

THE LITTLE BIRD

A SONG BY

JOHN BARNES WELLS



HIGH VOICE

6

LOW VOICE

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
CINCINNATI NEW YORK LONDON

A little bird with feathers brown,
Sat singing in a tree,
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by,
Look'd up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody
That ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes look'd in vain,
For birdie was so small
That with a modest dark brown coat,
He made no show at all.

"Why papa," little Gracie said,
"Where can the birdie be?
If I could sing a song like that,
I'd sit where folks could see."

I hope my little girl will learn
A lesson from that bird
And try to do what good she can,
Not to be seen or heard.

So live my child all through your life,
That be it short or long
Tho' others may forget your looks,
They'll not forget your song!



The Little Bird

Anonymous

JOHN BARNES WELLS

p

poco rit

p

A lit-tle bird with__ feath - ers brown, Sat sing - ing in a tree, ____

pp

The song was ver - y soft and low, But sweet as it could be. ____

mf

And all the peo-ple pass-ing by, Look'd

up to see the bird _____ That made the sweet-est mel-o-dy That

rit. *a tempo*
p

ev-er they had heard. _____ But all the bright eyes look'd in vain, For

l.h. *l.h.*

rit. *f* *p* *a tempo*

bir-die was so small _____ That with a mod-est dark brown coat, He

poco rit. made no show at all. — *p* “Why pa-pa” lit - tle —

poco rit. *a tempo* *p*

— Gra - cie said, “Where can the bir - die be? — If I could sing a

song like that, I'd sit where folks could see!” —

mf I hope my lit - tle girl will learn A les - son from that

mf

bird And try to do what good she can, Not to be seen or

rit.

heard. So live my child all through your life, That

f *p*

l.h. *l.h.*

be it short or long Tho' oth-ers may for - get your looks, They'll

cresc. little by little

poco rit. et cresc.

not for - get your song!

fallargando *ff*

l.h. *l.h.*