. Woodward

Music by
Sigmund Romberg and
Herman Timberg

**The Golden Pheasant**

*Moderato*

Bird of golden plumage, Why did you leave your mate

Pining in the green wood,
Mourning a lonely fate? Like the Golden

Pheasant were you, Vain of women's art; You spread your

wings and skyward you flew, Scorning my aching heart.

Chorus

If you escape the hunter's aim, Caring no longer to
You will find my love the same
When you come flying home.
When you prove all others false,
Come to the love you have known.
And a future fair
Our hearts will share,
When you are mine alone!
mine alone!