

Singing Bird

INDIAN SONG



Words by

ARTHUR LONGBRAKE

Music by

ED. EDWARDS

JOS. MORRIS CO
136 North 9th St. Phila. Pa.

Myers

TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO. JUST ONE DEARIE.

Words by
ARTHUR LONGBRAKE.
(Writer of "Preacher and the Bear" &c.)

Music by
E. M. GRADY.

Moderato.

f *rit*

Last night I held an - oth - er in my arms, 'Twas
Last night I sat with - in the fire - light's glow, And

just be - cause I long'd so much for you, I sought to lose the past in some one's
watch'd the sparkling embers as they burn'd, Tho' she was there be side me, yet I

know How ut - ter - ly I failed I wish you knew; I
The light had seem'd more bright with you re - turn'd; And

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SINGING BIRD.

Lyric by
ARTHUR LONGBRAKE.

Music by
ED. EDWARDS.

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a piano accompaniment (left hand and right hand) and a vocal line. The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time and begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The vocal line starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Night in June, smil - ing moon, shin - ing from a - far, From it's
When these words, she had heard, from her sweet-heart true, To the

bed, o - ver head, peeps a lit - tle star, Gen - tle
shore, she once more, turned her birch ca - noe, And they

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breeze, through the trees, sigh - ing soft and low, The
strolled, as he told, how his love grew strong When

leaves rus - tle to and fro; — Moon - light beams, on the stream, where a
first he had heard her song; — Camp - fire bright, shines each night, by their

birch ca - noe Floats a - long, like the song, which the maid - en knew, As she
own te - pee For they wed, when he said, "will you mar - ry me," When she

sang to her sweet - heart on the shore near - by He made re - ply.
sings to her big chief that same lul - la - by He makes re - ply.

rit.

CHORUS

My lit - tle Sing - ing Bîrd — When first your voice I heard — 'Twas mu - sic

p-f

ev - 'ry word — My soul was stirred and soon I knew I loved you

ten - der - ly — For each sweet mel - o - dy — Breathed of your

love for me — My Sing - ing Bird. — My lit - tle —

1. 2.

On The Bench 'Neath The Old Willow Tree.

CHORUS.

On the bench 'neath the old wil - low tree, ——— Where you first gave your

mf

an - swer to me, ——— And the light in your eye like the

cresc.

stars in the sky Shone from a face fair to see, ———

Your sweet name I have carved ten - der - ly, ——— And my

mf

own just be - low it should be, ——— But I'll place mine there too, When I

come back to you, On the bench 'neath the old wil - low tree. ———