

SUNG BY
MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

THE BIRDS

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

POEM FROM
"SONGS OF THE GLENS
OF ANTRIM," BY
MOIRA O'NEILL.

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CHICAGO

BIRDS.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Vivace.

1. Sure may - be ye've heard the storm - thrush Whis - tlin' bould in
2. Sure may - be ye've seen the song - thrush Aft - er an A - pril

March, _____ Be - fore there's a prim - rose peep - in' out, Or a
rain _____ Slip from in un - dher the drip - pin' leaves,



wee bird cone on the larch; _____ Whis-tlin' the sun to come
Wish-ful to sing a - gain; _____ An' low wi' love when he's



out o' the cloud, An' the wind to come o - ver the sea, _____ But for
near the nest, An' loud from the top o' the tree, _____ But for



all he can whis - tle so clear and loud, He's nev - er the bird for
all he can flut - ter the heart in your breast, He's nev - er the bird for



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me . _____
me . _____

a tempo.

Più lento ed espressivo.

3. Sure may - be ye've heard the red - breast Sing - in' his lone on a

p

thorn, _____ Mind - in' him - self o' the dear days lost,

Brave wid his heart for - lorn. The time is in dark No -

vem - ber, An' no spring hopes has he: "Re -

mem-ber," he sings, "re - mem - ber!" Ay, thon's the wee bird — for

me.

molto espressivo.

a tempo.

p

rall

pp

ppp