Sing, Sing! Birds on the Wing

LESLEE COOK

Con brio

Voice

Piano

poco rall.

con Pedale

1. I heard the nightingale singing
Last night in the moon-lit glade;
To-day there is rapture ringing.

2. The shadows of winter must banish
The joy of the nightingale;
The lark from the sky will vanish.

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ing In the lark's sweet serenade; I can hear the
ish, And the blackbird's carol fail; But be it the

coll cavce) 

wood-dove calling, And the blackbird's melo-

time of roses Or the winter days of

motto rit.

dy; But the sound of your dear voice fall-
pain, Ah the song of the heart ne'er clo-

ad lib

ing es While life and while love remain!

Ah, Ah,
REFRAIN
a tempo

Sing, sing! birds on the wing;
Birds on the tree—


cresc. poco a poco

Thine is a song to welcome spring;
But

cresc. poco a poco

mine is a song of love!

Sing, sing!

B. M. Co. 3358
birds on the wing,  Birds on the tree above;

Thine is a song to welcome spring, But mine is a song of

love!  love!

accel. al fine