

SWEET BIRD OF THE SOUTH.

Words by Judge A.B. MEEK.

Music by F.H. PEASE.

PIANO.

gva

From the vale what mu - sic ring - ing, Fills the bo - som of the night,
See him swing - ing in his glo - ry, On yon top - most bend - ing limb,
Bird of mu - sic, wit and glad - ness, Troubadour, of sunny climes, *gva*

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On the sense en-tranced fling-ing, Spells of witch-ry and delight,
 Car-o-ling his am'rous sto-ry, Like some wild cra-sa-ders hymn,
 Dis-en-chant-er of all glad-ness Would thine art were in my rhymes,

O'er mag-no-lia, lime and ce-dar, From the lo-cust top it swells,
 Now it faints in tones de-li-cious, As the first low vow of love,
 O'er the heart that's beat-ing by me I would weave a spell di-vine,

Like the chant of ser-e-na-ders, Or the chimes of sil-ver bells.
 Now it bursts in tones capri-cious, All the moon-light vale a-hove.
 Is there aught she could de-ny me, Drink-ing in such strains as thine?

CHORUS.

SOP. Tril la le la, La le la, Tril la, Tril la,

ALTO. Lis-ten! dearest, Lis-ten to it, Sweet sounds were never heard, 'Tis the voice of

TENOR. Lis-ten! dearest, Lis-ten to it, Sweet sounds were never heard, 'Tis the voice of

BASS.

PIANO

Tril la, Tril la, la la le la, Tril la le la

that wild Poet. Mim-ic minstrel Mocking Bird, Lis-ten! dearest, Lis-ten to it,

that wild Poet. Mim-ic minstrel Mocking Bird, Lis-ten! dearest, Lis-ten to it,

8va

La le la, Tril la la, Tril la la, Ah! Ah!

Sweeter sounds were never heard, 'Tis the voice of that wild Po-et, Mim-ic minstrel

Sweeter sounds were never heard, 'Tis the voice of that wild Po-et, Mimic minstrel

gva.....

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Mock - ing Bird

Mock - ing Bird

gva.....