Sing, Sing! Birds on the Wing

Con brio

1. I heard the night-in-gale singing Last night in the moon-lit glade;

2. The shadows of winter must banish The joy of the night-in-gale; 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 black-bird's carol fail; But be it the
poco rit.

wood-dove calling, And the black-bird's melo-
time of roses Or the winter days of

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

ing es While life and while love remain!

ad lib.

B. M. Co. 3355
REFRAIN
a tempo
Sing, sing! birds on the wing, Birds on the tree a-

a tempo

Thine is a song to welcome spring, But

cresc. poco a poco

mine is a song of love! Sing, sing!

mollo rit. a tempo

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birds on the wing, Birds on the tree above

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

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